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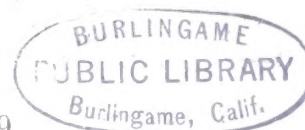
Harper's Magazine



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INDEX

VOLUME 199 • JULY 1949 . . . DECEMBER 1949



AFTER HOURS

Arts, The, and Political Over-
tones, Sept. 100
Brown & Bro., Inc., Arthur,
Aug. 101
Cinema 16, July 101
Crosby, Bing, Aug. 99
Dream House II, Nov. 100
Goethe Festival, July 99
Landowska, Mme., July 100
Little Symphony, Dec. 103
Macy's Toy Department, Dec.
102
Movie Criticism, Oct. 100
New York Restaurants, Nov.
101
Retrospect, Sept. 101
Rodgers, Jimmie, Aug. 99
Rosselini, Roberto, Oct. 100
Sleep Shop, Aug. 101
Stamps, Commemorative, Dec.
104
Telephone Manners, Oct. 102
Tennis Tournament, Oct. 99

AGRICULTURE, DEPARTMENT OF, July 19

AIR FORCE, Aug. 47

ALBANIA, Sept. 30

Algren, Nelson — The Captain
Is Impaled, Aug. 88

ALMIGHTY DOLLAR, THE —
Oscar Berger, Dec. 50

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIA-
TION, Nov. 76, Dec. 25

ANTHROPOLOGY, Sept. 47

APES, THE FIRE, Sept. 47

ARISTOCRAT, THE — V. S. Prit-
chett, Oct. 80

ARMY, THE, Aug. 47

ARMY ENGINEERS, Aug. 21

ART, ATTACK ON, Sept. 88

ART FOR ART'S SAKE — E. M.
Forster, Aug. 31

ARTISTS

Berger, Oscar — The Almighty
Dollar, Dec. 50

Block, Lou — The South Has
Changed, July 27

Bryson, Bernarda — Long Fare-
well, A, Nov. 38; To the
Country, July 51

di Collalto, Orlando — Tronco,
Nov. 70

Dix, Harry — What Makes New
England Go?, Aug. 35

Egleson, Jim — Let's Abolish
the Government, Aug. 97

Galdone, Paul — Social Security
Poor, Dec. 72

Groth, John — Aristocrat, The,
Oct. 80; Bargain Basement
Diplomacy, Nov. 50; Captain
Is Impaled, The, Aug. 88

Hirschfeld — No Business Like
Show Business, Sept. 56

James, Roland G. — They
Called It a Rest Camp, Oct.
37

Mordvinoff, Nicholas — The
Old Comrades, Aug. 54

Nielsen, Jon — British Rich
Today, The, Oct. 69; Maine
Was Never Like That, July
90

Norkin, Sam — Where Is New
England Going?, Sept. 92

Osborn, Robert — Look What's
Happened to California,
Oct. 21

Sigman-Ward — Hoarded Is-
land, The, Dec. 62; Russia's
Secret Gibraltar, Sept. 20

Warhol, Andy — Vega, Dec. 86

ARTS, THE — See *Literature,
Movies, Music, Radio, Tele-
vision, etc.*

ATOM, THE

Cancer and the Atom, Aug. 83

How to Make an Atom Bomb,
Dec. 38

AUTHORS, INFORMATION

ABOUT — See *Personal &
Otherwise* in front advertis-
ing section of each issue.

AVIATION

What's Become of Those Small
Planes?, Dec. 97

BARGAIN-BASEMENT DIPOMACY
— James P. Warburg, 1

BATTLE OF THE PENTAGON —
Marquis W. Childs, Aug. 47

Boardman, Neil S. — A Long
Farewell, Nov. 37

BRITISH RICH TODAY, THE —
Virginia Cowles, Oct. 69

Brittain, Robert — Autumn
Has Not Her Smile, Nov. 69

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY

New England, Aug. 35; Sept. 92

New Society, Sept. 21; Oct. 74;
Nov. 86

Show Business, No Business
Like, Sept. 56

Social Security Poor, Dec. 72

BUTCHER'S DOZEN — J. B. Mar-
tin, Nov. 55

CALIFORNIA, LOOK WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO — Carey Mc-
Williams, 1

Campbell, J. A. — How to
Make an Atom Bomb, Dec.
38

CANADA, Dec. 47

CANCER AND THE ATOM —
Henry Schacht, Aug. 83

CAPTAIN IS IMPALED, THE —
Nelson Algren, Aug. 88

Cary, Joyce — Dinner at the
Beeders, Sept. 38

CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY, THE
— George N. Shuster, Nov.
25

Catton, Bruce — Let's Abolish
the Government, Aug. 97

Cheever, John — Vega, Dec. 86

CHICAGO RIOT, Oct. 86

Childs, Marquis W. — The Battle of the Pentagon, Aug. 47

CLEVELAND TORSO MURDERS, Nov. 55

COLLEGES TEACH WOMEN?, WHAT SHOULD — Mirra Komarovsky, Nov. 33

COMMUNISM

Curtain Isn't Iron, Oct. 30

Easy Chair, Sept. 76

Farewell to Moscow, Nov. 93

CONGRESS AND THE ARMY ENGINEERS, Aug. 21

CONSERVATISM REVISITED — Peter Viereck, Aug. 60

Cowles, Virginia — The British Rich Today, Oct. 69

CURTAIN ISN'T IRON, THE — Joseph C. Harsch, Oct. 30

CZECHOSLOVAKIA, Oct. 30

DEMOCRACY, OVERLOADED AMERICAN, Sept. 83

de Roos, Robert, and Arthur A. Maass — The Lobby That Can't Be Licked, Aug. 21

Deutsch, Babette — Ballade for Braque, Nov. 45

DeVoto, Bernard — The Easy Chair, July 55; Aug. 43; Sept. 76; Oct. 65; Nov. 46; Dec. 68

DINNER AT THE BEEDERS — Joyce Cary, Sept. 38

DOGGED RETREAT OF THE DOCTORS, THE — Milton Mayer, Dec. 25

DONDERO, CONGRESSMAN GEORGE A., Sept. 88

Douglas, Albert — What's Become of Those Small Planes, Dec. 97

DRAWING, SOME DISCONNECTED NOTES ABOUT — William M. Ivins, Jr., Dec. 83

Drucker, Peter F. — Insecurity of Labor Unions, The, Nov. 86; Is Management Legitimate?, Oct. 74; Revolution by Mass Production, Sept. 21

Dunn, Stephen — Norway Harbor, Dec. 61; Sonnet in Free Rhythm, Nov. 99

EASY CHAIR, THE — Bernard DeVoto

Censorship, Literary, July 55

Cocktails, Mixing, Dec. 68

Colleges and Un-American Activities Committee, Sept. 76

F.B.I., Due Notice to, Oct. 65

Novels, On Rereading, Aug. 43

Witch Burning in Salem, Nov. 46

ECONOMICS

How Rich Can Your Children Be?, July 34

New England, Aug. 35, Sept. 92

Social Security Poor, Dec. 72

EDUCATION

What Shall Colleges Teach Women?, Nov. 33

EDUCATION OF LIU WEH-CHEN — Robert Alan Aurthur, July 84

Eiseley, Loren C. — The Fire Apes, Sept. 47

ENGLAND

British Rich Today, Oct. 69

Tribunal That Stirred England, July 37

EVOLUTION, Sept. 47

FAREWELL TO MOSCOW — Ignazio Silone, Nov. 93

FBI, Oct. 65

FERNWOOD HOUSING PROJECT, RIOT AT, Oct. 86

FICTION

Aristocrat, The, Oct. 80

Captain Is Impaled, The, Aug. 88

Dinner at the Beeders, Sept. 38

Education of Liu Weh-Chen, July 84

Indians of the Colorado River, Sept. 80

Lady Walks, The, Oct. 54

Long Farewell, A, Nov. 38

Old Comrades, The, Aug. 51

To the Country, July 51

Tronco, Nov. 70

Vega, Dec. 86

Wages of Virtue, Dec. 43

FILLERS

General Education in a Free Society, July 76

Help Wanted — But No Isms, Dec. 49

How to Get on in the World, Nov. 37

Limits of Treason, July 36

Most Difficult Job, The, July 33

Peace of Mind in the Mysterious East, Dec. 46

Russia, Two Famous Men Comment on, Sept. 37, 55

Rx, Nov. 85

"Sot in Their Ways", Sept. 99

Warmongers Are Made, Not Born, Aug. 30

FIRE APES, THE — Loren C. Eiseley, Sept. 47

Fischer, John — Truman and Co., Ltd., July 19

FISHBEIN, DR. MORRIS — Nov. 76, Dec. 25

FOREIGN POLICY, U. S., Nov. 50

Forster, E. M. — Art for Art's Sake, Aug. 31

Frankenberg, Lloyd — Ballad of the Little Old Man, Nov. 92; The Inner Eye, Aug. 68; Transient, Sept. 46

Genauer, Emily — Still Life with Red Herring, Sept. 88

Gordon, Don — Nobody Hears You, Sept. 68

Gould, Franklin F. — Maine Was Never Like That, July 90

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS

Bargain-Basement Diplomacy, Nov. 50

Battle of the Pentagon, Aug. 47

Due Notice to the FBI, Oct. 65

Let's Abolish the Government, Aug. 97

Lobby That Can't Be Licked, Aug. 21

Truman & Co., July 19

Grattan, C. Hartley — Social Security Poor, Dec. 72; What Makes New England Go?, Aug. 35; Where Is New England Going?, Sept. 92

Harper, Mr. — After Hours, July 99; Aug. 99; Sept. 100; Oct. 99; Nov. 100; Dec. 102

Harsch, Joseph C. — The Curtain Isn't Iron, Oct. 30

Hayes, Alfred — People of the Pit, Dec. 95; Three War Poems, July 94

HEALTH — See *Medicine and Health*

HOARDED ISLAND, THE — Clark Sherman Parker, Dec. 62

Houseman, John — No Business Like Show Business, Sept. 56

HOW RICH CAN YOUR CHILDREN BE? — Milo Perkins, July 34

Howard, Brian — The Dust, July 83

Hughes, Dorothy Berry — Spring Song, July 50

INCIDENT AT FERNWOOD — John Bartlow Martin, Oct. 86

INDIANS OF THE COLORADO RIVER — Mario Prodan, Sept. 80

INSECURITY OF LABOR UNIONS — Peter F. Drucker, Nov. 86

IRON, THE CURTAIN ISN'T, Oct. 30

IS MANAGEMENT LEGITIMATE? — Peter F. Drucker, Oct. 74

IT IS I: MARGARET FULLER — Edward Nicholas, July 66

ITALY: BATTLEFIELD FOR THE MARSHALL PLAN — Felix Perris, July 77

Ivins, William K. Jr., — Some Disconnected Notes About Drawing, Dec. 83

JEW'S A DIVIDED LOYALTY?, HAVE — Johan J. Smertenko, Oct. 46

Johnson, Gerald W. — Overloaded Democracy, Sept. 83

Kanfer, Allen — Television, Sept. 75

Kees, Weldon — Back, Dec. 85; 1926, Aug. 53; The Darkness, Sept. 87; Land's End, Oct. 53

KOMAROVSKY, MIRRA — What Should Colleges Teach Women?, Nov. 33

LABOR STRIKES, July 27

LABOR UNIONS, Nov. 86; Dec. 72

LADY WALKS, THE — Jean Powell, Oct. 54

Lessner, Erwin C. — Russia's Secret Gibraltar, Sept. 31

LET'S ABOLISH THE GOVERNMENT — Bruce Catton, Aug. 97

LETTERS — Front Advertising Section of each issue.

LITERATURE

Censorship, July 55

Novels, Rereading, Aug. 43

Peace, My Daughters, Nov. 46

LOBBY THAT CAN'T BE LICKED, THE — Robert de Roos and Arthur A. Maass, Aug. 21

LONG FAREWELL, A — Neil S. Boardman, Nov. 38

Lynes, Russell — To the Country, July 51

Maass, Arthur A. — The Lobby That Can't Be Licked, Aug. 21

MAGISTRATE'S COURT IN MOSCOW — Margaret K. Webb, Aug. 76

MAINE WAS NEVER LIKE THAT — Franklin F. Gould, July 90

MANAGEMENT LEGITIMATE?, IS — Peter F. Drucker, Oct. 74

MARINE CORPS, Aug. 47

MARINE REST CAMP, Oct. 37

MARSHALL PLAN, ITALY: BATTLEFIELD FOR THE, July 77

Martin, John Bartlow — Butcher's Dozen, Nov. 55; Incident at Fernwood, Oct. 86

MASS PRODUCTION, Sept. 21

Mayer, Milton — Dogged Retreat of the Doctors, Dec. 25; Rise and Fall of Dr. Fishbein, Nov. 76

McGinley, Phyllis — Suburbia: Of Thee I Sing, Dec. 78

McMillan, George — They Called It a Rest Camp, Oct. 37

McWilliams, Carey — Look What's Happened to California, Oct. 21

MEDICINE AND HEALTH

Cancer and the Atom, Aug. 83

Dogged Retreat of the Doctors, Dec. 25

Rise and Fall of Dr. Fishbein, Nov. 76

MOSCOW, FAREWELL TO, Nov. 93

MOVIES

Cinema 16, July 101

Rossellini Film Four, Oct. 100

Muir, E. A. — Poet Covers His Child, Dec. 42; Song, Sept. 30

MUSIC

Little Symphony, The, Dec. 103

NAVY, THE, Aug. 47

NEGRO

Incidents at Fernwood, Oct. 86
South Has Changed, The, July 27

NEW ENGLAND GO?, WHAT MAKES — C. Hartley Grattan, Aug. 35

NEW ENGLAND GOING?, WHERE IS — C. Hartley Grattan, Sept. 92

NEW GUINEA, Dec. 62

NEW SOCIETY, THE — Peter F. Drucker, Sept. 21; Oct. 74; Nov. 86

Nicholas, Edward — It Is I: Margaret Fuller, July 66

OLD COMRADES, THE — Victor Wolfson, Aug. 54

OVERLOADED DEMOCRACY — Gerald W. Johnson, Sept. 83

PAINTING

Art for Art's Sake, Aug. 30

Some Disconnected Notes About Drawing, Dec. 83

Still Life with Red Herring, Sept. 88

Parker, Clark Sherman — The Hoarded Island, Dec. 62

PAVUVU, Oct. 37

"Peace, My Daughters", Nov. 46

PENTAGON, BATTLE OF THE, Aug. 47

PEOPLE

Acheson, Dean, July 19

Brannan, Charles, July 19

Dondero, Cong. George A., Sept. 88

Johnson, Louis, July 19

Leahy, Adm. Wm. D., July 19

Rossellini, Roberto, Oct. 100

Sherman, Harry, July 37

Smith, J. Harold, Aug. 69

Stanley, Sidney, July 37

Truman, Pres. Harry, July 19

Perkins, Milo — How Rich Can Your Children Be?, July 34; What We Can Do Under Point Four, Dec. 52

Perris, Felix — Italy: Battlefield for the Marshall Plan, July 77

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE — Among front advertising pages of each issue.

POETRY

- Autumn Has Not Her Smile — Robert Brittain, Nov. 69
 Back — Weldon Kees, Dec. 85
 Ballad of the Little Old Man — Lloyd Frankenberg, Nov. 92
 Ballade for Braque — Babette Deutsch, Nov. 45
 Darkness, The — Weldon Kees, Sept. 87
 Dust, The — Brian Howard, July 83
 Fisherman: Hatteras — Sylvia Stallings, Aug. 42
 Inner Eye, The — Lloyd Frankenberg, Aug. 68
 Land's End — Weldon Kees, Oct. 53
 1926 — Weldon Kees, Aug. 53
 Nobody Hears You — Don Gordon, Sept. 68
 Norway Harbor — Stephen Dunn, Dec. 61
 People of the Pit — Alfred Hayes, Dec. 95
 Poet Covers His Child, The — E. A. Muir, Dec. 42
 Song — E. A. Muir, Sept. 30
 Sonnet in Rhythm — Stephen Dunn, Nov. 99
 Spring Song — Dorothy Berry Hughes, July 50
 Television — Allen Kanfer, Sept. 74
 Three War Poems — Alfred Hayes, July 94
 Transient — Lloyd Frankenberg, Sept. 46

POINT FOUR, WHAT WE CAN DO UNDER, Dec. 52

POLAND, Oct. 30

Popkin, Zelda — Widows and the Perilous Years, Sept. 69

POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA, GROWING, Oct. 21

Powell, Jean — The Lady Walks, Oct. 54

Pritchett, V. S. — The Aristocrat, Oct. 80

Prodan, Mario — Indians of the Colorado River, Sept. 80; Wages of Virtue, Dec. 43

RADIO

J. Harold Smith and the Dogs of Sin, Aug. 69

RELIGION

Catholic Controversy, The, Nov. 25

Smith, J. Harold, and the Dogs of Sin, Aug. 69

REVOLUTION BY MASS PRODUCTION, Sept. 21

RISE AND FALL OF DR. FISHBEIN, THE — Milton Mayer, Nov. 76

Roberts, Leslie — Uncle Sam's Friends are Worried, Dec. 47

Rorty, James — J. Harold Smith and the Dogs of Sin, Aug. 69

RUSSIA

Curtain Isn't Iron, The, Oct. 30

Farewell to Moscow, Nov. 93
 Magistrate's Court is Moscow, Aug. 76

Russia's Secret Gibraltar, Sept. 30

SASENO, Sept. 31

Schacht, Henry — Cancer and the Atom, Aug. 83

SCIENCE

Cancer and the Atom, Aug. 83
 How to Make an Atom Bomb, Dec. 38

SHOW BUSINESS, NO BUSINESS LIKE — John Houseman, Sept. 56

Shuster, George N. — The Catholic Controversy, Nov. 25

Silone, Ignazio — Farewell to Moscow, Nov. 93

Smertenko, Johan J. — Have Jews a Divided Loyalty?, Oct. 46

SMITH, J. HAROLD, AND THE DOGS OF SIN — James Rorty, Aug. 69

SOCIAL SECURITY POOR — C. Hartley Grattan, Dec. 72

SOME DISCONNECTED NOTES ABOUT DRAWING — William M. Ivins, Jr., Dec. 83

SOUTH HAS CHANGED, THE — Mary Heaton Vorse, July 27

Stallings, Sylvia — Fisherman: Hatteras, Aug. 42

STILL LIFE WITH RED HERRING — Emily Genauer, Sept. 88

SUBURBIA: OF THEE I SING — Phyllis McGinley, Dec. 78

THEATER

No Business Like Show Business, Sept. 56

THEY CALLED IT A REST CAMP — George McMillan, Oct. 37

TO THE COUNTRY — Russell Lynes, July 51

TRIBUNAL THAT STIRRED ENGLAND, THE — Rebecca West, July 37

TRONCO — Niccolò Tucci, Nov. 70

TRUMAN & CO., LTD. — John Fischer, July 19

Tucci, Niccolò — Tronco, Nov. 70

UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE, Sept. 76

UNCLE SAM'S FRIENDS ARE WORRIED — Leslie Roberts, Dec. 47

UNIFICATION, Aug. 47

UNITED STATES

Armed Services, Aug. 47

Battle of the Pentagon, Aug. 47

Lobby That Can't Be Licked, Aug. 22

New England, Aug. 35, Sept. 92

Point Four, What We Can Do Under, Dec. 52

South Has Changed, The, July 27

Truman & Co., Ltd., July 19

Uncle Sam's Friends Are Worried, Dec. 47

VALONA BAY, Sept. 31

VEGA — John Cheever, Dec. 86

Viereck, Peter — Conservatism Revisited, Aug. 60

Vorse, Mary Heaton — The South Has Changed, July 27

WAGES OF VIRTUE, THE — Mario Prodan, Dec. 43

Warburg, James P. — Bargain Basement Diplomacy, Nov. 50

Webb, Margaret — Magistrate's Court in Moscow, Aug. 76

West, Rebecca — The Tribunal That Stirred England, July 37

WHAT WE CAN DO UNDER POINT FOUR — Milo Perkins, Dec. 52

WHAT'S BECOME OF THOSE SMALL PLANES? — Albert Douglas, Dec. 97

WIDOWS AND THE PERILOUS YEARS — Zelda Popkin, Sept. 69

Wolfson, Victor — The Old Comrades, Aug. 54

YUGOSLAVIA, Oct. 30

Such as Sleep o' Nights

THOSE lines you probably won't quite be able to remember as you read the opening paragraph of *John Fischer's* article on "Truman & Co., Limited" (p. 19) are in *Julius Caesar*, Act I, Scene ii:

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'
nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are
dangerous.

To be sure, Harry doesn't look much like a Caesar from any angle, but as Mr. Fischer points out there's something Julian about his taste in advisers: there's not a Cassius in a cabinet-ful. And all of us, including Mr. Truman, therefore stand a better chance of being able to sleep o' nights.

Mr. Fischer has paid his respects to Mr. Truman in these pages before. Back in December 1945, soon after Harry became the Great White Stepfather, Mr. Fischer did a piece on "Truman: A Little West of Center," followed a month later by "Mr. Truman Reorganizes"—a study of the new President's method of re-shuffling the bureaucracy. In those days Mr. Fischer was one of the full-time editors of the magazine, having come to us from several years in Washington, first with the Associated Press and then with government agencies including the Department of Agriculture, the Board of Economic Warfare, and the Foreign Economic Administration. Since then he has moved over to the trade-book department of Harper & Brothers, of which he is editor-in-chief, but we have so far persuaded him to keep at least a toe-hold on the magazine's masthead as a contributing editor, even though it necessitates (as in the case of the present article) an occasional spell of leg-work in his old haunts.

What Are We Scared Of?

SINCE we betray the worst that is in us by our fears, this seems to be a fine time to check up on the less savory aspects of American civilization. The American people, if we are to judge from their spokesmen in the press, the pulpit, and on the radio, are afraid of many things. Jeremiah never

had a bigger audience. We're afraid of countless diseases—each one of which (and we love this kind of statistic) kills somebody every thirty seconds. We're afraid of the younger generation—and it's not just the slum children who are delinquents, you know; those horrible goings-on in Jersey involved children of good families. We're afraid of Russia, because they and their Communist agents (right here in our midst!) want to rob us of our liberty, and afraid of ourselves, because we have the atom bomb which Russia may force us to use and with which we may destroy ourselves. We're afraid of life itself, because the more life there is upon this plundered planet the sooner we'll starve to death for lack of food.

One of the dreariest samples of this sort of fear is a folder, recently distributed by the Employers' Association of Chicago, called "How Red is the Little Red Schoolhouse?" The cover-picture is the clue to the whole thing. The head and shoulders of a vast, ape-like soldier, emerging from a black background, with a hammer-and-sickle emblem on his helmet, is shown rising menacingly above the rim of the world and stretching out a huge, hairy hand with a hypodermic needle injecting a red liquid (labeled "Organized Communist Propaganda") into a "little red schoolhouse," around which innocent little American school children are gaily playing at recess-time. Beneath the picture is the caption: "It's high time American parents knew the facts!"

Inside there is not one useful fact offered. There is a statement that "a prominent American educator said in a magazine article recently that we can be sure of one thing: there are thousands of Reds in our educational system." And there's the assertion that millions of American children "once studied" text-books by a learned professor who said that "by 1935 the Russians no longer fought their leaders—they had gotten 'the spirit of co-operation.'" Aside from those two "facts" there is nothing but questions—the kind which are an ad-man's dream of how to scare the daylights out of you. How many of those thousands of Reds among the educators of our land "write the text books your children study? Do you really know?" Well, not even your best friend will tell you. At least, the Employers' Association doesn't.

Well, maybe the Employers' Association can help by analyzing the "Red" content in "It is I: Margaret Fuller" (p. 66). As **Edward Nicholas** reminds us, Miss Fuller had some ideas that the Employers' Association probably wouldn't like at all. She stoutly maintained that the American people were corrupted by prosperity, that "from the vulgar commercial aristocracy to the slovenly settlers on the frontier their aims were sordid." And yet—and this is a point worth noting—her influence on her fellow Americans was of a sort to give them courage. She never preyed upon their ignorance and fear.

Mr. Nicholas' article on Margaret Fuller is taken from his forthcoming book, *The Hours and the Ages*, which William Sloane Associates will publish in September. It is a book which, as he puts it, attempts to focus history through individual lives. The idea of the book has been with him for a number of years, and he did the research and writing as opportunity offered in the spare time he could get from managing real-estate holdings and running a farm and cattle ranch in New Mexico. He was born in Columbus, Ohio, is a Princeton graduate, and has studied also at Harvard and at Cambridge, England. He is married and has a daughter, aged twelve.

Readers' Guides

When **Jacques Barzun** (p. 103), took over the book-reviewing job for this magazine two years and more ago (in April 1947, to be exact), he wisely observed that the critic is a unique sort of public servant, equally useful whether he stands on his feet or his head. Whether you share a critic's predilections, and therefore follow his lead into the wilderness of new books, or do not share them, and therefore take the opposite direction, his reviews are a useful compass so long as they are on the level. You don't have to go north because the needle points that way.

For two years now Mr. Barzun has kept his course charted toward his own magnetic north, a stimulating companion both to those who traveled with him and to those who preferred to travel northeast or southwest. It has been quite a jour-

ney, come to look back over the itinerary.

The first stop was Steinbeck's *The Wayward Bus*, which was probably the worst novel ever written in America by a major writer. "In outlook, intention, and technique," as Mr. Barzun said, "the work is derived, and ignorantly derived." A month later Mr. Barzun had to lead us past *The Essay on Morals* in which Philip Wylie revealed "his natural bent for misconceiving fact and idea, and his passion for opening doors with the top of his head." Since then we have encountered Sartre and Existentialism, Toynbee, assorted detective stories, Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust*, and much else.

The ideal critic, Mr. Barzun said when he set out on his two-year journey, should read not only while he runs but while he sleeps, for his business is to be porous, so that the eight thousand books a year which come from the presses "can rush through him and be reliably filtered without swamping him." It's not the sort of job which can be done forever—not, that is, if it is done by a man who is as busy as Mr. Barzun and who works as conscientiously as he does. So with this issue Mr. Barzun lays down this particular burden, and will in future devote his energies to his teaching and writing. His new book, a biography of Berlioz, will be published by Little, Brown next winter.

We are happy to announce that his successor will be **Richard H. Rovere**, who is already familiar to *Harper's* readers as the author of brilliant studies of such political figures as Governor Dewey, Senator Taft, President Truman, and Representative Marcantonio. As a book-reviewer and literary critic he has done work for the *Herald Tribune*, the *American Mercury*, the *New Republic*, *Common Sense*, and other publications. Currently he writes the *New Yorker's* Washington letter. His job as *Harper's* chief book-reviewer begins next month.

Other Voices, Other Runes

•••**Mary Heaton Vorse** is the editor's ideal writer: she sets her own assignment; she does the leg-work; she comes up with a story that sparkles with life. "The South Has

Changed" (p. 27) came to us that way, but Mrs. Vorse thinks of the experience of writing it thus:

"It's horrifying to reflect how much I've traveled since my last piece for *Harper's*, 'Girls of Elkton, Maryland' (March 1943). My life could be summed up from plane to train and back to plane, to say nothing of trips in cars and busses—which is partly how I got this story. I'd been in Europe for over two years as war correspondent for Fawcett Publications and had also spent nearly a year in Italy in public relations for UNRRA. I wanted to get re-acquainted with this country, so I took several trips in the South, one of them for two months over seven Southern states. Later I went over some of the textile towns I had known during times of strike.

"The first Southern assignment I ever had was for *Harper's*, when I went to cover the explosion of textile strikes of 1929. I ended up writing about Gastonia. The first labor story I ever did was the Lawrence textile strike of 1912, for *Harper's Weekly*. My piece lost them some woolen mills advertising, so after that whenever I went on a labor story for *Harper's*, Mr. Wells or Mr. Hartman would call out for goodbye: 'Try not to lose any more advertising than you have to!'"

Mrs. Vorse has written for us in every decade of the twentieth century, forty-seven contributions in all. She began with fiction, started contributing labor articles with "Bridgeport and Democracy" in January 1919, wrote on conditions abroad after World War I, and produced in "The Girls of Elkton" a unique picture of the women who manned the wartime industry of the United States. She has written a number of books, including *Footnote to Folly*, an autobiography; *Labor's New Millions*; and *Here Are the People*.

She is now in California writing a new book, not about Hollywood. "My immediate aim," she says, "when I get through this trip, is to stay six months in one place."

Lou Block, who made the illustrations for "The South Has Changed," is a painter of murals and a teacher of painting at the Brooklyn Museum Art School and the Art Center of the Museum of Modern Art. During the war he was chief of the War Depart-

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

ment's Manual Arts Branch, and he has planned art programs for the WPA, the National Youth Administration, and the merchant seamen.

•••The man who takes a cheerful look at the future in "How Rich Can Your Children Be?" (p. 34) is **Milo Perkins**, management consultant and former head of the Board of Economic Warfare. He lives in Bethesda, Maryland, close enough to Washington to sense the tumult but far enough to ignore the shouting. Mr. Perkins came some distance to join the New Deal back in 1935 as an assistant to the Secretary of Agriculture. Born in Wisconsin, he had entered the burlap bag business when he graduated from high school and was partner in the King-Perkins Bag Company in Houston, Texas, from 1926 to 1935.

From his entry on the Washington scene until his resignation from government in 1944, he helped direct the national economic program in a variety of jobs, including the presidency of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation and the directorship of the BEW. Mr. Perkins has written for *Harper's* before—in December 1944, "Cartels: What Shall We Do About Them?" and in December 1940,—"Exports and Appeasement."

•••**Russell Lynes**, author of "To the Country" (p. 51), appeared most recently in *Harper's* with an article called "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow," which caused more audible soul-searching among our readers than we have heard in a long time. "To the Country," speaking indirectly as the short story can speak, contains some further observations on contemporary mores which may cause you to wrinkle your brow, whatever its elevation.

Mr. Lynes is an editor of *Harper's* whose earlier articles in these pages have started talk (and, it could be, thought) in the worlds of art and education. Some of these were "Architects in Glass Houses" (October 1945), "The Taste-Makers" (June 1947), and "Can the Private Schools Survive?" (January 1948).

The author did early public service as a choir boy at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and on the fencing team at Yale. He came to

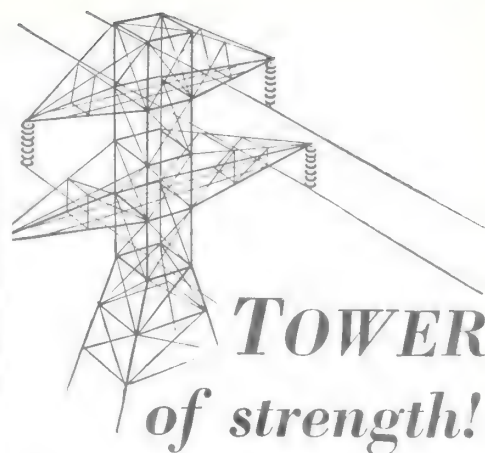
his editor's desk at *Harper's* in 1944, but he began his career here some years before behind a dictaphone in the magazine's subscription department. In the meantime he had supervised publications at Vassar College for a year and had been co-principal, with his wife, of the Shipley School. And during the war he served in the Industrial Personnel Division of the War Department in Washington.

It may be pertinent to mention in connection with "To the Country" that Mr. Lynes is married, has two children, and drives a Jeep station wagon.

Bernarda Bryson put the anonymous cast of characters of "To the Country" into India ink drawings. She has illustrated other stories for us and has done some remarkable political caricatures of Senators Vandenberg and Taft, of Governors Dewey and Warren, and of that sturdy campaigner, President Truman. She went to Ohio University and Ohio State, where she was art editor of the *Journal*, and attended briefly various art schools including the Cleveland Art School. She taught etching and lithography in Columbus and later worked in Washington in the Resettlement Administration. She is married to the artist, Ben Shahn, and is the mother of three children.

•••"America Picks Up the Check" (p. 56) is the first article we have seen which calls attention to the fact that Marshall Plan aid to Europe is not merely a program of direct economic assistance to war-ravaged countries, but is also an important step toward opening "a new chapter in economic, human, and world affairs." The author, **Bruno Foa**, is a consulting economist to a number of American and foreign corporations and institutions, and has worked for various government agencies, including the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System and the Office of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

Born in Italy, Mr. Foa was a full professor of economics at the University of Naples by the time he was twenty-eight, in 1933. From 1938 to 1940 he was in England, doing research, lecturing at the London School of Economics, and working for the BBC. In 1940 he came to this



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The ROSICRUCIANS
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country, and he is now an American citizen.

The present article is a revised version of a lecture he recently delivered at the Yale Law School. His book, *Monetary Reconstruction in Italy*, has just been published by the Columbia University Press for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

...The great debate about the Marshall Plan is by no means confined to our side of the Atlantic. What we complacently think about as "aid" and what some plain Europeans may think about as just another high-level financial transaction becomes something pretty close to a political free-for-all in some quarters abroad. One way to measure the real effect of this economic program is to assess the opposition it arouses among its enemies. In "Italy: Battlefield for the Marshall Plan" (p. 77), the Rome correspondent for a leading London newspaper reports on the strategy of the Communists in frustrating Italy's efforts to use ECA assistance. *Felix Perris* is his pseudonym.

... "The Education of Liu Weh-Chen" (p. 84) is one of a number of short stories which have grown out of *Robert Alan Aurthur's* wartime and postwar experience in the Far East. He went to the Pacific with the Third Marine Division as an infantry officer, and after V-J Day went to the North China area as head of the Armed Forces Radio. Of this story, he writes: "Although the entire incident is purely fictitious as I have written it, the problem involved is a very real one—and not just limited to China. The 'liberal' fearing communism to the degree of permitting fascism to overwhelm him is the really tragic figure of these times. I knew several young men like Liu Weh-Chen. Some of them are dead now."

Mr. Aurthur grew up in a small town on Long Island, was graduated with highest honors in journalism from the University of Pennsylvania. After the war, he wrote the history of the Third Marine Division, published by the *Infantry Journal*. As a civilian he tried writing for radio but abandoned it and turned to writing "as a serious venture." He has had fiction published in the *New*

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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Yorker and *Collier's*, and he has edited and written for small magazines concentrating on New Orleans jazz. He is a member of the firm of Circle records, which specializes in jazz music. He lives in New York with his wife and small son.

•••**Franklin F. Gould**, author of "Maine Was Never Like That" (p. 90), is established at home as "The Gould" on Piety Ridge in Freeport, Maine, waiting, he says, for future generations to make pilgrimages to his castle. His four children and eight grandchildren have already beaten a path to his back door—the front was not shoveled out at the time he wrote to us. In the summer he tends his garden and orchards, and his wife, Hilda, puts up some five hundred jars of preserves.

The Gould has been battling away at the typewriter for the past eight years since he retired from his position as Railway Postal Clerk. His two sons are editors, and he says you can get a story out of any member of the family.

He grew up in Maine, and between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two worked in New England department stores; he was a foreman in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, when he moved on to Boston for six years with the Boston Elevated. He spent the next thirty-three years with the Railway Mail Service. "There are a couple of books that are coming along slowly," he reports, "and may amount to something if I have another seventy years to work on them." Meantime he digresses delightfully, as in our current article, originally titled, "Don't Believe a Word of It."

Jon Nielsen, who made the Maine drawings, is a painter and book illustrator. He has designed sets for the Dobbs Ferry Little Theater and is a charter member of the Hudson Valley Independent Group.

•••Occasionally we yield to a seasonal temptation and let a poet make free with our pages. The reason for this display should be evident in the quality of "Three War Poems" (p. 94) by **Alfred Hayes**. Mr. Hayes is unquestionably one of the most gifted writers to come back from the wars, with a poetic talent which alternates between prose and verse

in a way uncommon in this generation. It is natural for him (and pleasant, we suppose) that his latest novel, *The Girl on the Via Flaminia*, is currently attracting wide popular and critical enthusiasm just as we present these poems from a forthcoming volume.

Though he was born in London, Mr. Hayes grew up in New York, went to school there, and earned his living as newspaperman, radio and magazine writer there. While he was in service with the U. S. Army in Italy his first volume of poems was published back home, *The Big Time*. In Rome he met Roberto Rossellini and worked with him on the film, "Paisan." His first novel, *All Thy Conquests*, which was one of the distinguished postwar novels, originated in a narrative poem.

Mr. Hayes knows something of Broadway. Two plays by him have been produced, "Journeyman," a dramatization of Erskine Caldwell's book, and "Tis of Thee," a musical. It merits something more than a footnote perhaps that *The Girl on the Via Flaminia* has been purchased for the movies by Gary Cooper.

•••Two of the poets in this issue have appeared before in *Harper's*. "The Dust" (p. 83) is by **Brian Howard**, an Englishman whose "Instantaneous Time Exposure," a poem "for Wystan Auden," was published last month. **Allen Kanfer**, author of "Fallen Star" (p. 55), was introduced to our readers in May. He is instructor in English in Grover Cleveland high school on Long Island and is writing a novel, though in the past he has worked in railroad yards and a printshop. **Dorothy Berry Hughes** makes her first appearance in *Harper's* with "Spring Song" (p. 50). Born in St. Louis, she has spent most of her life in New York and is a graduate of Columbia. Her poems have appeared in the *New York Times*, *American Scholar*, *Poetry*, and other publications.

•••"The Battle for German Youth" (*Harper's*, February 1948) recently brought to its author, **Fred M. Hechinger**, first award of the Education Writers Association as "the outstanding article . . . on education appearing in a magazine of general circulation . . . during the year 1948."

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LETTERS

Of Time and DeVoto—

To the Editors:

In the May *Harper's*, Mr. Bernard DeVoto criticized with rather naïve fury an article that I wrote as science editor of *Time*. It was a review of Ornithologist William Vogt's soil-conservation scare-book, *Road to Survival*. DeVoto seemed provoked with me. In fact, he left me the choice of admitting to either base dishonesty or disgraceful ignorance. So I would like a word with him.

Soil conservation is a good cause, so good that it has attracted an entourage of faddists, sentimentalists, and professional propagandists. Many of these camp-followers of agriculture think they have the right to terrify the public into backing their often bizarre and usually drastic policies. Whenever anyone points out that their scare-campaign (disease, starvation, war, atom-bombs) has run far ahead of the facts, they react like quasi-religious cultists whose faith has been called into question. . . . About half of [DeVoto's] attack on me is unsupported vituperation, not worth mulling over. But he does make several serious and entirely false accusations. One is that I misrepresented Vogt.

I did not. In attempting to prove that I did, DeVoto is reduced to crying "outrage" whenever I attribute to Vogt an opinion which he does not express baldly in a few words. For instance, he attacks as false my statement that Vogt hates industrialism. DeVoto says: "Nothing in his [Vogt's] book indicates that he hates or loves industrialism."

It is true, I admit, that Vogt does not say "I hate industrialism." But he calls industrialism an "illusion," "fallacy," "parasite," "fester," "*ignis fatuus*," and "Frankenstein's monster." After reading these characterizations and the violent text going with them, it is hard to avoid the impression that Vogt hates industrialism. I don't know how DeVoto

To prove me ignorant (if I am not dishonest) DeVoto relies chiefly on the statement that I did not consult the proper authorities and that even the men I did consult would surely reject my views.

True, I did not canvass the soil cultists; I went to recognized authorities. Among them (as DeVoto says correctly) were head men of the U. S. Department of Agriculture's experiment station at Beltsville, Maryland. This was necessary, for Beltsville is the most respected center of agricultural science in the United States, probably in the world.

DeVoto does not cry down Beltsville; he does not dare. But he names two Beltsville scientists whom I talked with (Dr. Charles E. Kellogg, Chief of the Division of Soil Survey, and Dr. Robert M. Salter, Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry) and says confidently: "I doubt if either is willing to stand on what it [my article] says."

In making this assumption DeVoto was reckless, showing the touching faith of the dedicated believer. Dr. Kellogg wrote to me as follows:

I want to congratulate you on the fine job you did on the soil and food piece in *Time* for Nov. 8. You certainly got hold of this subject in good shape in a short time. It looks *just fine*.

I also got a more inclusive letter from Beltsville:

I read with interest and enthusiasm your extensive article on the world food potential appearing in this week's *Time*. It was a remarkable job of gathering facts and interpreting them in the light of scientific knowledge of soils. I might add that all the people you talked with here at Beltsville are mighty well pleased too.

J. K. McCLARREN
Head, Division of Information

I do not believe that any comparable authorities would "stand on" Vogt's hysterical book or DeVoto's vilification.

JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD
Science Editor, *Time* Magazine

Make It Global—

To the Editors:

Warren R. Austin has performed a service in writing so clearly and effectively about the useful work now being performed by the UN ["A Warning on World Government," May 1949]. . . .

I entirely agree with Mr. Austin that the idea of an abrupt substitution of a world federation for the UN is impractical and probably dangerous. However, I fail to understand why the United States should not work energetically toward amendment of the UN charter with a view to strengthening the organization. In all probability, difficulties will arise with the Russians, and as Mr. Austin points out, they can block amendment. In that event, the next great step should be the formation of a federation of those nations willing to join, within the structure of the UN. Such a federation would be granted powers, limited but adequate to preserve the peace, or at least to do so way beyond the means of UN as now constituted. (An interim solution of the problem of war along these lines would be an immense stride forward and it is entirely possible that sometime in the future Russia, out of self-interest if nothing else, would join a partial federation and make it global.)

Mr. Austin calls attention to the problems inherent in any kind of federation of nations. They are, of course, immense; the matter of proper representation in a federation is certainly complicated, but by providing a bicameral or tricameral legislature it should be possible to give due regard to factors like the industrial potential and the general level of education in different countries as well as to population.

Another basic question posed by Mr. Austin is how a world federal government would provide safeguards against seizure by one group of nations. . . . There are ways of

The military bases of the federal government should be spread over the earth's surface and the relative strength of the world force to national forces may have to be worked out gradually. And probably the decision to use the armed forces of the federal government should be reached only by two thirds of the voting power of the nations within it.

Eventually it is a question of one world or none, and we must take the risks inherent in an attempt to achieve safety rather than allow the balance-of-power system to lead us into another war, as it has never failed in history to do.

CASS CANFIELD
New York, N. Y.

Up in the Air—

To the Editors:

Knowing the quality of *Harper's* magazine, I am more than surprised that *Harper's* would publish an article so biased in its viewpoint as "Our Airsick Airlines" [David Bernstein, May 1949] by an author whose business connections are so prejudiced—with only one side of the argument given.

... Mr. Bernstein contends that the problems of the airlines are twofold: "(1) they are suffering from remnants of the 'ATC mentality'—the high, wide and handsome mood of wartime, and (2) they want the privileges of free enterprise while guaranteed against bankruptcy by the government."

In my judgment neither premise is correct and neither one is fairly or accurately stated. It is, of course, possible that a very few individuals in the scheduled air-transport industry have ideas of this kind, but it is certainly untrue with regard to the industry as a whole. The biblical analogy of the black sheep might be pertinent.

There are several grossly inaccurate statements in the article, and without attempting to analyze it in full, I should like to invite your attention to several of them.

Page 67—"Between New York and California, and New York and Florida, you can fly on so-called non-scheduled airlines, which operate DC-3's and DC-4's under the same general safety and inspection regu-

lations as the Big Sixteen." This statement is grossly inaccurate and entirely misleading. Enclosure (a) will give you some of the important differences between the operational requirements of the scheduled and non-scheduled operators.

The harsh criticism with regard to coach service is also invalid, inaccurate, and definitely prejudiced. What may be true of one or two individual airlines is not true of the industry as a whole.

Page 69—"The war is over, and the airline industry today is probably the most mismanaged, over-managed, inefficient, and uneconomical of all major industries in the United States." This statement alone is enough to condemn Mr. Bernstein's article because of its gross over-statement, thorough inaccuracy, and generally untrue [sic]

E. S. LAND, President
Air Transport Association
of America
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

The president of the trade association of the large certificated airlines has, I am afraid, done what so many in the industry do when anyone attempts an objective analysis of its problems. He sweepingly denies all criticism, ascribes prejudice to the critic, and leaves it pretty much at that. . . .

Admiral Land feels that I have been incorrect, unfair, and inaccurate in reporting that most of the big airlines are suffering from the remnants of the ATC mentality, which manifested itself in exuberant over-expansion. I quote the statement made the other day by Mr. C. R. Smith, president of American Airlines, before the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, which is currently investigating the industry's problems:

The spirit of unbridled optimism about the potential of air transportation which followed the war produced a great speculative extension of the air transport route pattern. It was extended well beyond the reasonable requirement of public convenience and necessity, resulting in illogical additions to the air map, in too much duplication of existing service, in wasteful competition and low road factors, and

in substantial and continuing operating losses.

Next, Admiral Land denies that the industry wants the privileges of free enterprise while the government guarantees it against bankruptcy. Again I quote from Mr. Smith's testimony: "This industry will never have the stature of maturity if we conduct it on a basis which presumes that the government will support our individual enterprises if we fail in its management." Yet that is the basis on which certificated airlines (except Eastern and perhaps one or two others) appear to operate; virtually every large domestic carrier would be out of business today were it not for government subsidy; and so far no airline president has asked the Senators to eliminate the subsidy. Yet these same executives have, one after another, castigated the Civil Aeronautics Board and made clear their resentment against government controls.

Third, Admiral Land says it isn't true that the trans-continental non-scheduled airlines operate "under the same general safety and inspection regulations as the Big Sixteen." I checked this statement with the CAB when I wrote it. I have just checked it again. It stands. . . .

I should like to make one more point. Admiral Land appears to believe that I have "business connections" that prejudice me. *Harper's* was careful to point out, when the article appeared, that I spent a few months last summer as consultant for a group of non-scheduled airlines, and that when this assignment ended in the early fall I continued to be interested, as a private citizen and as a writer, in the problems of the airline industry as a whole. Since that time, my "business connections" with the industry have consisted of: (1) the assignment from *Harper's* to write "Our Airsick Airlines"; and (2) a current assignment from another magazine (*Forbes*) to write a series of articles on the industry. I believe that these "business connections" permit me to be a more objective commentator on the airline industry than the connections of the president of the Air Transport Association permit him to be.

DAVID BERNSTEIN
Washington, D. C.

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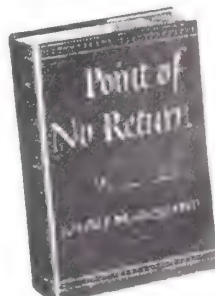
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Personal & Otherwise

LAST month, in commenting upon the first installment of *Rebecca West's* fascinating study of "The Tribunal that Stirred England" (p. 37), we said something about wishing that—with her background knowledge of trials and court-room procedure—she would write a mystery novel. The more we think about it, and the more we read of her report on the Stanley trial, the better we like the idea. But the novel we have in mind would not be another of the pseudo-journalistic stories that flood the market these days.

P & O has mentioned before its notion that journalism, in Miss West's hands, has achieved a stature above the level of a mere service industry—which is the level that literary "high-brows" have querulously assigned to it. One of these days, if space and time permit, we'd be willing to argue that, in raising journalism to the level it reaches, for example, in the present articles, Miss West has led modern literature a long way on the road up out of the quagmire in which it has wallowed for too many years.

For the moment, it must suffice to remark that, looking back over the fiction of recent years, one is struck by the prevalence of two modes of writing, both of which have offered the writer an escape from the rigors of value-judgment. In a period of transition, when old values are crumbling and new values have not yet been established, the writer can take refuge in symbolism or journalism. In the one he can set up certain values which pretend to no validity outside of the context of the particular work which creates them; in the other he can by-pass all questions of value by

insisting upon his neutral role as reporter.

Of the two ways out, the pseudo-journalistic is surely the more dishonest. The author, posing as a reporter, is able to funk responsibility for anything his characters do or say by insisting, in the tradition of journalism, that he's merely reporting "the way it was." It's a world he never made, and he'll take no rap for it. The hitch is, of course, that he's not reporting in the journalistic sense at all. He's a leg-man on a dream-beat, where nobody does anything except what he makes them do. The objectivity which, in the real reporter, is the product of rigorous integrity, is in him a flabby refusal to take responsibility for his fantasies. It is in this sense, and this sense only, that journalism is a corrupting influence upon literature. It's not journalism that is wrong, but psuedo-journalism: the artist's pretense that he is a reporter.

What we have in Miss West's articles is something quite different. Miss West is too fine an artist and—if the literary critics will pardon the expression—too great a person to suppose that journalism is simply a bag of tricks which can be substituted for the integrity of art. Journalism, as she knows, is a technique (indeed a form) which has its own discipline. It is to the older literary forms roughly what engineering was to architecture in the late nineteenth century. And just as engineering became, in the hands of the men who built the George Washington Bridge and the Norris Dam, a technique capable of producing forms which have tremendous aesthetic impact, journalism in Miss West's hands is becoming an art-form in its own right.

Harper's

MAGAZINE

Truman & Co., Limited

John Fischer

THE most noticeable difference between the present Administration and the New Deal is about eighty pounds, comfortably larded around the bureaucratic paunch. The skinny, hot-eyed, ulceroid characters who infested Washington ten years ago are now extinct. Their Potomac feeding grounds, from the Pentagon to Capitol Hill, have been taken over by a different and less alarming species.

The most conspicuous specimens of the new *homo trumanus*—Snyder, Steelman, Krug, Brannan, Johnson, Souers, Rayburn, and Lucas, for a sample—all look curiously alike. They run as true-to-breed as a litter of Poland China pigs: plump, baldish, sedentary, bespectacled, ruminative, and cautious. You can't spot a single long-fanged, carnivorous type in the whole herd.

This change in the political fauna is a clue of real significance to anyone who attempts to size up the Truman regime and to guess its probable course for the next three years. Now, for the first time, the President

is surrounded by a Privy Council entirely of his own choosing; and it is these men, rather than the formal pledges of the last campaign, who will set the pace and tone of his Administration.

Here, perhaps, lies an explanation of that melancholy which has lately infected a good many professional liberals—those who were sure that the election meant a rebirth of the New Deal, with fresh agencies sprouting from every crevice and bankers barbecued on alternate Thursdays. It may also explain the calmer breathing of a lot of fluttery conservatives, who stampeded in wall-eyed panic to dump their stocks on November 3.

For it is now clear that Mr. Truman is not going to touch off another FDR revolution. Nobody can make a revolution without rebels; and today there is hardly a dangerous man in Washington. The nearest thing to a lean and hungry look is the ascetic face of Senator Robert A. Taft.

What, then, can we reasonably expect from this collection of Rotarians emeritus who

John Fischer, one of Harper's contributing editors, has continued to maintain informal contact with the government, in which he himself once held a rating of practicing bureaucrat.

fill (snugly) the seats of power recently vacated by Hopkins, Tugwell, Corcoran, Wallace, or Ickes? Nothing startling, certainly, nor even very entertaining. Like their boss, they are rather dull fellows—conscientious, respectable as blue serge, a little distrustful of anything adventurous or dramatic. They aren't mad with anybody. They would never dream of trying to make America over or of scourging the money-changers out of the temple. (Many of them are pretty agile money-changers themselves.) Their evident purpose is to get along as amiably as possible with everybody and to win the next election.

It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that the government has fallen entirely into the hands of good-natured mediocrities—or that Mr. Truman's ambitious program can be entirely written off as campaign oratory. For in spite of the strong family resemblance, the actual character of his political high command is strangely spotty, streaked with weakness and strength like a flitch of Missouri bacon. In order to make a fair guess at what it may accomplish, and where, it may be useful to take a separate look at a few selected cross-sections of the Administration.

II

THE strongest segment, naturally enough, consists of the three great agencies dealing with foreign affairs: the State and Defense Departments, plus ECA. This is where the excitement is. Here Mr. Truman has posted his ablest lieutenants; and they in turn have found it possible to recruit a good many first-rate sergeants and corporals, while the less glamorous domestic agencies have had to plod along with some pretty shopworn personnel.

Both of the department chiefs stack up handsomely beside their predecessors of the past decade. Mr. Roosevelt, of course, insisted on running his military and foreign business for himself, and didn't want any really strong cabinet officers around to get in his way; while Mr. Truman—a tidier administrator and less confident of his virtuosity in these fields—has been more willing to delegate authority.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that Dean Acheson looks like a paragon of clarity and vigor in comparison with the agonizing in-

decision of Cordell Hull, the imposing vacuity of Edward Stettinius, or the weary detachment of George Marshall. For the first time in many years, a Secretary actually is running the State Department. Because Hull and Byrnes had served their governmental apprenticeships in Congress, neither of them had a tight grasp of administrative techniques. Marshall was simply too worn out by the strain of war to take much interest in rebuilding the ramshackle organization he inherited. And every Secretary since 1941 was so busy trotting around to international conferences that he had to leave the day-to-day operation of the Department to subordinates of uncertain authority.

Already Acheson has begun to change all that. Philip Jessup and Warren Austin take care of most of the long-distance conferring these days, while the Secretary sticks to his desk and grinds out policy. A squad of energetic young assistants—such men as James Webb, Dean Rusk, Harry Labouisse, Park Armstrong, John Peurifoy, and Howland Sargeant—has been deployed in the top administrative echelon; and gradually they are beginning to convert the pottering old gentlemen's club into a serviceable organization. There are still plenty of moldy patches—but the chances are good that before the end of Mr. Truman's term we will at last have the kind of State Department our role in the world has long demanded.

ACROSS the river in the Pentagon, the picture is a little different. Louis Johnson very probably lacks the machine-tooled brain of a Forrestal or the monumental stature of the aged Stimson. Occasionally he has shown a regrettable fondness for showy gestures and ill-considered talk. Already he is panting hard for the next Presidential nomination, and politics clearly is in the front of his mind at every moment. And yet he does have one advantage which is peculiarly appropriate for the job ahead of him: he is an ornery, hard-bitten character who will by damn run his own show if it kills every admiral in the fleet.

This is precisely the one trait he will need most if he is going to bring a semblance of discipline and unity out of the internecine warfare among the armed forces. And in his deputy, Steve Early, he has chosen a man just as

cantankerously rugged as himself. From his long training at Roosevelt's elbow, moreover, Early knows every gouge and wristlock in the art of bureaucratic combat. It's a safe bet that if there are any more nervous breakdowns in the Defense Department, they won't happen in the Secretary's office; they are more likely to show up among the Big Brass.

So far Johnson's most spectacular action has been his order stopping construction of the super-carrier *United States*, despite the piteous keening of all his admirals. Like any layman, I haven't the faintest notion whether this decision makes good strategic sense. Administratively, however, it makes plenty. It served notice—as nothing else could—that the new boss was bull-set on reaching his own conclusions and carrying them through. Even when his military advisers could not agree. Even if his Navy Secretary walked out in a smoking huff.

That kind of action (which Johnson has supplemented by a couple of blunt private lectures to the inter-service Sanhedrin) is a plain hint that any military prima donna who can't learn to work in harness is likely to end up in the coldest, loneliest outpost in Alaska. It also is a hopeful sign that Johnson eventually may be able to curb the lavish wastefulness of all three services.

This won't be easy. The military have been encouraged for so long to ask for anything they can dream up, and damn the expense, that they long ago lost all decent respect for the taxpayer's dollar. These are the people—so the Hoover Commission reported—who mislaid 9,000 tanks after the war and never could tell what happened to them; who padded a single budget item by \$30 million as the result of a "clerical error"; and who ordered tropical worsted uniforms "for all the enlisted men in the Army and then some" at \$129 each, or about twice as much as the average taxpayer can afford for his own suits. The bookkeeping and inventory systems used by the Army, Navy, and Air Force would bankrupt a pop stand; but they all find it necessary to support a horde of publicity men beyond the wildest dreams of Hollywood. If Johnson can pound habits of thrift into that kind of organization—and so far he's had little encouragement from Congress—he will deserve a special medal for Heroic House-keeping.

MEANWHILE, three noteworthy accomplishments can be chalked up for the Administration in the area of military and foreign affairs:

(1) The European aid program has been explained to the country frankly and effectively—an achievement without precedent in the tongue-tied and disingenuous tradition of the State Department. It has been carried out with a rare combination of business sense and tact. And ECA itself has been protected both from patronage raids and from the grosser pressures of special interests—tobacco and flour, for example—who yearned to channel some of that free-flowing cash into their own pockets. (Indeed, ECA is so detached from the ordinary political framework that it really has no place in this discussion. It is manned largely by Republican business men, and operates so independently that it can hardly be described as an actual part of the Administration.)

(2) Unobtrusive but solid gains have been made in race relations. The services are under steady pressure from Johnson's office to ease up their traditional segregation of Negro units, and to inch a little faster toward the proclaimed goal of "equality of treatment and opportunity." Moreover, throughout the government, Negro workers are enjoying an intangible but real gain in status as a result of the brilliant performance in the Palestine negotiations of Dr. Ralph Bunche—described by one Arab as "the second Colossus of Rhodes." If Bunche should accept an appointment as ambassador or assistant secretary of state (as still seems possible) he will be the first Negro ever to reach, on merit, such rarefied diplomatic heights.

(3) Civilian control over foreign and military policy has been steadily strengthened ever since the election. While the stars of Acheson and Johnson have been rising, gradual eclipse has overtaken a good many military men who once wielded great influence—Marshall, William H. Draper, Generals Lucius Clay and Bedell Smith, and, perhaps most important of all, Admiral William D. Leahy, until recently chief of staff to the President. As the highest ranking officer in any service and the custodian of many Roosevelt secrets, he served as a kind of Gray Eminence during Truman's first term. For a time his influence—unpublicized but pervasive—apparently car-

ried more weight than that of any cabinet officer. Byrnes and Forrestal, in particular, found this irksome; for Leahy was profoundly suspicious of Byrnes's "softness" toward the Russians, and (like most navy men) he had little enthusiasm for a tight unification of the services.

One more step, now impending, should pretty well complete the restoration of civilian rule. That is a shift in the membership of the National Security Council, the top advisory group on foreign and military policy. It is now dominated by spokesmen for the armed services. Before the end of the session, Congress is likely to change its make-up by dropping the Secretaries of the Army, Navy, and Air Force and adding Vice President Alben Barkley, thus giving a majority to the civilian representatives.

(Incidentally, the executive secretary of the Council—Sidney W. Souers—now sees the President more regularly than any other official in Washington. He gives Mr. Truman his daily post-breakfast briefing on intelligence reports from all over the world, and on the current status of security problems. A highly successful business man with sensitive political antennae, he has become one of the President's most useful aides for delicate and confidential chores. Just after the war, for example, he organized the original Central Intelligence Group. Now, with his staff of some thirty able assistants, he is our nearest parallel to the British War Cabinet Secretariat—an extremely handy administrative device.)

III

ON THE domestic side of the Administration, the scenery is a whole lot drearier. There nothing much is happening. Not one new domestic agency has been launched since Mr. Truman took office. Nearly all of the old ones have been pulling in their horns, trimming staff, and lapsing into a soggy bureaucratic routine. Nowhere is there any sense of the bright adventure, the tension and bustle, the companionship with great events which gave the New Deal in its heyday such a high charge of enthusiasm.

Naturally these offices have found it hard to attract men of enterprise. Nor is this the whole story; for Mr. Truman himself has

little of FDR's flair for seducing first-rate brains into the public service. Moreover, so long as comfortable salaries are still fairly plentiful in private business, outstanding administrators are understandably reluctant to trade them for a federal stipend, plus the prying harassment of loyalty checks and the endless frustrations of government employment. (Even the Hoover Commission apparently was astonished to discover how hard it is to accomplish anything within the moldering labyrinths of our patchwork bureaucracy.)

Under these circumstances, the career civil servants inevitably have taken over—dutiful men, but lacking fire. Here and there a fugitive New Dealer lurks in some obscure cranny, resigned, circumspect, and a little sour. While these still think of themselves as liberals, their zest for experimentation has dried up. Their liberalism, in many cases, has become a conditioned reflex. Say "labor" and they drool like Pavlov's dog; mention "big business" and they will growl and bristle. But to the less familiar stimuli of postwar times they hardly react at all. They are sad people, the by-passed crusaders of another day.

An extreme example of this atmosphere is the Commerce Department—a random collection of unrelated bureaus which never did have much team spirit or sense of mission. Today the Bright Young Men infiltrated by Henry Wallace have become almost indistinguishable from the grizzled bureaucrats recruited a generation ago by Herbert Hoover. With equal deliberation they peer at their tables of statistics through bifocal glasses, remember their rubbers on every rainy day, and await their pensions. They all know that their Secretary, Charles Sawyer, is out of sympathy with much of the President's program; that his political assets are negligible; that he has no plans of consequence for the Department; and that he probably won't be around long anyway.

A similar case is the Treasury—once a very hive of New Deal schemers, and now just another refuge for human comptometers. We can be confident, however, that nobody will make off with the public treasure so long as Honest John Snyder is on guard.

Interior is in a somewhat happier state, because it has a job of some urgency in protecting our dwindling public resources, and

because Harold Ickes built a spirited and cohesive organization. It also enjoys the stout leadership of Under Secretary Oscar Chapman, a Truman wheelhorse during the election, and Assistant Secretary Girard Davidson. Both are unusual specimens—veteran New Dealers who still manage to get up a full head of steam. The general expectation is that Chapman will step into the Secretaryship as soon as the President can find a tactful way to dispose of the plump and lethargic incumbent, Julius “Cap” Krug. Meanwhile, Krug doesn’t bother anybody much.

OF ALL the old-line departments, Agriculture seems to be in the best shape. If cabinet officers could somehow be measured for innate ability, its chief, Charles Brannan, would probably stand second only to Acheson. Because of his unwavering labor during the gloomy days of the campaign, his political standing is solid. He also is a career civil servant—a Colorado lawyer who worked his way up the Department’s hierarchy and understands its workings thoroughly. He has soothed down most of the intramural squabbling which marred the regimes of Secretaries Anderson and Wickard, and the morale of his vast organization is now tolerably high. It got toned up a notch further this spring when Brannan proposed his new farm program—the first imaginative, large-scale venture put forward by any domestic agency since Mr. Truman took office.

This scheme for propping up farm income by an intricate tackle of subsidies, loans, and acreage controls, and at the same time bringing down food prices for city folks, certainly won’t get to first base during the current session of Congress. Its cost: uncertain, but probably appalling. Opposition: considerable.

The plan is such a radical departure from the traditional system of price supports that both of the big, conservative farm organizations—the Grange and the Farm Bureau Federation—were shocked into instant protest. (They were piqued, too, because they didn’t have a hand in drafting it.) So far the only vocal support comes from the smallest and most leftward of the rural pressure groups, the Farmer’s Union.

Eventually, however, a diluted version of the Brannan plan almost surely will be

adopted. The present system of rigged prices is too ridiculous to survive indefinitely—and it will look even sillier as big surpluses begin to pile up this fall. Last year, for example, the government paid out \$200 million to hold up the price of just one crop—potatoes. There were three results, all fantastic: (1) Potato growers nicked the treasury for an average of \$5,457 each. (2) Sure of a lush profit, they grew thousands of tons of spuds that nobody needed. (3) The consumer paid twice over for every potato he ate, once in taxes and again in a whopping artificial price at the grocery store. Already a similar situation is threatening in pork, and other surpluses aren’t far off.

The Brannan program, in contrast, would bleed the taxpayer only once—by a direct subsidy to the farmer—while most prices would be allowed to slip down to their natural levels. In addition to this obvious appeal to city voters, his proposal has the unusual merit of political honesty. It recognizes frankly that American agriculture is a chronically sick industry, which has been living on transfusions from the federal purse ever since the Hoover Farm Board nearly twenty years ago.

Some kind of subsidy is bound to continue indefinitely—if for no other reason, because our electoral system stacks Congress heavily in favor of the rural voter. Brannan is now proposing that we should at last face these facts candidly, and dole out an open, rationally calculated subsidy, rather than a half-concealed and grossly illogical one. No wonder he shocked a lot of people.

In passing, it is worthy of note that Brannan’s shadow is spreading a good distance beyond his own department. The President tagged him to serve as Co-ordinator for Economic Stabilization—which means that he is expected to see to it that the economic operations of the various agencies dovetail together with some kind of rough consistency. He has handled this thankless chore tactfully and firmly, with no effort to hog publicity or build empires at other people’s expense. As a consequence, he seems to have the confidence both of his boss and of most of his colleagues. He probably will never be admitted into the exclusive White House cronyship—he’s too serious a man to make relaxing company for the bourbon-and-bawdy-joke

crowd—but before the term runs out he may nevertheless become one of the most powerful voices in the Administration.

Brannan, like Johnson, is being talked about as possible Presidential timber for 1952, in spite of his embarrassing home base in a small mountain state; his close contacts with Democratic state and county committeemen all over the country are a useful asset. But he still runs behind Governors Adlai Stevenson of Illinois and Chester Bowles of Connecticut in the early bookmaking on the nomination sweepstakes.

This sampling of the Truman bureaucracy—and I hope it is a passably fair one—would seem to point to a moderately heartening forecast for the three years ahead. Little brilliance, no ferment of new ideas, no daring experiments can reasonably be expected. But no administrative disasters are in prospect either. So far there is no ground for anticipating any spectacular corruption, inefficiency, or favoritism to vested interests, beyond the normal incidence of such afflictions. For the first time in a generation, Washington seems to be getting back to Business as Usual.

IV

THE day-to-day conduct of the public business is not, however, the only yardstick for an Administration. A good deal more important, in the long run, is the quality of its political leadership; and this can be measured most readily in the Administration's dealings with Congress.

Here the record shows an impressive catalogue of tactical blunders. Almost every major issue during the current session has been handled clumsily; and as a consequence Mr. Truman and his chief lieutenants have frittered away a good part of the potential influence over legislation which they won last November.

To begin with, they insisted on forcing a showdown on the twin issues of civil rights and the filibuster at the very opening of the Eighty-first Congress. This was a fight which the President must have known he could not win; at least he was so told by a number of his most sagacious advisers on the Hill. The results were: (1) a damaging loss of prestige; (2) a revival of the familiar coalition between Republicans and Southern Democrats, and

its temporary reinforcement with a number of Southerners who habitually vote liberal whenever the racial bugaboo can be kept out of sight; (3) raw tempers on both sides; (4) a month's delay in the Senate's work, jeopardizing the rest of the Administration's program in a legislative log-jam. All of these bad effects could have been avoided or minimized if the fight (which Mr. Truman was pledged to make at some stage) had been postponed until the end of the session.

This fiasco also exposed the heavy-handed inadequacy of Scott Lucas of Illinois as Senate majority leader—one of the key jobs in any Administration. Already he was laboring against the veiled resentment of many Southerners, who had seen their own men in that post for so many years that they had come to regard it as a Dixie sinecure. This handicap was double-weighted during the filibuster struggle by Lucas's penchant for sarcastic lectures and his unsuspected genius for rumpling sensitive Senatorial feathers. His performance looked even more inept in comparison with the taciturn skill of Sam Rayburn on the other side of the Capitol. The rancor Lucas has stirred up will haunt the Administration for a long while.

Mr. Truman and his Council of Economic Advisers fumbled again when they tried to shove through their drastic scheme of anti-inflation controls and higher taxes, long after inflation had ceased to be a danger and deflation was already giving Congressmen nightmares. Still another unnecessary beating came from the Administration's mule-headed refusal to work out an acceptable compromise on labor legislation in committee, the proper place for such delicate negotiations. Instead, the President's men insisted until the last moment on the very letter of the union leaders' extreme demands—although it was quite apparent that they didn't have the votes to carry these demands in either house. In the end, they were stampeded into disorderly retreat during debate on the floor of the House, and only Rayburn's nimble generalship prevented the conservative coalition from passing its own labor bill. At this writing it seems unlikely that any change will be made in the Taft-Hartley Act at this session—in which case Mr. Truman will have fallen down on his Number One campaign promise.

COUNTLESS minor instances of political awkwardness are cited, with mounting exasperation, by loyal Democratic legislators to almost anyone who will listen. For example, until the last minute nobody remembered to invite the Senators to witness the ceremonial signing of the Atlantic Pact—although that treaty is worth less than its blue goatskin binding until it gets their approval. The President's stubborn efforts to wheedle a reluctant Senate into giving his old pal, Mon Wallgren, the chairmanship of the National Security Resources Board (a job for which his qualifications were virtually invisible) embarrassed everybody—just as his nomination of Ed Pauley did earlier.

Finally, when Mr. Truman has attempted to put pressure on Congress, it has been both weak and irritating. His patronage weapon has never been handled with the slick finesse that Roosevelt applied so well. Nor does he have the corps of practiced lobbyists which FDR turned loose in every emergency. On the contrary, Administration spokesmen—especially from the Labor Department—have often turned up before Congressional committees so poorly briefed that their Republican inquisitors easily made them look like dunces.

Ineptitudes of this kind are leading to two important consequences. The first is that Mr. Truman will hardly get more than half of his program through the Eighty-first Congress—and that is the half that Congress needs to pass for its own political reasons, not because it is labeled: "White House Must." It now appears that the legislative budget, for this session and the next, may add up something like this:

(1) **Foreign Affairs:** All the Administration really needs, though perhaps not quite all it asks for. The list probably will include enough money for continuing aid to Western Europe; a relatively modest sum for military lend-lease; okay of the Atlantic Pact; renewal of the reciprocal trade program without hampering restrictions; ample funds for foreign intelligence and the Voice of America; more money than the armed services can prudently spend.

(2) **Labor:** Eventually a compromise bill somewhere between Taft-Hartley and the old

Wagner Act, retaining authority for the government to halt strikes which endanger public health and safety. Higher minimum wages but not the 75 cents an hour Mr. Truman has asked.

(3) **Welfare:** A reasonably good housing program, capable of rapid expansion if the recession deepens. Modest extensions of Social Security. Federal grants for better schools in "backward" states. Sizable appropriations for hospital construction and equipment, and for training more doctors—but no compulsory health insurance.

(4) **Public Power:** Unspectacular but significant gains, including the TVA steam plant and clear authority for the government to build its own transmission lines to distribute electricity from federal dams. Just possibly a Columbia River Valley Authority; but indefinite postponement for MVA and the St. Lawrence Waterway.

(5) **Civil Rights:** Anti-lynching and anti-poll tax bills on a compromise pattern, something like that suggested by Representative Brooks Hays, probably will pass the House and may even squeak through in the Senate next session. No chance for Fair Employment Practice legislation sought by the President.

(6) **Government Reorganization:** Nobody in Washington is really panting to carry out the Hoover Commission proposals, but there is about an even chance that Congress will let the President go ahead with his reorganization plan, though under some hobbling restrictions.

What all this comes to is a modest extension of the original New Deal—one more step toward the Welfare State, if you like, but a cautious one. No doubt that caution will increase next year, as the rather frightening state of the government's finances becomes more apparent. A deficit of \$4 to \$6 billions is in prospect for the new fiscal year, on top of the present debt of \$252 billions. It is becoming obvious that even this country can't move very rapidly toward a Welfare State so long as it is fighting a cold war, rebuilding Europe, and carrying a military burden of more than \$15 billions annually.

V

THE other notable result of Mr. Truman's fumbling leadership may well be a basic shift in the balance of political power from the White House to the Capitol. There are signs that we may be on the threshold of another of those periods of Congressional government which recur with considerable regularity in American history.

Such glacial changes in our scheme of politics always come slowly, of course; but most of the necessary conditions certainly are now present. For one thing, the timing seems about right. We have gone through a long and sometimes irksome stretch of strong executive rule; it would be surprising if the pendulum weren't ready to swing.

Then, too, hardly a man in Congress is dependent on the White House for his political life. In the last campaign, many ran well ahead of Mr. Truman. They did not ride his coat-tails, as they did Roosevelt's; he rode theirs. Hence a revolt would not be a dangerous enterprise.

Finally, the Democratic members of Congress are growing increasingly restive under the Administration's slack rein. They had been used to sure-fingered, strong leadership from the White House for so long that they came to depend on it—even though they sometimes resented it. Now that it is missing, some of the best men in both houses are floundering, disheartened, and secretly losing respect for the head of their party.

So far, they have made little effort to build a strong system of Congressional leadership to take its place. But all that is lacking, apparently, is the emergence of a man—another Mark Hanna or Uncle Joe Cannon—with the stature and the will to organize a new party command-post on the Hill. If the Democrats

had anybody with the ability, experience, and impulse-to-power of Taft, the task might already be under way. Sam Rayburn may yet turn out to be the man for the job. Already there are some indications that he may try to take over leadership of the party during the next session of Congress.

VI

IT is no paradox to suggest that Mr. Truman's chief contribution may spring out of the very feebleness of his political leadership. If he is not a hypnotic and stirring leader, he is not a frightening one either. During the campaign, his appeal was that of a plucky little guy fighting against heavy odds—not that of a Man on a White Horse. No shining legends will ever encrust his Administration; but neither will anybody be moved to curse him as That Man. His whole personality is sedative. He might easily be remembered as a kind of poor man's Calvin Coolidge.

Perhaps this is a useful thing. It can help greatly to reconcile and reassure those many Americans who have been profoundly disturbed by the vast changes which have swept over our country for the past twenty years, and which are still in flood. The fear and rancor, the jagged divisions within the nation, that were left by the New Deal can have a chance to heal over while such a man is in the White House. As we all know, Mr. Truman is utterly incapable of dramatizing any issue. By the same token, his fumbling and homey touch drains away the dangerous emotions from almost every tension-charged question. His genius is for making the unavoidable upheavals of our day appear commonplace, unalarming, and fit to live with. We can at least be grateful to him for domesticating the revolution of our times.

The South Has Changed

Mary Heaton Vorse

Drawings by Lou Block

DURING the past twenty years I have been in and out of the South often, reporting matters as diverse as textile strikes and soil conservation. I spent months there during the industrial expansion of the war. After an absence of nearly five years I recently made a two-months' trip through half a dozen states. I encountered a new South.

You need only your eyes and a point of comparison to tell you what has happened. You need only to have been there ten, or better still, twenty years ago to see the changes flow past you on the highway. Everywhere gardens and shrubs have replaced weedy, rundown yards. Houses, barns, and fences are repainted. And the statistics are there, should you want them. Although still the poorest section, the South is forging ahead the fastest. Its per capita income gain is higher than that of any other part of the Union.

Take the city of Atlanta, for instance, which gives the impression of breathing at all its pores. In the few days I was there, the city welcomed ten conventions, including the Beta Society of honor students which brought together two thousand young people to discuss public affairs. The new airport, the biggest in the South, opened with imposing ceremonies. More than two thousand farmers tramped into the Rural Electrification Administration show at the city auditorium, handled the farm equipment on display,

swapped opinions with representatives of the many organizations which weave the fabric of rural life. The Farm Community Improvement Contest sponsored by the Farmers Club of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce had just ended, and a prize had gone to the little town of Compton. More than a hundred communities and about ten thousand farm families had taken part.

Significant of the change in atmosphere were the awards made to newspapermen by the Associated Press. One of them went to George Goodwin of the *Atlanta Journal* for his stories on the voting irregularities in Telfair County, intended to keep Negroes from the polls. And another went to Albert Riley for his vivid accounts in the *Atlanta Constitution* of the filth and disease in slum areas in Atlanta, and of the clean-up and construction program. As a result of the national attention aroused by these reports, Atlanta drew up a five-year slum clearance plan.

The vivacity of Atlanta is a compound of the kindness of civilized manners and the drive of a city on the make. In contrast to the cold and static cities of the Midwest, the South is alive with a welter of activities—slum clearance, better race relations, soil conservation, farm improvement, rural electrification. Besides the new projects, there is a changed point of view, which shouts from the newspaper headlines:

A Northern journalist who has been pro-union all her energetic life, Mary Heaton Vorse might once have been regarded as unsympathetic to the South. Now, however, she reports on some of its newest virtues.

THROW AWAY YOUR STEREOTYPE OF THE INDOLENT MINT-JULEPY PLANTER, urged Hodding Carter, editor of the *Delta-Democrat Times* in an article dated Greenville, Mississippi, in which he described the regional organization of the Delta Council. To develop new alluvial areas, the Council concentrates on scientific farming, industrial balance, health programs, and wider education for an area whose 700,000 population is two-thirds Negro and 95 per cent agricultural.

Even more expressive of the revolution in thought was a headline about the CIO Meat Packers' strike: LADY STRIKERS AT MEAT PLANTS GET SUN TAN, SING, AND EMBROIDER. Maybe it was not dignified, but it was sympathetic. Ten years ago no Southern paper would have printed an objective article—much less a sympathetic one—about the CIO. Except possibly for the Typographers and the Railroad Brotherhoods, all organized labor has gone through a tooth-and-nail battle throughout the South in the past decade. Hence, it is precisely the new status of the industrial worker—as well as the modified attitude toward race relations—that seems now most eloquent of change.

II

IN THE textile centers of the South I saw at first hand the new respect acquired by the industrial hands who were once the lowest paid workers and now have become buyers and voters of consequence. Acceptance of them as members in good standing of the community has come about largely through the AF of L and the CIO acting in conjunction with federal legislation. Without the Wagner Act and the Fair Practices Act, the unions could not have organized the laborers, even to the extent which they have, and the rigid pattern of the past could have shut out all vigorous new ideas and leadership. But with 120,000 textile workers in eight Southern states under union contract—out of 450,000 organized all over the country—there is a nucleus whose importance cannot be ignored.

Take Danville, Virginia, which is in some ways Exhibit Number One of what has happened in the South, stimulated by that nucleus. In 1931 there was a long and bitter strike in Danville. In an appeal for strike

funds, Ida Loving said, "They hope to starve us out." The workers had made no demands except "the right to have our union and take up our grievances in an orderly manner with the employer." For eight months offers of mediation were made in vain by the Federal Council of Churches and even by the governor of Virginia. But their good offices were impotent because the community at large, including the farmers, was violently against the strike. The outstanding exception was the YWCA, which from an early day has maintained excellent clubs for industrial workers as part of its program.

During this strike, Sherwood Anderson made a speech which accurately described the status of the factory people then and for a long time to come. "You live by yourselves," he said. "There is not any question about it, the majority of the people of this town are against you. They want you to stay by yourselves, be quiet and humble. . . . The truth is and you know it well, they look down on you. . . . When people look down on us, we are hurt. They take our courage away."

THE situation in Danville has altered so much since then that anyone who was there in the old violent days and saw how isolated from the community the workers were can hardly believe his eyes. The Textile Workers Union headquarters is on the main street of the town, its offices and auditorium occupying the floor of a large building. A new union hall is under construction. Almost all of the ten thousand mill workers belong to the union and Danville lives by and for its mills. More than one out of every four townspeople works either in the Riverside Mill or the Dan River Mill which, with its gray stone walls and cobalt-blue window-frames, is as imposing as a castle. The mill village is far from unattractive, though a survey made in 1940 showed that only a few houses have inside toilets or running water. The cottages are good sized, and the mill employs a maintenance crew to keep them painted and in repair. Trees and shrubs are plentiful. But the workers' integration into the town is not a matter only of paint and shrubs; it goes deeper. The city's fifty bus drivers, for example, are members of the Textile Workers Union. When they requested membership, they were asked if they didn't



"The truth is, and you know it well, they look down on you."

want to be part of a more appropriate CIO affiliate. "No," the drivers said. "Nearly all the people we haul are textile workers, so we want to be in the same union."

The new status of these ten thousand union members signifies an economic change which means as much to the city as to themselves. Between March 1946 and February 1947, the union added thirty-two cents an hour, on the average, to the wage scale, which represents an increase of \$7,500,000 in annual payrolls. As a result, the city of Danville was rated as the fifth in the nation by the Federal Reserve Board in respect to percentage increase in bank clearances, an accepted index of a community's prosperity. The contracts between the TWUA and the Riverside and Dan River Mills provide, at the cost of around \$250,000 to the company, a full program of medical, surgical, and obstetrical care for the employees and their dependents.

The community has felt these changes profoundly. "Good wages mean good business" is a dazzling revolutionary idea all over the South. Even bank officials will tell you, "The best thing that ever happened to Danville is the union." And farmers generally echo the one who said: "All I know is that since the union came I can sell everything I grow." Union representatives help to run the welfare organizations, sit on the advisory committees

of the city and county health department, join in putting over the Community Chest Drive.

The life of the working people in what was once said to be an anti-union town has felt the quickening effect of this organized one-fourth of the population. Labor's Legislative League, composed of the CIO-PAC, the AF of L, and the Railroad Brotherhoods, and including the Typographers and International Ladies Garment Workers, managed to make its weight felt in the election. The Textile Workers ran a full-fledged registration drive, broken down by ward and street. The Union Hall provides advice for new voters and help in preparing income-tax returns. When I was there, the union was busy getting up a Christmas party for two thousand children. Bowling clubs and weekly dances pack the hall to capacity. The community cannot look down on these people, for they are its heart.

III

How far the cities of the South have moved toward acceptance of their own factory population as a vital part of the community was made strikingly clear to me when I went to Lynchburg, Virginia. In a little church building which has been converted into a Union Hall, I talked with twenty men and women, none of them young,

who were making decorations for the Textile Workers Christmas party. These were settled, vigorous, well-dressed people, quite at ease among themselves and with me. They joked and laughed over the bitter old days, and we all had a good time. It was hard to believe that they were the workers who had gone through the strikes of 1929. I asked them about changes they had seen.

A woman told me: "Changes? I should say there are. When my baby was born I was laid off. I was a weaver. When I went back I had to take a lower-paying job. I needed to have my old job back—it had paid ninety cents more a week. 'If you want to work here just put your baby on a bottle,' they said. Now if you're going to have a baby you get time off, and your job's held for you. We used to bring our babies to the mill and keep 'em in a box so we could nurse 'em."

A man said: "Plenty of us old-timers can remember how the boss man whupped us kids whenever we didn't suit." What they liked best was better wages, of course, and next, being sure of their jobs. "The boss man can't fire us no more just to suit himself."

The key to the trouble in 1929 lay in what one man told me: "I used to get nine dollars

for a seventy-two-hour week. People worked too long for too little." Before I had started on this trip, I looked up old records of the strikes I had reported for *Harper's* two decades ago. The Bureau of Labor Statistics merely put that workman's remarks in another way: two-thirds of the cotton textile workers lived below the minimum standard of living. To exist, everyone in the family had to work. When the Bedeaux system was introduced without adequate explanation to the workers, they struck throughout the South.

What stands out in the notes I made at that earlier period is the fury of the community toward the strikers. A mob came into a private home of union workers in Gastonia, sang the doxology, and after tearing up the union literature and wrecking the house, kidnapped one of the union men, flogged him, and left him to run naked through the woods until he found a farmer who gave him a shirt and overalls. In Elizabethton, Tennessee, the AF of L organizer's house was dynamited and "there wasn't a piece of wood left you could pick your teeth with."

One of the women there in the Lynchburg Union Hall making Christmas decorations had been in Marion, North Carolina, twenty years ago, when seven workers were shot and killed by the sheriff and his deputies. She said: "I had on yellow shoes with high heels and I went to the hospital the day the strikers were shot and there was blood on my heels after I visited my cousin." And there she sat with the others, the same men and women, safe and respected.

IT WOULD, I admit, give a false impression to say that the lion is lying down with the lamb in the South. New mills are springing up which send busses back into the hills for the workers instead of providing houses for them to occupy in town. This fragmentation of the mill hands impedes organization; many have a long walk from their mountain cabins to the highway where the bus picks them up, so that meetings and all community activities are difficult.

The Danville Chamber of Commerce boasts of its accomplishment in helping to pass the Taft-Hartley bill as well as the state labor law which has been called the "right to work" bill and has been considered by labor to be more repressive than Taft-Hartley. That this



*"... see the changes flow
past you on the highway."*

dispute is a sign of renewed hostilities between segments of the community cannot be denied. And there are Southern preachers who still refer to the CIO as the "unclean beast." In spite of the many organized oases where labor relations are excellent, such as Gadsden, Alabama; Dalton, Georgia; and Greenville, North Carolina, union organizing in the South is still a rugged business. It is, however, a business which booms, and the South feels the reverberation.

IV

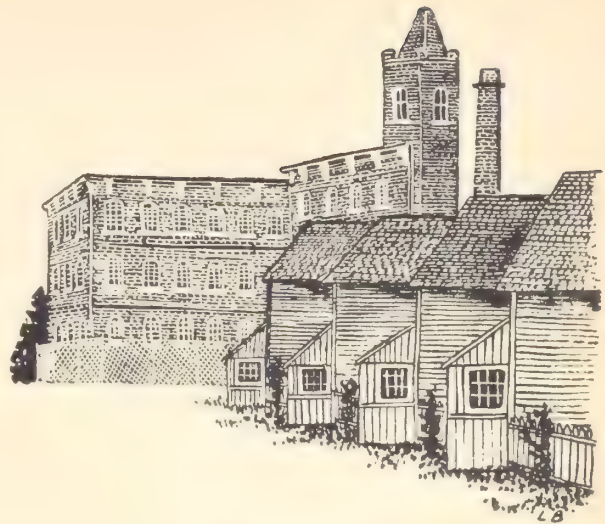
MOST of all, it is in the fermenting ground of race relations that the South looks most different to the returning traveler. Although the Ku Klux Klan has freshened up the sheets and the Dixiecrats have put on a successful filibuster, there is a transformation going on, on the surface and down deep.

When I returned to the South last spring, the voice of reaction was loud at every filling station; people were humming like wasps over President Truman's Civil Rights message. Yet the first Sunday paper I saw, the *Charlotte Observer*, had a realistic article on the exodus of the Negro from the Southern states by H. E. (Red) Bryan. The paper commented: "We believe with Bryan that the South must modify its attitude toward the Negro in politics, give up suffrage restrictions if the South wants to hold Negro labor. We should also see he has better housing and a larger share of the profits of the land."

With the economic and the political issues so entwined, it is proper that the unions take some credit for the improvement. This debt was acknowledged by a prominent minister who exclaimed to me, "The best thing that has ever happened to the South is the CIO and AF of L. Whenever white and Negro feet make a pattern to the same union hall, race relations are helped. The workers of both races find their problems are the same."

Yet the great and outstanding change in race relations is the overwhelming fact that Negroes are voting and that many of the most conservative Southerners concede that it's high time for the South to make these changes in its voting practices and permit Negroes to exercise their constitutional rights.

Over three-quarters of a million Negroes are reported to have voted in the last election



"You live by yourselves."

in twelve Southern states. Only in Mississippi, Virginia, and Alabama is the poll tax a serious barrier to voting. Worse than the poll tax are the requirements for registration. Nine different discriminatory tactics were listed by Dr. Ralph Bunche in his report on Negro suffrage made in 1940. But since then registration requirements have eased almost everywhere (except in Louisiana and Mississippi). In urban centers, where 34 per cent of the Negroes live, they may qualify with ever-lessening opposition.

A recent survey of twelve Southern states from 1940 to 1947 shows amazing gains in Negro registration. While only 18,000 were registered in Florida in 1940, by 1947 there were 49,000. The 20,000 registered in Georgia at the earlier date had increased to 125,000; the 20,000 in Tennessee to 80,000; the 30,000 in Texas to 100,000.

"Don't let's fool ourselves," a Dixiecrat leader remarked. "There are many, many Negroes as smart as we are, and the Constitution is on their side."

OTHER symptoms of improved race relations show up in new provisions for Negro welfare. At my first stop in Jacksonville, Florida, I ran into the Home Town Survey. Fifteen white and Negro leaders had collaborated on a detailed study of the Negro community in regard to housing, education, health, and recreation facilities, and their long list of recommendations was getting action. Many Southern cities have followed Jacksonville's example.

While I was in Atlanta, I was invited to an inter-racial luncheon at the Negro Y.M.C.A. in honor of the new Negro policemen. This pleasant occasion was the aftermath of a bitter struggle. A short time before, a hearing had been held as to whether there should or should not be Negro policemen in the city. On the day of the hearing the civic organizations and individuals who favored the proposal came in small groups to present their arguments, not having foreseen the necessity of bringing along a large delegation in support. The hall was packed by the Ku Klux Klan, who had a field day voicing their angry threats. But they lost. Giving police power to Negroes has been a subject of hot dispute all over the South; yet today there are Negro policemen in ten states and forty-one cities.

I heard in Atlanta one of those significant stories which the papers often miss. A sheriff in a town south of the city got a striking Negro worker out of bed during the packers' strike, beat him up, and told him to show himself to his Negro fellow workers and tell them that's what would happen to them if they didn't get the hell back to work. Shortly a union representative from Atlanta was on the scene, and to the sheriff's immeasurable surprise and dismay he learned that he was not the supreme law in Georgia. There was a

law above him—a federal law which forbade the intimidation of workers because of union activity, even Negro workers. That sheriff almost died when he found that the federal government had sent the FBI to investigate what he had supposed was a time-honored way of dealing with strikers.

"It's got so you can't even touch a strikin' nigger," he grumbled.

V

THERE is nothing inscrutable about the forces which are changing the South. It seems to me that the traditional view of White Supremacy, now the special province of the K.K.K., is suffering attack on four fronts.

First, self-interest tells business men, manufacturers, and farmers that their labor supply will vanish if greater opportunity is not offered the Negro, and self-interest also moves the unions to recognize that the problems of white and black industrial workers are identical.

The second force is that of the federal government and the threat of the Civil Rights program.

The third is the drive of the Negroes themselves. Though they are speaking out with a new urgency, the leaders have, with few exceptions, limited their

immediate demands to securing rights already guaranteed them by the Constitution. The most far-reaching protest of the Negroes has been instinctive and unorganized. After the first world war there was an exodus of three million. They emigrated north and west and they didn't return. It is this mute protest that is making a breach in the walls of Jericho.

And here we come to the heart of the conflict. All the present insistence on segregation — which used to be taken for granted, mind you—has for its white-hot core eco-



"Good wages mean good business."

conomic interest. The controversy is not about whether there is to be a symbolic curtain in a dining car separating Negroes and whites; it is whether Negroes are to have equal opportunities on jobs; whether trained Negroes are to be allowed to take the positions for which their abilities and education have fitted them.

A fourth element which has brought a change in moral climate might be called the Conscience of the South. Sixty-five years ago George Cable wrote about the South's Silent People, those white citizens who were revolted by the discriminations against the Negroes, but held their tongues. Those once silent people are speaking today, not only critics like Lillian Smith or Stetson Kennedy, the author of *Southern Exposure*, but hundreds and thousands in many walks of life. These include the thoughtful people in church, university, and school, made vocal by the fine liberal papers of the South and led by a phalanx of voluntary societies and civic organizations, like that of the Southern Regional Council.

THIS queasy conscience, this moral indignation, is a leaven through all the South. The important fact is that the yeast of change is working not only among what might be termed the regular liberals, but among many thousands of men and women who consider themselves conservatives. There are few

thinking people on whom the question of race relations does not rest heavily, whether their desire to improve conditions goes as far as accepting the Civil Rights program completely, as do certain church groups, or is limited to asking only for better Negro education and health.

One of the leaders among these thousands is Mrs. M. E. Tilly of the Methodist Church. With interests as wide as the country, she served devotedly on the President's Commission for Civil Rights and she stands foursquare on its program. A fragile-looking woman, who has traveled the country over, speaking to church and civic groups on Civil Rights, her large following not only in the Methodist Church but among other groups throughout the South is a yardstick of the widespread drive for better race relations.

The present revival of the Klan and the fury of the Dixiecrats are the diehards' last stand against a changing Southern world. The conflict is not so much about interference from without as between reaction and the South's own home-grown liberals. Of course, the everlasting battle between fair play and prejudice does not belong to this region alone. It courses underground in the North, as strongly in Indianapolis and Boston as in Atlanta and Birmingham; it is worldwide and as old as human history. But right now the drama is on stage in our own South, moving with a power which cannot be denied.

The Most Difficult Job

To be an intelligent Communist is impossible; to be an intelligent progressive is very difficult; but to be an intelligent conservative is indeed the most difficult job of all.

—From a press conference at the National Press Club in Washington on April 5, 1949, by the Italian Foreign Minister, Count Carlo Sforza.

How Rich Can Your Children Be?

Milo Perkins

THEY can be twice as rich as you are twenty-five years from now—if the military situation becomes no worse and if all of us can hold our greed in check. The present “adjustment period” is one of deep uneasiness for all of us. It promises to become more painful before it becomes less painful. But the long-range future is full of hope.

During the past twenty-five years, we have increased our output of goods per person somewhere between 2 and 2½ per cent a year. We don’t know exactly, because there are gaps in the statistics. Looking ahead, Sumner Slichter feels that we should be able to increase our future output some 3 or 4 per cent a year for each hour worked. Louis Bean calculates that our *total* output of goods and services has gone up at an average rate of 3½ per cent a year for several decades, doubling every twenty years. He sees no reason for believing that there will be much change in this pattern in the future.

No exact estimate is possible for 1950–1975. We won’t go far wrong, however, if we assume that we have the skills, the tools, and the research to assure a future rate of increase of 3 per cent a year per person. Scientific progress tends to feed upon itself at an ever-increasing rate. America is strong and can grow stronger. That’s the big point.

Since our increase in productivity each year is based on the progress of the year before,

a 3 per cent annual gain means a hundred per cent increase in a quarter of a century. The advance won’t be even each year but it ought to average out over the twenty-five-year period. No nation ever faced a brighter future.

NOW let’s look at the next ten years. We are presently producing about \$240 billion of goods and services a year. A 3 per cent increase will add \$7 billion plus the first year—and a little more than that the second year. We shall start the third year with nearly \$15 billion more in goods and services than we had at the beginning of the first year. By the end of the tenth year we can have about \$80 billion more.

That will be nearly \$2,000 a family. Part of it will be in more income and part of it will be in additional goods and services. All this assumes no change in the price level and no sharp increases in unemployment. This is a way of using simple arithmetic to point up *principles*, but we mustn’t take it too literally. Actually, there *will* be changes in the price level since one way to market more goods is to reduce prices. And there *will* be spurts of unemployment while dislocations are being corrected. But over a ten-year pull these need not keep us from a substantial increase in our living standards.

The prospect of marketing \$80 billion worth of additional goods and services is

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startling when we jump ten years ahead, but it represents less of an increase than we have taken in our stride during the past ten years. With our large and growing labor force, we can get this increased production. A growing population with rising living standards can consume the extra output. We must move in this direction if we are to avoid mass unemployment. The key to success is intelligent action *each year*.

LET'S begin with 1950, when the worst of the present "adjustment" period should be behind us. Bright as the long future is, there are absolute limits to what we can enjoy in 1950 in terms of higher nation-wide living standards. The key question is not "how far" but "how fast." If a 3 per cent increase in production is all that we can achieve in any one year, then 3 per cent more in goods and services is all that we can have during that year without inflation.

Over many decades, this yearly increase in goods and services has been a pie which we have cut three ways. The division has often been unwise, but on the whole it has been workable. Labor has taken part of it in higher wages. Consumers have taken part of it in lower prices and improved quality. The third part has gone into capital formation. This has enabled us to build more plants to make more things for more people. It has also provided agricultural equipment so efficient that two blades of grass now grow where one grew before. This has been the private contribution to rising living standards.

The public contribution has come through broadened social services. These are mandatory in an industrial society. Any additional welfare services provided by government will have to be deducted from our 3 per cent pie, however, before the private groups can take their cuts. If government should try to take 2 per cent out of a 3 per cent annual increase there would be very little left for the private groups to divide.

A 3 per cent annual increase amounts to \$7 billion. That sounds like a lot of money but it's less than \$50 a year per person. We can't buy Utopia with it in any single twelve-month period. If we establish more social services than we can afford, we shall kill personal initiative. In that case, your children might be only half as rich as you are by 1975.

An expanding economy requires gradually rising wages for labor and gradually falling prices for consumers—with the emphasis on "gradually." It also requires growing opportunities for investors and the builders of new industries. Such steady, forward movement is possible if we don't try to go too fast in any one year. As Sumner Slichter has pointed out, however, it will take the development of a new national wage policy to reach this goal.

If the production of goods goes up by 3 per cent a year and wages go up by 5 per cent a year, that annual 2 per cent overage could be fatal for the long pull. Two per cent a year doesn't seem like very much but it could produce a 50 per cent inflation—or more—by the end of twenty-five years. The difference between a 5 per cent rise in money wages and a 3 per cent increase in goods produced could only be offset by an advance in prices. This could cut the value of all savings and life insurance policies in half by 1975. What is much *more* likely is a "bust" long before then that would put the last depression to shame.

OUR toughest problem in a free society is the intelligent division of the 3 per cent pie each year. We can never get the perfect proportions for each group, but the better we understand our problem the better we shall do. The real questions as to our success are in the psychological areas of group-greed. Will the pressure groups compromise before they undermine the general welfare? Will labor be happy with very modest annual wage increases? Will competition in business be strong enough to assure slowly falling prices for consumers? Will farmers, as producers, be willing to lower their prices as science reduces their costs? Will investors go on investing if the increased returns are very small in any one year? Will government efficiencies be pushed hard enough to lighten our tax load? Will the politicians have the courage to promise no more than we can afford?

I think enough of us will do these things if enough of us really understand what lies before us as a people. Honest liberalism requires the most forthright facing of these facts. Never was fourth-grade arithmetic more important. This may make it tough on the demagogues in 1950 but it can also make

some real statesmen for the kids to read about in 1975.

We can't get something for nothing, but we *can* double our standards of living in twenty-five years. We are the only nation on earth with the tools and the skills for such an achievement. Thirty minutes work in the United States buys goods it takes hours to earn in most other countries.

WE CAN go still further if we can learn to hold group-greed in check. But this requires that neither business, labor, nor agriculture grab more than its fair share of the national pie. It requires all of us to be more discerning about demagogues who promise the moon. It means that the excesses of the postwar period must not be repeated.

At a local Labor party meeting in January of this year, Sir Stafford Cripps told his labor audience: "You must not ask or expect any further advance in social standards or wage

levels until we have been able to increase the productivity of our industries." If that's true for Socialist England, it is even more true for our competitive enterprise economy.

We can have more only by producing more. But we can't have more in any one year than we have produced in that year. We can go very far in a quarter of a century but we can't go very fast in any single twelve-month period. We must learn to make haste slowly. We must learn to keep group-greed within bounds.

There is much for which to be thankful. We can reach our goals as free men. We need to count our blessings in a world where half the people on this planet are in danger of being beaten, jailed, or murdered for holding opinions which are unacceptable to their governments. We can have higher living standards *and* increasing personal freedoms at one and the same time. These are solid reasons for having hope for the future.

The Limits of Treason

TREASON against the United States is carefully defined by the Constitution. It is the only crime to be defined in that document. . . . It is not treason to oppose the foreign policy of the administration that happens to be in power. It is not treason to disagree with the President of the United States as to that policy, or to make speeches, attend meetings, or take part in demonstrations directed against that policy or any part of it. It is not treason to believe, and to say openly, that it is a policy which may or will lead to war. . . . If the United States were in a state of war, then it would be treason to "adhere to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." But the United States is not at war with the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union is a co-member with the United States of the United Nations, officially pledged to common purposes of peace. Whatever one may think—and this reporter certainly believes that the men in the Kremlin are in fact our enemies—we do not legally have any enemies except Germany and Japan, with which we are still in a legal state of war.

—Major George Fielding Eliot, in
the *New York Post*, March 30, 1949.

The Tribunal That Stirred England

Part II. How Mr. Sherman Met Mr. Stanley, and What Came Of It

Rebecca West

This is the second of two articles by Miss West on the curious personalities and episodes which first came to light last autumn when the Lynskey Tribunal investigated charges of corruption among officials of the Labor government of Britain. In the first article she described how Sidney Stanley, a crook of high comic charm, managed to wheedle favors from George Gibson, a director of the Bank of England, and from John Belcher, parliamentary secretary to the president of the Board of Trade; she will now proceed to show how Mr. Stanley got himself entangled with a sterner character, one Harry Sherman, a bookmaker and football pool promoter, and thus precipitated the downfall of all concerned.—The Editors

ONE day in March 1948, framed by the gilt plaster and brocades of the lounge of Grosvenor House, a Welsh bookmaker and football pool promoter called Abe Sherman was sitting talking to a Rabbi, when he was approached by Mr. Sidney Stanley, who offered him his help in certain business difficulties which were then besetting him. Mr. Stanley asserted that he could perform this service through his friendship with the parliamentary secretary to the Board of Trade, Mr. Belcher.

Mr. Stanley at that moment is one of the most pathetic figures of all time. It was his intention to get to know, and to get the better of, Mr. Abe Sherman's brother Harry, who was the more dominating figure in the

family business. So might a young and uninstructed medieval German have sought to meet the Iron Maiden of Nuremberg for the purpose of seducing her.

They had a common place of origin, Mr. Stanley and Mr. Harry Sherman. Both were born in Poland. But in all else they differ. Mr. Sherman is now sixty-three years of age. He is white and hard and shining, as if he were made of glass and marble. His receding hair is sharply silver; his high forehead has prominent gleaming temples which look like the drawings of planets in old-fashioned books on astronomy; the thick lenses of his spectacles catch the light; he dresses by preference in battleship gray. He, the true artist, has nothing of the picturesqueness, the antique

dignity, which so curiously solemnize the clownishness of Mr. Stanley, the demi-artist.

Harry Sherman's father was a tailor in the drab dockside district of the Welsh port of Cardiff. He started in his father's workroom, but was soon making money as a bookmaker's runner after hours. Cardiff has always been a great town for gambling, so there was a future for bookmakers; and Harry had an aptitude for the work. The successful bookmaker must have a sound and quick mathematical brain, and Harry is the mathematician *in excelsis*. Most of the problems relating to chance within the numerical field which can be related to betting transactions were worked out in the eighteenth century by the highly intelligent gamblers of the time. Harry Sherman is master of that body of knowledge, and has added to it where the changed forms of the age have required an addition. It is said that he finds no real pleasure in anything else, and it is to be doubted if money delights him much, for he has bought little with it. His life might be described as the history of a mathematical gift wholly dissociated from the culture which is the usual setting of such gifts; on its own, like a ghost.

The Shermans were so poor that he could not set up as a bookmaker even in the smallest way till one of his elder brothers went to sea and financed him with his savings. Even so it took him a long time to disengage himself from the nameless thousands down by the docks. Nobody in Cardiff remembers him before he reached his late thirties. But he went steadily ahead, not even deflected by the depression of the late twenties; and as soon as times improved he went into bigger premises in Cardiff and opened two other branches in Wales, one in another seaport, another in a coal town. Till then, he had taken bets only on horse racing and football and prizefights, but Providence, who has watched over him with a kindliness it has shown toward few inhabitants of the British Isles, was to extend his sphere. When dog racing started in Cardiff, a great many people who had never bet before took to laying money on the dogs. This vast new public was as much of a windfall as most industries get in a generation. And only five years after the rise of dog racing came the football pools, which turned a third of the population of Great Britain into habit-

ual gamblers: the mildest of gamblers, but habitual ones.

EVERY Wednesday night these sixteen millions fill in their football pool coupons; they have to be posted by Thursday night. They are slips of paper, issued by thirty-four pool organizations to their subscribers, printed with the names of the football teams which are going to play matches during the season, with tabulations which enable the bettor to put his money on hazards of different degrees of complication. It fills my eyes with the tears of boredom to look at them; but I am told by some of my friends that they derive something of the same sort of entertainment from filling them in as they get from crossword puzzles. The stake can be from ten cents up to forty dollars, and the prizes come within each organization from the pooled stakes after the Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken a ten per cent cut and the promoters have taken a five per cent cut plus their expenses. The sum of the stakes put up in the past twelve months has been guessed at two hundred million dollars; and bettors who have won on the more complicated hazards have drawn as much as three hundred thousand dollars as a single prize.

Now, here lies the peculiar charm of the football pool. Under our present system of taxation there is almost no way by which a man not already in possession of a great fortune could now acquire three hundred thousand dollars of new capital. The financial situation of Great Britain makes it almost impossible for any but a few of the richest men, or a very lucky pioneer of a new industry, to acquire this sum by capital appreciation. Nobody could save it out of the handsomest income unless he started in infancy and lived parsimoniously into the nineties. Recent legislation has abolished the development of real estate as a source of wealth by turning all increases in land values over to the state. Only by gambling could an Englishman today get himself a good, satisfying hunk of capital such as, till a time within the living memory of everybody middle-aged or over, it was not at all impossible for a man born poor to acquire by his own industry. There is no provincial town in Great Britain where, up till the past generation, the children playing in the streets could not look

up as a man of wealth and power drove by and tell each other that he had once been like themselves. Now the hope that dreams can come true is given only by the winner of the football pool; and if such winnings are few there are many smaller winnings, which, even if they are no more than a shilling or two, have the intoxicating charm of not being taxed.

Never, therefore, has gambling had such emotional force behind it. This gambling is life itself in rebellion against the bonds of necessity, kicking as it must if it is not to die. So for the past seventeen years Mr. Sherman has had not only the horses and the dogs and the football players but life itself working for him, extending his empire of numbers, his mathematical interpenetration of society. The pools are all owned by bookmakers; and when they started Harry Sherman was by no means the most important bookmaker in Great Britain, so his pool was among the smaller ones. Now he has so well exploited his advantages that it is the third, and a long way above its next competitors, and his five per cent cut amounts to something over fifteen hundred thousand dollars a year. That cut is taxed, but he is still fortunate. There can be no other new industry which gives its promoters such returns.

But he deserves it. The organization is perfect. It spreads through Cardiff filling the old vessels wherever the old wine has been poured out. The town once had a fine newspaper called the *Western Mail*, which the rising costs of production forced into a sale and amalgamation with another local paper. Sherman's pool has it now. A great engineering firm which found at the end of the war that it had no use for two of its great sheds was fastidious and would not sell them to Sherman, and gave them to another buyer; Sherman bought them from the buyer.

It is true that from time to time disagreeable incidents have happened within his orbit in Cardiff, which must have jarred his sensitiveness. A rising bookmaker in the town wanted to make larger bets on his own account with Mr. Sherman, and in the long run lost, so Mr. Sherman sued him for his losses. Once the case got into the papers and it was known that he was insolvent, his career would be over. None of his clients would bet with him again. The night before

the case came on some of his friends saw a light burning in his office later than was customary, went in to cheer him up, and found him hanging from a hook on the door. A young man who had had some luck making a book with Mr. Sherman went on and on until he had laid five thousand pounds on the result of one football match, and lost. He proved to be a cashier with a weekly wage of a pound or two, and had to go to jail. But not in these or any other tragedies was there any suggestion that Mr. Sherman had behaved in a way unworthy of a distinguished member of his profession. Once the shadow of an unjust accusation fell on him and he was tried for forging a check, but he was acquitted.

His personal relations would seem as unclouded as his professional life. He has been closely united to his brothers all his life and they have worked within his businesses. He did not marry until he was over sixty, when he took a very rich wife. As for friends, there are no emotional complications there. If one makes inquiry in Cardiff, the townspeople read the question back in perplexity. "Who are Harry Sherman's friends?" they repeat. "Oh, Harry Sherman hasn't any *friends*. Oh, yes, he'll say, 'Hello, Tom,' and I'll say, 'Hello, Harry,' but we're not *friends*. He keeps himself to himself, always has done, never was close to anybody." Harry Sherman has seen enough of prominent public men to take his physical pattern from them. Nobody could now tell from his appearance or his speech that he is the tailor's son who was once a dockside bookmaker. He is neatly groomed, wears a quiet good suit, and speaks without provincialisms and with reserve. By his appearance of conformity it may be seen that he is not attacking the old order, the South Wales as it was when the landlords and merchant princes had it in their power; he is merely taking it over.

II

BUT there is one cloud in all this fair weather, a black cloud. Mr. Sherman had been worried about the paper allocation for his pools. The football pools use an enormous amount of paper, and we are only gradually emerging from a period which had to regard paper as a luxury to be doled

out in driblets. During the war the pools were unified and strictly controlled, but in 1946 they were allowed to function individually again, and the government, through the Board of Trade, made a general allocation of paper to the Football Pool Promoters' Association and told the members to settle among themselves the proportions in which the paper should be doled out to the various promoters.

In making this arrangement the Board of Trade was guilty of drooling ineptitude to a point rare in the government departments of Great Britain or America; and the case against it begins here. This might have been a sensible arrangement for the distribution of raw materials to any normal industry. It was not appropriate to an industry manned by the most ardent spirits in the bookmaking world. The Board of Trade should have made each file his demand separately, basing it on his prewar number of subscribers, checked his figures, and smacked down his just allocation on the counter. The system of letting the allocations be settled by the Football Pool Promoters' Association worked out as might have been expected. The situation became an arena of personal hatreds, of which one of the most spectacular was between Harry Sherman and the promoter of a pool then larger than his called Alfred Cope.

Cope is a slender young man, hard and black and shining as a piece of anthracite, who has never had to struggle, who inherited a great bookmaking business, with an upper- and middle-class clientele, from an uncle. These two hate one another as Romeo and Juliet loved each other; it is one of the great romances of loathing. From the dust of the contests which raged in this arena, Mr. Harry Sherman always went back to Cardiff feeling that he had been cheated and had not received the paper allocation to which the size of his pool entitled him.

WHEN in 1948 the Association came to an end under the terms of its charter, a new Association was formed, and Harry Sherman was not asked to join it. Thereafter, he was told, he had to get his allocation direct from the Board of Trade. He may well have thought that this was a better arrangement and that he would now get his rights. But he was to be disappointed.

His football pool had enormously increased in numbers. He did not get anything like the paper allocation to which, in his opinion, he was entitled.

Harry Sherman's sense of injustice had been additionally inflamed from the end of 1947 by a prosecution which had been started against him by the Board of Trade. Various regulations had been passed to prevent the football pools from using more than the bare minimum of paper, and one of them made it illegal to send a pool coupon to any person who had not paid at least a halfpenny for it in advance. This regulation must have been framed by an imbecile. It had the object of discouraging the pools from wasting paper in touting for new subscribers, but it was certain to afford munition for the gang warfare between the different pool promoters. No disinterested person receiving a free pool coupon was likely to go to the police and complain about it, or do anything except crumple it up and throw it into the waste-paper basket, or use it. But a pool promoter might very well arrange for a number of his subscribers to accept free coupons from a rival pool promoter and then complain about it to the police. It is almost impossible to imagine a prosecution brought under this regulation which would not be subject to the gravest suspicion; but at the end of 1947 the Board of Trade started proceedings against Sherman's Pools Ltd. for sending out free coupons to twenty-two persons.

The hearing before the Stipendiary Magistrate for Cardiff, at a time when all law courts in England were overburdened with arrears of work, lasted six days. The Stipendiary Magistrate reserved judgment and then, perhaps overcome by a sense of futility, died. The Board of Trade intimated that they intended to have the case retried and to add additional charges in respect to other cases of free distribution of coupons. This must have irritated Mr. Harry Sherman, but it is probable that the matter of the paper allocation worried him much more. In the one case he had only the prospect of a fine to pay, and it is obvious that paying is what he can do; God has made that easy for him. But in the case of the paper allocation, he was prevented from extending his pools at a time when he wanted to make them as big as possible.

III

THEN, in March 1948, Harry Sherman's brother, Abe Sherman, was interrupted while discoursing with a Rabbi by little Mr. Stanley, who said in effect that he knew all about the Shermans' difficulty concerning the paper allocation and had a useful friend named Belcher who was parliamentary secretary to the president of the Board of Trade.

Some little time after this, Mr. Abe Sherman sent Mr. Stanley a check for twenty-eight hundred dollars which was supposed to be payment for a number of extremely successful bets he had made. Mr. Harry Sherman then came up to London and saw Mr. Stanley, and was, it is said, at first enchanted by him. It must never be forgotten that the little creature was indeed an enchanter. We all want to laugh, we all want to believe that if we say, "Open Sesame," the door of the cave will open and we will find ourselves among the diamonds and rubies and ingots of gold. Mr. Stanley could make any of us, even Harry Sherman, laugh; and perhaps Harry Sherman more than most could appreciate legends of fairy gold that was more easily come by and lovelier than the gold mined by men. While Mr. Stanley told his Scheherazade tale, Mr. Belcher had brief and provocative meetings with Mr. Sherman, the nature of which is unknown save to him and his Maker. As a result of all these meetings Mr. Belcher saw to it that the Cardiff prosecution was withdrawn.

The permanent officials in the Board of Trade had been strongly of the opinion that it ought to be reheard. It is to be noted that the legal officials were lukewarm to continue the prosecution, but they were whipped up by a Mr. Harold Gray, who was then in charge of the paper section of the Raw Material Department. Mr. Gray was extremely anxious not to let Mr. Sherman escape; and he was so adamant in his resolution that the Sherman prosecution should continue, and sent up such a strong minute to the permanent secretary of the Board of Trade, Sir John Woods, that Sir John sanctioned the reopening of the case before the successor of the dead Stipendiary Magistrate. Mr. Belcher then by-passed them all, reporting to the president of the Board of Trade that the prosecution should be withdrawn and the

regulation about free football coupons be revoked.

It is typical of the confusion in this case that this was obviously the sensible course to take, yet it is because Mr. Belcher took it that he was judged unfit to be a Minister of the Crown. For, as the context of his action showed, he was not moved by a concern for justice and the social good but by a wish to repay Mr. Stanley for the various benefactions he had received from him.

THE prosecution was formally withdrawn in Court at Cardiff on May 11. On June 1, after much dickerings in Cardiff and London, a singular cash transaction took place between Mr. Sherman and Mr. Stanley. Mr. Sherman gave Mr. Stanley a check for twenty thousand dollars as a loan, and Mr. Stanley gave him as security two checks; one was his personal check for twenty thousand dollars, and the other a check drawn in his favor by Lass & Company, a firm he had worked for six years before. This security was peculiar. No spring flower known is as ephemeral as Mr. Stanley's personal checks were known to be; and the Lass check was in fact stolen and forged, and even if it had not been so, would have been invalid, for it was signed by only one of the directors of the firm although it required the signatures of two of them, and he had committed suicide some years earlier than the date which was on the check. Such a check might have been useful to a person who, fearing that Mr. Stanley might try to doublecross him, wished to hold some document which he could use against him if he saw signs of coming treachery. What use Mr. Harry Sherman had found for it he never explained in the witness box.

On June 23, Mr. Harry Sherman very handsomely lent Mr. Stanley another twenty-eight thousand dollars against the fragile security of one of his personal checks; and it happened that on the very same day they visited Mr. Belcher down at the House of Commons and talked to him once again about the paper allocation for the pools. Very agreeably Mr. Belcher told Mr. Sherman that they had better go into the figures at the Board of Trade, and gave him an appointment for the next day.

Mr. Sherman and Mr. Stanley must have looked a strange pair as they went out through

the Victorian Gothic shadows of St. Stephen's. Superficially Mr. Sherman resembles an Old Testament patriarch, but his passions are more abstract, since he is neither a moralist nor a leader of men, but a mathematician. Rather he might be one of the vast bearded demigods who hold their great heads and groan over incomprehensibly complicated sorrows in the Prophetic Books of William Blake; and perhaps those books are really prophetic, and William Blake was looking through the years at the fleshless intricacies of minds which can only think in numbers, yet can suffer distress, as naked wires can transmit electric currents. Mr. Stanley also belongs to the Old Testament, but not in the same class as Mr. Sherman; he is the sort of light-minded person whom the patriarchs and prophets disliked almost as much as strange women, and there were also moments when, hieratic and chubby and wistful, he might have been an infant Samuel who had never the luck to hear the Lord call in the night. But he was also modern in the most pitiful way. His lilac eyelids were heavy, his pale full mouth was heavy, his large head itself was heavy, with the strength of his desire to be somebody that he could have been only if he had not let the barbarians of the world around him blot out the traditional culture which he had inherited.

But at the moment those two very different men were wrapped in a common contentment. Mr. Sherman was pleased because he thought that he was going to get his paper allocation increased. Mr. Stanley was pleased at some plan he had conceived and was executing which made him assure Mr. Sherman that he was right in the supposition, and that he could safely tell Mr. Belcher all the details of his sad story, even though this would mean revealing that he had been using paper in excess of his allocation which he must have bought on the black market. To make quite sure that Mr. Sherman should let Mr. Belcher have this important piece of information, Mr. Stanley told him that Mr. Belcher already knew it. This curious maneuver was the means of sharply terminating Mr. Sherman's pleasure on the morrow.

When he went to the Board of Trade, he was received not only by Mr. Belcher but by Mr. Gray, the head of the paper department who had shown some anxiety to prosecute

him. The relations between Mr. Belcher and Mr. Gray must have passed through some awkward phases, for Mr. Gray had greatly resented his opinion regarding the prosecution being overruled and had presented a minute on the subject to the permanent secretary of the Board of Trade, Sir John Woods, who had made a complaint to the president of the Board of Trade, Mr. Harold Wilson. But at this interview Mr. Belcher and Mr. Gray were of one mind. As soon as Mr. Sherman followed the advice of Mr. Stanley and disclosed that he had exceeded the paper allocation, both Mr. Belcher and Mr. Gray expressed extreme annoyance and informed him that official investigators would be sent down to his Cardiff offices to find out the extent of his illegal activities.

Then a fog fell on the situation. The first meeting between Mr. Sherman and Mr. Stanley after this announcement at the Board of Trade must surely have been memorable: a William Blake demi-god, Urizen or Los, bending down from the skies in wrath over a little Henry Moore figure, who said that if he were only given time he could explain everything. Yet Mr. Sherman himself could not remember this meeting when he was questioned about it by the Tribunal. But through the fog we catch glimpses of various jagged and prodigious events. It might have been thought that once the Board of Trade had decided to send investigating officers down to the Sherman headquarters it would have packed them off at once, so that the investigated enterprise would have no time to play with its ledgers and its warehoused goods.

But the investigating officers took nearly a fortnight to get going. They did not arrive at Cardiff until July 9. On July 10, Mr. Sherman told Mr. Stanley that he was going to present for payment the Lass check for one hundred and eight thousand dollars. Mr. Sherman, however, did not present that check, for the reason, he says, that Mr. Stanley asked him not to do so for a fortnight. The investigating officers came back from Cardiff almost immediately, for the reason, it is said, that one of the Shermans was ill; though why this should have prevented them going over the firm's ledgers and warehouses is not obvious. Their retirement was only temporary. They reappeared on July 26.

IV

FOR some time before this, there had been waiting on the edge of the Sherman's world a certain middle-aged man named David Rufus Williams, who, with his own worn handsomeness, his rich precision of speech and gesture, and the slight bias to the picturesque in his dress, might have been a Shakespearian actor of the sort who is most often seen supporting, quite ably, an aging star. He was in fact a man of resource and resilience. He was an undischarged bankrupt and had in 1936 been convicted at the Old Bailey on a charge of fraudulent conversion of funds. Nevertheless he had succeeded in being appointed to a post which would normally have been given only to a person of unblemished character, and was, till this case came on, the assistant secretary of the Parliamentary Empire Association, a semi-official body which has its offices inside the Houses of Parliament. There he worked hard, often at more than his work as it was conceived by his superiors, for the reason that he not only looked like a Shakespearian actor but was a Shakespearian character himself. Shakespeare's world is even more thickly populated with men who say they can fix things than the real world; and Mr. Williams was a fixer.

It is not easy to see why Mr. Sherman brought Mr. Rufus Williams into his counsels, unless it was that even he, made of white marble and the mathematical spirit, suffers from the shyness of the provincial. He had come to London, and he was beginning to suspect that some Londoners had diddled him; and he did not feel the same confidence that he could wipe them out if they crossed him that he would have felt if he had been on his own stamping-ground in Cardiff. Rufus Williams made a bridge for him, for he was a member of a South Wales family who was apparently doing well in London. Mr. Williams was therefore called away from his beneficences, which at that moment included efforts to enable an English corporation to persuade the Board of Trade to withdraw their ban on the importation of German typewriters, and was told by Mr. Sherman of his troubles about the paper allocation, and asked to appeal on his behalf to Mr. Belcher, whom Mr. Williams seems to have known fairly well. When he did so, Mr. Belcher

sent a message by Mr. Stanley to Mr. Sherman, telling him not to pester him through Mr. Williams; and Mr. Williams complains that he was called up on two occasions by an unknown person who, speaking with a foreign accent, told him that it would be better if he kept out of the Sherman affairs.

This incident rings true, for it has a delicacy which is characteristic of the whole affair. In any other country the persons involved would by this time have been quite apt to get shot if they went out after dark. In this English embroilment the action furthest removed from the conventional social intercourse was this telephoning, which was conducted in a foreign accent, as if Destiny wished to signify that even this was a trifle un-English.

Then about the time that the investigators returned to Cardiff for a second assault on Mr. Sherman's paper stocks, Mr. Sherman confided to Mr. Williams that he had had a painful scene with Mr. Stanley. Mr. Sherman had, he said, been pressing Mr. Stanley for repayment of the forty-eight thousand dollars he had lent him, and Mr. Stanley had told him that of course he was not going to repay it, as he had distributed the money in bribes to secure the withdrawal of the prosecution of Mr. Sherman by the Board of Trade in May. He had claimed that he had given a lump sum to a Law Officer of the Crown (who had, in fact, never heard or seen any of the parties to the case, and had had nothing to do with the prosecution). He had claimed also that he had been giving Mrs. Belcher four hundred dollars whenever she asked for it. Mr. Sherman represented this scene as having been a terrible shock to him, and it shocked Mr. Williams too, to such a pitch that he became indefatigable in his efforts to see Mr. Belcher and tell him about it. In this step, he assured the Tribunal, he was moved by no hope of profit for himself, but simply by a friendly feeling for Mr. Belcher, who surely ought to know of such aspersions on his fair name.

ON THE fifth of August, a week after the investigators had been installed in the Sherman offices, Mr. Williams told Mr. Belcher of the accusations Mr. Stanley had made against him and his wife to Mr. Sherman. Mr. Belcher disputes his version

of this incident, and no son of man shall ever know the truth, for that day got tangled up with the booby traps and the barbed-wire entanglements which Fate scatters about when it has decided to go quite sour. Whatever Mr. Belcher understood Mr. Williams to say, it indicated that Mr. Stanley had been an indiscreet friend; and that very evening Mr. Stanley was giving a birthday party for Mr. Belcher at a West End Club which is a mild London version of the Stork Club.

Mr. Belcher might have been expected not to go, but he was in a cleft stick. He had accepted invitations for his wife, a stern and just character, and Mr. James Haworth, a North Country Member of Parliament who shares his home, a person so patently simple-minded and honest that one at first suspects him, quite unjustly, of being a confidence trickster. These two had a common quality of persistence which would have made it impossible for him to absent himself from the party without giving his reasons, and if he had given them his real reason he would have provoked an outburst of upbraiding integrity. He could not even say that he had another engagement, because his private secretary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, had also accepted the invitation and they would have known that he had none. So he attended the festivity, which was not gay. On arriving he repeated to Mr. Stanley what Mr. Williams had told him, and they had a furtive altercation. They agreed to keep up appearances in front of the guests, but all the same things did not go with a swing, partly because Mr. Belcher had that day been fitted with a new set of false teeth which gave him great pain, and he was always rising and going out of the room to adjust it. The birthday party was evidently one of those outcrops of Hell which sometimes appear before us in our hours of need.

From Mr. Belcher's complaints Mr. Stanley must have realized that his relations with the Shermans had taken a dangerous turn. But he did nothing. The truth was that he not only looked like a statue but to all intents and purposes was a statue. He created an impression of boundless energy, but so can carven stone. The Discus Thrower is the essence of muscular effort, but the discus never leaves his hand. Mr. Stanley had conceived imaginatively the essence of a beauti-

ful and rewarding co-operation between him and Mr. Harry Sherman, and he was content. He appears not to have taken one single step during the next few weeks to escape the flood-tide of misfortune which could be seen thundering down on him.

Six days after the birthday party, Mr. Williams took Mr. Belcher to the Savoy Hotel to talk to Mr. Harry Sherman and his brother Abe, and there they repeated their story about their interview with Mr. Stanley, and his claims to have spent the forty-eight thousand dollars they had lent him on bribes to Mr. and Mrs. Belcher and Mr. Gray and the Law Officer of the Crown; and they repeated it in terms so definite that Mr. Belcher could not thereafter plead that he had not understood what had been said of him. But he did not take the obvious course of going to his chief, the president of the Board of Trade, and reporting that as a result of his official actions he and Mr. Gray were being accused of bribery. Instead he went off to Bideford, in the west of England, to spend three weeks' holiday with his family and his housemate, Mr. Haworth. A few days later he returned to London and had another talk with the Shermans, who suggested that all inconvenience could be avoided if he would be reasonable about the paper allocation. But matters did not come to a head until, some days later still, Mr. Williams, the fixer, interposed once more.

Mr. Williams took out to lunch Mr. Belcher's secretary, a lanky young man in his middle twenties with a gentle manner and a confiding smile, named Cross, and put it to him that he had been among the persons whom Mr. Stanley said that he had bribed, and that it would be very unfortunate for everybody if this matter of the checks came into court, and that the Shermans were prepared to hush it all up if they could get fair treatment about their paper allocation. Here the Shermans and Mr. Williams were making a mistake that in this day the old and middle-aged are apt to make about the young. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Stanley and Mr. Williams and Mr. Belcher were one and all individualists; they were now inviting into their sphere the kind of man who holds the community so high that he is not unhappy in its uniform. Mr. Cross, though he understood that his

association with Mr. Belcher had been so close that he was bound to be the subject of grave suspicions if Mr. Belcher were found guilty of any crime, went to his superiors, and reported to them exactly what Mr. Williams had said to him. It followed that within a few weeks the world of these individualists was wholly overrun by other men in uniform.

The government called in the police to investigate the affairs of Mr. Belcher and other Ministers of the Crown and civil servants who had fallen within the orbit of Mr. Stanley. It also made up its mind to have the findings of the police dealt with by a Tribunal called into being under the Tribunals of Inquiry (Evidence) Act of 1921, a form of court quite shocking in its determination to serve the interests of the community at the expense of the individual.

V

MR. STANLEY and Mr. Williams and Mr. Belcher could not have been expected to dodge this catastrophe. Mr. Stanley and Mr. Williams had their appointments with doom, which their natures would not have permitted them to fail. Mr. Belcher's fondness for clichés and the inartistic quality of his geniality were signs of a real lack of discrimination, which would make it difficult for him to read any omen. But Mr. Sherman's intelligence was a bright light, and he had forgotten nothing he had seen in any of the dark places on which it shone; he should have known that the society he lived in still kicks back when the individual takes too many liberties with it. But there was a dread hanging over him. The Board of Trade officials had threatened that if they found his excessive consumption of paper too outrageous they would cut off his allocation altogether, and this would have meant the closing down of his pools, the loss of over a million dollars profit a year, and the sweeping away of his magic web of numbers as if it were a cobweb. But there was still a stronger force within him that made him push on with his project of getting Williams to intimidate Belcher until it brought him to disaster. He believed in a just God. He knew that he was not getting his fair share of paper and he thought that anything he did to rectify this unfairness must be right, and

could not fail to prosper in the end. The three days he spent in the witness box should have created a sordid impression, for he was telling stories which neither the judges nor anybody else in court believed, and he could confess no motive which was not grossly material; yet he was clothed with the majesty of Job, who under affliction lifted his head to ask why he should be hunted as by a fierce lion. Strangely, he uplifted the heart by his dignity, and left the spectator bewildered as to where the arrow of hatred should rightly be shot.

Mr. Stanley, too, did not appeal as a target for that archery. This was not only because he was as funny as Harpo Marx when he gave evidence. The orderly dignity which competed with the buffoon in him was impressive, and it was not meaningless. His spirit respected certain covenants. He showed great loyalty to the other people in the case. It is true that he swindled them, but only out of money. How good a friend he could be if that proviso were accepted was proved in the case of George Gibson. For all that the Shermans and other people had been paying him large checks night and day for months, Mr. Stanley suffered from that insolvency which is an occupational disease of the lawless, which sends every gangster penniless to his grave; and finding himself wholly without means in the month of August he had light-heartedly embezzled two thousand dollars given him by Mr. Gibson for the purpose of buying shares. Nevertheless, he did all he could in his evidence to shield Gibson and save him from mockery.

Indeed, Mr. Stanley was no simple rogue. About his very roguery the forces of his soul raged in conflict. When he was questioned about his financial transaction he took from his pocket a very large, very fine handkerchief, and wiped his hands with it, finger by finger, hour after hour, as if he were saying, "Out, damned check." He seemed sometimes to move right out of the page of modern experience, of waking life. Every three hours or so he was handed a glass of physic as he stood in the witness box. He was evidently one of those people who have transferred their infantile belief in magic to medicine; faith shone in his pale face, he gulped it down as if absorbing safety. It was impossible to hate this man if one had ever had a high

temperature and watched the pattern on the wallpaper come to goblin life, for he was in such a state of fevered fancy, imposing on reality pictures that came up from the wild depths of his mind.

NOR could the persons under suspicion be hated, for they were mediocrities. Yet one of them aroused fear by the light she threw on what it is to be mediocre: the identity of that state with confusion and lack of discrimination.

This was Mrs. Belcher, who came before the Tribunal haggard with indignation at the accusations which Mr. Stanley had made against her, and amazed it by the method she chose to emphasize her denial. She had taken the usual oath, and had sworn by Almighty God to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But when she was asked if Mr. Stanley had given her any money she replied, "Never, on my word of honor," and moistened her finger and drew it across her throat, as children do when they say, "My finger wet, my finger dry, cross my heart and let me die, if I tell you any lie." The three judges looked at her in gentle perplexity. She was evidently not an atheist; she had not refused to take the oath and asked to be allowed to make an affirmation; yet she appeared to think that in repeating this childish rune she was giving a pledge more convincing and solemn than her oath. The court grew tender to her simplicity, which had indeed been betrayed by circumstance. She had plainly had no idea of the extent to which her husband had put himself under an obligation to Mr. Stanley, and was herself of a fiercely independent nature. It was entirely necessary for own sake that she should go before the Tribunal and clear herself of the charge that she had been given money by Mr. Stanley, but she appeared to think that she was being treated with indignity, even with indecency, when she was asked to give the figures of her bank account and her post office savings book. She kept on uttering such protests as, "It is terribly personal and I do object to it," and waving her long, passionate, worn face from side to side.

The Tribunal, and indeed all the men in the court, liked her for her unreasonableness; and just as she was leaving the witness box one of the three judges, Mr. Russell Vick, the

vast silver-haired Mr. Pickwick who used to be a famous footballer, tried to express the sympathy the court felt for her.

"I am sure you realize," he said, "there were great privileges in being the wife of a Minister of the Crown—" and she interrupted him to tell him fiercely that she knew it was a great honor, that two of her most prized possessions were two letters her husband had got from Sir Stafford Cripps praising him for his work, and that was why she hated all this. Mr. Vick waited till she had finished and then continued gently, "I was only trying to comfort you by saying there are great privileges in being the wife of a Minister of the Crown, and there are great responsibilities, and with this publicity there are great penalties." She seemed to understand, and when she left the box said to the judges, "Thank you, you have been very kind."

BUT another class of persons involved in this case grew more hateful during each of the twenty-five sessions. These were the civil servants. More and more real crooks came into the case, because a number of subsidiary charges against Ministers and public servants, not so important as the Sherman case but still involving corruption, had to be investigated; but as time went on these seemed not so dangerous to the state as the state itself, whose servants, almost all impudent and incompetent, went into the witness box with the calm of those who never fear dismissal. As they compromised themselves, so they exonerated another class who had seemed, before the inquiry opened, certain to be proved far more blameworthy: the business men who were suspected of having used illicit means to get licenses from government departments.

At first sight one put down as a bad old man Sir Maurice Bloch, a whisky distiller from Glasgow, who had supplied Mr. Belcher with large presents of wine and sherry when they were hard to get, in return for licenses to import sherry casks in which to mature his whisky. But when his counsel had placed before the Tribunal the correspondence in which Sir Maurice had besought the Board of Trade to grant him those licenses for two and a half years, it was impossible not to regard him with sympathy. The Board of Trade had,

when they troubled to answer his letters and telegrams, refused those licenses for reasons which were demented. The casks were a free gift from American dealers anxious to handle Sir Maurice's whisky; the Board of Trade would not let him import them on the ground that they could not free any dollars to pay for them. When they at last realized that there was nothing to pay for the casks they still refused to grant the license on the ground that this would lower the production cost of Sir Maurice's whisky and therefore he would lower his price in America and bring in fewer dollars, though the whole point of importing those casks was to enable him to export whisky that otherwise could not be exported at all. It was very hard to feel that Sir Maurice was a really bad man because he had by-passed this imbecility with a few cases of liquor.

The Board of Trade official responsible for this correspondence was an attractive young woman with a lovely Scottish voice, which rose unabashed, like the song of a lark, while Sir Maurice's counsel grimly took her through it. And that is what they all were, these civil servants: unabashed. Yet behind every error of Mr. Belcher's was their inefficiency. One of his worst offenses was the use of his influence in a government department with which he had no concern whatsoever, to get it to grant a license permitting a company owning a hotel to spend twelve thousand dollars on repairing its staff annex. This was very naughty indeed, for the government department had refused the license several times, and Mr. Belcher intervened only because Mr. Stanley asked him to do so. But it was revealed before the Tribunal that the government department's action in refusing the license had been the fruit of negligence and idiocy.

VI

THIS, by God, was England. All of us who sat in court realized that the invisible bonds which bind our country were, by the magic of this peculiar Tribunal, being made visible. It was an odious sight. But what did we do, now that we had seen them? The answer was, quite simply, nothing. It was necessary to have all these controls because Hitler had made us bankrupt.

We could not let people import what they fancied from America, we could not let people build as they pleased when there were only so many building laborers and so much building material. If we sacked the Labor government tomorrow, the re-entering Tories could not abolish controls. But how could there be controls without controllers, and how could there be controllers who did not come in the long run, human nature being as beastly as it is, to enjoy the mean pleasure of refusal? And how, since nobody would take up the dreary job of issuing controls without being given a guarantee of life-long employment, does one prevent controllers from developing the insolence of the secure?

But those outside the court were untroubled by any such crystallization of their country's problems. The reporting of the Tribunal by the London press was superb, but it naturally laid emphasis on the comic and dramatic aspects of the Inquiry, which indeed never failed to be spectacular in any of its sessions. The report of the three Judges who formed the Tribunal did nothing to impress on the public that behind these dancing clowns there had been a desecrated shrine. They found that Mr. Gibson and Mr. Belcher had been guilty of misusing their official powers to please Mr. Stanley, and that they had accepted various benefactions from him, although no sums of money seem to have passed; but they did not draw from the evidence many inferences which most people in court had drawn. This was not unexpected, for during the Inquiry they had time after time failed to pick up clues and ask questions which would have uncovered fresh fields of contest between civic guilt and innocence. This was not because they had pulled their punches for political reasons, though none were members of the Labor party. It was because of the age difficulty which vexes every European country today. They were men of intellect and character but they were middle-aged and did not understand the new world which the war has given us, and the constant demand it makes for bluntness and even brutality of decision.

IN THE House of Commons debate on the report it could be seen how the genius of the state, the continuing executive genius of England, reacted to this misfor-

tune brought on it by this new time. The debates in the House consist for the most part of speeches which are not on a high intellectual level, but they come straight up from the national unconscious; St. Stephen's is England's psychoanalytic couch. The temper of this debate was controlled but deeply troubled. The House was full and so were the galleries; and the most conspicuous person in the gallery was Mrs. Belcher, who with her long head and her leanness was in agreement with the attenuated and elongated Gothic shapes of the railings and screens and windows. Grief had so consumed her flesh that the skin of her face clung close to her bones, so that she was given a false youth which was astounding and piteous. On the floor of the house, her husband was sitting beside his friend Mr. Haworth, and his appearance was as stricken as his wife's. He had resigned his office of Minister of the Crown during the Inquiry and it was known that he was opening the debate with a speech which would announce his resignation from the House. It was said that he had been curiously reluctant to take this necessary step.

In his terribly used English, Mr. Belcher simply maintained his absolute innocence. "I only say to those who have expressed their faith in me . . . that I wish to assure them that I have not at any time in the course of my official duties been conscious of any deviation from the path of morality and rectitude." Yet during the Tribunal it had been proved that, quite apart from any matter of corruption, he had been guilty of an action which must in any circumstances terminate the career of a Minister. After the rumors of misconduct were first reported to the Cabinet he had been asked to write a letter to the Lord Chancellor explaining his relations with Mr. Stanley and the Shermans; and in this he had made the untrue statement that the decision to withdraw the Sherman prosecution had been taken in his absence. No party, Tory, Liberal, or Labor, would have tolerated a member who had told such a flagrant lie on an issue of such importance to it, and Sir Hartley Shawcross and Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison and their colleagues were taking only the natural course to defend the Labor government. Mr. Belcher's failure to realize this—and it was a genuine failure; he

left the House weeping at his colleagues' treachery—showed that, even as he had no sense of any but the primary meanings of words, so he had only the crudest apprehension of conduct.

THIS disaster had been caused by the invasion of the field of power by people who could not tell one action from another. That was dreadfully proved later in the debate. An eccentric member, who is brilliant and gallant but whose clock always strikes thirteen at noon, accused Mr. Russell Vick of cruelty because he had spoken to Mrs. Belcher just before she left the box, about the privilege of being wife to a Minister of the Crown. Afterward the Attorney General answered him by reading the transcription of the shorthand notes of this passage, which showed that Mr. Vick said these words in a ponderous and deeply felt attempt at soothing an unhappy person. Later in the debate Mr. Blackburn rose to state that Mrs. Belcher had sent down a message to him which declared that she had indeed been greatly disturbed by what Mr. Russell Vick had said to her, and had even been broken down by it, and that she resented personally the Attorney General's suggestion that she had not. In all my reporting of recent years I have never witnessed an incident more profoundly displeasing: not at Nuremberg, not at the traitors' trials, not at the lynching trial in South Carolina, not at the Fascist-Communist brawls. It indeed uncovered the root from which all these other hideous episodes grew.

Here was a woman who was obviously in many ways quite good, who was showing at the moment lovable loyalty to her husband, and she really could not tell the difference between a civilized gesture, which had cost the maker some effort, and a barbarian blow. If she could be so wrong about a simple experience of her own, it was no wonder that other people had been mistaken about more complicated matters and had thought it good to make free men slaves, persecute Jews and colored people, hand their brothers over to hostile strangers, and turn hatred loose in peaceful cities.

There was a threat to the Labor front bench in these supporters who lacked discrimination; and the fineness which was

being jeopardized was made manifest when Mr. Herbert Morrison rose to close the debate. Here was a man of whom any country should be proud. He is fastidious; he knows that Socialism is so noble a faith that the ignoble cannot be tolerated among the believers. He is humble; he hates and is hated by Winston Churchill, but he thanked him for taking the line that he and his Tory followers were not to use the debate as an excuse to attack the government but were to discuss the limited difficulty revealed by the Tribunal. He is intelligent. In the preceding speech Sir John Anderson, a great civil servant, had put it to the House that Mr. Belcher's tragedy might have been averted by stricter adherence to the rules, for he held that it was unconstitutional for the parliamentary secretary of a government department ever to override the decisions of its permanent officials, and that when he and they came into conflict the matter in dispute should be referred to the Minister in charge of the department. Mr. Morrison, himself a superb administrator, enjoyed discussing this point, which has its bearings on the eternal problem of the right relations between the legislature, the political executive, and the administrative staff, which must be debated without remission if government is to be good. It was exhilarating to see two men on different sides of the House getting together to see why the machine had broken down and forgetting everything else in their common feeling that it must not break down again. But Sir John Anderson's speech was interrupted by cries of dissent, stupid as vomiting, which proceeded from back-bench Labor members who misapprehended it as an attack on democracy instead of a discussion of democratic technique.

This was perhaps pardonable, because Sir John Anderson is very far to the right. It was not pardonable when the interruptions broke out again during Mr. Morrison's speech. As his sensible and sensitive voice carried on through the bawling it appeared that the meaning of the debate and the meaning of the Tribunal were perhaps the same.

THE vastness of the Labor party is a source of weakness as well as strength. The ratio of intelligent to stupid people is such that an increase in party membership,

such as it has known during the past few years, adds more and more unco-operative and uninstructed recruits to the rank and file, while not increasing the number of leaders to the extent needed to fill the national and local posts created by the new economy. This is not a plight peculiar to the English Labor party. It might befall any party, in any country. It is a matter of numbers, such as Mr. Harry Sherman would understand.

For a time it seemed as if the Labor party might not need to work out its own method of dealing with this disharmony, for the public showed an absorbed interest in the Inquiry, which might have meant that it was shocked by what had gone on under the Labor government and would vote against it at the General Election. But indeed there was no ground for such fear. Both the by-elections which have been fought since the Inquiry have been Labor victories; it is a safe bet that the voters in the constituency vacated by Mr. Belcher will elect another Labor member to succeed him, and it would be very surprising indeed if the Labor government did not go to its second term. This is a sign both of great weakness and of great strength. Many of the people who continued to vote Labor are parasites who will support any government which gives them their subsidized food and housing, their free schooling and school meals and medical service, and do not care what the moral complexion of that government may be; but many other people voted Labor because they belonged to a country which has had as long and as intensive a political education as any in the world, and could estimate the peccancies of Mr. Belcher and Mr. Gibson at their proper value compared to the program and leadership of the Labor party. And the majority also meant that in three months most people have forgotten everything about the Inquiry except Mr. Stanley.

THERE never was a clearer disproof of the fallacy that it is forces and not individuals who determine history. England was quite unable to give its attention to the political issues arising out of the Inquiry, simply because it was fascinated by this little creature who lived with the intensity not of a human being but of a major artistic creation such as Falstaff. If Shakespeare himself had

attended the Inquiry he would have preferred Harry Sherman. There was matter for a tragedy in the pale and cold old man, whose intellect was unjust to the world because it was unclothed by the tender opinion of life known as culture, but who was frenzied when he himself was treated unjustly, because this same naked intellect approved the idea of Justice. But Mr. Stanley was meat for the groundlings. While the Tribunal was sitting they laughed at him and his roguery, and now that it is over and the government has said he must be deported from England, they grieve over him as if his nose were sharp as a pen and a' babbled of green fields. And indeed his feelings must be nearly as desolate as the dying Falstaff's, for plainly he loves England, and would not be so happy cheating people anywhere else. Now that both his birthplace Poland and his racial home Israel have rejected him, they pity him deeply, because they know how the little creature longed (as who does not) to be a great man, received with honor everywhere; and they laugh too, for

they foresee that England will never find a country ready to take such a rascal off its hands, and thus he will save himself from the consequences of his rascality by its very grossness.

They are also entertained by the calamities that, since the Tribunal, have befallen all the other odd characters summoned by it out of the cracks in the floor. They cannot be charged with any offense which was referred to at the Inquiry, for it would be impossible to find a judge or a jury which had not heard of these references and could be considered unprejudiced; but they are all going into quaint bankruptcy or having unique actions brought against them. It is as if Destiny were shaking the lice out of a vast old coat. In watching them the people were comforted as well as amused, for to see misdoing fail and be comic is to have hope for a minute. Wick- edness is the worst thing in the world, and if it is nothing more than this clownish tum- bling then the world cannot be such a bad place after all.

Spring Song

DOROTHY BERRY HUGHES

How shyly hope in Sunday awkwardness
Dawdles on the corner, love in long stockings
Wearing its first fine, unbecoming hat,
Breathless and beautiful. The full caress
Of summer, the gift without calculation
Smothering difference, blooms in the dark,
The shuttered room, the pocket of the park.
With what apology history begat
Us who in turn stealthily propagate.

What powerful and suspect thing is this,
That it is hedged about by hag opinion
And meanly parceled out: to each his dram.
The inordinate are hushed, nor does fear miss
The oblique joy, the casual manifestation.
Each man murders himself, keeping an eye
On the others, lest someone should slip by,
Defying the rules, avoiding the diagram,
And the world, waiting, should burst into flame.

To the Country

A Story by Russell Lynes

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

"THE toaster," I called to my nine-year-old son, who was bouncing a ball against the front door. "Go get the toaster. We always forget the damn thing."

He pushed open the door with one foot. "Mummy," he yelled, "Daddy wants the toaster." In a minute he came out again onto the sidewalk holding the gleaming object; the cord dragged between his legs on the pavement.

"Where?" he asked.

"Anywhere," I said. "No, stick it up there back of the back seat. Look out!" He tripped over the cord, but he caught himself, merely banging his knee on the edge of the car door.

We had borrowed the car to drive to the country for the weekend, a long black sedan with white-walled tires that looked somewhat out of place in our block. It was early in the spring of last year, soon after the snow had ceased to blow quietly and protectively down the street. The leaves on the privet in our city backyard were already the size of fingernails and shiny green under a skin of soot.

"Tell your father it won't be long now," I heard my wife saying to my daughter, aged seven. "Just a few things more."

"Daddy," she called from the door, "Mummy says to keep your shirt on."

A hydrant was open near the end of the block, splashing its thick white rope of water on the asphalt, and little children, squatting down and soaking their corduroys, sailed sticks and orange peels down the rapids along the gutter. It was a soft day, and enervating, the sort of day when the springs that have

been tight all winter begin to unwind, and fatigue, forcibly buried, rises to the surface and explodes in little bubbles of bad temper.

A crowd of about a dozen children had gathered to watch us pack the car. "Where'd y'get the Cadillac, mister?" they wanted to know. They opened the doors and looked in; they drew their initials in the dust on the fenders, and they asked my son and daughter where they were going.

"To the country," my children said, as though there were only one country, their particular countryside, rolling low hills with elms against the sky, and white houses and red barns and grade Gurnseys in the meadows. None of the crowd around the car asked what country; country meant out of New York, a different thing to each of them; to some it meant just pictures of the country.

"Look," I said, tripping over a seven-year-old in a beanie with propellers on its top, "can't you kids *please* get out of the way?" I could scarcely see him over the pile of blankets I was carrying.

"Go wan," a plump ten-year-old yelled at the boy in the beanie. "Get outta the man's way, can't ya?" and he shoved the smaller boy off the curb into the stream from the hydrant. His beanie fell off and joined the sticks and orange peels that floated under the car.

"Stinker!" the seven-year-old shouted, tears starting in his eyes, "Dirty stinker!" And the big boy went after him, fists clenched.

"Leave him alone," I shouted. But they disappeared behind a parked truck down the

street. When I brought out the next load, they were pretending to fight in the middle of the street, but neither of them was mad.

My wife and I piled pasteboard boxes on suitcases, groceries on blankets, balls and bats and dolls on raincoats and rubbers and bottles. We loaded my briefcase and typewriter and box of water colors. We were starting late, well after five, with about four hours of driving ahead of us. By the time we got the car packed, the children half-clean and watered, it had taken the better part of an hour. Perspiration was running down over my glasses, and I had shed my tweed jacket.

I started the car, but it was another ten minutes before my wife had found and scooped up the last things, put a note in a milk bottle, and gone back to look for her gloves. When she finally slammed the front door and tried it to make sure the catch was on, and the children had dug themselves into burrows among the piles of equipment in the back, I was a little edgy. We always got started late, no matter how we planned it.

"Look out," my wife said, just as the car started moving. "I think there are kids hanging on the back bumper."

"Damn it," I said, "Do they want to get themselves killed?" I stopped and shouted out the window at them. They smiled blandly at me.

Our own children were impatient and on the verge of a quarrel. My wife gave them each a chocolate bar to keep them busy for a few minutes, long enough to let them forget they were impatient, to give them time to invent a game of some sort—shooting imaginary guns from behind their barricades or looking for women with red hair.

It was quarter of six when we got on the West Side Drive and headed north along the river toward the Hendrick Hudson parkway. The sky was clear and the arc of the George Washington Bridge was sharp against it. The traffic was light, and moved quickly, cars weaving in and out, not as they would on Sunday night on the way back, edging along, beads in a necklace of tail-lights. A hydroplane skimmed the water of the Hudson, leaving a white ribbon behind it that faded suddenly as the plane became airborne.

"What a heavenly day," my wife said. "We're lucky."

I was beginning to relax; the children

seemed uncommonly decent to each other (the hydroplane had given them a topic of conversation that could last another fifteen miles, elaborated in variations on a theme); the big borrowed car moved along almost noiselessly on the even parkway. My wife, having got somewhat beyond the point where we might reasonably turn back, had stopped worrying about what she had forgotten to bring. The country began to seem not far off.

BUT then the traffic began to congeal. There is a long hill that approaches the toll gate where you pay a dime for the Hendrick Hudson Bridge, five lanes of traffic rising together between a wall of trees and a high palisade of orange rock. The gate is wide, seven or eight places for cars to get through, like a race track starting gate, and cars jockey for position as they come up the hill. In my mirror I could see a sedan begin to edge to my right, cross in front of another car, close, causing him to swerve. Then the sedan was over two lanes to my right passing the car abreast of me, and forcing still another car to pull over.

"See him?" my wife said.

I slowed down a little, and so did the car on my right, and the three of us were in a line. Then the sedan started bolting, turning sharply, deliberately making my neighbor drop back, and then it came like the moving hypotenuse of a triangle across in front of me, so close to my bumper that I put on my brakes sharply. The whole performance had a sort of mean bravado about it.

"Dirty trick," my wife said.

"You son of a bitch," I yelled out the window, an explosion that surprised me. But I had yelled; my temper had spent itself, and I had forgotten as quickly as I had flared up. I paid my dime at the toll gate, and started across the bridge.

From the left, this time, I saw the same sedan again cutting across toward me. It was a Ford, once black now a worn dark gray with a rusted and split right fender, and a coon tail blowing from the top of a radio antenna. There were two men sitting in the front seat. It edged over toward me, then got slightly in front, so that I had to slow down and veer to the right toward the side of the bridge. It stopped suddenly and I stopped, and the driver got out and started



to walk around the back of his car in my direction.

"Let's get out of here," my wife said. "What does he think he's doing?"

So I raced the motor and started up, just missing his fender on one side and the railing of the bridge on the other. And I could see in my mirror that he was in his car and following me. This looked like a scene, and I don't like scenes. The palms of my hands were damp on the wheel.

"Here," my wife said. She wasn't liking this either; the children in the back seat were much too quiet. "Here. Let's turn off here." And just the other side of the bridge I took a right turn. I should have gone straight ahead, put my foot down hard on the gas and left the two men in the Ford far behind. I could have; I didn't think of it.

The road turned out to lead nowhere. It was one of those fine wide inlets to a parkway that peters out within a quarter of a mile, a loop merely to serve a few houses. I might as well have run up a blind city alley with a couple of thieves at my heels. The Ford was behind me again. I stopped. It stopped. I got out. He got out.

HE WAS a man of about five feet eight and two hundred hard pounds. His hair was black and short-cropped, and he wore an old pair of army pants and a blue work-shirt open at the neck. His face was wide at the temples and heavy in the jowls, and his eyes were small and a little red.

"What do you want?" I said with what fierceness I could muster. "What the hell is this?"

"Take off them glasses," he muttered.

"The hell I will," I said.

"I'm gonna sock you," he said.

"Why?" I said.

"What you called me," he said.

His companion had now got out of the Ford too and stood behind him, a mild man who didn't seem to be enjoying this much more than I was. My wife had got out of the Cadillac and was standing behind me.

"Take off them glasses," the man said again.

"Look," I was trying now to be reasonable. "I apologize. I shouldn't have called you a son of a bitch." I saw myself lying bleeding or unconscious or both on the cement pavement. I could hear the children whimpering. My wife was now talking to the other man. I was damned if I was going to take off my glasses.

"Take off them glasses," he said again.

"Look," I said. "I'm sorry. I apologize. What more do you want?"

"You shunna called me that. I wanna sock you. Take off them glasses."

"Don't be ridiculous," I said, and "ridiculous" sounded then like an awfully long, fancy, and rather class-conscious word.

Whatever it was that my wife said to the other man evidently had some effect.

"Come on," he said to his friend. "What d'y wanna fight for? You're making the kids cry." He was a rather sad man.

"I come back from Germany," the wide-faced man said, "and this is what I come home for—some guy in a big car calls me a sonnafa bitch." He thought about that for a minute, and then he said again, "Take off them glasses," but his heart had gone out of it.

"Well, I'm sorry," I said, and by that time my adrenelin, which hadn't been too copious anyway, had just about run out. I wished I could have said I'd spent the war in the Pacific.

"I didn't mean to cut in," the man said. This was the first time the incident which had caused the incident had been mentioned, and then I knew that it was over.

"That's all right," I said. "Sorry." We got back into our cars. It was then I began to worry about myself.

"What did he want to do to you, daddy?" my son asked as we turned on to the parkway. The Ford was still following us, its coon tail standing out briskly.

"He wanted to knock your father's block off," my wife assured him.

I put my foot down a little harder on the accelerator. By the time we got to Hawthorne Circle, twenty miles further on, it was dusk, and the lights of the cars in the mirror looked all alike.

THE children finally dropped off to sleep, spread amid the gurry on the back seat, like dolls thrown any which way on a rumpled bed. My wife talked about what

we would have to do to the house when we got to the country. The dark shut us off from the world, the car a single self-sufficient little comet-in-reverse chasing its own light into blackness, more private than any house—no address, no way for anyone to get at you so long as you keep moving, with the dark continually opening up in front, closing in behind. There was a stirring in the back seat.

"Daddy," my daughter said a little too loudly. "You were smart. You didn't take your glasses off, did you, daddy?"

"No," was all I could manage to say. We turned off the parkway where it ends near Poughkeepsie onto a two-lane road through farm country. The change in the rhythm or the shifting gears woke my son too.

"Daddy," he said, the way he says "thank you" when you tuck his blankets around him in the middle of the night, not really awake, a veneer of sleep still over him. "Daddy, why didn't you sock him?" He was deep asleep again before I could devise an answer. But my daughter wasn't going to let it go at that. She stood up and leaned over the back of the seat and whispered into her mother's ear.

"What's the matter with daddy?"

"Just leave daddy alone, dear," her mother



said. "Daddy's worrying about his manhood."

"Oh," she said, not understanding.

"Go back to sleep," her mother urged her.

"Your father's all right, aren't you, dear?"

"Sure," I said. "I guess so."

I looked down at the speedometer. The

Cadillac, without my having noticed, had got up to more than seventy. I pushed it to eighty, and the white farm fences of Dutchess County flickered by like snowflakes blowing into the headlights. The protective dark folded in behind us for mile after mile.

Fallen Star

ALLEN KANFER

THE star exploded when it struck
The earth: next day the little stone
Was found as cold as death: no sign
Of flaming origin: nothing
Of skies: the mystic glow expired,
As fallen, foolish, gray, inert
As Monday's corpse.

Farewell, good earth,
Farewell the flaming stars that gave
This fallen star its seeming wonder:
Our ardor held the cloudswept light
In focus till the sky was clear.
Now the whole star is in our hands,
Only the light is in our brain:
Our mind's eye is ablaze with light.

Love is a melancholy thing
Love is a solitary thing
Love is a holy lachrymal;
In the eye of love is fallen light
Interred: the lost Jerusalem—
Jeremiah at sorrow's gates
Looks on his love and weeps his grief
"Her coming down was wonderful,"
Is burning in the memory:

The star that guarded Eden fell.
In darkness we rose up and walked,
We came away and stumbled not,
Holding the stone so solemnly
Bearing our love away, walking
As if the light were in our hand.

America Picks Up the Check

Bruno Foa

AS A result of the Great Depression of the thirties, we as a nation have become committed to the proposition that a high level of national income and employment is essential, and must be maintained at all costs compatible with the preservation of our basic individual freedoms. A point is now fast approaching when we may have to decide whether the same proposition, with the changes appropriate to the circumstances and within the limits of the feasible, should be incorporated among the fundamentals of our world economic policies and become a pillar of American foreign policy.

As one looks at the thread running throughout all our wartime and postwar assistance programs, from Lend-Lease to the Marshall Plan, it is clear that there is an approach which goes far beyond the mere idea of aid. New ground is being broken, and a new pattern of world economic relations is slowly taking shape.

II

THE great thing about the Marshall Plan, for instance, is that, repeating in a different context the feat first accomplished by Lend-Lease, it for a while removes the dollar sign from the relations between us and sixteen or eighteen foreign nations.

Work, employment, and welfare are in the forefront. Dollars come second.

Food and industrial materials move across the ocean because they are needed, and not simply because some countries happen to have the dollars with which to pay for them. An income stream, made up of tangible things such as wheat, coal, mineral oils, agricultural staples, minerals, machinery, and equipment, flows from the United States toward Western Europe, and indirectly becomes spread throughout an even larger area. It helps to feed people, to provide employment, to make the wheels of industry turn, to promote mechanization and better industrial methods. It sustains fairly high levels of economic activity and tolerable living conditions. It operates through actual physical conditions, such as production and employment, rather than through obscure money symbols and book-keeping entries.

Very much in the same way as the Columbia River Project is promoting a better exploitation of forests and public lands, is creating the conditions for irrigation farming and for industrial development, and is linking together the fortunes of far-flung districts scattered throughout the Pacific Northwest and Southwest, the Marshall Plan is connecting many vital phases of the Western European economy, from electric power to

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shipping, from steel production to oil refining, from land tenure to industrial management. Even more remarkable is the way in which the network of ECA projects and activities welds together the economy of the United States and that of Europe in a kind of "common law" marriage.

A community of outlook and interests becomes established between the farmer in Kansas who disposes through ECA of his wheat surplus, and the city worker in England who uses up that surplus and draws from it the strength necessary to attend to his productive tasks. A drought in the Alpine watershed, by increasing Europe's demand for Pennsylvania coal, makes it unnecessary for John L. Lewis to call for an extended holiday at the pits in order to keep stockpiles down to the level he needs to maintain his bargaining power. Land reform in Italy is debated before the Senate Appropriations Committee in Washington, while the mental processes of Congressman Taber are followed in Rome with the same anxiety which attends the unfathomable plans of Signor Togliatti.

The frontier between our domestic economic system and the international economy becomes blurred, in reality as well as within our own minds. The Marshall Plan gives us indeed some glimpses of a novel and remarkable state of affairs, which makes in practice, for limited but vital purposes, a single nation of the United States and Western Europe. The United States government underwrites a minimum of stability and welfare in France and Holland, just as if they were Alabama or New York. When ECA Administrator Paul G. Hoffman stated some time ago that the basic aim of the Marshall Plan is an increase in the average income of the Western European from \$320 to around \$500 a year, he was expressing a national policy of new and far-reaching significance.

These are indeed formidable and breathtaking features and implications, opening a new chapter in economic, human, and world affairs.

III

WHILE the Marshall Plan has been devised as an answer to the challenge of the Kremlin, it may turn out to be far more than that, and to be the beginning of a

policy far more likely to come to grips with the fundamental and deep-seated problems of permanent security and world welfare.

We are faced today with a world-wide challenge which is less spectacular and yet more basic than the one flung at us by the Politburo. Two world wars have disrupted for good the division of labor among nations and continents which had functioned fairly effectively for almost a century. The British supremacy, coupled with leadership in industry and foreign investment and with an almost unlimited demand for imports, has disappeared. World War II, besides devastating half of Europe, has brought about a tremendous shift in world economic power from industrial Europe to the United States. Moreover, we should not forget the impact made all over the four continents by the display of American power which occurred during the war. People everywhere were simply stunned by the sight of the fruits of American engineering and of its genius in industry and transportation. This, together with the legitimate desire of all peoples to make a decent living and to improve their material conditions and opportunities, set in motion a chain of aspirations and expectations (something like "a jeep in front of every door") which, even when reduced to more reasonable proportions, is still formidable, and which we cannot disappoint altogether without endangering world stability and our own security.

It is not difficult to see that it is this shift in world economic power that is chiefly responsible for the so-called "dollar-shortage," that is to say, for the great difficulty which foreign countries find in earning or obtaining enough dollars to pay for their vital imports from the United States. The problem is made even more difficult by the fact that the dollar is becoming more and more the currency in which exporters of valuable commodities even outside of the United States wish to be paid.

The tropical or underdeveloped areas of Africa, of the Middle and Far East, and to some extent Latin America, can expect to obtain relief from this situation by exporting more materials to the United States. The foreign trade of these areas has, in any event, been linked until now with a type of colonial and feudal exploitation which will no longer be tolerated either in this country or in the "colonial" areas. Direct action is required to

help these countries develop their resources in ways which will contribute first and foremost to the welfare of their populations, to a more balanced and diversified pattern of economy, and to a better distribution of income. The hopes are now focused on Point IV of President Truman's Inaugural, "The Bold New Program." Yet even this might turn out to be a disaster instead of a blessing if it were to give a new lease on life to colonialism, as would happen inevitably if it were to focus on the exploitation of mineral and tropical resources rather than on living conditions, health, nutrition, and welfare.

The Marshall Plan is helping industrialized Western Europe to fill temporarily the gap in what economists call the dollar account of its balances of payment. But supposing—and there is every reason to suppose that this will be the case—that at the end of the Marshall Plan there is still a deficit, what next? Here Europe, and other industrialized countries as well, are faced with a tough choice.

THEY can lend an ear to the admonitions of those stern doctors (of which there are many among American economists and financial writers) who never tire of saying that the Europeans should make their minds up to live within their means. Government budgets should be slashed, wages and prices cut down mercilessly, and there ought to be a new round of currency devaluation. Admittedly there would be depression and unemployment, but the prices of European exports would become more attractive, imports from the United States would be discouraged, and balances of payment would get out of the red. This is the philosophy which appeals to Congress, and which underlies the official policies (but fortunately not so much the practices) of ECA.

They can turn alternatively to the medicine which has become the national policy of Britain, under the strong leadership of Sir Stafford Cripps. There would be an aggressive program of domestic investment, apt to safeguard internal full employment irrespective of all other considerations. External stability would no longer be promoted by letting prices, imports, and exports find their "natural" levels, but by applying direct and permanent restrictions against imports originating from the United States. Other sources

of imports would be developed, even at high prices, from countries outside the dollar area. World trade would become permanently split up in two separate blocs, one led by the dollar and the other by the sterling, and each actively engaged in discriminating against the other. This viewpoint has recently been restated by Miss Barbara Ward in her able book, *The West at Bay*.

Both types of thinking appear, however, to be unrealistic. The traditional remedies would bring about in Europe a protracted period of depression and unemployment, the social consequences of which might well undo the gains already secured through the Marshall Plan. They also overlook the fact that there are very definite limits to the American capacity and desire to import foreign manufactured products. Even if we discarded tariff protection, as we ought anyway, foreign manufactured products would hardly be in a position to compete effectively against our triumphant techniques of mass production and retailing. There would be vast and beneficial increases in our imports of specialties and semi-luxury goods, from Scotch whiskies and tweeds to French brandies to Italian fabrics or handicrafts. But all this would not give to Europe the gigantic market outlets required to provide her with adequate dollar earnings. The proceeds of services such as shipping and tourism, or of private American lending and investment in Europe, would help, but hardly to the extent required to wipe out the dollar deficit.

The British approach, while infinitely more realistic in its diagnosis of the reasons which prevent the elimination of the dollar shortage through playing the game according to the traditional rules, is utterly wrong as to prescriptions. It would perpetuate extreme austerity, underconsumption, and restrictive trade practices in England and Western Europe, and keep down levels of income throughout the world. It would also injure our own interests, go against the basic principle of our foreign trade policy since 1933—namely, the elimination of trade discrimination among nations—and it would prevent the world from having a full share in the benefits of American production and technology.

It is noteworthy that both viewpoints, though miles apart in nearly every respect, underestimate the world-wide aspiration

toward some sort of Better Deal. Furthermore, both are committed to support large-scale export efforts on the part of the various Marshall Plan countries, particularly toward the dollar area, so that by 1952-3 the dollar deficit of Western Europe can be eliminated.

Yet it is clear that all-out export drives attempted by many industrial countries at the same time would cancel each other, and make it impossible for any single country to reach its objective without serious injury to the others. Each Marshall Plan country, as it has become painfully apparent in recent months, would engage in the self-defeating effort to increase its exports and reduce its imports with respect to all others. The export drive toward the dollar area would absorb resources and manpower which could be applied to much better purpose for internal programs of domestic improvement. We would have this wholly aberrant situation: namely, that comparatively poor countries would strain every nerve, and deprive themselves of essentials required for the well-being of the population, for the sake of producing and shipping to our shores semi-luxury products which we really do not need. International trade, far from being, to quote the late Lord Keynes, "a willing and unimpeded exchange of goods and services in conditions of mutual advantage," would become once more, as it was in the thirties, "a desperate expedient to maintain employment at home by forcing sales on foreign markets and restricting purchases, which, if successful, will merely shift the problem of unemployment to the neighbor which is worsted in the struggle."

IV

IF, HOWEVER, it is recognized that world balances of payment are unsettled because of a further shift in power, which has intensified rather than reduced the already vast difference in productive capacity and income levels existing between the United States and foreign countries before the war, a third way out, at the same time simpler and more dramatic, becomes apparent.

It is clear that the effects of this shift cannot be compensated overnight, either through increased American imports or reduced American exports, or through large-scale American lending or investment. There will not be a

restoration in the equilibrium of world balances of payment in a truly meaningful sense unless certain basic maladjustments of the world economy, already latent during the inter-war decades and aggravated by the aftermath of the war, are eliminated. This requires that Europe become by stages a single integrated market, and that living conditions everywhere improve to the extent required to provide adequate markets both for United States production and for the output of the other industrialized countries. It requires tremendous and extended world-wide efforts and the expenditure of dollars, foreign currencies, American know-how, and effort everywhere. It calls for an expansion, rather than a limitation, of the trend of the past ten years in bringing together so many aspects of the United States and the foreign economies, toward the establishment of a new framework of world economic relations. It may take as long as a generation.

Until that time comes and these adjustments have taken place, we should offset the dollar shortage—and hence compensate as far as possible for the greater concentration in wealth and power brought about by the two world wars—through outright subsidies and grants-in-aid. A succession of Marshall Plans and Points IV would probably turn out to be much cheaper for us and more beneficial both to us and to the community of nations whose destinies are becoming increasingly linked to our own, than a premature attempt to revert to "normalcy" in international trade and finance, and to equilibrium in balances of payment bookkeeping.

After the first world war, we thought for a while that conditions were ripe for a return to a normal situation in the international economy. England came back to the gold standard, and the Continent enjoyed a brief spell of comparative prosperity, buttressed by an enormous flow of so-called American "loans." We all know how flimsy that structure turned out to be when the storm of the Great Depression broke over it. Obviously, it would be the height of folly to repeat the same story once more, and to leave the conduct of the world economy to chance before we can build on stable and shock-proof foundations.

Ultimately, a new division of labor will be worked out between us, industrialized Europe, Latin America, and the unde-

developed areas of the world. There will be, by slow stages, the appropriate changes in prices, exchange rates, import and export currents, which are prescribed by the textbooks. The dollar shortage will disappear, and there will be no need for such desperate devices as perpetual austerity and trade discrimination.

In the interval, however, we should not hesitate as to the course which is dictated by both our interests and our responsibilities. We should continue to make available to our neighbors (and a world at peace is bound to be nowadays a small and fairly compact neighborhood) *financial grants and other aid, year in and year out, in an amount of approximately 2 to 3 per cent of our annual national income*. An effective combination of subsidy and technical assistance methods, and therefore a successful blending of Marshall Plan and Point IV techniques, might cut down the period in which aid is needed to something like ten years.

The amount of aid should, of course, be varied from year to year, according to the needs of the recipient areas and also to those of our domestic prosperity. It should be increased, rather than decreased, if the present symptoms of recession here at home should multiply, and even more so if we should land in a full-fledged recession. In this way, the policy would function as a stabilizer of both foreign and domestic conditions.

Can we afford this drain on our resources and on our federal budget? Should our economic situation become stabilized at the prosperity level of the present period, and even making allowance for some further inroads on that prosperity which can be brought about by the current "disinflation," the question can be answered affirmatively without the slightest hesitation.

If there should be a recession, there would be unquestionably redoubled efforts on the part of such influential figures as Senator Byrd or Senator George to cut down foreign, as well as domestic, expenditure to prevent a renewed cycle of deficit spending. In the face of a real national emergency, however, with unemployment in excess of five or six millions, the Byrd-George policy would become palpably a political, no less than economic, impossibility. This being so, vast federal expenditure in foreign aid would do a double

job: it would create employment at home, while helping to stabilize conditions abroad.

At the same time, it can be conceded that, irrespective of the state of our domestic economy, a gradual shift from programs of dollar aid of the ECA type to programs of technical assistance and joint economic development, partly financed through low-interest loans, is natural and desirable. It would be idle, however, to imagine that Point IV can be run on a shoestring. We ought to become and to remain committed to the principle that there must be an adequate floor of dollar income for the rest of the world.

WE HAVE long recognized, at least in principle, that great and, above all, increasing inequalities of income, and an excessive concentration of economic power, are sources of instability and weakness within our own nation. It is for this reason that we have a Sherman Act, that our income-tax rates are so steep for the upper-income brackets, and that we have free or subsidized social services. The same principle holds true in the realm of international affairs. We have already practiced it over a number of years. All that is needed at this stage is a realization that this behavior is far from being an economic monstrosity, or a mere political device for "containing" Russian Communism. These foreign subsidies are our share toward the cost of the public services of a peaceful world, from police to malaria control; they are our contribution toward the goal of a high and expanding level of international income. They stem from an outlook which, in our domestic affairs, commands the qualified but definite support of men like Senator Taft; and it is noteworthy that, at the present stage, while Senator Taft has many qualms on the amount of ECA and other foreign aid, he does not question its principle.

There are limits to what the United States can give, consistent with solvency, and also to what other countries can accept with self-respect. Ultimately, dollar aid is only a means to an end, besides being temporary. The durable and lasting contribution of the policy is to be found in the close working relationship which is already developing between us and the rest of the world, and the harmonious enmeshing of the American and foreign economies.

Such interrelationship and interdependence—no longer an abstraction, but something felt through the bones of the European worker, of the Chinese coolie and of the Arab fellah, and through the consciousness of large and growing numbers of ordinary Americans—could have incalculable effects. Peoples and nations could join together in specific programs, limited in time and purpose, and requiring joint administrative operations cutting across national boundaries. They could help all of us to move away from nationalism, and at the same time to proceed toward an effective and functional correlation of specific world activities which would take into account the differences among different areas and other realities. National sovereignties, so impervious to direct and frontal attacks, could become eroded from within, partly because of the establishment of joint administrative techniques which can get around—as ECA operations are to some extent already doing—major problems of diplomacy, sovereignty, and international precedents.

Furthermore, a continued cushion of United States aid could provide the long breathing space required to remedy basic maladjustments or special conditions which press hard on individual countries. It could help to mitigate the short-term impact of the various projects of European economic integration (such as Benelux, the French-Italian customs union, etc.) and, above all, to encourage the merging of Western Europe into a single market and unit. There would be time for Britain to readjust herself to the changed world balance of power, to unfreeze by stages the sterling balances of India, Egypt, Argentina, and Israel, and to reconcile her geographical insularity with her ties to Continental Europe, the Commonwealth, and the United States. There would be time for Italy to alleviate her population problem. The economies of Eastern and Western Europe could again stretch their hands across the Iron (and possibly a not-so-Iron) Curtain. There would be the time required to work out sound solutions for the recovery of Germany and Japan. For instance, there would be no need, for economy's sake, to hasten, as we are now unwisely doing, the restoration of the German export potential, thereby again injecting Germany into world trade and politics as a major and sovereign factor. The manpower

of Germany could be absorbed, over a number of years, chiefly in lifting the face of the country, restoring decent housing conditions, and taking care of other useful internal needs, and could subsequently be harnessed, by gradual steps, to the service of the European economy as a whole. Something similar, within the framework of Asia, could be worked out for Japan. This would put first things first, help the people of Germany and Japan to improve their lot, and, at the same time, avoid a renewed orgy of cutthroat competition in the world markets, and remove the threat of fresh German or Japanese bids for power.

V

AFTER all, there is nothing really new in the idea. It has always been recognized that special responsibilities for the maintenance of international economic stability rest upon the nations which enjoy a position of economic and political leadership, and therefore on England up to 1914 and on the United States ever since. However, the idea of a measurable and definable level of international income, and of policies apt to influence its aggregate amount, is indeed novel and far-reaching.

It is, of course, a simple and natural extension of the conception of national income measurement and management, which has become familiar during the past twenty years, but it requires a stronger effort of the imagination. There is a tremendous and deep-seated reluctance in all of us to accept subsidies as respectable and self-respecting methods of international co-operation. There is the fear of rewarding idleness and of destroying the habit of self-reliance. There is that awful "dole" connotation. Yet, when we think in terms of our own domestic economy, it is surprising to find how fast we have moved, despite everything, toward accepting the idea of a "right to work," of subsidies to meet the cost of basic social services, and ultimately of a minimum "floor" of income for all. It is a path beset with fresh problems, and also with dangers, and as such it requires the exercise of that perpetual vigilance which is the price of economic, no less than political, democracy. But it may lead us, through trial and error, and not without occasional reverses and disappointments, toward a better world.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

WITH freedom of speech under very powerful attack from many directions, it is heartening that the defense has made substantial gains in one sector. Part of the postwar wave of intolerance and suppression has been a series of attacks on literature alleged to be obscene, some of them in places where we had assumed that the fight for free expression had been won for good. In the past month, however, three court decisions have met this wave of suppression head on. They will be formidable barriers to literary censorship from now on.

I wish I could discuss at length two findings by Justice Charles Fairhurst of the Massachusetts Superior Court that have solidly improved our local situation. As I have previously explained in this column, the legislature of Massachusetts, following the agitation that accompanied the *Strange Fruit* case, enacted a new obscenity statute. Though on the surface it appeared to be more liberal than the one that had produced the extra-legal censorship which had made Massachusetts notorious for a quarter of a century, it contained potential dangers that actually made it worse. Justice Fairhurst has now called attention from the bench to the worst of them: that the statute "can make all literature run the gauntlet of individual judges with their varied notions of what is proper and improper public reading," and that after its first provisions have been satisfied it deprives the defendant in any case that may be brought of a fundamental right, the right to plead that the act of which he is accused is not in fact a crime and to demand of the court that it be proved one. Those of us who tried to get the original bill modified so that it would protect the rights of readers,

writers, and publishers as well as insure booksellers against prosecution (which was the sole object of those who wrote it) opposed it on precisely those grounds. When we failed, we felt that the only hope for better things was the possibility that enlightened court decisions might build up a mass of precedent strong enough to neutralize the potential dangers.

Justice Frank Donahue of the Superior Court provided the first precedent when, in an opinion which I discussed here, he found *Forever Amber* not obscene. The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts confirmed him on appeal. In a gratifying if hilarious reversal of itself, it applied to the book the tests for obscenity which it had worked out in great detail and by means of which it had found *Strange Fruit* obscene—a serious work of art that is entirely non-erotic. Those self-same tests revealed (and quite rightly) that there was no obscenity in *Forever Amber*, a trumpery, vulgar novel that contains as much eroticism as its unskillful author was able to get into it. Now Justice Fairhurst, observing that this reversal had forced the Supreme Court's right tackle out of position, has driven a power play between tackle and guard which has made an enormous gain for all of us. In separate decisions he has found James M. Cain's *Serenade* and Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* not obscene. (No one who knows Boston will be surprised to find books long on sale everywhere, even in Boston, under attack. Besides, the two-bit reprint houses have been asking for exactly what they got. By means of advertising copied from the stag-movie trade they have been doing their utmost to suggest that they have moved the backroom up front and have

nothing but *Only a Boy* and *Memoirs of a Prostitute* in stock.)

One of Justice Fairhurst's findings is an act of great public courage. The prosecution contended that *Serenade* contains a passage which must necessarily offend "the sensibilities and religious feelings of a large section of the community"—meaning members of the Catholic Church—and that contention was entirely true. Justice Fairhurst ruled, however, and was entirely right, that that kind of offense was irrelevant to the question of obscenity. The importance of that ruling at the present time cannot be overestimated. for the most alarming feature of the current attack on freedom of speech is the effort of minority racial and religious groups to suppress expression at the source, and an effective subterfuge ready-made for them is the irrelevant allegation of obscenity. Justice Fairhurst has erected a strong road-block.

Having pointed that out, I have space to quote only a paragraph from one of his opinions. It represents an intelligent, enlightened attitude toward literature long absent from the Massachusetts courts. It not only advances the cause of decency here but from now on will be useful elsewhere. "There will always be those," the Justice says, "who will peruse any work, whether classic or modern literature, seeking sex passages and thoughts. We all know that much literature, old and new, abounds with such passages. This new legislative act was never intended to compel a judge to cut down the reading rights of the average person simply because some particular work might have an unfortunate effect upon some members of the community who might be peculiarly susceptible. It would be deplorable indeed if the literary fare of normal adults were reduced to the level of ten-year-olds or psychopaths."

Justice Fairhurst thus notably strengthened the precedent that may emancipate Massachusetts, but I must get on to Judge Curtis Bok of the Court of Quarter Sessions in Philadelphia. Last year, for obviously political purposes and with an open cynicism surpassing even that of the Watch and Ward Society in Boston, the Philadelphia police swept through the local bookstores, gathering up a miscellany of novels for prosecution. The Houghton Mifflin Company obtained an injunction restraining the police from such

clearly lawless activity until the courts could act. Other publishers co-operated to force court action and defend their books. A case involving nine novels has now been adjudicated by Judge Bok. He has found that they are not obscene, and the opinion which accompanies his finding is a landmark certain to be permanent not only in the defense of free expression but in the history of American culture as well.

UP TO now the charter of literary freedom in the United States has been a series of great decisions by Judge John M. Woolsey and Judge Learned Hand. The defenders of free expression have invoked them ever since they were made and they have been the steadfast beacon of our hope whenever less clear-minded jurists have departed from them. In building on this noble foundation, however, Judge Bok has gone beyond his predecessors. No doubt the tide will ebb and flow; it always does in struggles involving freedom and it always does, especially, in our all-too-fallible courts of justice—but Judge Bok has brought tide-mark farther up the beach than it has ever come before, permanently. His judicial opinion is one of those documents which are eventually seen to have suddenly crystallized the thinking of an age and to have established limits, bench marks which are thereafter added upon in the slow and painful progress of the human mind. In sober realization of what the words mean, I say that it is a great document in democracy and a great document in human freedom. Unquestionably Judge Bok set out to free the legal determination of obscenity from the fallacies and irrationalities that have befogged the courts and to state principles that would enfranchise literature so far and so permanently as a court can. He has memorably succeeded.

His thinking is so clear, powerful, and brilliant and his writing so distinguished that I probably could serve you best by devoting the rest of my space to quoting him. His opinion is (necessarily) so long, however, that I must instead summarize his two most important points, though I cannot forbear quoting a few passages that others will be quoting for a long time to come.

"I am not of a mind," he says in one place, "nor do I have the authority, to require an

author to write about one kind of people and not about another, nor do I object to his effort to paint a complete picture of those he has chosen. Certainly I will not say that it is not a good thing to look deeply into life and people, regardless of the shadows that are to be found there." That is only one of several assertions of the worth and dignity of man's effort to understand life by way of literature. Again, "We are so fearful for other people's morals: they so seldom have the courage of our own convictions." In an unanswerable and very moving passage which refutes the theory that there must be censorship in order to protect young people, he says succinctly, "If the young ladies are appalled by what they read, they can close the book at the bottom of page one," and goes on, "Our daughters must live in the world and decide what sort of women they are to be, and we should be willing to prefer their deliberate and informed choice of decency rather than an innocence that continues to spring from ignorance." There is a superb condensation of history in, "The advent of technology made Queen Victoria realize . . . that loose morals would threaten the peace of mind necessary to the development of invention and big business." Again, an aphorism as forcible as any by Justice Holmes, "The right to speak out and to act freely is always at a minimum in the area of the fighting faiths." And, "in a field where even reasonable precision is utterly impossible, I trust people more than I do the law." And, "legal censorship is not old, it is not popular, and it has failed to strengthen the private censor in each individual that has kept the race as decent as it has been for several thousand years."

Judge Bok's most immediately important service to literature is his insistence on and his determination of an objective test for obscenity. With sureness and clarity he analyzes the meanings of the word "obscenity" in the Common Law, as they have developed in English cases, as he shows them to have evolved in American cases. With an amazing grasp of history he goes on to show how standards of decency and therefore of obscenity have always varied with time and circumstances and in different cultures, and how the primary object of censorship has been the defense of strong social sentiments

or interests, usually unrelated to obscenity. He buttresses his inquiry with a knowledge of literature fully as extensive. Step by step, with a logic that in the end becomes (I believe) irrefutable, he builds up to a final contention: that the meanings of the word "obscenity" and of all the synonyms that the courts have used to define it with are purely verbal and subjective, that they permit unpardonable error and arbitrariness in the administration of statutes intended to deal solely with a crime, that they therefore support attacks on the freedom of speech that is necessary for free government, and that no meaning sufficient to justify prosecution can be attached to them unless it is an operational meaning. This long analysis in itself will be a deterrent to the attack on literature from now on; it is four-square; there is no effective rebuttal to it.

THINKING can be as dramatic as a play. Throughout this analysis, as Judge Bok serenely exposes the verbal errors which have so often characterized obscenity cases, he periodically remarks that of course we must distinguish between "obscenity," which is meaningless in the sincere effort of literature to find out the truth, and a component of some writing which he calls "pornography" or "dirt for dirt's sake." This, he implies, every person of calm mind and sound sense can recognize at sight, and no good citizen could object to its being prosecuted. The implication is justified: everyone who has thought much about these matters agrees with it. But as one reads the argument one feels a growing suspense. Are not these terms, too, arbitrary and subjective? Do they not re-open the door he is in the act of closing and perpetuate the same old errors by merely requiring the suppressors of literature to use different words? Is he not undermining his own magnificent case?

But not at all. These terms allow Judge Bok to derive his operational meaning, they furnish the capstone of his arch. The result has the beauty not only of logical finality but of artistic form; it comes like the resolving chord at the end of a sonata or like the culminating line of a sonnet. Perhaps there is such an immediate recognition, but how can we be sure? How can we make it uniform? How can we justify giving it the force of

law? There is no possibility that we can. There is only one way of determining what "pornography" is, only one way of justifiably invoking the police power of the state against whatever threat it may contain. Pornography, dirt for dirt's sake, obscenity, cannot be actionable unless they result in "the commission or the imminence of the commission of criminal behavior from the reading of a book." The state is justified in acting only if the prosecution can show that the book in question actually caused a reader to commit a criminal act or so directly incited him to that he is demonstrably on the verge of doing so. "Publication alone can have no such automatic effect." No supposed "tendencies" to arouse sexual desire or provoke erotic thoughts are within the state's concern or should be. Only criminal behavior or unmistakable demonstration that it impends is a valid reason for censorship.

THAT is the stone which Judge Bok has rolled into the path of prosecution for obscenity. It is a workable test, an operational definition, the only definition that has been either objective, sensible, or socially acceptable. It will be chipped away at but it is not going to be rolled out of the path. The decision in which it is embodied has the fresh, invigorating air of freedom regained, and I believe that it will be seen to have closed one era in the defense of literature and opened a better one.

On the way to his definition Judge Bok insists that obscenity cases cannot be exempted from the rule that has come to be decisive in other cases involving freedom of speech. This rule, which was first formulated by Justice Holmes, holds that the right of free speech cannot be restricted unless a "clear and present danger" to society exists—and exists with such immediate urgency that there is no time to answer idea with idea. The exercise of public judgment, he insists, is the only safe censorship of obscenity, as it is the only safe referee between truth and error, and in order that opinion may judge correctly expression must be free. In the long analysis by which he gets rid of the exemption so far granted

obscenity and requires it to be treated as specifically and objectively as sedition, he goes deep into the principles of democracy, whose cornerstone is free discussion. This review of the faith by which we say we live, given the cogency of his context, seems to me even more important than the formulation, at last, of a legal definition of obscenity that makes sense socially and enfranchises literature.

For Judge Bok is at pains to go back not only to the First and Fourteenth Amendments, and not only to the constitutions of the States, but to Jefferson's Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom. He repeatedly insists that no evil *tendency* (supposed or demonstrable) of any utterance whatever can come under the police power. The state can be concerned only with overt acts of violence or crime, or with a peril that they will occur so instant that there is no time to deal with them in any way except by force. He insists on Holmes' demand that ideas be left wholly free to compete with one another in the market place of men's minds and on Jefferson's declaration that this uninhibited freedom is the only insurance we have that truth will prevail, the only ultimate guarantee of democratic government. The importance of this to our troubled time is that even liberal democratic thinking these days is too often in retreat from its basic principle. The strongest threat to freedom of thought and speech in the postwar United States comes not from the enemies of freedom but from some of its friends and from minorities whose freedom is guaranteed by the very principles they seek to limit for others, forgetting that "they cannot be limited without being lost" to everyone.

An insane delusion, born of fear, has infected minds which if sane would realize that they are seeking to bring us all down. The final service of Judge Bok is that, in a time of serious public confusion, he has enunciated the basic principle of our society so clearly that no court can fail to hear it. If the humblest and most distant court hears, it must heed. He deserves well of his countrymen.

It is I: Margaret Fuller

Edward Nicholas

I FEEL within myself an immense force, but I cannot bring it out." That was the sort of observation Margaret Fuller used to record in her Journal in her youth. She ached with talent she could not use, with generosity unspent and tenderness that no one guessed. If she had been a pretty girl, and if young men had courted her, much of her sultry yearning would have been released in the realities of love. But she was as plain as any girl in Cambridge; and the Harvard students who knew her liked her only in a platonic, spiritual way. They were themselves intense and other-worldly young scholars, many of whom were studying to become Unitarian ministers and leaders of America's most intellectual city in its brilliant years, the 1840's and 1850's. They were not likely to offer any girl an abundant courting such as would have suited Margaret—Margaret the exotic and exuberant, who wore a flower in her straight brown hair with the air of a princess, and who could mimic, wield emotion, declaim, and pose like a grand actress.

She was a short strapping girl with a long neck, a bony big face domed with brow, and near-sighted eyes that blinked—that squinted to a slit, then suddenly bulged wide. People were displeased at the sight of her; and her manner repelled them. She was too intense.

She jarred and bothered them with her dashing vivid air, her whims, her assertions, her emotions. Her nasal voice went on too much with emphasis and certainty, arrogantly displaying her great learnedness. She exacted such deference, applause, and response to her infatuations that men had to defend themselves against her with distaste and refusal. She made them tired. They did not want to stay in the same room with her. She was intolerable.

Sometimes, when they had endured her a while, they began to admire her saucy wit and her flat-footed truthfulness. She was determined to be absolutely frank, even if she must tell people their own faults; and this sincerity was both terrible and fascinating. She won friends; but still no one thought of making love to her. All that there was of female energy in her full body had to transmute itself. She saw that she must meet loneliness as her destiny; she called it the "destiny of the thinker and . . . of the poetic priestess, sibylline, dwelling in the cave, or amid the Lybian sands."

"I hate not to be beautiful," she said, "when all around is so."

Well, she would be "bright and ugly," if she must; she hungered for superhuman expression.

Mr. Nicholas' article will form a part of his forthcoming book, The Hours and the Ages, which Sloane Associates will publish in September.

IT MUST be an intellectual and literary expression. The education which her father had inflicted on her had fitted her for that and unfitted her for anything else. Mr. Fuller, an opinionated lawyer and congressman, had trained this eldest and smartest of his children as boys were then trained. That meant forced study—Ovid and Horace at the age of eight, and the loading of a child's mind with old men's erudition. Mr. Fuller was himself his daughter's master; after he came home in the evening from work, she had to recite to him, and he concealed his pride in her. She grew up with a devotion to self-improvement as conscientious as he could wish.

She resolved in her Journal: "I shall not, of free will, look out of doors for a moment's pleasure. . . . All youthful hopes, of every kind, I have pushed from my thoughts. . . . Please God now to keep my mind composed, that I may store it with all that may be hereafter conducive to the best good of others. Oh, keep me steady in an honorable ambition. . . . I might learn everything, did not feeling lavish away my strength."

By the time she was twenty-five she was as learned as a doctor of philosophy; not a dozen Americans knew as much of the German language and literature as she. Though her health was marred for good with recurrent headaches and dizziness, she was launched on a career—scholarship? literature?—she had a secret vision of what Woman might be and do in this Republic. She was determined on distinction. "Nothing, no! not perfection, is unattainable," she declared.

She lived at top speed. She wanted to devour the universe. She would feel and do everything; she would possess wisdom, reverberant achievements, and perfect love.

"I feel all Italy glowing beneath the Saxon crust. This cannot last long; I shall burn to ashes if all this smolders here much longer. I must die if I do not burst forth in genius or heroism."

She worshipped Goethe, that universal man, that lusty Romanticist, and undertook to write a life of him, for which she began to accumulate notes. She intended to write six great tragedies. Oh, she had many plans.

Mean little handicaps held her back. Merely that she was a woman, and that so many things were denied to women. Then her physique

could not support the mind's fury. When she was twenty-six her father died, leaving the family poor. The lack of money, the compulsion to earn money, hampered her ever afterward. There were four young Fullers, and their mother alone could not clothe, feed, and teach them all. Margaret had to bend herself to household chores, sewing, lessons. She told a brother later, with her usual relentless frankness: "Three precious years, at the best period of my life, I gave all my best hours to you children. Those three years would have enabled me to make great attainments, which now I never may."

She did make small attainments. For a year or two she taught school, first in Boston at Mr. Bronson Alcott's experimental, failing venture, later in Providence. She inspired and fascinated children but found the work wearisome, pettily annoying. She also translated Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*, which was published, but did not earn the money—the leisure—she must have. The life of Goethe was never written, nor the six tragedies.

Though she felt capacities in herself greater than in anyone she knew, still they accomplished nothing. She was like a captive eagle, she thought. "My past life seems a poor excuse for not living; my so-called culture a collection of shreds and patches to hide the mind's nakedness. Cannot I begin really to live and think now?"

She longed to enjoy heroic friendships, and to know all the noblest and most divine persons who were living in the world in her time. Some of them had been her friends from girlhood: they were the same young Unitarian ministers with whom she had danced at Cambridge when they were divinity students: Henry Hedge, William Henry Channing, James Freeman Clarke, and the rest, who were now maturing into notable lives. Another was Bronson Alcott, a foolish mystical Yankee man, who always lost what little he got in the world, but kept gaining his own soul.

Another was Harriet Martineau. The great English authoress was inspecting America, hearing everybody with her ear-trumpet, preparing to write excellent commentaries which most Americans would resent because they were not entirely favorable. Miss Martineau considered Margaret Fuller a splendid intel-

lect, and offered to show her England, if she could come there. To lose that chance was the meanest cramp of poverty for Margaret, for it would have meant meeting Carlyle, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the other gods.

In default of them, she laid plans to capture the friendship of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With the help of Miss Martineau and others, she got herself invited to visit Mrs. Emerson for two weeks in Concord. There the shy and august young philosopher, invaded in his refuge, opposed his grave reserve to her in vain. He disliked her homely face, and the way she kept opening and shutting her eyes.

"We shall never get far," he thought.

But she set herself to pique and amuse him; her talk was a comedy of droll anecdotes of everybody's foibles. Emerson felt there was something profane in these hours of amusing gossip, but he laughed, more than he wanted to. He had to admit that the very tides of joy and superabundant life were in her. Before she left, he appreciated that she was magnanimous and grand: a very Minerva, and gifted with "the most entertaining conversation in America." They were dear friends thenceforward.

Wherever Margaret saw anyone who by greatness of spirit belonged to her, she would seek and acquire his friendship. The time came when she said, "I now know all the people worth knowing in America," adding, in the coolest way, "and I find no intellect comparable to my own."

In spite of this egoism, she truly had a huge generosity in friendship, and liked and valued the shapes of characters, however hard she judged them. She could mimic and impersonate her friends excellently, enacting the oddities that made them themselves. She loved and fathomed people.

And they, though hardly any liked her at first sight, came to love her as they knew her better. They began to see beauty in her despite her bony heaviness of frame and face, despite her unpleasant mannerisms, like her way of incessantly moving her long neck and looking down at her shoulders as if she admired them. She had a magical animation that made her ugliness gorgeous. And though she was tactless, rude, and arrogant, people soon saw her deeper qualities of sincerity and nobleness, so that when she made friends, she made them mightily.

TALKS with Margaret were amazing and joyful events, which men would record in the evening in their journals, as marking epochs in their lives. Thus, for instance, the Reverend William Henry Channing must have recorded, so minutely did he afterward remember, the first time when Margaret truly revealed herself to him. It was in the summer of 1840, when he was visiting home in Boston from Cincinnati, where he was pastor of the Unitarian church. He had known Margaret before, but with caution, for he had been one of the Harvard divinity students whom she astounded and repelled in her portentous girlhood. Since then he had matured into a brilliant but insubstantial and misty young minister. He looked the beau-ideal of a man of God: slender and tall in his clerical black, with a keen, sensitive, glowing face and a curly, dark head which he carried finely erect, gazing upward and off, as if into beautiful distances. He was thirty this summer, the same age as Margaret.

He went on a sunny morning to her house in Jamaica Plain and waited for her in the parlor. She came in from her garden, carrying a vase of flowers, to find him there. Immediately she began to talk, and by her talking took possession of him, leading his mind where she chose. First she spoke of the flowers in the vase: each was symbolic to her: it stood for an emotion, for some friend. Her own flower, she said, was the heliotrope, true bride of the sun. Statements like that appeared to mean something to her.

She turned to the engravings on the parlor wall. "Here are Dante and Beatrice," she said and quoted to the fascinated young clergyman:

Approach, and know that I am Beatrice.
The power of ancient love was strong within me.

She had a legend about her seal-ring of the flying Mercury; she had chosen as her emblem the sistrum of Egyptian Isis; as her planet, Jupiter; and the fiery carbuncle as her own gem—a gem that might be either male or female but hers the male. There was something pagan about Margaret, some faith in a fate and a daemon, in omens, coincidences, presentiments, and dreams. She surrounded herself with her own mythology. As she had

once said to Emerson, the man of marble calm: "Attica is your province, Thessaly is mine: the land of magic."

She spoke now to Channing of Greece and its myths.

"In the temple of Love and the Graces, one Grace bore a rose, a second a branch of myrtle, a third dice—who can read that riddle?"

THE Reverend Mr. Channing had little to say. His part was to listen. Margaret needed a congenial listener to stimulate her to her finest conceptions.

It was past noon now; and Margaret gave her young man some lunch. Then she took him walking in the woods. They climbed a rocky path uphill, resting at every pretty point, to a ledge near the hilltop. Here Margaret sat on a cushion of moss and was silent. The Reverend Mr. Channing, who perceived that she was "in delighted communion with the exquisite hue of the sky," did not disturb her reverie.

Presently she aroused and talked. Leaning on one arm, she turned her gray near-sighted eyes occasionally upon the handsome clergyman beside her, to see that he was following the flow of her speech.

He watched her, seeing the familiar florid mannish face, the blink and squint of her eyes, the strange preening restlessness of her long neck. She certainly had no beauty. Not outwardly. But she was talking now of her own life, and he saw before him her inward loveliness. Her whole life had been a poem, he learned, of boundless aspiration, wild daring, and poignant disappointment. She told him how she longed for communion with the artists of every age in their inspired hours, she who was fitted by genius and culture for the most refined circles of Europe.

She was revealing to him now the most intimate disappointments and hungers of her heart. He understood with wonder, and for the first time, that behind the poet in her was the woman: that all her restless learning, her enthusiasms, her fitfulness and seeming scorn, were but the outlets of love pent up within her that had no object to spend itself upon. She was alone. This knowledge burst upon him, and he was profoundly moved. And with great emotion he felt that he could not but bow to her in reverence.

Reverence was not what Margaret needed.

She had talked so long that the sky was red with sunset over the trees. They walked back down the hill. She said she had an agonizing nervous headache and must retire immediately and call for assistance.

The Reverend William Henry Channing, as he went dazedly away, reflected with astonishment on the unflagging spiritual energy with which for hour after hour she had swept over lands and seas of thought. His own excitement cooled gradually. He became conscious that he was exhausted, as if a week's life had been concentrated in this day.

Self was large in her, but fully as large was her sympathy, when her confidences prompted confidences from others. She created a fervid intimacy, in which everyone confessed to her. They recognized that she was not simply curious to know secrets of souls, but that she was looking for the germinal trait of each person, the kernel of nobility, which if encouraged would grow into greatness. Each one instinctively suppressed his commonplaces in her presence, and showed the finest he had.

"We all," James Freeman Clarke wrote, "dated back to this or that conversation with Margaret. . . . Each felt that in her society he was truer, wiser, better, and yet more free and happy, than elsewhere."

"Would not genius be as common as light," Margaret would say to them, "if men trusted their higher selves?"

So her friendship was a creative force. People were quickened by her wit, made generous by her generosity, and became, by knowing her, a little more nearly the divine persons she wanted them to be.

"Thus do we always," Margaret asserted, "for those who inspire us to expect from them the best. That which they are able to be they become because we demand it of them. 'We expect the impossible—and find it.'"

II

IN THIS way she served as one of the sources of the high, tense, anguished aspiration which was heaving New England in that day: the final flare of the ascetic passion of the Puritans. What she effected by merely being a friend of people and talking to them was one of the great works done in America in her time; though since it could not very

well be put on a shelf in bound volumes, it was not appreciated by the general public and was remembered only by the men and women who were themselves the stuff in which her genius worked.

Among her friends, those to whom she was closest in sympathy and purpose were the new fellowship of creative minds who called themselves Transcendentalists. As far as she was identified with any group, she belonged with them. They were, indeed, but loosely a group; for they were divergent, lonely, questing individuals, each one quixotically true to the eccentricity of his nature. The only ground they agreed on was the transcendence of Spirit: Spirit, which within the material world was the working, living essence, of which the soul of man was a little part, and of which God was the total; Spirit, of which each man had knowledge by his own intuition, so that when he lived as that inner divinity impelled he not only served God, but even, in his little degree, was God.

So the Transcendentalists needed no churches, having immediate access to God; and many of them who were Unitarian ministers, including Ralph Waldo Emerson himself, announced to their congregations their change of faith and resigned their ministries. They resigned not in disillusion or aversion, but in glad widening of belief; their religion was no longer merely Christian, but even more broadly humane. They were possessed by a vague but exhilarating knowledge that the Living God existed in the human soul; that the soul's powers were godlike; it could shape the world; there were no limits; nothing was impossible. With boundless hope they foresaw a new brotherly social order, new schools, new literature, new arts. They felt like prophets and seers at the dawn of an era. They were heroically ambitious and self-conscious.

In the evenings, all over New England, lights burned late in the bedrooms while the minds worked, before sleeping, at capturing into their Journals their glimpses and intuitions. Journals were easy to write; they needed no continuity or plan, no pruning of any thought that excited the brain. They were literary what-nots, full of curiosities and art objects: a character sketch of a friend—musings on a poem or a flower—rhapsody on a meaning fathomed in life—all kinds of

exalted ideas set down hodge-podge, intended vaguely for posterity.

MARGARET herself achieved real success in another most Transcendental way of expression: the Conversation. Speech was truly her art. What she wrote had never satisfied her; it was dull, labored, hampered, amorphous, as she knew. The *Dial*, a Transcendentalist quarterly review of which she was editor for two years, gathered only two or three hundred subscribers and presently failed altogether.

"After all," she admitted, "this writing is mighty dead. Oh, for my dear old Greeks, who talked everything . . . to learn, to teach, to vent the heart, to clear the mind!"

That was what Bronson Alcott had been doing, like a modern Plato, in his Conversations in Boston, where he cast down his opinions, as gage for discussion, to a class of men. In imitation of him Margaret announced in the autumn of 1839 that she would conduct a course of ten Conversations for Women at a fee of twenty dollars a person.

Her purpose was to help women fill their proper place in the life of their time. She and her pupils would answer the questions, "What were we born to do? and how shall we do it?" A score of learned and wealthy Boston ladies enrolled, and in later courses, as Margaret's fame increased, their number grew to as many as forty or fifty. They met each week at Miss Elizabeth Peabody's home at 19 West Street.

They used to say that Margaret came to these meetings in sumptuous dress and looking magnificent. This was only an instance of the exciting impact of her personality, for really there was nothing special about her costume. She always dressed well, if perhaps a little old-fashionedly, but her gown and shawl were not sumptuous, and certainly her looks were not magnificent: the lump of braided brown hair on the back of her head, the heavy eyelids, the large chin, the drooping lines from either side of her nose past the corners of her mouth.

As with her appearance, so with her bearing: though she was short and heavy-built and had to walk with eyes half shut in order to see clearly, still her carriage and step struck people as stately and royal. She would

enter regally into Miss Peabody's parlor, and with the lorgnette she habitually used would scan the faces of the gathering one by one. When it was time for her to open the Conversation, she would begin to speak leisurely in her unpleasant nasal voice, outlining the topic for the day.

The topics were of enormous scope, and framed in the mystical symbolism toward which she inclined. The general subject of the first course was Mythology. The first day's topic was "the genealogy of heaven and earth; then the Will (Jupiter); the Understanding (Mercury); the second day's, the celestial inspiration of genius, perception and transmission of divine law (Apollo); the terrene inspiration, the impassioned abandonment of genius (Bacchus)." In later courses they discussed "What is life?" or "The meaning of art."

Into these momentous themes Margaret would enter solemnly. She spoke in finely framed, eloquent sentences, rich in historic allusion and quotations from the literature of many peoples. She used this scholarly elegant diction so fluently that it seemed colloquial with her. Speaking, she would begin to feel inspired. Her voice excited her. The sweep of her speech became grand. She saw her pupils listening, intelligent, devout; and their sympathy elated her. She was herself astonished at the beauty of her new-born thoughts. It seemed to her that she was stimulated to the verge of prophecy.

The women of the class often became as excited as she. They listened as though she were an oracle.

"It was a noble meeting," Margaret declared after one such occasion. "They all, with glistening eyes, seemed melted into one love."

When she had finished her statement of the day's topic, she invited opinions from the others. They were apt to be shy.

"Of course," as one of them said, "it was not easy for everyone to venture her remark, after an eloquent discourse and in the presence of twenty superior women, who were all inspired."

Margaret, a proud happy teacher of pupils who recited well, listened with intent solicitude, sometimes smiling faintly, sometimes quickened with excitement at a stimulating idea, and interjecting in an undertone, aside,

fit quotations or symbolic epithets. She never tolerated any dissent from her own opinions, but hushed it down with crisp contempt.

"There are," she once wrote, "in every age a few in whose lot the meaning of that age is concentrated. I feel that I am one of those persons in my age and sex. I feel chosen among women. I have deep mystic feelings in myself and intimations from elsewhere."

III

CRITICISM and ridicule did not disturb her, though it was all around her. She and her pupils were called "sumptuous pedants," "bluestockings." She herself was becoming a legendary example of arrogance. There were many anecdotes about her: it was said that when she was asked if she thought herself better than anyone else, she answered calmly, "Yes, I do." People enjoyed telling how she had occasionally been given her come-uppance: by the dancing-master, Pipanti, when she was a girl in his class in Cambridge: "Mees Fuller, Mees Fuller, you sal not be so magnee-fee-cent"; by old Dr. William Ellery Channing, who said: "Miss Fuller, when I consider that you are and have all that Miss P. has long wished for, and that you scorn her, and that she still admires you—I think her place in heaven will be very high."

Margaret never listened much to criticism. She asserted against it the importance of her own integrity: "I return to my native bias, and feel as if there was plenty of room in the universe for my faults, and as if I could not spend time in thinking of them, when so many things interest me more.

"All this may be very unlovely, but it is I."

She flung back to the American people criticism more crucial than theirs of her. She considered them corrupted by prosperity, "superficial, irreverent, and more anxious to get a living than to live mentally and morally." From the vulgar commercial aristocracy to the slovenly settlers on the frontier, their aims were sordid. Rich and poor, they were scheming after money, material things, gross pleasures. Only a few were trying, as she was, to quicken the slack soul in the nation's "huge over-fed, too-hastily-grown-up body." The spiritual life of most Americans was rudimentary.

YET in innumerable ways, at this time, the Spirit was working yeastily in the Americans, even though Margaret Fuller, who was a perfectionist, was discouraged because nothing was spiritual enough. The great movement of her age, humanitarian, liberal, democratic, romantic, was riding high; an emotional, mystical ferment was exciting the coarse, greedy body of young America. It was like a religious revival which broke out of the confines of the churches. There were a great many who craved a more religious religion than their churches afforded, and sought it by amazing disciplines and ecstasies of life. The land abounded in fads and cults and freaks.

In Boston in the winter of 1840-41 a man was often seen who wore a drab-colored long overcoat made of india-rubber. He was gaunt, sallow, and sickly with the strain of an obsession, and he would discourse about his rubber coat to anyone who would listen. The skirts of it were mottled with dark spots where he had held it up to stoves to show how it would stand heat, and not melt like all rubber ever known before. For years he hadn't had enough to eat, and neither had his wife and children; he had lately sold his children's schoolbooks for five dollars, with which to buy, not food, but gum-elastic and sulphur, for he was lit with a presentiment that the Great Creator had chosen him, Charles Goodyear, for the work of adapting gum-elastic to man's use. As an instrument in the hands of his Maker he submitted to every adversity—failure, poverty, the debtor's jail, sickness, ridicule, jail again, and death of a child—to contrive the process of vulcanization. He consecrated himself, a saint of stenches and utility, bearing fanatic witness to God's providence of rubber, devising uses for it, and proclaiming them: a rubber book, match-case, walking-stick, a portrait on rubber, table cloths, shoes, sails, and life preservers—he was haunted by the need for life preservers; he would say, "Sleep! How can I sleep while twenty human beings are drowning every hour, and I am the man who can save them?"

Another man of saintly devotion was the Reverend George Ripley, with his poor brave trustful experiment. He left his church about 1841, declaring himself a Transcendentalist, and went out to test in daily life the faith

he had merely preached before. If human nature was divine, as he believed, then only the mesh of a vicious social order withheld mankind from living in simple noble happy brotherhood. Reform the system of society, and man's natural goodness would be released. So Mr. Ripley bought Brook Farm, near Boston, where he settled down with a score or two of high-hearted friends to live man's life as it should be lived. They worked with their hands on the land, and they educated children who were sent to them. The men wore blue tunics, black-belted, open at the throat, and let their beards grow—beards were "natural"—and the women wore their hair loose and free. Margaret Fuller, who wore her hair twisted into a bump on the back of her homely head, used to visit the community, and she wished it well. No project of reform ever lacked her benediction, even when she had little hope for it. She thought Brook Farm an experiment worth trying, part of her era's inspired thought, though unlikely to succeed. Society, she felt, was not a machine to be put together and set in motion, but a living body, whose breath must be Divine inspiration.

Almost everyone else, in that time, thought that social betterment was only a question of putting the right devices into operation, or mixing the right ingredients—like discovering how to use rubber.

There were the Abolitionists, who had a savagely simple cure for the intricate evils of the South. There were the Prohibitionists, who expected to end intemperance by laws against alcohol. There were the Grahamites, promising moral and physical improvement from a diet of whole wheat and vegetables. There were Mormons, Phrenologists, Mesmerists, Communists, Phalangists, and Socialists of every system. People were drunk on Reform, on Association, on Self-improvement, on Uplift. In their age of mechanical inventions, they were sure that social progress was also mechanic's work: a matter of cleverly adjusting parts. The indefatigable American faith in the gadget—some slick device that would redeem humanity—was loose.

Margaret Fuller's heart applauded every reform, but she applied her efforts to the very root of all of them: the spiritual regeneration of individuals. She stood, evidently, in the Goethean, Carlylean wing of the Romantic

movement, whose impulse was toward colossal development of personality, to produce supermen, demi-gods, devourers, and conquerors—a Napoleon, a Beethoven, a Byron. Such a person she believed it was within her own power to be. To live was to do, not simply to think. She was sick of thinking. She wrote in her Journal: "With the intellect I always have, always shall, overcome; but that is not the half of the work. The life, the life! Oh, my God! shall the life never be sweet?"

IV

HORACE GREELEY opened the way for her. He was a man of about her own age, thirty-four, who was editing in New York a daily newspaper, the *Tribune*, sold for two cents to the masses. He had read Margaret's *Dial* essays, especially "Woman in the Nineteenth Century"—a manifesto that women had a right to all the careers and privileges of men; it was the first notable declaration of feminism in America. Moreover Mrs. Greeley had visited the Conversations and admired Margaret extravagantly, as women usually did. So in 1844 Horace Greeley, at his wife's suggestion, gave Margaret a job writing book reviews and special articles for the *Tribune*. He let her live in his household on Manhattan Island near New York City.

Margaret felt awe in writing for a paper which carried her words into tens of thousands of homes. The *Tribune* was becoming a monitor to the country; people were beginning to ask, "What does Horace Greeley think about this?" They always found him stalwartly honest and humanitarian. He was exposing frauds, encouraging charities, urging the reform of jails, poor houses, politics, agriculture, and society generally. Just now he was particularly promoting Fourierism, which he made known to America by a series of articles by Albert Brisbane in the *Tribune*. Fourier's system of socialism seemed so practical to Mr. Greeley that he helped actively to set up communities according to its rules. He and Brisbane even persuaded the Brook Farmers to organize themselves into a Fourieristic Phalanx. They had their Plowing Group, Milking Group, Planting Group, Haying Group, and so on, of the Farming Series;

their Carpentry Group, Shoemaker's Group, and others of the Industrial Series; all very logical, the kind of thing that could be proved workable, even though no Phalanx ever lasted very long.

Though Margaret Fuller was in sympathy with many of Horace Greeley's ideas, and though he and she expressed admiration for each other, they were slow to warm it with liking. For months they resided in the same house as hardly more than acquaintances. He was a plebeian with his socks down, a man of the American people. Margaret respected such a character, but it bored her. She who loved rich and careful dress didn't admire Mr. Greeley for his wrinkled white linen suits with holes in them. She thought the house too plainly and barely furnished, and as for the food! Mr. and Mrs. Greeley were Grahamites: indeed, had first met each other at a Graham Boarding House. They abstained from meat, spices, liquors, tea, coffee, and pickles; they provided meals of beans, potatoes, boiled rice, bread, and milk. When Margaret, who enjoyed good food, came down to breakfast with a headache, he suggested that this was the result of her drinking strong China tea the night before.

"I decline being lectured on the food or beverage I see fit to take," Margaret replied haughtily.

Easy-going, smooth-faced Mr. Greeley, who looked like a shrewd benevolent hick, judged that her attitude was reasonable, although her health was bad and his good, on account of their differing diets. Anyway, he used to take satisfaction in catching her up when she made one of Woman's usual demands on the courtesy of manhood; for if she believed that women should do everything that men did, and have the same privileges, according to her essay, then she was unreasonable in expecting services and deference from men. So Horace Greeley would fix his pale, spectacled eyes on her and quote emphatically her own words: "Let them be sea captains if they will!" Then he would give her his arm and escort her, or do whatever courtesy she wanted.

He didn't think much, by her example, of Woman in the career of journalist, for she would only write when in the vein, and her headaches and infirmities often kept her out of the vein for days at a time. Horace

Greeley did a day's work each day, regardless of nerves or moods, and could write ten columns to her one. They were both opinionated. When they disagreed, which was often, neither ever yielded an inch to the other.

Still Horace Greeley of the warm heart could not quite resist any so generous champion of truth and human good as Margaret was. Her usual manner now, in middle age, was of thoughtful absorption in noble deeds and designs, rarely showing the capricious mirthfulness of her youth. She was busy visiting prisons and asylums with William Henry Channing and shedding compassion on the inmates, especially on that class of female outcasts who were always referred to by circumlocution. Horace Greeley perceived that she had a generous, lofty, radiant soul. All in all, he judged her to be the most remarkable American woman of her time, and in some respects the greatest.

Even so, she was not entitled to the Oriental adoration with which many people, especially women, regarded her. He considered her spoiled by it, and he resolved that he, at least, would burn no incense on any human shrine. She could worm her way into almost anybody's inner confidence, especially of thwarted women, wistful chambermaids, college boys, and Transcendentalists; but healthy-minded Horace Greeley entirely detested the kind of revelation in which she delighted. She never received any heart's secrets from him. He thought that a good husband and two or three bouncing babies would have emancipated her from a deal of cant and nonsense.

WHILE she was living at the Greeleys' she enjoyed the most engrossing romance she had yet had; it intensified her during most of her two years on the *Tribune*, though it was never a full-blooded love, however hard she forced it. The man whom her fondness found desirable was a blue-eyed German Jew, one James Nathan, from Hamburg, who was employed in a bank in New York. He felt mis-tuned with the sordid world; he wanted to be a writer; he confided great thoughts and ambitions to Margaret. She praised his misty aspirations, and revealed her own. They walked in the woods and along the East River shore near the Greeley house, enchanted with their beau-

tiful perceptions, that others did not appreciate. Very soon Margaret's insistent intimacy alarmed Nathan. Adventurer though he was, who would take what he could get from a woman, he was scared of this amorous, learned middle-aged maiden, from whose face, at thirty-five, care had lined out what little charm it had had in youth. He admonished her stiffly that she must not permit herself to have "hopes." He would exchange letters with her, sing to his guitar for her in the evenings, and meet her in town secretly, so that Horace Greeley, who disapproved of him, should not know; but he kept her safely at the arm's length of spiritual comradeship. Her love could only speak out thus: "I will try; we both will—will we not, loved brother, to be constantly nobler and better?" This tension of the soul was a strain upon him; and he tried to relax her solemnity. She felt a strange pleasure to hear him say: "You must be a fool, little girl."

She was really in love, and the whole spring was beautiful and filled with lyrical excitement for her. Then, with a certain haste to get away, and with money borrowed from her, Nathan sailed for Europe to travel and write. Letters came back to her at too-long intervals, but love remained alive in her for a year more, until he checked it with a sudden message that he had married a girl in Hamburg.

V

HARD as Margaret had tried, that had not been a great love. Neither had she yet known more than a few of the great men of the earth, nor the great cities, nor borne heroic part in the ringing resplendent adventures of her time. This was what she meant when she said she was a failure, "wasted on abstractions." This was why she longed all her life to go to Europe, where heroes were, and all the stores of culture that America was only beginning to be aware of.

She achieved it at last, with the aid of the money she earned on the *Tribune*. She sailed for Europe in September 1846. There she got at last all the things she had wanted. Her four years in Europe were wild with adventure, rich in love and passion, ennobled by heroic purposes and tragic failure. She broke over "barriers and prohibitions and fates."

To her friends at home, reading with admiration and affection the letters that came back from her and those who saw her, not all of the fantastic story was ever told; but enough rumors came to suggest it; and her friends generally agreed that she must truly have found herself at last and released into action the vitalities of her magical character.

IT is true that she was not made happy, except sometimes for a little while, and that she suffered fearfully; but she was not the kind that is able ever to be happy. There is, however, a sense of fulfillment, of power used and life mightily lived, which is deeper and more durable than happiness; this her friends believed she had. She saw England, Scotland, Paris, and Italy. She met the great spirits then living: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, Tennyson, George Sand and Chopin, the Brownings, and Mazzini, the Italian revolutionary.

"By far the most beauteous person I have seen," she wrote, "is Joseph Mazzini"; and, "He is a beauteous and pure music." He was organizing, from London, conspiracies to set his Italy free from the yoke of Austria. Here Margaret recognized a captain and a cause to which her whole devotion could be given. She went to Italy, where she kept in touch with his friends and plots. There in Rome she found also the physical lover who contented her as Platonic geniuses never had. He was an insignificant Marquis, Giovanni Angelo Ossoli, youthful, handsome, unlettered and poor, but full of loyalty, zeal, and corporeal energy. He was strangely fascinated by the American woman with the sad plain face, ten years older than he, and distinguished by learnedness which he could understand as little as her language. He dealt with her as a Latin would: took her for a woman, not for a mind. She became his mistress, for of course she could not marry such a boy. They worked together for Mazzini's dream. If the revolution should succeed, what rank and eminence might Margaret not have in the new Italy? She felt that she was playing for great stakes. She wrote home in December 1847: "I have not been so well since I was a child, nor so happy ever, as during the last six weeks."

She was at the crest of her life. Then in January she awoke to an absurd and ghastly fate which no Boston lady, however emanci-

pated, could face without terror. She was pregnant. She wrote to Emerson in despair: "When I arrived in Rome . . . many circumstances combined to place me in a kind of passive, childlike well-being. That is all over now, and, with this year, I enter upon a sphere of my destiny so difficult, that I, at present, see no way out, except through the gate of death. It is useless to write of it; you . . . cannot help me;—whether accident or angel will, I have no intimation. I have no reason to hope I shall not reap what I have sown, and do not. Yet how I shall endure it I cannot guess; it is all a dark, sad enigma. . . a love, in which there is all fondness, but no help, flatters in vain. I am all alone. . . ."

Mazzini set off his revolution in the spring of 1848, and Italy's agonies were interwoven with her own. In the distress and privation of wartime she bore her son in a mountain village; she left him there, with a harlot for wet-nurse, and heard no news of him for months, while she returned to Rome to be with Ossoli. They were secretly married, whether shortly before the child's birth, or after, is not certain. Ossoli commanded a battery in the defense of the city, and Margaret never knew, when he went into the lines, whether he would come back. She worked in a hospital to which the wounded soldiers were brought.

Rome fell; the revolution was put down, and all her spirit with it. There was nothing left in Italy for her and Ossoli. For a time they lived on friends' money at Florence, while Margaret completed a book about the revolution. Robert and Elizabeth Browning were there, and William Wetmore Story, the sculptor, with his wife. While Margaret talked with them her handsome, uneducated husband would get up silently and go out to see his own friends in the cafés.

Everyone who knew Margaret in Florence found her improved in character by her sufferings: gentler, simpler, more tolerant. "I shall come home humbler," she herself admitted. For home she set sail as soon as her book was done, unwillingly, for she had presentiments of harm; Ossoli said it had been prophesied he would die by drowning; and she foresaw that America would be a cold place in which to earn a living.

In drawing rooms of Boston and New York rumors were repeated there was something

irregular, "Fourieristic," about her marriage to an ignorant youth; people were consulting each other timorously: "What shall we do? How shall she be received?"

Her good friends were not disturbed. "I have an unshaken trust that what Margaret did, she can defend," a lady said; and Emerson later declared: "She had only to open her

mouth, and a triumphant success awaited her. She would fast enough have disposed of the circumstances and the bystanders."

Before she could begin, before she could amaze America as even she never yet had, she and her husband and her child and her book were shipwrecked and drowned in sight of shore.

General Education in a Free Society

DICK ROSEN got a C-plus in the hour examination given in Social Relations 114 on March 25. Only there is no such person as Dick Rosen. The examination was taken by Edward Messner '49 . . . who is not enrolled in Social Relations 114 and who had been to none of the lectures and done none of the reading for the course.

Messner was in Memorial Hall on the afternoon of March 25, waiting for a rehearsal of "Coriolanus" to begin, when he noticed that an examination was being administered. He saw a friend, sat down next to him, and asked, "What's the name of this course?" His friend told him that the course was Social Relations 114 (which is Professor Clyde K. M. Kluckhohn's "Anthropology and Modern Life"). . . . On the first of the three questions he got 9 out of a possible twenty, a score that gave him some species of D according to the curve on which the examination was graded. On the third question he got 4 out of 20, which won him no free games.

But on the second question he got 18 out of 20. "To my mind," the grader commented, "excellent!! If you had just dealt with another point or two you would have hit the jackpot. Read Benedict, R., 'Anthropology and the Humanities,' in the *American Anthropologist*, Vol. 50, No. 4, pp. 585-94, 1948, for a point of view similar to yours."

The question consisted of quotations from two book reviews . . . Margaret Mead's *Keep Your Powder Dry* and Geoffrey Gorer's *The American People*. Messner chose to write about *The American People* because "its title gave me some clue to what the book is about." He decided it would be good policy to agree with the reviewer that liked the book. But he did not forget to be balanced.

"Gorer's is not the greatest book I have read," the conclusion of his paper says, "but it has distinction. It is a man's honest questioning into what makes America, Americans, and people.

"In a way, it is partly a study of the author as a person, too. What he wrote and how he wrote it are both of significance. This picture of modern America is seen through the ideas of a modern man. We can see both the pictures and their interactions. We are that much richer."

Messner, who has taken only one Social Relations course (Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin's "Contemporary Sociological Theory"), said that he wrote the examination "from the point of view of the Harvard man who doesn't stoop to mere detail."

—Joel Raphaelson, in the *Harvard Crimson*, April 22, 1949.

Italy: Battlefield for the Marshall Plan

Felix Perris

FROM the Moscow prompt-box a new slogan has come to Italy's Communists: Peace. "Peace," daubed in garish red on the time-mellowed walls of Rome: "Peace," whitewashed on peasant houses (which may conceal a cache of Communist grenades or a dismantled, carefully oiled machine-gun): "Peace," shouted from hoarse throats at anti-American demonstrations from the Alps to Sicily.

This noisy campaign against the Atlantic Pact is partly designed to distract attention from the quieter but much more damaging campaign against the Marshall Plan. The Plan, not the Pact, is the main objective of Communist attack. It is in the economic field that the real battle is pitched. Communist victory in this fight, the wrecking of American-aided recovery, would make nonsense of political and military commitments. Conversely, an established prosperity, based on exchanges with the Western nations, would make Italy a bulwark against Communism, even though she were not a signatory of the Pact.

The same Communist campaign against ERP is going on in every member country. It is most intense here, and its strategy and tactics can be most instructively studied, because of all the Marshall Plan nations Italy presents at once the best chance of making

the plan a brilliant success, the worst risk of catastrophic failure, and the clearest battlefield between its friends and foes. Ranking third in the list of beneficiaries, Italy has fundamentally sounder prospects of attaining (and maintaining) a self-supporting economy than has Britain, which is dipping three times as deeply into Uncle Sam's pocket. Yet here in Italy the political enemies of the United States and ERP are stronger than in any other country this side of the Curtain and more united than, for instance, in France, the second largest beneficiary.

Britain may win through to solvency, but her struggle will be far tougher than Italy's; because Italians, at the worst, could eat for nine or ten months of the year without importing anything. France may founder, but if her politicians do wreck ERP, it will be because the nationalism of De Gaulle coincides on this single point with the anti-nationalism of the Communists. In Italy the issue is straight and clean cut: every party and every politician backs ERP except the Communists and their almost-swallowed allies, the Socialists of Pietro Nenni.

THOUGH the Communists claim a signed-up membership of nearly 2 millions, and though they polled, with their Socialist allies, 8 million votes in the past

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election, they are not strong enough in present conditions to smash the Marshall Plan by either political or military action. In Parliament they are swamped by the government parties. Even an oratorical campaign against ERP is politically impossible in Italy. Attacks on "American imperialism" are part of the standard vocabulary of Communist speakers, but none dares openly advocate rejection of American aid. Too many people know where their bread ration comes from.

Not only did 18 million electors vote last year for parties supporting the Marshall Plan, but most of the 8 million who backed the Communist-Socialist alliance were persuaded that even if the Communists won, the United States would still not deny her help to Italy. The Communist tactic therefore is to defeat ERP without attacking it. "Peace" is a popular slogan with which to divert the open offensive to a different sector, while consolidating Communist strength for the economic battle.

Militant action the Communists for a time dare not risk again, after the crushing defeat of the putsch which followed the attempted assassination of their leader, Palmiro Togliatti, last July. The police force, equipped with American tanks, armored cars, and jeeps, and ably organized by the tough, bald little Minister of Interior, Mario Scelba, was able to quell that incipient revolt in forty-eight hours. Schooled by two turbulent years of strikes and agitation, Scelba has evolved an effective technique for dealing with Communist rioting. Such trouble is bound to be localized, because the Communists are only locally dominant; and as soon as a disturbance breaks out in a town, the government cuts off the telephones—except its own direct line to the Prefecture. This prevents the Communists from following their usual practice of calling in truckloads of toughs and demonstrators from outlying districts, while Scelba can rush his mobile reinforcements to the scene. The telephone shut-down also helps incidentally to give the De Gasperi government a good press abroad. Rome correspondents can get little news of provincial riotings until, with the restoration of communications, they are able to report that the forces of order have triumphed and all is now calm.

For despite the Communists' stores of arms

and their well-drilled bands of *Garibaldini*, the superiority of the government is overwhelming. To challenge it would bring not only military but political disaster upon the Communists. From the Right there is strong pressure on the government to take ruthless measures against the Communists and to outlaw the Party. Many thought the moment had come last July; another such putsch would certainly bring it. Communists everywhere have two lines of campaign: the open and the underground, the democratic and the violent. They run for elections, and they keep their guns loaded. Here in Italy, where they can count on a vote running into millions, they have higher hopes of the first method than in any other country. They still think in terms of winning an election, of slipping legally into power if the present coalition breaks up—or perhaps bringing out their guns to clinch a near-victory at the polls. They will not deliberately court outlawry, throwing away their chances of "democratic" action, shedding their millions of fellow-travelers, reducing the party to its hard core of fanatics—all for the sake of a fruitless riot.

For this reason, it is as certain as anything can be in the volatile world of Italian politics that the Communists will attempt no more violent risings until they feel quite sure of success. Only two circumstances could give them that assurance. First, the outbreak of a European war, declared or undeclared, in which the Italian comrades would hope to sweep to victory on the Cominform wave. Second, Italy's collapse into economic chaos, which might bring them either success at the next election or the chance to snatch power by force from a paralyzed government.

Toward this chaos the Communists are now systematically working. Their weapon is sabotage—sabotage of a creeping, undramatic kind. Already it is nibbling at the first successes of ERP and threatening to make nonsense of the careful calculations on which Italy's recovery blueprint is based.

It is fatally easy to thrust an innocent-looking monkey-wrench into this delicately balanced mechanism. Italy's tragedy is that most of those who are doing so are not wreckers but honest workmen, asking only a fair deal from their employers and the state. The Communists, through their control of the main labor unions, manipulate these gen-

uine grievances in the way which will be most damaging to ERP. Their commanding general in the field is stocky, bull-necked Giuseppe Di Vittorio, boss of the Confederation of Labor. This Apulian peasant, rather than the town-bred, bookish, Moscow-trained Togliatti, is the man of the hour. Togliatti directs the ineffectual fire of the Parliamentary guns, flits mysteriously to meetings of the Cominform, and interprets its policy to Party headquarters in the Street of the Dark Shops in Rome. To Di Vittorio falls the tricky tactical job of deploying the 4 millions of the Confederation of Labor. Fewer than half of them are professing Communists, but Di Vittorio's generalship has so far kept the majority obedient to Communist purposes. He knows when not to give an order which might be disobeyed.

II

THE latest phase of his operations is "non-collaboration." In factory after factory of the industrial North this policy of go-slow has been adopted as the workers' weapon in labor disputes. Each man does just what he is hired to do, not a stroke more. The turner at the lathe will not reach down to pick up the metal to be worked; it is another man's job to pass it to him. A screw is working loose, but it is not the machinist's job to tighten it; he waits until the machine breaks down and a mechanic is assigned to mend it. When a machine caught fire in a Milan plant, the men stood by and watched it burn; they were not hired to put out fires.

Non-collaboration cuts output by 30 to 50 per cent. Carried on long enough, it could put a factory entirely out of business. It is the ideal weapon for penniless labor unions, as are those of Italy, which have no funds to finance long strikes. Non-collaboration makes the employer finance the agitation; his workers put in the requisite number of hours, do what he hired them to do, and are entitled to their pay. Only in factories where there is a bonus on output does the go-slow tactic touch their pockets at all.

The same is true of two other new forms of industrial sabotage—the "checker-board" strike and the "sobbing" strike. The former brings work to a standstill in one department after another. When the machine shop has

been idle for an hour, it is the turn of the foundry workers; as soon as they resume work, the transport section stops its trucks—and so forth. Often the employees themselves—still less the management—do not know whose turn it is to strike until the shop stewards give the sudden order. The "sobbing" strike is simpler: a ten or fifteen minutes' stoppage every hour.

This new phase of the Communist campaign is the most damaging yet, because the only effective answer to non-collaboration, the checkers game, and the sob would be even more damaging—a lock-out by the employers; because it can be waged without weakening the labor movement by loss of workers' pay; and especially because it can be waged "peacefully." Moscow has ordered the Italian Communists to soften their political militancy for the moment. They do not at this stage want to incur the odium of big strikes. And in Italy big strikes are never peaceful; they mean street demonstrations, a counter-show of force by the police, and inevitable clashes. With non-collaboration there are no parades, no public stir—just an undramatic dip in the industrial production graph.

But though there have been no big stoppages since the almost spontaneous general strike which followed the attempt on Togliatti, small strikes are going on all the time. No day is without its strike. A list of them would be a complete catalogue of all the occupations in Italy, excepting only domestic service. Today your dinner is cooked over a charcoal brazier, because the gas-workers are on strike; you cannot cash a check, because the bank clerks are striking against proposed interference with their six-hour day. Tomorrow maybe there will be difficulty about bread, because the yeast-makers are in agitation; or perhaps there will be a heap of garbage rotting under your window, because street-cleaners have downed brooms. Strikes are so commonplace and individually so unimportant that correspondents have ceased to report them; they hardly rate a mention in the Italian papers. But the cumulative effect is prodigious.

In the past year strikes have cost the struggling nation 65 million hours of work—and this does not include the mounting losses caused by non-collaboration and partial strikes. It is as though more than 30,000

workmen had gone clean out of production for the whole twelve months. The value of output lost is reckoned at \$50 to \$60 million. For most of these lost hours and this lost output, industry has had to pay, just as if there had been no strikes. Almost all the disputes were brief, and usually the terms of settlement included pay for the time lost by the workmen. The total wage-value of that time was about \$16 million; and nearly all of it fell as an unproductive payment on industries already deep in the red, heavily subsidized by the state, and still largely unable to compete in the world's markets because their prices are too high.

MOST significantly, the losses by strikes have been heaviest in just those exporting industries on which Italy relies to balance her accounts and attain solvency when the Marshall Plan ends. Metallurgical and engineering industries lost more than 1,500,000 man-hours during the year; textile and clothing industries 147,000 hours. By contrast, the home-consumption industries connected with food and building lost only 61,000 and 57,000 hours respectively.

It is impossible yet to translate these losses accurately into the balance sheet of ERP, but already they loom ominously against the background of what Italy is striving to achieve. The plan calls for a 120 per cent increase in the volume of exports in 1952-53 compared with 1938. In the past strike-torn year, industrial production was still 10 per cent below the 1938 level. Today the figure has climbed to just about equal with 1938; it should have been higher.

An increase in agricultural production, though it plays a lesser role in exports, is an essential factor in ERP; the aim is that Italy shall grow more and import less of her food. Her farms must produce 5 per cent more than in 1938; last year they produced 13 per cent less than that norm. There have been farm strikes as well as factory strikes, but in a peasant economy labor agitation makes less headway; it comes up against the buffer of individualism. The Communists, however, are exploiting this very individualism in a way which may cut marketable output and so make the plan fall short of its aim. "Land for the peasants" is a popular rallying cry among the day-laborers on

the large estates, but these are the farms which furnish the surplus to feed the towns. The government itself is pledged to limit the size of holdings, but if they are cut up too small the result will be an extension of subsistence farming and a reduction of marketable output—a happier peasantry at the cost of a hungrier citizenry.

There is another and more subtle way in which the Communists' political "line" threatens to sap recovery. This is in their policy for the use of the Lire Fund—the local currency which, under the terms of the plan, the government sets aside as a counterpart to deliveries of ERP goods. Each participating country faces in some degree the same problem: What proportion of its local fund shall be allocated to current expenditure, maintaining the standard of life and keeping its workers in good heart, and what proportion shall be sunk in capital investment to enable the country to stand on its feet when ERP ends?

For Italy the dilemma is sharper than for any of the other nations, because not only is her standard of living low, but she carries the grievous burden of more than 2 million unemployed. In the long run, it is hoped that full recovery will bring full (or almost full) employment. But what of the short run? What of the hungry present?

The government answer is a program of reconstruction and capital investment in both industry and land reclamation designed to absorb the largest number of workers in the shortest possible time. ECA has already approved the first allocations which in the course of 1949-50 should provide jobs for 250,000 to 300,000 men, and give indirect employment to another 100,000.

For the Communists this is not enough. Dip into the Lire Fund, says Togliatti, and give cash to the needy. Give two months' extra dole to the workless. Give a hard-times bonus to pensioners. Launch bigger schemes of public works. His opponents can score a debating point by reminding the Communist leader that a party which opposes ERP should not presume to distribute its benefits. But this does not quench the popularity of the Communist demands. Wretchedness is a more powerful argument than a lecture on economics. Yet if the Communists could get their way, and by popular clamor force the

government to divert to relief the funds needed for long-term rehabilitation, the final purpose of ERP would be stultified.

CONTROL of labor unions is the chief means by which the Communists are carrying forward their wrecking plan. Yet it would be false to imagine Italian labor in a mood of embittered political strife, or consciously resisting the program of recovery. The anti-Marshall strategy is drawn up by the Cominform; the local tactics are elaborated by the Italian Communist leaders; their orders are handed down to the labor union chiefs. But the last link in the chain of command, the common workman, wants nothing more sinister than a decent standard of life. That is why the success of ERP would lift him out of Communist influence, and why the Communists are resolved that ERP shall fail.

A decent standard of life is, ostensibly, what all the strikes and agitations are about. It is not to wreck the Marshall Plan that factory workers go slow, but to secure the reinstatement of fired comrades. Last year's 65 million wasted hours were mostly lost by strikers whose claims would draw the sympathy of any reasonable person. Even the bank clerks' seemingly outrageous insistence on their six-hour day becomes understandable when you know that they are so poorly paid that most of them have to take other jobs, after banking hours, in order to make ends meet. In almost every sector pay is wretchedly low in relation to the cost of living. The Communists have no need to foment discontent; their aim can be achieved merely by timing and directing the labor disputes which are always ready to break out.

Recently there have been two developments which threaten to loosen the Communist hold on labor. The first was the breakaway from the Confederation of Labor of an anti-Communist minority headed by Christian Democrat Giulio Pastore, to form a new Free Confederation of Labor. This has the drawback of leaving the original body even more completely dominated by Di Vittorio than it was before, but at the same time it provides a nucleus to which are already rallying some of the millions of workers hitherto unorganized in any labor union.

Though the public spotlight is focused on Pastore's anti-Communism, the future suc-

cess of his movement depends not on the effectiveness of its opposition to the Communists, but on its ability to secure better conditions without resort to strikes. From the workers' standpoint, Pastore has so far played a muted second-fiddle to the Communist labor leaders, echoing their demands, but refusing to countenance "political" strikes. He is reviled by the Communists as a "black-leg," but the good will which he enjoys with the government and the employers may help him win successes in negotiation.

The second threat to the Communists comes from a new law, not yet fully enforced, which takes job-allocation out of their hands. Hitherto work-seekers have been placed in jobs through the Chambers of Labor, local headquarters of the labor unions. Since most of these chambers of labor are run by Communists, and since there are always more seekers than jobs, Communists get what work there is, while others are turned away.

This system is most strikingly seen in the solid Red wedge of Emilia, in the lower valley of the Po, where the farms are worked by gangs of laborers hired for the day or week and thrown back into the labor pool when the particular job of plowing, harvesting, or threshing is finished. Here a man must call himself a Communist or starve. The new law, resisted with wild anger by the Communists, removes job-allocation from the politically controlled chambers of labor and gives it to non-political local officials. A mere switch in the method of job-allocation will not allay demands for better pay and assured livelihood; but many men and women now enrolled on the Communist registers will drop away if they find they can get work without showing the party ticket; the organized strength of the party will diminish.

Now the government is trying by law to stop industrial sabotage. It is not going to be easy to devise a legal check to non-collaboration and partial strikes. The Constitution of the Republic guarantees the right to strike for "economic" motives, and these still abundantly exist. As long as they do, the Communists will find a way to exploit them. The line between an economic strike and a political one will be hard to draw, and constantly disputed. If non-collaboration, checkers, and the sob are banned, some new device will surely take their place.

III

ARE Italy's Communists on the up-grade or the down-grade? Numerically, it is certain that they have slipped—for the moment. Defense Minister Randolfo Pacciardi declared recently that they had dropped 700,000 members, but few impartial observers go as far as that. The statement drew a reply from Togliatti, admitting a loss of 300,000, which he brushed off as being due merely to tardy re-enrollment of some of last year's Party members. He gave their present total as 1,896,634, compared with the less precise claim of 2,200,000 which the Party made last summer.

But though the Communists have lost a few hundred thousand members, though the government remains overwhelmingly dominant in Parliament and its police in the piazzas, the balance is still delicately poised. Which way it will tip depends largely on the success of ERP—and on the use the government makes of such success. It must not be content to balance national accounts and show a rising production graph. Rehabilitation must reach down into humble lives and be reflected in the pay-envelope and the shopping bag. If, without too great a time-lag, the people get this kind of evidence that ERP is helping them, then the dribble away from the Communist party will become a stream of desertion. The near-two-million professing Communists and the eight million voters they brought to the last polls will dwindle to a group of agitators and fanatics.

But if want increases, if pay-envelopes buy less, the balance will swing as heavily away from the government. It can only swing to Communism, because there is no alternative. No other left-of-center party has caught the imagination. The Socialists of Pietro Nenni, once the second largest party in the country, are now a mere shrunken appendage of the Communists. The more moderate Socialists of Giuseppe Saragat and Ivan Matteo Lombardo are in the government coalition, and even if they were to break away are not strong enough to form a "mass" party. On the other side of the balance, those who hanker after the good old days of the Duce can discern no budding Mussolini in the rowdy ranks of the MSI (Italian Social Movement), the nearest thing to a revival of Fascism.

The Italians do not want Communism. They have learned enough of its workings in Eastern Europe to know that its tyranny will reach deeper into private lives than did the tyranny of Fascism. Fascism was something new, untried; its jackboot was on their necks before they realized what it meant. So the Italians took the easy way, and submitted. This time, the easy way would be to jog along in the middle of the road with the present government, or something like it—provided the going is not too hard. The authority of the Church and nationalistic resentment against Russia point the same path. Though the Church is theoretically aloof from politics, millions vote as the priest prompts them. Passionately patriotic, the Italians hate the nation which has squeezed war reparations out of their ruin, hoisted the hammer-and-sickle over the pride of their navy, blocked their entry into UN, and barred their recovery of Trieste.

WITH all these powerful loyalties and instincts on his side, there are yet dangers ahead for Alcide De Gasperi and his Catholic-and-Socialist government. De Gasperi seems strong, because his party, the Christian Democrats, won a crushing victory at the polls and dominates Parliament. It holds 306 out of 574 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, and 150 out of 342 in the Senate; and with its Liberal, Republican, and Moderate Socialist allies it can overwhelm any Communist vote.

Yet there is a fundamental weakness in De Gasperi's position. The Christian Democrats may represent the core of this Catholic and Church-guided nation, but the pulp around the core is not so solid for De Gasperi. Of the 12,750,000 who put their crosses on the ballot paper against the crusader's shield of Christian Democracy, by no means all—perhaps only a minority—really voted for De Gasperi. Much of his poll was negative. Rightists voted for him as the strongest bulwark, at the moment, against Communism. Some anti-clericals, for whom De Gasperi smacks too much of the Vatican, still voted for him because Communism seemed to them a greater peril than clericalism. Some non-violent Leftists voted for De Gasperi in the hope of getting social reform without strife and without subjection to Russia. Many

voted for him because his was the party with ERP behind it.

There is always the danger that a majority so compounded may flake away as the political climate changes. It might conceivably shed so much support as to leave the Communists the strongest single party, though a minority of the nation. The rightists may desert De Gasperi if they feel he is not taking a stiff enough line against the Communists. On the opposite wing, the moderate left may drop away if he fails to "deliver the goods" of social reform. Already there are signs of both movements. Amid the instability of Italian politics they could rapidly gather momentum.

De Gasperi, playing for support of all moderate reformers, has described his Christian Democrats as "a center party moving to

the left," and likened it to the British Labor party. The pressure of Saragat and Lombardo may tilt it farther to the left than De Gasperi would wish to go unpressed. But no measures of Socialism will ever reconcile the Communists to a government which has ranged Italy with the West. They will fight it, now with threats of war, now with words of peace, according to the strategy of the hour dictated by Moscow—but always relentlessly. Theirs could never be a victory of enthusiasm, but only of Italy's despair. If they win, it will be because they have brought about and exploited that despair; because they have succeeded in wrecking the Marshall Plan; because, in the crumbling hopes of a decent life, the Italian people turn bitterly to the only alternative.

The Dust

(for S.L.)

BRIAN HOWARD

NO SOAP can wash away this sundust,
And no scrubbing, this salt dust of the sea.
What is this powder with which you are covered
When the sun lies on your skin, slantingly?

Something like pollen, yet finer, lighter,
And more of a mineral thing. It glows
A St. Elmo's fire, a quicksilver wire
Which grows with the sun and with the sun goes.

Is it the true state of being clean? It smells
Like an approaching island, or a shipload of hay.
Made of seadust, sunsalt, and flesh, is it the true sign
Of being well and whole? It cannot be washed away.

All I know is,*this thing is not a substance
Found on the ill or ugly, or on those
Whose favorite word is "No." It is very often
Worn by the beautiful instead of clothes.

All I know is, the desperate have washed you,
Using their holy water, for two thousand years
And still the dust I speak of burns upon you
As bright as Love. Brighter than all their tears.

The Education of Liu Weh-Chen

A Story by Robert Alan Aurthur

Now with events having taken definite shape in China, I often find myself wondering about Liu Weh-Chen, my young Chinese student friend. I try to look behind the headlines and picture the Liu Weh-Chen that I once knew and the thousands like him that I didn't know.

I met Liu quite literally by accident on a mid-winter afternoon in Tientsin, one of those days in North China when both visibility and spirits are very low, and the paramount thought is a fireplace and a hot drink of chocolate.

Riding down Victoria Road in my Japanese jeep—as a mere captain who needed transportation I rated only the most primitive—I thought not only of chocolate and the warmth of a fire but also of the eerie stillness of my surroundings. The sidewalks were crowded, yet there was no familiar hum of the busy throng. The figures of the pedestrians hurrying by were hunched forward, as if seeking an inner warmth. It was not the Tientsin that had lived briefly for those few glorious moments with the entrance of the American Marines. Now, only a few months later, it was again an occupied city.

So I didn't see the figure on the bicycle as I pulled to the curb in front of my billet. I simply heard a grinding noise, a frightened yell, and then the body of the cyclist hurtling to the sidewalk, a helter-skelter of arms and wheels.

Quickly I was out of the jeep and on the sidewalk, only to see my victim climbing to his feet, not badly hurt—not hurt at all.

Luckily I had hit him as he had been turning away, and the only real damage was to the bicycle. I helped him to his feet. He was a young man in a gray gown, and he was looking at the twisted machine at his feet and moaning, "Aie-e-e! Aie-e-e!"

Holding his arm, I asked anxiously, "Are you all right? Are you hurt?"

He looked at me for the first time and lifted his other hand as though to protect himself. Then his fingers closed into a fist. "I am all right," he said angrily in perfect English. "But my bicycle. You have ruined my bicycle."

I said, "Well, wiggle yourself a little bit and make sure you're okay. And don't worry about the bicycle; we'll do something about that."

Regarding me with some doubt, nevertheless, he straightened up and began feeling his arms and body. Then, tentatively, he tried his legs, wincing a bit as he felt his right knee, but, apparently, he was in good shape. I breathed more easily. Pointing to the house, I said, "Please come in with me, and we'll talk about the bicycle." To make sure he would follow I picked up the wreck of a machine and walked to the front door. I need have had no doubts, however, since he was right behind me. I leaned the bicycle against the wall and led him inside.

OVER chocolate and cookies I learned his name was Liu Weh-Chen. I would have liked to have known more, but he was interested only in reparations. He

sat stiffly on the edge of a mohair sofa and gave the impression that to drink chocolate and eat cookies was merely an unpleasant duty leading to the important question.

Finally, I asked, "How much is a new bicycle?"

He considered the problem. "In American money, perhaps thirty dollars."

I walked into another room and got three ten dollar bills from a wallet in my footlocker. When I re-entered the living room Liu pretended not to notice me, his eyes staring out the window. I held out the money.

"Here," I said. "I hope this will straighten everything out."

He seemed surprised. "You mean . . ." he hesitated. "You are giving me what I ask?"

"Of course."

He reached for the money; then stopped. "Perhaps . . . ah," he was a little bewildered. "Perhaps I can get one for less." He brightened. "Or, maybe I can get mine repaired."

I thought of the twisted mess outside. I also thought how I might have killed him. "No, I insist. Please take the money."

He stood up and bowed stiffly, perhaps more stiffly than usual, and accepted the bills. They disappeared into a sleeve. "Thank you, Captain. Thank you very much."

He smiled for the first time, and I saw large even teeth. The broad upper part of his face suggested ancestors who lived still further north, and his head, not shaven, was covered by two inches or more of black brush-like hair. I guessed he was twenty-one or two.

Turning toward the door, he now seemed less poised. I felt he wanted to say something, but, apparently, the words would not come. He paused at a bookcase next to the door and ran his hands along the slick covers of several armed forces editions of American novels piled carelessly on the top shelf.

Now his voice was slightly wistful. "You have so much to read," he said.

"You're a student?" I asked.

"Yes, but you know we have great difficulty in getting textbooks."

I laughed. "These are far from textbooks, but if you'd like to borrow one . . ." I picked the top book from the heap and held it out—Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, I noticed.

He took it eagerly. "I would enjoy it immensely," he said. "And I will return it,

too." He stepped through the door. "Thank you again, Captain. This is most unusual." And he was gone.

I HARDLY expected to see Liu again, much less the book; thus, I was quite surprised the following day when I arrived home to find him seated in the kitchen with the Number One boy. He sprang to his feet as I looked through the door.

"I am here, sir," he announced. "I have returned the book you so kindly lent me."

I invited him into the living room, and now he was quite relaxed. He answered my question about a new bicycle by telling me he had bought a fine machine.

He fondled the book. "A most excellent work," he said. "I read until late last night. But," he shrugged, "I am quite surprised."

"Why?" I asked.

He thought a moment. "Well, I suppose because it tells of Americans who are different from my conceptions. Poor Americans." His voice quickened. "But, of course, I realize this tells of a time past. Undoubtedly, you have done away with the evils described."

It was my time to shrug. "I only wish we had," I said.

He laughed as though we shared a joke. "I know differently." He pointed to my warm green trousers. "You Marines are excellent examples. If your government can outfit its soldiers in such fine fabrics, certainly the civilians are equally well off." His eyes lowered. "In China it would be so if we had the finances. But the government has no money."

"The government fights too long a civil war," I answered.

His lips tightened. "It is a just war."

I changed the subject by asking Liu if he would like to borrow more books, three or four, if he wanted them. He took five and left, promising once more to return the books when finished.

He was back three days later, and then his visits became bi-weekly affairs. Strangely enough, although I had never had much to do with the Chinese civilians, limiting my activities to the female White Russian colony, I found his visits very interesting. He was twenty-one and a student on a government scholarship at the University studying engineering. He had learned English, as did many young Chinese, in primary school. I even

asked him one evening to one of our nightly movies. The film, a Humphrey Bogart epic, impressed him greatly.

"I am learning more about America," he told me at the end of the film. "The bandits in your country are not as intelligent as the ones I have known here."

During another afternoon visit, I asked him about his family. He told me they were dead.

"We lived in a small village outside of Chengteh. During the Great War the Japanese occupied our village. The Communist troops attacked the village one night, and my parents were killed in a mortar bombardment."

"And that's why this civil war is just?" I asked. "Because the Communists killed your parents."

"Yes, Captain."

I OFFERED him a cigarette, which was refused. "But supposing the attacking troops had been Nationalists," I said. "What then?"

His voice held bitterness. "But they weren't Nationalists. The Communists had no feeling for their own people." His eyes widened. "Why, some of them were from my own village. My own brother, Captain," he looked directly at me, "my own brother was one of them."

"Well, that's war," I muttered, but I felt awfully silly saying it.

"Oh, Captain," he pleaded, "You don't know. You don't know the Communists. They are ruthless; they are without feeling."

"How did you escape?" I asked.

"I was in school in Chengteh at the time," he said slowly. "It was bad enough with the Japanese, they are worse even than the Communists, but with the end of the war, it was again a terrible time. Land was taken away from people who owned it; money was taken away, too. There were those who were summarily shot—and all under the guise of reform. Sir, I escaped and came to Tientsin where I felt there was still hope."

"And you still see hope here in Tientsin?"

"Of course," he answered in a surprised tone. "Why not?"

"How are the people to be fed?"

"That will all come with the end of the civil war, with the defeat of the Communists," he replied.

"I hope you are right," I said.

LIU kept me in touch with the news of the war, his reports slightly different from the ones I heard through our own intelligence. As time passed and matters grew worse and worse, the boy became more and more agitated. During one visit as he paced up and down the room, he cursed the Americans—and then caught himself in embarrassment.

"I am sorry, Captain," he apologized. "I forgot myself for the moment."

"That's all right, Liu," I said. "I can understand how you feel."

He said, "If only your country would give us what we need. You . . . you have so much, and you would have to spare so very little."

I nodded, not wanting to get into any discussion on that point.

When he left that day he took no books, and I didn't see him for over a week. During that time I realized how much I had come to like Liu, and I hoped I had not offended him in any way so that he would never come again. Every afternoon I found myself hoping to see him waiting in the kitchen when I got home, and always I was disappointed when he was not there. Then, one day, he was there, his face split in a broad grin of greeting. I saw immediately that something important had happened. He was almost bubbling over.

"Sir," he said, "I have come for just a moment to tell you something of great interest. Something that will show you a different side of my China."

"What's that, Liu?"

"The Generalissimo, Captain. The Generalissimo, himself, is coming to Tientsin. He will present decorations to your officers."

I remembered hearing of the impending visit several nights before in the club. "That's right. But is anything special going to happen?"

"Yes, Captain. Yes, it is. You shall see how he is a great man." He nodded briskly. "You were right, of course, about the people being so hungry, and we must not wait until the end of the war. Although you actually did not say we should not wait, I felt you meant just that. Of course, the people, all the people, cannot be sacrificed for any war." He leaned forward in a conspiratorial ges-

ture. "I am a member of a society at the University, a society devoted to the principles of a Chinese democracy."

"That's wonderful," I said. "What will you do?"

His face took on a look of importance. "We are going to demonstrate and present a petition. For food and democratic reforms. Now!"

"Sounds pretty revolutionary," I commented. "Do you think he'll pay any attention?"

"He is certain to listen to us. After all, we students are the coming leaders of China." He colored, and then said, "What I mean is, in our constitution, as in yours, the citizen has a right to petition his government." He held out his hand and I took it. "Perhaps you will watch the demonstration. It will be in front of your corps headquarters at the time of the presentation."

"I'll be there, Liu. Good luck."

THE visit was only five days away, and in those five days Tientsin put on a new face. Policemen, futile characters according to Western standards, were issued clean uniforms and made an honest effort to enforce traffic laws. Streets were scrubbed by both Chinese civilians and Japanese prisoners—but only those streets over which Chiang would pass. Store fronts were decorated and in every window was to be seen a picture of the Generalissimo, and, in some, of the 'Missimo, too. Suddenly, the streets were cleared of beggars, the jails filled to overflowing.

But no amount of scrubbing could wash away the smell of decay.

On the eve of the visit the main avenues of Tientsin were filled with incoming detachments of Nationalist troops carrying brand-new American weapons. Well-fed troops in clean uniforms. Obviously recruits outfitted specially for the occasion, since the Chinese combat soldier is neither well-fed nor well-equipped.

It was a Thursday when Chiang arrived, surprisingly a nice day for the time of the year. A bright sun warmed the air, and there was no wind to lift the soil of the surrounding plains to deposit it on the city. A day, perhaps, that boded well for my friend Liu. I hoped so.

At two o'clock—the demonstration was set

for two-thirty—I left my office and walked to Corps headquarters only four or five blocks away. Vehicular traffic was impossible, anyway, since the streets were jammed with thousands of Chinese.

Around the headquarters was a cordon of both Chinese and Marine MP's, and, since the front entrance was completely blocked, I made my way into the great granite building from the rear. Only accredited personnel were being allowed in, and it took me several minutes to convince the guard that mine was business that could not wait.

To the intelligence office—G-2—on the third floor, I went where I knew I could see the proceedings from the windows overlooking the front steps. The office was already crowded with others who had the same idea, but I was able to worm myself into position. I nodded hello to a lieutenant acquaintance, a Chinese language interpreter.

On the steps below the ceremony had not yet begun. The broad street in front of the headquarters and the parking lot beyond was a solid mass of people. Then, between them and the ceremonial figures, was an open lane, kept open by guards, their arms locked together. I looked for Liu, but, of course, I could not find him in the mob.

Below my window stood three rows of officers, high marine, army, and navy brass, standing behind the presentation platform erected specially for the occasion. Everyone stood at rigid attention as word was passed that the ceremony was to start. Then, slightly to the front, was the real brass. The shaven head of Chiang, the gray heads of the American general officers. Off to one side stood the Madame; she, too, with a cortege of officers, Chinese, this time.

The Generalissimo and the Americans seemed to be enjoying themselves, at least as much as protocol would permit. There was much shaking of hands and heads thrown back in laughter. As if on signal, cheers would arise from the crowd of civilians, a roar rising and falling as a wave. Then short, staccato yells—the Chinese version of hip-hooray.

Suddenly, in the front ranks of the crowd, a commotion. It's begun, I thought. Men were straining, and then the line was broken. A new line, this time of young people, formed in front of the steps, parallel to them, and began marching slowly up and down.

A chant arose, and from nowhere, banners were produced. There was Liu! I could see him, his hand holding one end of a banner, his head high, his mouth open. The chant rose higher.

I was excited and turned to the lieutenant. "What are they saying?" I called.

"They want food," he yelled back at me. "What the hell do you think?"

Then, just as quickly as the demonstration had started, its orderliness was over, giving way to complete confusion. The space of time had actually been just as long as the police and soldiers took to realize what was happening. Now there was a great deal of milling around. Clubs and rifle butts swinging. Fists punching. No longer did I see Liu. Only a tangle of people. The banners were down, and the chant had entirely given way to yelling.

It was all over in a minute or so. The police and their captives moved away to the side. I had seen some of the demonstrators digging back into the great crowd, and I knew these would be safe. I hoped Liu was one of them.

WHEN the excitement was over, the ceremony below continued, just as though nothing had happened. Actually, nothing *had* happened. But I was no longer interested and made my way out of the office and back out into the rear compound. Now deserted, the way back to the office was an easy one.

Three days passed with no word of Liu, and I was worried. I had no idea where he lived. I had just about decided to go to the University officials to find out about him when I had another visitor—a young man who stopped me as I was stepping from my jeep in front of the billet.

"Pardon me, Captain," he said hesitantly. "But are you the American friend of Liu Weh-Chen?"

"Yes, I am," I answered quickly. "Has anything happened to him?"

"I am also his friend," said the Chinese. "I have come to tell you he has been imprisoned."

"Where?"

"In the old Japanese barracks across the river." He backed away. "Captain, perhaps you can help him. We are afraid."

He turned and almost ran down the street.

I soon discovered by several phone calls that there was virtually no legal way in which I could get to see Liu, so I reverted to accepted connivance. I knew a Chinese general, Major General Huai, for whom I had done several favors. He would know another Chinese general who commanded the colonel-commandant of the prison. It took me an hour to get through to the general.

When the necessary amenities were over, I explained the situation and asked him to get me a pass. There were several moments when I was alone with the crackling wire, then, I heard him say, "Oh, my friend, this is verra bad." I wanted to interrupt when he said again, "Verra bad."

I resisted the note of finality. "It can't be that bad," I said. "After all, he's guilty of nothing very serious. And you will get me the pass, won't you?"

The general said, "I shall try . . . but please, my friend, do not become deeply involved."

Twenty-four hours after hearing the news, I had a pass to see Liu Weh-Chen.

Across the Hei River is another world, the Chinese city. Little evidence of European culture here. A few rough stone buildings but none of the imposing office buildings and hardly any well paved streets. A short way from the bridge, and along the river, were the ex-Japanese barracks—dark, low structures, surrounded by a high wall.

Here no English was spoken, and it took me a good fifteen minutes to get an official who would honor my pass. His attitude, however, in doing so, indicated I was far from welcome. As tradition demanded, I maintained a stony hauteur to show I would stand for no arguments. Eventually, the official in charge muttered a reluctant assent, and I was turned over to a non-commissioned officer.

The way out of the office led through a flagstone compound to a group of out-buildings that had formed the main part of the barracks. The only conversion appeared to have been the addition of heavy bars over the windows. Each building was marked by a large sign; and in front of each was a stationary sentry while others patrolled the perimeters.

We passed three and then turned into the fourth. The sentry came to a casual present

arms, then brought his rifle heavily to the ground and looked at the pass. We were waved inside.

There were no cells, only wooden posts set at regular intervals with an aisle down the middle. From the posts back to the walls were two-by-fours set parallel to the creaking wooden floor. Across these were planks, the prisoners' beds. Chained to the uprights were the prisoners themselves.

In the center of the barracks was a single stove. Passing it I noticed there was no fire. It was bitterly cold now, and I could see the steaming breaths of the prisoners who huddled next to their posts.

My guide stopped suddenly and wordlessly indicated we had come to Liu. He stepped off to the side and stood watching me suspiciously. A dark bundle that had been crouching near the floor straightened out. A voice said, "Captain, thank you for coming."

HE WAS unrecognizable—in only a few days he had become a stranger. His gown, gray once, was black-dirty and torn. A rag on his head partially covered scabbed blood where he had been hurt. His wrists were chained tightly together in a position of abject helplessness.

I said, "Liu, my God!"

His voice was shaking. "Did you see me at the demonstration, captain? Did you see me there?"

"Yes, I saw you, Liu. You were wonderful. Absolutely magnificent." I, too, could hardly control my voice. "But, Liu, are you badly hurt?"

He sank down to the board. "No, sir, I am not too badly injured. Just a little weak. But I'll be all right." His voice rose. "Captain, did you notice the Generalissimo? Do you think he saw me, too?"

"Probably, Liu."

"Then maybe we have won yet. This is just a mistake, isn't it, Captain?"

"I don't know, Liu. Maybe it is."

"I shall be out of here soon. Just as soon as they investigate and find I am not a Communist. Then I'll be out." His voice broke. "After all, sir, we did nothing wrong."

"Maybe I can bring you something, Liu. Food or something. 'I'll be back as soon as I can.' I wanted to get out as quickly as possible. 'Is there anything else I can do?'"

"No, thank you. I have no one to worry about me, you know."

"Yes, I know."

He sat with his shoulders hunched forward, his fists up to his mouth. I knew he was crying, and I wanted to cry with him. I thought suddenly of General Huai and how I must get in touch with him immediately.

"I'm going, Liu," I said. "I know some people who might help. People who even know the Generalissimo."

I could hardly hear his answer. "Goodby, Captain."

I backed down the aisle and then turned away.

"Captain!"

I looked over my shoulder. He was standing against the post.

"Captain, I'm frightened!"

"Liu," I cried, "Liu, I'll help; I'll be back."

Down the aisle I ran, past the other prisoners, past the icy stove, out the door and past the sentry. I burst into the prison office to the surprise of the Chinese soldiers who sat around, and wrenched the phone from its cradle.

How long? I thought; how long this time until I got General Huai? And how many generals between him and the Generalissimo?

And would any of them care?

Maine Was Never Like That

Franklin F. Gould

Drawings by Jon Nielsen



THOSE writers of State of Maine books—and rural New England books generally—who extol the advantages enjoyed by the fortunate people who grew up in Maine and the neighboring states during the past century, may have been inspired by hunger. They should have heard, and heeded, the old storekeeper who had listened to the boys around the stove sing the virtues of a departed crony. “Boys,” said he, “this discussion has got to stop. Some darned fool is liable to tell the truth.”

When I read about Grandpa pulling up to a breakfast of fried deer meat, poached eggs, baked potatoes, hot biscuit and honey, topped off with mince pie, it only brings back the memory of my tongue sticking to the frosty steel blade of my table knife as I tried to lick off the frozen butter that I had been unable to spread on my cold biscuit. There is also a remembrance of the surprise I got, after I had heated the knife blade on the stove lid for spreading purposes, when I absent-mindedly licked it again. If you question why I was using a steel knife at that tender age, I can only refer you to the customs and etiquette of that era and place. One of my most pleasing memories is of Father shoveling his fried

salt pork and warmed-over potatoes into his mouth with a steel knife sharp enough to shave the bristles off a hog.

When Grandma had her family of ten to wake up, dress, wash, comb, and get to the table at 6 A.M. (any morning), she was fortunate if she had a kettle of cold cornmeal mush left over from supper or a pot of baked beans on the back of the stove. Sliced cornmeal mush fried in salt pork grease is a fine breakfast food and sure does stick to the ribs. Baked beans were the old standby and could be, and were, eaten twenty-one times a week if the going got bad. You will have to ask someone else about that deer meat; in all my early years on the farm I only saw one deer and he was traveling north at about forty knots an hour. He would have been a great addition to our menu, if we could have caught him, but evidently the deer had this possibility in mind. Deer, in quantity, did not come into the state until the caribou, wolves, and suchlike had departed—at the end of that century.

Poached eggs were only for toothless grandmothers; but eggs of any sort, between Thanksgiving and Easter, were as scarce as hen's teeth. When the hens were laying well in the spring, we might get a feed of eggs but

Mr. Gould is a writer and grandfather who lives in the town of Freeport, Maine, and is able to recall the Maine of his boyhood on a farm without choking up with nostalgia.

always fried in pork grease. When eggs went up to twelve or fifteen cents a dozen, we went back to eating beans. Hot biscuit and honey were all right in their place but their place was the supper table, where they constituted the whole meal.

With all authors, the one sure-fire topic that can be depended upon to choke up a reader with nostalgic desire is a description of the family gathered around the blazing log fire in the open fireplace. This chapter always calls for an artist's conception of what such a scene should look like. Usually that includes Grandmother wrapped in a shawl, knitting mittens; Mother reading to her daughter; Father playing checkers with Grampa; and a boy on the hearth with a dog and cat, the boy reading Latin by the firelight.

It might be possible to arrange such a group in a steam-heated house, but I have my doubts. Nothing in the world can take the heat out of a house as quick as an open fireplace. The larger the fire the stronger the draught, and the sooner the heat has escaped. The only way heat really fills a room from an open fireplace is when the wind blows down the chimney and fills the house with smoke and ashes. After that there would be no more reading or checker-playing for that evening; they would all be too busy wiping soot out of their eyes. The knitting might continue as Grandma could knit with her eyes shut.

Grandfather's fireplace was built with the premise in mind that the whole family would move into it on cold nights. The outside door on his house was built wide enough to admit a yoke of steers dragging a back-log on a sled. It must have been a cheering sight to Grandmother when Grandfather and the boys skidded a sled-load of wood, all in one chunk, onto the fire and the oxen relieved themselves on the kitchen floor. Not having to saw and split the log must have pleased Grampa.

The one good feature of the fireplace has been ignored by all authors: the brick oven that was large enough to bake a week's supply for a regiment, and not heat up the kitchen. That the women folks ever gave up this boon has lowered my opinion of them. In my time the oven had gone out of use but it was still the only place in the house where Father could store his squash with any hope that they wouldn't freeze. One winter a rat set up housekeeping in there for the same reason.

The fact that one rat could eat a cartload of squash before Christmas has been an object lesson to me, and a big boost to the rat-poison industry.

ANOTHER favorite call to home-sickness is to tell about "sinking into the friendly depth of a feather bed, drawing the comfortables over you, and falling into the arms of Morpheus." You may as well throw the book away at this point: the author was never in Maine or he wouldn't have said comfortables. Comforters is what they say, need, and mean in this state. I have enjoyed feather beds as much as any one, and in more ways than most people. On hot nights I kicked them off on the floor, and cooled off on the straw tick. On cold nights I crawled under the feather bed, on very cold nights I wrapped it round me, and dragged the comforters, blankets, rugs, and carpet on top of that. That arrangement usually afforded me a few hours' relaxation in the arms of Morpheus along toward morning.



A straw tick was as important to a bed as the feather. Without it under the feather bed, the victim would arise in the morning with the pattern of a hog fence engraved on his epidermis by the crossed bed cords. A feather bed was good forever, but the life of a straw tick was from thrashing to thrashing. The shape of the tick, during this period, was never the same on any two nights. The first night it was shaped like a football; on the last night like a flapjack. At first the feather bed draped over the high middle of the straw tick like a

pair of saddle-bags. At this time it was important that both occupants of the bed be of the same weight: otherwise the heavy one would drag the light one up over the hump, and they would both roll off on the floor. That universal dream of childhood about falling off high places did not spring from our monkey ancestors but from the straw-tick and feather-bed combination.

A common hankering among authors is for "those golden globs of country butter, fresh from the spring house." I am a little hazy about spring houses as I never saw one. We did have a milk room in the cellar but it was used for that purpose only a few months in the summer. The remainder of the year it was used as a storage room for apples, turnips, and such. That did add something to the butter but I never considered it worth bragging about. My recollections of country butter begin with long rows of full milk pans arranged around the floor of the summer dining room. The milk was frozen and humped up in the middle like a hog going to war. The next step in butter-making was to set the pans on the back of the stove and scrape the cream off with an iron spoon. The heat freed the frozen skimmed milk from the pan and the resulting grindstone was fed to the hogs. I recall that the old boar, after eating several of them, always burrowed under a pile of horse manure to thaw out.

When we had gathered a crock full of cream, we brought in the churn from the woodshed. We had no thermometer so we had to guess the proper temperature of the cream. If we guessed it too warm, we soon had

a churn full of salve that was neither one thing nor another. If we guessed it too cold, it was an all-day job to get any results. When we did get butter it was always a pale *écru* shade. That much desired golden color came after the addition of the carrot juice. If the butter was for sale, it was considered a good idea to add as much salt as possible—salt costing a cent a pound.

Fresh-killed poultry and new-laid eggs have also come in for favorable comment. Personally, I don't want my poultry too freshly killed. Let them hang for a couple of days and cool off is my advice. However, this method was not sufficiently forthright for Father. When an emergency arose, like a visit from the minister or an influx of relatives, Father always "knocked over a hen." He was quite adept at this pastime, but the hired girl could spot him two sticks of wood and call her shots. Her method was simple and direct: carrying a kettle of boiling water she went out to the chopping block, set down her kettle, and picked up a stove-wood stick. She then proceeded to the henyard, where she shied her stick at the neck of the most promising candidate. Returning to the chopping block with her limp victim, she cut off his head, dunked him in the hot water, and stripped off his feathers with one continued motion. She could have her fresh-killed poultry stewing in the pot before Father got within throwing distance.

New-laid eggs are very desirable and worth the time and vigilance needed to catch a hen in the act, but that's the only sure way to get fresh eggs on a farm. When a farmer picked



up his eggs he might find half a bushel of them in a hide-away nest under a board pile. He reasoned that some of them could be fresh so he took them all along with him. Fried or scrambled was the safest way to eat eggs on a farm, and even then it was safest to break them separately into a bowl rather than the frying pan; then you could observe their contents. It was recommended that in breaking the shell you tunk it lightly on the edge of the bowl. I once had my hand nearly blown off by an egg that had lain outdoors most of the summer.

THESE books describe at great length the scads of speckled trout, all flopping, that the boys brought in for Grandma to fry for breakfast. If Grandma ever fried a trout for breakfast, she didn't let me know about it. The section of Maine that I knew, in the last quarter of that century, was denuded of its forests, its brooks were dried up to a trickle, and its trout were only a topic for graybeards. Being a fisherman I may have told that story myself but the only foundation I have for it is that I once caught a ten-incher out of the culvert by the school house.

I was an ardent fisherman from the time I was able to bend a pin, but I never aspired to catch anything better than a chub, horn-pout, or eel. My best fishing was done with a grain bag at the time the ice left the brooks. Then, by arranging the bag at a narrow place in the brook, I was able to drive a bushel of suckers into the bag by pounding on the water with a club. After I had distributed my first bushel among the neighbors, and they had tried to eat them, I was viewed with distrust and avoided. One man claimed that after he had eaten one of my suckers, the bones came out through his skin and he was unable to remove his shirt. In disposing of my suckers I found that the hogs were my best customers; but they would eat them only when when boiled and flavored with turnip.

The fishing conditions in Maine have now been corrected by the regrowth of the woodlands, which automatically restored the brooks, and by an Omnipotent Government that has dumped millions of the liver-fed speckled beauties into every mud-puddle and drainage ditch in the state. The same O. G. has promulgated so many laws to protect the deer from the farmer that the deer are now



in the ascendancy and farmers are becoming extinct.

This same government is the one that Grandfather "viewed with alarm" and "approached in trepidation." With each succeeding year of my life, I have realized more fully what a wise old codger was my grandfather. I am now able to view and trepitate as well as he ever did.

Grandfather burned wood in fireplaces because wood was a waste product and he didn't have a stove, he lighted his house with tallow dips because he had the tallow and didn't have the coal-oil, he ate pork and beans because they were the easiest things to raise on his farm; but that doesn't prove that he wasn't hankering for fresh trout and venison. His example of thrift and self-denial could be used by his descendants as a precept to live by, and a guide to lead them out of the governmental labyrinth in which they now find themselves. Any attempt by present-day authors to prove that Grandfather's generation lived a life of affluence and ate fancy victuals is funny, fatuous, and futile.

Three War Poems

Alfred Hayes

The Pier

THE charitable blonde in salvation blue
Dispenses hot coffee in the lily cups.
She, too, has come to say goodby
And cheer the sullen embarking troops.
Bawdy whistles greet her and enthusiastic whoops.

I shift my blanket roll,
Watching the harbor gulls. My darling is not here.
But she bestows her steaming gift
And flicks the heaven of her smile
Upon the lecherous and armed.

If I return as now I leave, unharmed,
As each is sure he will—
(the house and love unchanged,
The terrier barking on the window sill
And only myself estranged)—
I think I will not ever leave my love again
No matter what the argument or cause
To go helmeted off to the wars
Though twenty years from now another mouth
Blare in the world and call its armies up.

With chinstraps buckled to our chin
We choke a nagging sense of something wrong
And throw the simpering girl a crooked grin.

The brass band crashes violently into song.
The blonde weeps into a Lily cup.

Apion to Epimachos His Father. on Landing Safely at Misenum

Apion to Epimachos, his father and lord, many good wishes.

When this letter reaches you, with the small portrait I have painted
for your pleasure inclosed,
And the writing done by another, on the best Italian paper I could buy,
Many months will have passed since last I saw you.
Looking at my picture you will see for yourself how much I have changed.

Does it not seem to you I am older? That my skin is darker?
Another look's come into my eyes?
So it seems to me, studying myself, thinking of what I've become,
thinking of the being a soldier.
At sea, on the transport, when at night on deck I learned for the first
time how a sailor's world rocks,
The whole sky rocking above the mast,
And understood how unfathomable the world of water under me was,
and how easily a human life vanished into it,
How easily all I was could cease to be were one wave too high,
one wind too strong,
And that between myself and annihilation
Stood only the thickness of certain tree and a captain's skill
and the grim alliance of the weather,
I thought often of you, my dear father, and how, were I to be lost,
how great your loss would be.
Now I am safe here, in a strong harbor, the dangerous voyage done,
And I am eager to see the country for as you know, my father, this
is my first journey away from home.
Imagine if you can there in our small inland village, the blueness
of this water with the midday sun
Striking it; an inexhaustible shout in the air, the mountains
on whose slopes the rich have built the most beautiful villas.
And in the harbor
The great ships waiting to be emptied of their cargoes.
For everything now feeds the indiscriminate stomach of the war:
Men, the wheatfields, brickyards, and the ironmakers.
All is drawn off, cut, forged, gathered, jugged, baled,
sewn, stripped, hammered together,
Forests and the youth of the villages equally,
Salt and love,
Wine in casks and the expert swordsmen, and shipped to this shore.
Being a soldier and a stranger one hears many things
Walking in this city, discovering strange alleys, breathing the odors
of a strange cooking,
Sitting with other soldiers in a wineshop while a girl sings.
Of the fighting one hears that it has gone north to the mountains
and that the fighting is hard
When the cold comes
And that as many have died of the frost as have died of the spear.
And much of the mud and of the rains and of those killed at night
in the darkness walking guard.
But when you ask of those who have been there.
The soldiers in the wineshops
Whose uniforms are less clean than yours, and who are very quiet,
and who sit watching the foreign women pass in the square,
Those who you know have known
What battle is like and have both the citations and the wounds to show for it,
and most often only the wounds,
And question them eagerly of the nature of courage, and whether when
there was great danger they experienced fear,
They will not answer except to say
That if we are fortunate we will be stationed for the winter in some city.

And to me it seemed,
Watching as they drank, and noticing how little effect the wine had,
For they drank like men asleep drinking in a kind of heavy dream,
That the replies they made regarded the asker with much contempt,
 a great weariness, and some pity.
And I suppose it is because they sense our exaggerated idea of war
Who see it either as a huge indistinct burst of flame
In which we are all piteously killed
And make one weeping grave,
Or as a field laid out for battle as the groundkeepers lay out a game.
And from their eyes, hooded with knowledge, one guesses it is neither:
But something accidental, violent, dark, sucking the soldier down
 as a whirlpool sucks an exhausted swimmer,
Or like a long corridor of invisible walls, full of one's anonymous
 enemies armed with great knives
In which when the deaths are experienced they are not the expected deaths,
And then afterward the incredible feeling that anything survives.

And of the possible wounds, for there is much talk of wounds, the talk
 alternating between women and wounds,
Those are recommended that are low in the leg
And of a kind which breaking the bone invalids the soldier home
But does not leave him lame.
They talk of how astonishingly little the pain is at the beginning,
 of the hospitals, of the wine,
Of the women here in Misenum and of the superiority of the women of Rome.
And despite what one may believe there is little enthusiasm for the life:
Those who are cold hate these winters, those who are drunk despise
 themselves and their drunkenness,
Those who pursue the women of Misenum most long most desperately for a wife.
Separation, boredom, danger, humiliation, loss of purpose,
 the uncertain future, the vanished past,
Age overtaking the older, indifference the young,
Discipline and the distinction between the officer and the man,
The lack of love,
All these, my father, characterize this army as I suppose they have all
 armies since war began.

Meanwhile I enjoy the city: the violence of this foreign life,
 the habits so different from ours,
The sense of excitement and change.
Think of your son now not as you knew him, the awkward boy
 spinning the top,
The squirming child you held in the barber's chair,
But as I am now, in this great seaport, awaiting my orders.
Whether I will stay here in this garrison, or be shipped north
 to another city,
Or join those regiments fighting in the cold on the German borders,
I do not know, and I cannot ask, for now there is no turning back
 until I have endured the end.
To my brother and to my sisters give all my love,
And to Capiton my friend,
My best regards.

Say I think of them, say I am well: and to Serenilla say I have bought
 a green ring to match her eyes,
 And for Dorian a pack of Italian playing cards.

But to you, my father, whom I love, no gift but this:
 That across the sea that separates us, in our warmer country, as you read
 sitting in the doorway with the sun going down,
 Thinking of him who is absent and perhaps in danger,
 You feel upon your lips once more, as when he departed, your son's
 this soldier's kiss.

The Twenty Carabinieri of Mussolini

So: in the back. It was necessary in the back? And then hung,
 mutilated and abused, in the piazza,
 the dogs barking,
 and in the rain turning a little, with the wind slowly swung,
 wearing the last, and most terrible,
 of all his uniforms.

And we think:

He is dead, the agent of all our ills—
 Would he have tamed Africa? Well, the pistol jams, and the beast kills.
 Did he want the Nile? Well, the Nile's drowned him; and we all sink.

Now you have come, desiring my opinion of his death, here to this jail
 where your republic has locked me,
 knowing I was of the higher carabinieri,
 and thinking now he's dead to add a policeman's memoirs to the tale.
 And I suppose they'll open all the archives now, publish their diaries,
 burning publicly the secret dossier and the hated political list,
 revealing all his intimacies:

what linen he slept on, which ballerinas he kissed,
 his barber's confessions and his masseur's lies.
 Well: it was so; I was of that twenty selected by Bocchini,
 when Bocchini was chief of police;
 Bocchini, one might say, did it all,

You know his passion for travel:

how, in his armored car, or in the private government train,
 he'd go from Naples to Como, admiring the roads he'd built;
 the, so he thought, prosperous cities; the, so it appeared, rich countryside;
 beautiful Italia one cannot deny he loved.

Bocchini would say: "But it is not possible to permit His
 Excellency to talk directly to the people,"

and you can understand why. He would dismount from the car, walk
 through the town,

inquiring the shoemaker's health or the druggist's affairs,
 liking to have them see him going with such a vigorous athletic stride,
 vaulting a fence or mounting the town hall stairs,
 conscious of all his political power and all his physical pride.

You must remember he looked upon himself as a successful man,
 one who had had nothing and had won all,

a Caesar, but a Caesar out of the poor,
 and the poverty makes all the difference if you're conquering Gaul.

But be that as it may: Bocchini knew
 what a man might elect to say on such an occasion—

about the food perhaps, or the wages being intolerable, or "This
is my daughter, a whore from Milan"—
of that order, being savage, vulgar, and reckless of the consequences.
I, therefore, with our twenty,
supplied with money, as a precaution, preceded him on all such journeys.
Did he choose, in the Abruzzi, to cut the grain, that day we were farmers;
or in Cagliari to descend the mines, that day we were miners,
the costume assumed,
lamp, the coal streaked into our hands, even the eyelids inflamed,
so;
or in the Chianti hills, on the grape slopes, where Siena sits,
old and walled in the green valley,
we would be stained by some convenient fruit;
or in Turin, where it was dangerous, it was coveralls, wrenches,
smiles, and party books.
What he wished we were: of all occupations, all trades, rice growers,
fishermen with nets, the welcoming shopkeeper;
and always the same twenty,
the same face in the varied costume, praising the regime,
so that it was always Viva from the beach or the field, wherever he went,
a people contented, united,
a country prosperous, rich,
and all of it Bocchini's work and our costumes.
So that I sometimes think he never knew, sitting in his office
in the Venezia, eating fruit
under the barred windows, fearing assassination,
and did not suspect. We twenty fed the imperial illusion,
sustained the private dream that he was loved
for what Bocchini paid us. And now you say he's dead.

O quite dead; brutally dead. And is abused, after so high a place,
and spit at, and the flesh as it hangs in the piazza accused of all the country's ills.
And what shall we say, except that against each Caesar when he falls
appear all the ambitious daggers? Not one wound but a hundred, and blood upon the statues,
blood, blood upon the city walls.
And they, by torchlight, with their weapons, fresh from it, thirsty after the work,
wanting wine,
will congratulate each other thinking they are finally free now they are free of him.
With the tyrant dead it must follow they are free.
Bright expectations light them home. Great hopes swim.
Well, we shall see, we shall see.

Meanwhile, there is myself, and this jail. The great, falling, when they fall,
fall with such a crash: but we drop soundlessly toward our fate.
And I say to myself: Whatever they do, they must govern;
and it is unthinkable they should govern
without a police,
and whatever comes, I say, war, tyranny, civil disorder or blessed peace,
always the man of experience will be of use.
And you are. I can see, a gentleman with friends in high places;
who could induce them—how shall I say?—not to waste a talent;
who could surely arrange—

Dead: finally, and so; in the Milan mud. How strange, strange. . .

After Hours

MY wife very nearly had me talked into going out to Colorado this summer for some pleasant fishing and communion with Nature, but I'm shying off. The place is crawling with culture. It frightens me. The Writers' Conference at the University of Colorado has lined up enough literary high brass to stretch from Santa Fe to Cheyenne. Metropolitan stars will infest old Central City with "Die Fledermaus." Denver's vast Red Rocks amphitheater will reek with symphony orchestras and what is happening in and to the little mountain town of Aspen, site of the Goethe Bicentennial Convocation, is beyond belief, at least beyond mine.

I am somewhat stunned by the magnitude of the Goethe festival because I once saw Aspen. My wife and I goaded our boiling Chevrolet up from Twin Lakes to the top of Independence Pass, more than 12,000 feet above the sea, then we dropped down the Roaring Fork to Aspen, as sleepy a little town as you could imagine, cupped out of incredible mountains. They told me at the Jerome Hotel that some seven hundred people lived there, but I felt, from the emptiness of the place, that each must have been counted ten times. Everybody seemed to be in a trance, dreaming back to the 1880's, when such mines as the Molly Gibson, the Montezuma, and the Smuggler were making millionaires overnight. I took a snapshot of the little bank that handled the money. Over the door was the name, Cowenhoven. I sent the picture to one of the editors of *Harper's*, who has a similar name, asking which branch of the family learned to spell and which went in for making money.

I have some difficulty reconciling the Aspen

I knew with the Aspen that is now celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. What an array of celebrities: Herbert Hoover, honorary chairman; Albert Schweitzer from the Belgian Congo, José Ortega y Gasset from Spain; Charles Burkhardt from Switzerland, Martin Buber from the University of Jerusalem, Gerardus van der Leeuw from the Netherlands, Ernst Robert Curtius from Germany, Barker Fairley from Canada, Thornton Wilder and Robert Maynard Hutchins from America. Then the incidental music to honor Goethe: Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Artur Schnabel, Nathan Milstein, Dorothy Maynor, Gregor Piatigorsky, Erica Morini, Herta and Paul Amirson, Mack Harrell, Vronsky and Babin—and many, many more. Thousands of people coming to Aspen! People to feed and sleep! People who need plumbing!

I understand that the prime mover of the Goethe festival is Walter P. Paepcke of Chicago, chairman of the board of the Container Corporation of America. Paepcke became interested in Aspen some years ago, encouraged restoration of old houses, development of winter sports, construction of the longest chair lift in the world—forty-five minutes to get to the top—and stimulation of cultural as well as recreational activities. Paepcke has generously participated in and contributed to cultural activities in Chicago and such enterprises as the Great Books Foundation. His forebears were German and his friends say he would like to emphasize the spiritual greatness of the German mind, as exemplified by Goethe, in a world so recently plagued by Hitlerism.

Paepcke's genius in industry is becoming

somewhat legendary: he can package anything from gardenias to jeeps; you can hardly put your hand into any container on your pantry shelf that his hand hasn't been into first. As I mull over this Aspen phenomenon from this Manhattan cloister of mine, it seems to me that Paepcke has achieved the ultimate triumph of packaging—packaging culture and shipping it in, signed, sealed, and delivered to Aspen, Colorado, U.S.A. As far as Colorado is concerned, it's all untouched by human hands, particularly their own, although the names of the governor and head of the state university do appear in the mailing pieces. It seems both wonderful and ridiculous to me to think of flying Albert Schweitzer out of the Belgian Congo for a moment of Goethe worship in Aspen—much as they fly frozen shrimp from New Orleans to Alberta. But more on the wonderful side, when you get right down to it. I hope some of the Texas oil barons follow Paepcke's lead—honoring Gautama in Dallas or Dante at the Alamo. Our planet is supposed to be growing up and global adolescence can be served better by shipped-in culture than shipped-in bombs. The thing offers many possibilities. Some of the folk songs of the Aspen miners might be delivered, with the singers, naturally, to Stratford-on-Avon; and Weimar, where Goethe struggled with mining engineering problems, might benefit by exhibitions of some of the greatest art of the West—the timbering, as done by the Aspen folk, in the Molly Gibson.

Colorado's bonanza king of Leadville, H. A. W. Tabor, is supposed to have asked, "What did Shakespeare ever do for Denver?" when his manager, Bill Rush, wanted to put the Bard's portrait in the lobby of the new opera house. You might ask: what did Goethe ever do for Aspen; but a broader question, it seems to me, is what will Aspen do to Goethe? Goethe's spirit will take care of itself, but since nobody knows too much about him, I am more concerned about his body. I have photographed Lorna Doone's home in Doone Valley, I have visited Uncle Tom's actual cabin, I have a postcard of Evangeline's birthplace, and I wouldn't wonder a bit if it will turn out that Goethe was born in Aspen. If not Goethe, Faust! Possibly both. I know just the cabin on the Roaring Fork, before you turn off to the Maroon Peaks. Admission,

fifty cents, ladies and gentlemen! No cameras please! We have postcards!

"In Order to Love . . ."

"It is my fault," said Mme. Landowska. "I was already very famous as a pianist." The fault to which she confessed was the revival of interest in the harpsichord, an instrument that had been neglected during the nineteenth century in favor of the new fangled pianoforte. "I performed for a congress of musicologists in Basle. I played the Handel 'Blacksmith.'" This was in 1904. Wanda Landowska and the harpsichord have come a long way since then. They have come, for example, from Europe to an apartment on Central Park West in New York. They have achieved extraordinary eminence, and they have brought with them the revival of interest in 17th and 18th century music.

At the invitation of Mr. Alan Kayes, RCA-Victor's publicity man, to whom any occasion is, of course, an occasion for a story, I spent the better part of an afternoon recently with Mme. Landowska. The occasion was Mme. Landowska's approaching seventieth birthday on July 5th. I was ushered into a large white living room at one end of which were two grand pianos, a clavichord, and a harpsichord, all neatly covered with fitted canvas, and sat down in a chintz armchair next to a small table stacked with albums of records. On the top of the pile was "A Treasury of Harpsichord Music" played by Mme. L. and under that was a collection of Monteverdi madrigals performed by Nadia Boulanger and her small troupe of singers. One of Mme. L's two secretaries, Mlle. Restout, assured us that Madame would be with us in a few minutes. Both of Madame's secretaries, Mr. Kayes told me later, know all about harpsichords; they once worked in the Pleyel factory in France where Madame's harpsichord was built.

Madame made her entrance. She pushed apart the white curtains that separate the living room from the hall, and appeared, a tiny woman with black hair parted in the middle and pulled down close around her face. She was dressed in a white shift with long ecclesiastical sleeves. Around her shoulders a purple silk scarf hung like a stole to the floor. She was sorry, she said, to keep us

waiting, and sat down in an arm chair near where I had been sitting. She motioned me to a chair facing hers. "I would like to see in your eyes," she said.

"I understand," I said, groping slightly for an opening, "that you are recording Bach's 'Well Tempered Clavichord.'"

"It is not the 'Well Tempered Clavichord,'" I was corrected amiably but firmly, "It is the 'Well Tempered *Clavier*.'"

Madame explained to me that this was a common error, perpetuated by people who should know better. *Clavier*, she explained, merely means any keyboard instrument; whereas the *clavichord* is, of course, a specific instrument. Bach wrote the "Well Tempered *Clavier*" for the harpsichord. Madame asked one of her secretaries to get the score; she produced two versions issued by two different publishers; they both said *clavichord*, both wrong. In any event, Mme. Landowska is recording the "Well Tempered *Clavier*." She has finished Book One, which contains twenty-four preludes and twenty-four fugues. The entire work, when completed, will take about six hours to play. It will be released in February 1950, the two-hundredth anniversary of Bach's death.

"In order to love," she said, "it is necessary to understand." In a recital last winter in New York where she was performing from the first book of the "Well Tempered C..." she played one of the preludes over four times so that her audience could understand and love. Recently she spent an evening with the composer Poulenc, an old friend of hers who has written a "Concert Champêtre" for her; the entire evening was devoted to playing over and over again one Bach prelude. "Imagine how many years I am studying this work," she explained, "and every minute I am discovering new beauties."

Mme. Landowska said that she couldn't play for me, that the weather was bad and that the dampness had an adverse effect on her instrument. She did, however, demonstrate it for me. It has two banks of keys and seven pedals that not only control register but timbre as well. The harpsichord, unlike the *clavichord* and the piano in which the strings are struck by a tangent, is plucked. This, she believes, accounts for the popularity of the instrument in those countries where plucked instruments like the guitar (one of the few

other ancient instruments to survive) are commonly used—Spain, for example, and Italy. In Germany the piano is better suited to the national temperament. Mme. Landowska evidently has no love for the Germans. During the occupation of France, the Nazis confiscated her collection of ancient instruments and musical scores from her house at St. Leu-la-Forêt. The instrument that she demonstrated to me, built to her specifications by Pleyel, was found by the French basso, Dado Conrad (who sings in the Monteverdi madrigals) in the recreation room of the Military Government in Alt Oetting in Bavaria. The rest of the collection was discovered in a salt mine.

Mme. Landowska is a scholar as well as a performer. "Perhaps," she said, "you can get a copy of my book from my publisher. If you can, I hope you will give it to me." Her book, which was first published in Paris in 1909, was republished in translation in New York by Knopf under the title, "Music of the Past" in 1924. It is now out of print. She showed me a copy of it, but it was the only one she had. "It was the first call of alarm in the harpsichord," she explained. "You can now realize the importance of my work."

Her work has been not only the rediscovery of the music of pre-nineteenth century composers for the keyboard, but the most extraordinarily disciplined performance of what she has discovered. It is not discipline for the sake of discipline, nor for archaeology, but the kind of passionate perfectionism that is transformed by craftsmanship, precise intelligence, and a rich temperament into something close to revelation.

"I would like to give you something," she said to me when I had put away my note book and got up to leave. She looked around. Then she went to the table by her harpsichord and took three pencils out of her pencil box, a green one, a marbelized one, and a very thin one with red lead at one end and black at the other. "You use pencils," she said. "Please take these."

The Only Path

AT THE Central Needle Trades Auditorium on West 24th Street, in one of New York's several industrial high schools, enormous fresco murals of exploited immi-

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grants and early heroes of trade unionism look down from the walls on one of the most remarkable audiences in the city. Here, on a summery evening in early May, was held the eighth and last showing in the season of Cinema 16, a non-profit cultural society incorporated under the educational laws of the state "to further the appreciation of the motion picture as an art and as a social force." The several thousands who were present that evening—they filled the auditorium for two complete performances—will thus have to wait until fall to put up ten dollars apiece for another eight programs of non-commercial films that fall under the general headings of educational, artistic, experimental, scientific, or forbidden the public by censorship.

Since Cinema 16 is less than two years old, and since it has neither advertised extensively nor received wide publicity, not the least remarkable thing about the audience is its size. Before I first went to one of the programs, I remembered having heard Cinema 16 described as "a few people who are interested in film," and I foolishly expected this to mean several hundred—about as many, perhaps, as would fill the Provincetown Playhouse on MacDougal Street, where Cinema 16 began. That a tiny group of movie enthusiasts should grow so quickly is in part a tribute to the Society's sensible programing, but it is also specific and inescapable evidence of the natural enthusiasm for the national art form that no number of bad movies will ever dampen out. Quite the reverse, in fact. After one evening's performance, I asked Siegfried Kracauer, one of the most penetrating film critics in the country and a mainstay of Cinema 16, what was the secret of its success. "Every time Hollywood makes a picture," he said, "more people come in here."

Cinema 16—the sixteen stands for sixteen millimeter—provides its members not only with the eight closed performances but also with lectures, forums, and discounts on tickets at selected foreign film houses, on film and photographic books, on camera merchandise, and on rental equipment and films for home projection. In addition, it main-

tains an information service on all American films that fall within the area of its interest. This, according to Amos Vogel, the society's founder, moving spirit, and executive secretary, is one of his most exacting jobs. "There are plenty of these films around and being made," he says, "the only problem is to find them—then look them over and winnow out the best. I don't believe, though, that there's one worth mentioning that we don't know about." An average program, along with something as conventional as the Riethof Production's trailer for *Modern Art*, is just as likely to include a silent film made at the University of Pennsylvania of the effect of alcohol on cats, plus a documentary on Indonesian independence made by a maritime union in Australia, and a humorous short subject about washing the windows of the Empire State Building.

But if you go to Cinema 16 in the fall, or if you are ever prompted to start a film society on your own elsewhere, don't spend all your time watching the movies: watch the audience. Perhaps it was the proletarian surroundings of the showing in May, or the fact that on this evening one of the films was Pare Lorentz' "The River," that made me conscious of how far the enthusiasts of the twenties and thirties have come toward maturity, but at least I am certain that I have never seen so intelligent a cross-section of class and race. Interest in film apparently does not generate the introspective refinements that clutter up chamber music, ballet, or the opera; and whatever draws people together in the quality of the dancing images on the screen is a Leveler of a very new kind, for it levels up. "I shall be content to assert," wrote John Grierson in the *Hollywood Quarterly*, "that it is a basic tenet of documentary theory that the primary search is not for beauty, but for the fact of the matter, and that the fact of the matter is the only path to beauty that will not soon wear down." Perhaps it is also a definition of the Cinema 16 audience that they would agree with him.

—Mr. Harper

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Personal & Otherwise

Now that summer is here we find ourselves thinking about the nature-writers. But the ones we're thinking about aren't the ones that usually come to mind. This isn't another wistful essay on Thoreau's *Walden* or the writings of John Burroughs or John Muir. Nor is it an appreciative note about Donald Culross Peattie or the new school of metropolitan country-weekenders, currently represented by Lewis Gannett's *Cream Hill* and Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Twelve Seasons*.

All these are delightful in their way, as are the seed catalogues issued by Peter Henderson, W. Atlee Burpee, *et al.* But the writings of all but the greatest of the naturalist-philosophers are likely to be bathed in a warmth of sentiment which makes them as limp and sticky as a chocolate-bar in the August sun. There is, for instance, among the current crop of books by nature lovers, a volume about bees which thus describes a bee at work on an apple blossom:

As she [the bee] stooped, the flushed face of a young pippin blossom lifted itself toward her like a kiss. As she touched its loveliness, a breath of summer air sent it dancing upward in glee, and the silken petals closed about her in a swift embrace.

Those who would like to read about nature, but find such prose revolting, often abandon the field entirely. They assume that there are only two alternatives to the sticky popularization of the nature lovers: the

classics (which in summer often seem like hard work) or the works of scientific authorities, which must be passionless, dry, and dull.

By and large they are probably right about the classics, though P & O re-read *Walden* during a recent hot spell (in the new, paper-bound Rinehart edition which is light, agreeably printed, will lie open flat, and costs only fifty cents), and it was no trouble at all. But their fears about the scientific naturalists are unfounded. Anyone who dips into the scientific authorities is in for some pleasant surprises.

For one thing, the conception of the dispassionate scientist is, among the botanists and zoologists at any rate, a myth. Not long ago, for example, P & O joined (for irrelevant reasons) the American Forestry Association, and promptly received, as one of the association's free "special services," their book *Knowing Your Trees*, by G. H. Collingwood and Warren D. Brush. Soon afterward we had occasion to look up in this authoritative volume the Ohio Buckeye (*Aesculus glabra*).

The account begins dispassionately enough with a description of the tree's natural range, but in the second paragraph we get a hint of what's to come. In describing its shape, the authors note that "except in the deep woods, the stem divides low to form an irregularly broad, rounded crown, with clumsy drooping branches, and reddish brown upcurved twigs." And two paragraphs later they throw off all restraint and frankly reveal their hatred of the poor old buckeye. Even its flowers are

no good. Though some are perfect, "with a five-lobed calyx, four petals, a pistil, and seven stamens," others have only a pistil, or have seven stamens and no pistil. And as if this were not enough, the authors go on to point out that "their disagreeable, fetid odor has led some to call this the stinking or fetid buckeye." That evasive "some" doesn't fool us, Messrs. Collingwood and Brush! Maybe the buckeye is "generally considered a dirty tree," as you say it is; but we know who calls it those horrid names you pin on it anonymously.

Our favorite scientist-writers, at the moment, are the authors of the article on Frogs in the 1909 edition of the *New International Encyclopedia*. Charles B. Davenport was a professor of zoology at the University of Chicago, and his colleague, Mr. Gilbert Van Ingen, was a paleontologist with the New York State Museum. No extracts can possibly do more than suggest the quality of their writing. But where in modern literature can you find pictorial clarity and emotional reticence to excel this:

The skin of frogs is usually smooth and free from warts or horny excrescences. It is invested with a colorless epidermis, which is shed from time to time as the creature grows; this splits along the back and thighs, is worked over the head like the taking off of a shirt, and usually eaten by the wearer.

There is one passage, in the section dealing with the reproductive habits of tropical frogs, which has just about everything Professor Davenport and Mr. Van Ingen have to offer, stylistically speaking. Without a trace of the honey-dripping sentiment that oozes from the bee-man quoted earlier, they proceed as follows:

In the Kameruns lives a frog that lays its eggs in a foamy mass on the leaves of a tree. When the larvae are developed the mass becomes slimy and the tadpoles swim about it, and when a heavy rain falls they are washed into pools of water lying at the bases of the trees. The foam is probably produced as it is in culinary operations, by air being entangled in it by a beating that the frog gives the jelly with its feet. The enclosed air may well serve in respiration. Compare TOAD.

Only a literary genius could have extricated himself from the complications of that sentence about how the foam is produced. Yet our scientists come through without even raising a sweat. Observe the scrupulous and calm refusal to overstate their case in the next sentence, and the way they calmly return, after their astonishing rhetorical tour de force, to the unostentatious imperative of the final sentence: "Compare TOAD."

We're going to compare TOAD the moment we finish writing this column, and if it's also by Davenport and Van Ingen, we look forward to some mighty exciting hot-weather reading.

The New Bookie

STARTING with this issue (p. 103) *Harper's* chief book reviewer is **Richard H. Rovere**. Mr. Rovere has been known to *Harper's* readers chiefly as the author of several of the best political portraits which have appeared in recent years, among them the now famous article on "Dewey: The Man in the Blue Serge Suit," which the electorate found useful in 1944, and the extraordinarily perceptive article on Senator Taft which we published in April 1948. But these articles on political figures have not been the only—or even, perhaps, the most important—part of his work as a writer.

Like many of the best journalists in the business, Mr. Rovere has tried his hand at a variety of things. His first professional writing was for the fact-detective magazines (for which another of our most valued contributors, John Bartlow Martin, also has done a great deal of work). After his graduation in 1937 from Bard College he hit the job-market in New York during the "recession" which followed the first economic upswing after the great depression. The literary interests which were his chief concern had no market, and the fact-detective field was the only one he could find that would pay.

Soon, however, he got some part-time work as a reader for the book clubs, and he later worked briefly for both the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild. Meantime he occasionally did some pieces for several "highbrow" magazines—most of them now defunct. In 1938, he became an editor of *New Masses*, and in 1939 became tied up

with being an editor of *New Masses*. Then, while out of a job for ten months, he wrote a number of articles for various trade magazines. From 1940 to 1943 he was an editor of the *Nation*, and wrote regularly for it, and in 1943 became editor of *Common Sense*, from which he resigned to go to work on the *New Yorker* in 1944. Since then he has written under half a dozen *New Yorker* headings, from "Notes and Comment" to the "Washington Letter" he now contributes, and has done fourteen "profiles," his own favorite being the one on Peter McGinness, who was until his death last year the Democratic boss of the Greenpoint district in Brooklyn. His profile of Howe & Hummel, the defunct but still notorious criminal lawyers, was published in book form in 1947 by Farrar, Straus.

In addition to these varied jobs, Mr. Rovere has at odd moments done a lot of other things. Off and on for a number of years he wrote feature stories for an Italian weekly; the editor couldn't speak English, and if he wanted an interview with someone who couldn't speak Italian he'd set Mr. Rovere on it and then pay someone to translate the story into Italian. For a while Mr. Rovere wrote advertising for a man who was going to make a killing in the business of delivering ready-to-eat dog meals to the homes of wealthy dog owners. And from time to time he 'ghosted' speeches for an assortment of business men and politicians.

During all this time, however, Mr. Rovere has retained his interest in literature and criticism. He has written many book reviews—for the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Chicago Sun*, *Common Sense*, the *New Republic*, and the *American Mercury*. And this interest has, to a great extent, shaped his work in political journalism. In his previous *Harper's* articles he has, in effect, looked at Dewey or Taft or Truman much as he might look at Dos Passos or Marquand, not pointing out what he would have done had he been in his subject's place, but trying sympathetically to find out what his subject thinks he's doing and what are the limitations and possibilities of the genre in which he works.

As for his views as a book reviewer,

Mr. Rovere put it this way when he took on the present assignment:

If I belong to any school of criticism, I am unaware of it. This is not to say that I have no fixed idea of the critic's responsibility. I have. I believe that the critic must love literature, enjoy it, defend it, and respond to it with as much of his total being as he is able to bring under control. Any further ideas I might have on the subject, however, would fall into the category of mere prejudice. Perhaps I can show where I stand, or where I don't stand, by paraphrasing T. S. Eliot and explaining that I am a libertarian in politics, a wonderer in religion, and, if any one word will do it, an eclectic in literature.

Of course, the author of a regular book column doesn't deal only with literature. In fact, he rarely does. He deals with books, and most books nowadays make no pretense to being literature. The job in dealing with them, I suppose, is first to separate the literature from the non-literature, then to find out what books in the non-literary category have genuine merit on their own terms, and, finally, to convey to readers as well as one can what their merit is.

Putting Hearst Things First

Just one more item before we move on to the chief business of this column. There are a couple of newspaper clippings on our desk which raise one of our sharpest hackles. One, from "The Lyons Den" in the *New York Post*, says that "Jerome Zerbe, photographing a night club party for *Harper's*, asked Joseph J. Donohue IV to pose, and said: '*Harper's* told me to get the "IV" of anybody.'" The other, from the *Nashua, N. H., Telegraph*, tells of a young lady from *Nashua* who won a prize consisting of "a trip to New York City where she will be introduced to the fashion editors of *Harper's* magazine, who will also give her the opportunity to present her portfolio of fashion work."

New let it be unequivocally stated here that we did *not* tell Mr. Zerbe to get the "IV" of anybody, and that if he has been hanging around the nightclubs it hasn't been on *our* expense account. And the young lady from *Nashua* is going to feel pretty silly if she brings those fashion drawings down to show to our unfashionable editors.

What we have here are two more samples of the sort of trouble people repeatedly get into on account of William Randolph Hearst's *Bazar*. Mr. Hearst bought the *Bazaar* (as it was then spelled) from Harper's many years ago, but he never got up the courage to change it's name from Harper's *Bazar* to Hearst's *Bazar*. And in a sense you can't blame him, considering what the two names connote. But there are times when the *Bazar's* editors must wish we didn't get the publicity for the things they do.

Forster's Sake—and Wilde's

"Art for art's sake" can mean many different things, depending on what art and its "sake" are conceived to be. Etymologically, *sake* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word for *strife* or a *cause at law*. From that original meaning two distinct meanings have been derived in modern usage. Sometimes the word is used to mean *end*, or *purpose*, or *ultimate objective*, as in the phrases "for the sake of argument" and "for the sake of religion." At other times it is used to mean *benefit*, *welfare*, *satisfaction* and the like, as in "for my sake" or "for the sake of the Brooklyn Dodgers."

It makes all the difference which of these meanings we have in mind when we speak of "art for art's sake." In the writings of Whistler and Oscar Wilde one gets the impression that it is art for art's (or the artist's) benefit they are defending. Perhaps, artists being tax-payers like the rest of us, there is always a shade of this meaning when the phrase is used, just as there is always a touch of "business for the business man's sake" in *laissez faire*.

But when *E. M. Forster* writes about "Art for Art's Sake" (p. 31), he is concerned with the other meaning, art for art's ultimate objective. What Mr. Forster believes that ultimate end to be is brilliantly stated in his article, which was originally delivered as an address at a recent combined meeting of the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Soon after its appearance in *Harper's* it will be published in book form.

Mr. Forster was born in 1879, educated at Tonbridge and at King's

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

College, Cambridge. As a novelist he first challenged attention with *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (1905), followed in rapid succession by *The Longest Journey*, *A Room with a View*, and *Howards End*. Then, after a lapse of fourteen years, came *A Passage to India* (1924), which, as Rose Macaulay recently wrote in a tribute to Forster on his seventieth birthday, "stands out, in a decade of good and original work, as perhaps the most remarkable novel of its time." Since then there have been no more Forster novels, but some fine volumes of essays, biography, and criticism, including *Aspects of the Novel* (1927), *Abinger Harvest* (1936), and *Virginia Woolf* (1942). This is Mr. Forster's second appearance in *Harper's*; in July 1947, we published his essay "On Criticism in the Arts, Especially Music."

"Let Grattan Be"

In part, the article "What Makes New England Go?" (p. 35) is concerned with what a New Englander is. There is a persistent American myth which holds New Englanders to be "Yankees," the lean-cheeked heirs and assigns of Sam Slick, with a wooden nutmeg in one hand and a pinched penny in the other. But, the reality is quite different.

Take the author of this article, for example. **C. Hartley Grattan** was born and brought up in New England, and never saw any other part of the United States until he was twenty-one years old. Yet, when he went back to New England to collect material for the present article (and another which we will publish next month), the three New England spokesmen in Boston to whom he addressed his most searching questions were products, respectively, of California, Michigan, and New York.

To confuse matters further, Mr. Grattan himself is a first-generation American, like so many other New Englanders, though his family on both his mother's and father's side have been in North America since before 1800, when they settled in Nova Scotia. Mr. Grattan's own case calls attention to the fact—often overlooked—that many foreign-born or first-generation citizens of New England, as of the rest of the United

States, are "old North Americans" nevertheless.

Perhaps all this dope on Mr. Grattan's New England origin will lay to rest the impression, widely held, that he is an Australian. This impression is presumably created by the fact that he is generally recognized as the chief American authority on that continent. In a recent issue of *Historical Studies, Australia and New Zealand*, G. V. Portus, Professor of History at the University of Adelaide, cited Mr. Grattan's *Introducing Australia* and the recent volume on Australia he edited for the *United Nations Series*, as two of the four best books ever written about that country. Of the four, Mr. Grattan's were the only ones by a non-Australian and the only ones by a non-academic author. As Professor Portus wrote at the beginning of his article, waggishly paraphrasing Pope:

Australia to all the world lay hid in night:

God said, "Let Grattan be!" and all was light.

The drawings of New England were made by **Harry Dix**, who has exhibited paintings at the Carnegie Institute, the Whitney Museum, the Corcoran Gallery, the Art Institute of Chicago, and other major shows. He served a thirty-eight-month stretch in the Army with an ETO Historical Section, from Cherbourg to Berlin, an experience which has provided him with material for many of his drawings and paintings since the war. In the past two years he has made drawings for the *New Republic*, the *New York Times*, and other publications.

Present, and Accounted For

●●●A lot of us who admire the TVA have been waiting confidently for the MVA—the Missouri Valley Authority—which we thought would accomplish for the Middle West the kind of rational control of river waters for elimination of floods, for generation of power, and for conservation of soil and the people on the soil that the TVA is doing for the Tennessee River area. In fact we were planning to take one summer vacation in the fairly near future to look over the dams, locks, and power plants. It is hard for us

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to get the idea that all our talk about the MVA has been just talk. While we wait—after all, there was a war on, and we have been patient—two powers have been wrangling in Washington over political plans and appropriations, and we are not at all sure to whom we gave the authority or whether we gave the authority at all.

We were just beginning to get angry when along came the document we wanted to read and to print on the subject—not to soothe our feelings but to tell us why we feel that way. "The Lobby That Can't Be Licked" (p. 21) by **Robert de Roos** and **Arthur A. Maass** will, we suppose, intensify the wrangling, but we are glad to be able to spotlight this battle, which is, after all, nobody's private quarrel.

Robert de Roos knows more about water resources of the United States than he tells in this one article. His book, *The Thirsty Land*, published by the Stanford University Press in 1948, was a survey of the Central Valley Project, the product of many years of experience in the Valley and a direct outgrowth of a series of articles written for the *San Francisco Chronicle* in late 1945.

Born of missionary parents in San José, Costa Rica, Mr. de Roos is now a Californian, a graduate of Stanford, and a newspaperman. In 1947 he was awarded a National Headliners Club medal for outstanding reporting—for a long story on economic, political, and social developments on the West Coast during the first postwar year. He has just completed a year of study at Harvard as a Nieman Fellow.

His professor in a course on Government and the Conservation of Natural Resources during that year at Harvard was Arthur Maass, co-author of the present article. Mr. Maass, who is a graduate of Johns Hopkins and a Harvard Ph.D., reports that Mr. de Roos enrolled in the course "to keep me on the right track. He did, and we prepared the article."

Mr. Maass contributed to the collaboration a detailed knowledge of the subject accumulated during his jobs with the Bureau of the Budget, the National Resources Planning Board, and other government agencies. Moreover, in the stories of

1948 he worked as consultant on water resources for the Hoover Commission Task Force on Natural Resources, and he is preparing a book on the development of water resources by the U. S. Army Engineers.

•••Some of the moves in the fight which **Marquis W. Childs** has called "The Battle of the Pentagon" (p. 47) have been reported in the newspapers; some are known to reporters but cannot be told; some are known only to the participants and some are buried—in files, a secretary's memory, somebody's subconscious. You can bank on it that any of these sources available to a reporter whose discretion can be trusted and whose independence is known have been opened by Mr. Childs for his present article. He does not pretend to reveal any secrets or to put over a stupendous scoop; he just reviews the campaigns and the incidental forays as he was able to observe them. It is a record which needed to be made, without special pleading or hysteria.

For the syndicated Washington news column which Mr. Childs has been writing since 1944, he spends twelve to fourteen hours a day talking to people who know the facts, attending hearings and press conferences, observing Congress and other government officials. Before taking on this job, he worked for ten years in the Washington bureau of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*. He is the author of *Sweden: The Middle Way*, published in 1936, and other books. Born in Iowa, he graduated from the University of Wisconsin and has a Master's degree from the University of Iowa.

•••In "The Old Comrades" (p. 54), which we call "stories," **Victor Wolfson**, gives some background on his family. In this setting, which is doubtless more pertinent to the development of a novelist than it may seem at first glance, the life of the author has new interest. He was educated at the Ethical Culture School in New York and at the experimental college at the University of Wisconsin. His career as writer began in the theater: he was assistant stage manager with Elmer Rice in the early 1930's, was on the

executive board of the Theater Union, and wrote and saw produced in New York several plays, including "Excursion" and "Pastoral." Although just two years ago his new play, "Love in the City," was produced by the Cleveland Playhouse, he has concentrated more in recent years on fiction, has published two novels, *The Lonely Steeple* and *The Eagle on the Plain*, and stories in the *New Yorker* and *Harper's*. "The Purification of Thelma Augenstein," which we printed in March 1948, was a work connected with his novel then in progress. Doubleday will bring out his third book. Mr. Wolfson is fond of paintings, sculpture, and children. He returned last April with his wife from a "purely romantic trip to Capri and Venice."

"The Old Comrades" carries drawings by the artist, **Nicholas Mordvinoff**. Mr. Mordvinoff presently makes his home in New York but he came here after eighteen years of painting and study in remote parts of the world. Russian-born, he was brought up in Paris, where his work first appeared in magazines and newspapers and in the studios of Leger and Ozenfant. To work on his own, he left Paris in 1934 and spent the next thirteen years in Tahiti and the surrounding islands. After a brief period in New York in 1946, he went to a small island off the coast of Massachusetts to complete the paintings which were praised for their originality and power at a showing in Manhattan this spring.

•••**Peter Viereck**, who wrote "Conservatism Revisited" (p. 60), is a professor of history and the author of *Terror and Decorum*, which recently won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry. Mr. Viereck published in 1941 his first book, *Metapolitics: the Romantics to Hitler*, a historical analysis of the origins of the German fascist menace.

Graduated *summa cum laude* from Harvard in 1937, the only undergraduate ever to win both the Garrison medal for the best prose and the Bowdoin medal for the best poetry, Mr. Viereck later studied at Oxford and the Harvard Graduate School. During the war he served as a sergeant in the African and Italian campaigns, and since then

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

has taught history at Harvard, Smith, and Mount Holyoke. He is now about to leave for Europe on a Guggenheim fellowship for creative writing in poetry.

His present article is adapted from the first chapter in his forthcoming book, *Conservatism Revisited: The Revolt Against Revolt*, which Scribner's will publish in September.

•••When we wrote to **James Rorty** for P & O purposes in connection with his article about the thin rats burying the fat ones (see last May's *Harper's*) he wound up his reply by saying he sometimes practiced what he preached: not only was he on the diet his article recommended, but he also had given up smoking. But he added, "In order that I may not bore myself and my friends by too much virtue I have given some thought to the idea of writing a book in favor of sin."

Well, this month he comes up with "J. Harold Smith and the Dogs of Sin" (p. 69), and J. Harold, at least, will undoubtedly think Mr. Rorty is too much on the side of the dogs. As for religion, we don't know what J. Harold will make of the fact that Mr. Rorty contributes to *Commonweal* (which is Catholic), *Commentary* (which is Jewish), the *New Leader* (which is not religious at all), as well as to *Harper's* (which is—well, what?).

As a footnote we might mention that when Cowboy Springer came to Knoxville, as described in the article, scandalized liberals reported that Mr. Rorty volunteered to help with the singing at one of his revival meetings. "I suppose it was true," Mr. Rorty says. "I like to sing, and that choir certainly needed help."

•••"Magistrate's Court in Moscow" (p. 76) is a factual report by an American woman, **Margaret K. Webb**, who was in the Soviet Union in 1947 with her husband, an accountant with the State Department. Mrs. Webb writes us:

"By no means do I wish to set myself up as a special authority on the Soviet Union. My husband and I considered our experiences valuable only because they were typical of those any American might have who

went to the USSR to see for himself how the country was run. During the war my husband was ordered to the Oriental Language School in Colorado. There we both studied Russian, and were thus equipped to meet and speak with Soviet citizens whenever the opportunity presented itself. We made numerous excursions to such places as Leningrad and Stalingrad, and even managed an idyllic five-day trip by river boat down the Volga. I made a study of Soviet education, which took me to numerous schools and universities, and incidentally gave me an excellent chance to talk with Russians in a comparatively relaxed atmosphere."

The Webbs' return to the United States included a journey across Afghanistan by horse-cart, a stay in Calcutta just as riots were breaking out over the division of India, and another tour of duty in Sydney, Australia.

Mrs. Webb attended Wellesley College and the University of California, from which she has B.A. and M.A. degrees. She and her husband are now settled again at home in America, having a washing machine, vacuum cleaner, and year-old baby—what Mrs. Webb calls the recognized trappings of all properly married couples in the U.S.A.

•••**Henry Schacht**, author of "Cancer and the Atom" (p. 83), has been hoarding information and enthusiasm for this article ever since 1936, when his interest in atomic energy was aroused. A graduate of the University of California, he was then on the public-relations staff of the university and handled releases on the early exciting discoveries of Dr. E. O. Lawrence and his colleagues. The article on atomic energy and cancer has had to wait until experimental results would justify a report to the public.

After six years with the University of California and with its College of Agriculture as director of press and radio, Mr. Schacht served briefly with the Office of War Information in 1942 and then joined the staff of KNBC in San Francisco. As director of agriculture, he writes and produces the Farmer's Digest, a Monday-through-Friday program, and he is heard frequently on the National Farm and Home Hour. His articles

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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

on science and agriculture have appeared in *The Country Gentleman*, *Collier's*, *Newsweek*, and other magazines. "Cancer and the Atom" was one of those good finds among the unsolicited manuscripts which make us keep reading them all. It has been checked for accuracy by Dr. John H. Lawrence of the Donner Laboratory at the University of California and by Dr. Shields Warren, pathologist of the New England Deaconess Hospital and of the Harvard Cancer Commission.

...In "The Captain Is Impaled" (p. 88) *Nelson Algren* puts the finger on a line-up of criminals in a jailhouse and, with them, on their accuser, and on us all. In its accurate record of the scene and sound of real life, and its emotional undertone of the observer's self-soundings, it suggests the effect of a good documentary film. The story is adapted by the author from his forthcoming novel dealing with the illicit drug traffic of Chicago's West Side, *The Man with the Golden Arm*, to be published by Doubleday in September.

Mr. Algren was born in Detroit, attended the University of Illinois, and began writing in 1933 while he was a migratory laborer in the Southwest. His stories have appeared in O'Henry Memorial Award volumes, in many magazines, and in a collection which appeared in 1947, *The Neon Wilderness*. After the publication of his first novel, *Never Come Morning*, in 1942, he went into the Army and served for three years as a combat medic overseas. He received a \$1,000 award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters for *Never Come Morning*. He is now in Paris under the GI Bill and is assisting in the French translation of his books.

John Groth, whose drawings illustrate "The Captain Is Impaled," is a correspondent, artist, and teacher at the Art Students League and the Workshop School of Advertising Art in New York. In his exhibitions at the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Ferragil Gallery in New York, he has specialized in etchings and drawings of dogs and horses, reflecting his interest in sports. During the war he was in Europe as correspondent for

the Chicago *Sun* syndicate and the *American Legion Magazine*. He has just completed a large quantity of drawings for a new edition of *War and Peace* to be brought out this fall by World Publishing Company. The artist delivers all of his work by bicycle, even in New York. He is a friend of Mr. Algren, with whom he used to take walks in the Chicago of the depression years. It happens that they once watched a police lineup in that city together.

...Bruce Catton's good-humored advice, "Let's Abolish the Government" (p. 97) is based on the author's long experience in Washington, where he was director of information for the War Production Board and later of the Department of Commerce. He is a newspaperman by trade and author of *War Lords of Washington*, mostly about dollar-a-year men, published in 1948.

The illustration for "Let's Abolish the Government" is the work of *Jim Egleson*, who is a news artist at CBS Television News. Mr. Egleson is a graduate engineer who turned to mural painting, studied under Orozco, and did a series of murals at Swarthmore before the war. He was radar officer on the *Saratoga* when she was hit off Iwo Jima.

...The poets this month should be by now more than mere names to you. *Sylvia Stallings*, author of "Fisherman: Hatteras" (p. 42), has been appearing in *Harper's* occasionally since her freshman year at Bryn Mawr in 1945. She is now studying in Paris on a French government scholarship. *Weldon Kees* appears for the first time here with "1926" (p. 53), but he is the author of two volumes, *The Last Man* and *The Fall of the Magicians*, and another to appear soon. Mr. Kees is an artist as well as a poet and has written articles on films and jazz. *Lloyd Frankenberg's* "The Inner Eye" (p. 68) is the newest of several poems we have published by this poet and critic, whose book, *Pleasure Dome*, will be published this fall by Houghton Mifflin. To coincide with the book, Columbia Records will put out "The Pleasure Dome Album" with readings by T. S. Eliot, Ogden Nash, and other poets.

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LETTERS

A Great Cause—

To the Editors:

I want to send you a word of appreciation for your article "Ordeal in Massachusetts," by Arthur W. Hepner [June 1949]. You have had the insight to understand the national and international importance of that recent and still-continuing attack on the structure of ideas and attitudes that has been carefully built up over the years by Miriam Van Waters in her treatment of individual delinquents. It concerns the fate . . . of prisoners everywhere . . . the parents of every boy or girl who may become delinquent . . . the freedom of teachers and workers for social welfare . . . the policies of judges and probation officers, police, and departments of correction. . . .

Mr. Hepner has written an excellent analysis of the events leading up to the dismissal of Dr. Van Waters, with new suggestions that I have not seen printed anywhere else. . . .

Such an article cannot fail to be helpful to a great cause.

ANNA S. GLADDING
Providence, R. I.

To the Editors:

I wish my friend Arthur Hepner had checked with this newspaper before casting the aspersions on the *Christian Science Monitor* which he does in "Ordeal in Massachusetts."

It is true that the *Monitor* did not plunge vigorously into the crusade while matters were still *sub judice*. It is equally true that we have always consistently supported progressive and humanitarian penological policies. We actively support revision of the laws of Massachusetts to make these policies possible in the Framingham reformatory and elsewhere.

Mr. Hepner's charge that an article by Saville Davis of our staff ex-

plaining Dr. Van Waters' position was "held up for a week or more prior to publication" has very fractional truth. The article was "held up" for necessary checking, and we wish Mr. Hepner had done the same.

He states correctly that we asked Maurice Winslow to give us his views on the case, but we had similar—indeed considerably more extensive—contact with the most responsible supporters of Dr. Van Waters.

We are profoundly gratified that public opinion was so aroused in Massachusetts as to save Dr. Van Waters from destruction. But we are equally aware that between the mobilization of public opinion and "trial by newspaper" there is a line which is not always simple to draw.

EDWIN D. CANHAM, Editor
The Christian Science Monitor
Boston, Mass.

To the Editors:

. . . Because of my personal involvement in the case I was troubled to find inaccuracies in the article. . . . The implication that an ex-reporter more than two years removed from the staff could influence the policy of the *Christian Science Monitor* is, of course, ridiculous.

The *Monitor*, unlike some newspapers, makes an honest effort to secure both sides of the story. . . .

Your writer was also guilty of an error when he described the United Prison Association as "a group of prison executives in which Winslow and members of the parole board have long been active." Nothing could be further from the facts. No member of the U.P.A. staff or board of directors is in any way connected with officialdom in the operation of Massachusetts prisons. . . . The U.P.A. is a well-recognized social agency concerned primarily with the rehabilitation of ex-prisoners, both men and women. It is one of the Red Feather services.

I am the former *Monitor* reporter

mentioned on page 88 of the June issue of your fine magazine.

JOHN C. BOND
Norwell, Mass.

Red Easy Chair?—

To the Editors:

Have just read the Easy Chair's [June 1949] high pressure sarcasm about people who don't like Communists. I have no doubt that the Easy Chair is as patriotic as Paul Revere—but why does he root for the fellow-travelers?

Fellow-travelers and Communists desire and work for the Supreme State—which means totalitarianism. If we got that, *Harper's* would cease to exist. Can you picture an Easy Chair department in any Moscow publication?

Maybe Mr. DeVoto has his own good reasons for being nice to the Stalin boys, but to this reader it looks as if he were trying to cut his own throat.

RUSSELL S. DART
Middle Haddam, Conn.

To the Editors:

Thank you—and God—for Bernard DeVoto.

I would like to say more power to him, but he doesn't need it. He can say more to the *right* point, under his own steam, now, than any writer in the business.

His piece about the Communist threat in your June issue should convince anyone not too soft-minded that the menace to democracy lies not in the United States but in the Soviet Union.

With a long Communist and the Politburo's tactics . . . I doubt if Mr. DeVoto or anyone else could suffer character damage if called a *Red*, *Communist*, *compoop*, or clear-minded bastards."

WILL MONFORT
Hollywood, Calif.

Advice

on

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LETTERS

Brrr—

To the Editors:

I have just finished reading "What's in the Deep Freeze?" by C. Lester Walker in your June 1949 issue. This is such a well written and informative article that I am wondering if you are planning for distribution of any reprints of this particular excellent story. . . .

MILTON C. ALLEN
The New England Council
Boston, Mass.

To the Editors:

. . . It was the opinion of the group to whom I read this to last evening that the grammar was atrocious, and I could agree that a rewrite would certainly have improved the story. . . .

HOWARD P. ROBERTS
Chicago, Ill.

To whom was that again?

To the Editors:

As I read "What's in the Deep Freeze?" I looked in vain for an appraisal of the gustatory quality of frozen food. I didn't need nine pages of Mr. Walker's "oh's" and "ah's," plus four cartoons, to convince me that the locker and the home deep-freeze cabinet are convenient. So are sliced bread, Spam and its too numerous cousins, and the huge array of emasculated cheeses that come in jars and tin-foil packages. But who, with even a vestigial sense of taste, wants to eat the damn stuff? Birds Eye peas from the farm just outside of Caribou on Route 223? Nuts! I defy anyone possessed of a normal quota of taste buds to distinguish any packer's frozen peas from sawdust. Frozen apple pie? The person who was offered a concoction as inferior as this in a baker's shop would throw it in the proprietor's face. And sometime, when you want to experience the nadir of eatables, try shrimp creole, frozen!

Of course I realize that a complaint like this is anti-social, unprogressive, and probably communistic. For the sake of an extra hour a day, in which we can nourish our souls with the sight of a fourth-rate hooper on the television screen, we'll freeze the hell out of everything that grows.

But I make a prediction. Twenty-five years hence some housewife will stumble onto the lost art of dropping half a dozen ears of fresh Country Gentleman corn into boiling water. From the instant the members of her family taste the result, the frozen-food industry will be doomed. Serve it right, too!

PAUL M. ANGLE
Chicago, Ill.

Goodness' Sake!—

To the Editors:

After a while life becomes easily predictable. If you ever grow tired of waiting for a bus, all you have to do is light a cigarette. Before you can take two puffs, along comes your bus, right?

Yesterday evening I dragged my weary frame home and fell at my wife's feet. Mrs. G. says, "I suppose you sent a letter to *Harper's* today, asking them what's with your new subscription?"

Women's intuition always leaves me a little breathless. "Sure," I bluster, "I guess I told them a thing or two! I'll bet my letter threw that whole organization into an uproar."

"Well," says Mrs. G., in that why-don't-you-listen-to-me-once-in-a-while voice that girls love to use on the Master of the domicile, "you can just sit right down and send a nice letter of apology to the Messrs. Harper. Your first copy arrived today and I am already half way through it."

Then I told her a few things about housewives who have nothing to do all day but sit around reading *Harper's*. I also told her that I refuse to send *Harper's* a letter of apology. I'll be damned if I will.

C. E. GOODNESS
Worcester, Mass.

To the Editors:

I have only recently subscribed—"trial subscribed"—to your publication. Four copies received to date, and four inquiries to the wife after reading: "Where in hell has this wonderful magazine been these last four years? It's good!" Somehow I had a mental association of a stuffy, mid-Victorian, armchair, her-ladyship's-fashion-revue *Harper's*. . . .

H. J. WARREN
Cambridge, Mass.

Harper's

MAGAZINE

The Lobby that Can't Be Licked

Congress and the Army Engineers

Robert de Roos and Arthur A. Maass

IF YOU are near a river this summer, look sharp. Unless you are careful, the Corps of Engineers or the Bureau of Reclamation, in their zeal to commit a dam or a levee, are likely to run you down. The two agencies are working a little frenziedly these days, because their continued independent existence is threatened. The threat comes from Herbert Hoover's Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government, which has recommended that the Corps and the Bureau be combined into a single, integrated Water Development and Use Service in the Department of the Interior. This is notably a threat to the Department of the Army's brass-bound baby, the Corps of Engineers, which considers itself immune to reorganization or even to orders from the President of the United States, who is presumably its boss.

The Corps of Engineers will do everything in its power and the power of its numerous friends to see that the reorganization plan is

killed, and the Hoover Commission was well aware that it would. "Perhaps the most imposing argument against transferring the civil functions of the Corps of Engineers to another agency is found in the intense opposition with which any such proposal is likely to be met," it said. And even before the recommendations were made public, the Corps of Engineers was lobbying against reorganization in a campaign so flagrant that Mr. Hoover himself denounced it.

In the severe criticism leveled by the Commission, *both* the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation came off badly. But the Commission, after an elaborate investigation, was especially unable to justify the activity of the Army Engineers in the field of navigation, power generation, and flood control. Here the Engineers' presence is an anomaly—expensive, dangerous to our water resources, and rich with administrative confusion.

Robert de Roos, San Francisco newspaperman and author of The Thirsty Land, was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard during the past year. His professor in a course on natural resources was a former government official. Arthur A. Maass,

If the Hoover Commission's recommendations for the administration of the country's water resources are ignored, the consequences will be costly and tragic. At present, the nation is faced with the paradox of two powerful agencies spending enormous sums of money without a basic plan, under competitive and wasteful conditions, and without effective direction from the President and his executive office. In its forty-seven years of existence, the Bureau of Reclamation has spent \$1,530,000,000. In the same period the Corps of Engineers has spent over \$5,000,000,000, and it will spend \$3,200,000,000 more to complete projects now under way.

By any standard, this is a considerable water bill, even for a country as prosperous as the United States. And, in a sense, it is only a beginning. The Bureau and the Corps and other agencies concerned with the country's water resources have spent, or will spend within the predictable future, \$40,000,000,000. The issue is not whether the money should have been spent, but whether it has been spent well—and whether the amount still to be spent is to be paid out wisely or squandered on a variety of high-cost, pork-barrel works for which the nation pays and from which, in some cases, only a few individuals benefit.

The Corps of Engineers was the object of the Hoover Commission's censure largely because its record of non-co-operation, arrogance, and independence is perhaps unequalled in the history of an executive division. Almost without exception, the Corps has disregarded the orders of its Presidents. It has set itself above its commander-in-chief. It calls itself "the consulting engineer to and contractor for" the Congress, and it considers itself an arm of the legislative branch. Franklin D. Roosevelt, generally regarded as a strong President, lost every round he fought with the Corps. Although The Champ swung angrily and often, he never laid a glove on the Army Engineers.

The reason is clear: the old Rivers and Harbors bills and the current Army Civil Functions appropriations bills are the juiciest pork available to hungry congressmen. Last May, when Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois merely intimated this fact, he was angrily attacked for playing politics with something sacred.

THE Corps of Engineers has a long and glorious history. It was organized in 1779 by the Continental Congress, disbanded, and then reconstituted in 1802 when West Point was established as the country's first engineering school. Throughout part of the past century, in fact, a good engineer was almost by definition an army officer. Until 1866 the Corps itself ran the Military Academy and was thought to be the elite of the military service. The tradition that the Engineers get the top-ranking members of a West Point graduating class—who can choose their own branch of service—still counted for something as late as the recent war. The Corps had continued to attract top-ranking officers because it continued to offer the most active and interesting career in peacetime. Within the Army it is unique in this respect, for since 1820 it has increasingly involved itself in internal improvements in the national geography—primarily navigation work on rivers and harbors.

It was these "civilian" activities of the Corps with which the Hoover Commission concerned itself. And there is no purely military question involved, any more than criticism of the Corps today should imply disregard for the past achievements of its combat battalions, who put more bridges across the Rhine in fifteen days than had ever been there before. It could be said, of course, that the condition of American rivers is a matter of military consequence, and so it is. But so also is the condition of the nation's roads and railroads, and under the same argument the Engineers could take them over tomorrow. It might be preferable, in fact, to have the Engineers run the railroads rather than the rivers; for a river consists of water, and many more persons are interested in water than the engineers who deepen and dam it.

Water, besides being a national resource and the property of the people, is a mobile commodity that can be used for more than one purpose. The same river can provide irrigation, supply a constant flow for navigation, cause floods, generate electrical energy, provide a habitat for fish and wildlife, and at the same time absorb the pollution of factories and mines. The idea of multiple-purpose development of the rivers, to use the water in as many ways as possible, began to get under way in the 1920's, and it soon

brought the Corps into conflict with another part of the government. In 1902, the Bureau of Reclamation had been established to promote irrigation in the semi-arid states west of the 98th meridian. Since then it had grown and flourished, and by the time the principle of multiple-purpose development was put into general law the Bureau and the Corps were both into the rivers up to their necks.

The Flood Control Act of 1936 stated the intention of Congress to authorize multiple-purpose river developments over the entire nation, wherever flood control was one purpose involved. This confused and confusing piece of legislation made flood protection, in addition to navigation, a function of the Corps of Engineers. Irrigation was retained by the Bureau of Reclamation. Furthermore, the Department of Agriculture was charged with protecting against floods by retarding the run-off into the upper reaches of streams, and the Federal Power Commission's function of surveying river basins for hydroelectric potential was re-emphasized. Said the Hoover Commission of this law:

As the Corps' original responsibility for navigational improvements was expanded to cover flood control and other purposes incidental . . . to flood protective works, and the Bureau's responsibility for irrigation was expanded to include other potential by-products of irrigation, the one agency working upstream met the other coming down. Now we are witnessing the spectacle of both agencies contending for the authorization, construction, and operation of projects in the same river basins, for example, in the Central Valley, Columbia, and Missouri Basins.

Competition over the same river leads to costly duplication of effort. In California's Central Valley, both the Army Engineers and the Bureau have simultaneously made surveys and plans for a dozen streams. Each agency spent approximately \$250,000 on studies for the Hell's Canyon Project in Idaho. Both the Bureau and the Corps have surveyed and re-surveyed the streams of the Columbia Basin and the Missouri Basin.

The physical confusion resulting from the warring agencies' presence on the same rivers is compounded by the fact that they work under different laws that stem from different philosophies. Reclamation law provides for

the repayment by the water-users of a large part of the government investment; it prohibits speculation on that investment; it limits the amount of water a single user can take from a public project; it specifies that publicly generated power shall be sold at the lowest practical price, with preference to public agencies.

Just how well Reclamation projects have paid out is controversial. Almost from the beginning, the time allowed for repayment has been repeatedly extended. Now most projects are on a forty-year repayment schedule. But some new projects will cost so much that a seventy-eight-year repayment period is being considered.

The laws under which the Corps operates do not have even these safeguards for the public's funds. In many cases, local groups benefiting from Army navigation and flood control pay nothing for their benefits. The Corps has been slow enough to recognize the necessity for generating cheap power, but even when power has been generated, the Corps has persistently advocated sale of the power at the source, where only the large private utilities can purchase it. Whereas the Bureau maintains at least partial control over government structures, the Army turns many of its facilities over to local administration.

II

IN ADDITION to these giant water boys, the Department of Agriculture, the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Federal Power Commission, the Public Health Service, and a dozen other administrative units have an interest in the rivers and their uses. With so many fingers in the water, it is stirred and muddy to behold. Normally, differences between executive agencies can be co-ordinated, compromised, or eliminated in the President's office. This has not been possible with the water agencies principally because of the arrogance of the Corps of Engineers. The Engineers have torpedoed every effort at co-ordination. The Hoover Commission reported

There is simply no escaping the fact that so long as the present overlapping of functions exists with respect to the Corps of Engineers, the Bureau of Reclamation, and

the Federal Power Commission, costly duplication, confusion, and competition are bound to result. It has been demonstrated time and again that neither by voluntary co-operation nor by executive co-ordination can the major conflicts be ironed out.

The seven-year fight over Pine Flat Dam on the Kings River in California is a case in point. Funds for this dam, which President Roosevelt declared to be predominantly an irrigation project, were sought both by the Bureau—which was already committed to the basin-wide Central Valley Project—and the Corps.

The trouble started straight away when local authorities asked both the Corps and the Bureau to study their needs. This is a common gambit—two surveys and two estimates, to allow the local moguls to choose the better deal. Roosevelt ordered that both reports be kept confidential until they could be reconciled by the National Resources Planning Board. The Army's report, however, was sent directly to the President, by-passing the NRPB; and, through a clerical error, it was dispatched directly to Congress by the White House. Subsequently the NRPB sent the Bureau report to Congress.

The physical plans were almost identical. Emphasis on function, however, differed. The Bureau of Reclamation contended that irrigation benefits would total \$1,255,000 annually; flood control, \$1,185,000; and power, \$683,000. The Corps found that irrigation benefits amounted to only \$995,000 and flood control, \$1,185,000; it planned no power installation. Thus, by the Corps' reckoning, flood control was the dominant function; in the Bureau's eyes, however, Pine Flat was an irrigation project. Later there was a significant change in the Corps' figures.

President Roosevelt, in a series of letters to the Secretary of War, to Congressional committee heads, and to the Secretary of the Interior, made it clear that his Administration considered the work an irrigation project. He wanted it constructed by the Bureau. But the Corps continued to submit the project to Congress as a flood-control project, one of its own civil functions.

This bickering and insubordination to the President went on throughout the war. Finally, the President dispatched a blunt note to Secretary of War Stimson:

Memorandum for The Secretary of War

I want the Kings and Kern River Projects to be built by the Bureau of Reclamation and not by the Army Engineers. I also want the power generated at the projects built by the Army Engineers to be disposed of by the Secretary of Interior. I hope you will see that the Rivers and Harbors and Flood Control Bills include appropriate provisions to effectuate these.

F.D.R.

It was a strong note. And it had no effect whatsoever on the Corps. The Army Engineers forwarded the memorandum to Congress, in a routine way, but they did not mention either it or the President's position when Congress subsequently asked them to testify. The Kings River Project is now under construction by the Corps of Engineers—an isolated unit in the Central Valley Project which is designed as an integrated basin program of prime importance to California. Incidentally, in the Army plan, no power will be generated.

Meanwhile, after the project was under way, a new estimate of benefits was produced. This time the Corps showed benefits from irrigation of \$3,382,000 and from flood control, \$2,126,000. In other words, the Army's own figures showed the project to be predominantly an irrigation project—which should have been built by the Bureau of Reclamation in the first place. Further, local contributions are lower than they would be under Bureau administration, and the country as a whole—which pays—comes off second best. A dangerous precedent may have been set in the Central Valley, where the Army seeks authorization for many other works that are in conflict with the Bureau's basin plan.

THE President's policy of having the irrigation water and power produced at Army dams distributed by the Secretary of the Interior was subsequently adopted by Congress. The Corps has been in public opposition to these provisions, however, and has sought their repeal.

From the start, the Corps of Engineers gunned for the National Resources Planning Board set up by Roosevelt in 1934 with instructions to prepare a report on the nation's water resources. The Corps took part in the work of the Board's water committee

but refused to approve its report. "I am not prepared to approve it in its entirety nor to discuss in detail at this time some of the items which appear to me to be of questionable merit," the Secretary of War said.

The Corps kept the NRPB under constant attack, and when President Roosevelt sought to make the Board permanent, in 1936 and later, he was actively opposed by the Secretary of War—the only cabinet member who failed to support Roosevelt's views in this matter before Congress. In 1941 the NRPB made a final attempt to develop a national water policy. Once again the Corps was un-co-operative, and the Chief of Engineers refused to sign the final report. "The report has been made in a worthy cause," he wrote, "and the necessity of withholding my concurrence is regretted."

When the NRPB was killed in 1943 (with the Corps' blessing), the President's Bureau of the Budget, central co-ordinating agency of the executive office, proposed to take over certain resource co-ordination functions. This move was blocked when the Corps set up its own Inter-Agency River Basin Committee. This committee has no status, no money, and no staff; it has solved no inter-agency dispute. But its creation convinced Congress there was no need for the new Budget Bureau activity. Today the Bureau of the Budget attempts to co-ordinate public works activities in the entire federal establishment with two professional employees and a single clerk.

ONE of the Corps' coolest and most sensational floutings of Presidential decree may yet cost the country several billion dollars. In 1941, President Roosevelt ordered all construction agencies to submit their reports to the executive office for clearance. There they were to be reviewed by the NRPB, and later by the Bureau of the Budget. From January 1941 through August 1948, the Corps submitted 426 reports. Of these, 360 were cleared; 44 were held not in accord with the President's program; 32 were held up because special circumstances made them unacceptable.

Once again, the Corps was unruffled; it submitted the 76 unapproved reports to Congress without change and with the recommendation that they be authorized for construction. These 76 projects included the

largest and most important river developments in the nation. The total cost for these 76 projects—which the President's office found unacceptable because of, in many cases, insufficient study—is estimated at \$2,500,000,000. Many of the projects, the President's office said, were not economically justified: they would cost the nation more than they were worth. Nevertheless, they were submitted to Congress—and 62 of them were authorized.

The projects include \$200,000,000 for bank stabilization and for a twelve-foot channel in the Mississippi—which has serious repercussions for the Missouri and Ohio Rivers—\$42,000,000 for the Red River; \$10,300,000 for flood control in Illinois; \$120,000,000 worth of multiple-purpose dams in the Central Valley, which have caused serious conflict with the Bureau of Reclamation projects.

How do they get away with it? The answer is simple. Congress loves the Corps of Engineers and the Corps loves Congress.

The Corps has the whole-hearted support of the so-called "Rivers and Harbors Bloc," led largely by men from the lower Mississippi area. These men, given permanent seating by our Democracy, have high seniority on the committees dealing with navigation and flood control on the Father of Waters. One of them, Senator John J. McClellan, was a member of the Hoover Commission and entered an impassioned minority defense of the Corps.

Staunchly behind the Rivers and Harbors Bloc is the National Rivers and Harbors Congress—an organization dedicated to the principle that no stream is too small for a federal handout, no levee tall enough, no channel deep enough, no harbor improved enough. It is a comprehensive lobby group, an inviolated sort of affair which includes among its membership representatives and senators—the lobbied—as well as the contractors, and state and local officials—the lobby. At the top, of course, are the officers of the Corps of Engineers, who are *ex-officio* members of the Rivers and Harbors Congress. The president today is Senator John J. McClellan, the very same.

Relations among the congress and the Congress and the Corps are very cozy. Regularly the congress resolves in favor of the Corps of Engineers. "We reaffirm our faith and confidence in the Corps of Engineers, whose devotion to this nation and loyalty to the Chief

Executive have made possible the orderly and efficient development of the greatest waterway and flood control projects on earth," said a recent resolution. "I feel that I am among old friends," said a former Chief Engineer.

III

A MAJOR weakness in the Corps' position—in light of national policy but not from the point of view of local beneficiaries—is its failure to collect enough return from the largesse it bestows. The federal government bears the entire cost of most flood control structures—the long miles of levees on the Mississippi and the new concrete dams everywhere. The federal government generally bears the entire cost of navigation works as well—with the proviso that local interests pay nominal right-of-way, terminal, and dock costs.

And the federal government, as represented by the Corps, is liberal. Before 1935, the Corps had developed and maintained an outer harbor at Buffalo, New York. Costs for an inner harbor had been borne by the city. But in 1935 the city asked the Corps to take over maintenance of the inner harbor simply because the city said it was short of cash; it did not want to pay if it did not have to. The district engineer, the man representing the Corps on the spot, turned down the request. The Chief of Engineers, however, recommended that the federal government pay half the costs of the inner harbor, thereby relieving the city of this burden. Congress voted this proposal into law. In a single bill, seventeen projects which the executive office of the President declared did not have a high enough degree of local participation were, nevertheless, passed on to Congress—which, on the recommendation of the Corps of Engineers, obligingly approved.

Among these seventeen was a \$322,000 channel project from Boston Harbor to Commercial Point. Although the district engineer declared that oil interests on Commercial Point should pay \$100,000 toward the cost, the Chief of Engineers said that no local contribution was necessary. Another project which was disapproved by the President but passed by Congress was a \$160,000 Tacoma Harbor project. The NRPB found that bene-

fits would go largely to two lumber companies. It was found also that timber resources in the area were nearing exhaustion—which would end the usefulness of the project anyway. Congress, however, approved the Corps recommendation as it stood.

Another controversial project — among dozens—is the improvement of the Warrior-Tombigbee river system to permit barges traveling downstream on the Mississippi to return upstream via the Mobile, Warrior-Tombigbee, and Tennessee Rivers to the Ohio. This proposed route would have the advantage of being a slack-water route, while the Mississippi River improvements have so increased the speed of its current that upstream travel is difficult and expensive.

The project was rejected by Congress in 1944, but it was resurveyed and reintroduced. The cost was estimated at \$117,000,000 plus an annual maintenance charge of \$811,000. However, said the Engineers, the savings for Mississippi River shippers who would use the new upstream route would be \$1,200,000 annually. In addition, the Corps listed some benefits to local traffic. Congress agreed, and the project was authorized.

The point is this: had the Corps of Engineers been required to prove that its Mississippi River navigation projects were paying off, it surely could not have recommended the Warrior-Tombigbee project. It would have needed to keep the up-river traffic on the Mississippi as a justification for its improvements there. Lacking a system of tolls, or even of proper accounting, however, the Corps felt itself justified in taking on the new and extremely expensive program. Ironically enough, it is the increased speed of the Mississippi—brought about by the Corps' own diking and channelization—which makes the second project economically attractive in the Corps' eyes.

The reluctance of the Corps to charge tolls against those who use its waterways makes it very popular wherever navigation works exist. Many people, however, strongly believe that the federal government should charge for its services. User-charges would have two effects: they would help pay for the out-of-hand costs of construction and maintenance; more important, they would serve as a test of benefit estimates. Without tolls, or any other measuring device, no one can prove whether a

benefit has actually materialized. The Corps can make, within limits, almost any estimate necessary to win Congressional approval. No one checks up to see whether any advantages have been gained. After the federal money has been spent, no one seems to care.

As far as national policy is concerned, President Roosevelt said in 1940: "I have always believed that many facilities made available to our citizens by the government should be paid for, at least in part, by those who use them." He mentioned "the \$50,000,000 that the government spends annually on the maintenance of dredged channels, buoys, light-houses, life-saving stations, and so forth. It would seem reasonable that some portion of these annual expenditures should come back in the form of small fees. . . ."

The Corps always has opposed tolls, however. One of the main incentives behind plans for waterways is a desire on the part of local business interests, who in turn influence Congress, to force down railway rates by competition from toll-free waterways. The Corps is shrewd enough to realize that if shippers were forced to pay tolls, the differential between water and rail freight rates would tend to disappear—along with the justification for the waterway. It is true that the present system does sometimes bring down the rail rates, but usually only on commodities carried by water—as a countermeasure, frequently the railroads raise the rates on other products and the average citizen benefits not at all.

The Corps has been notoriously lax in evaluating its proposed waterways as part of the national transportation complex. Not once have the Army Engineers made a systematic study of waterways as a component of a system that includes water, rail, trucks, and pipelines. Only once was a Corps project—the Lake Erie–Ohio River canal—evaluated by the Interstate Commerce Commission; the ICC found it undesirable and Congress refused to vote funds.

IV

THE relationship between water and rail rates is particularly important in considering the Pick-Sloan Plan, now under construction in the Missouri Valley. The Pick-Sloan Plan reveals all the elements of confusion and competition between the Bu-

reau of Reclamation and the Corps of Engineers. It alone is enough to show the need for responsible administration of a national water policy.

A rough idea of the confusion that exists can be gained from this: neither the Bureau of Reclamation nor the Corps—nor anybody else—actually knows how much water there is in the Missouri. It is almost certainly true that there is not enough water to maintain in dry years the Army's proposed nine-foot navigation channel from Sioux City to the mouth. There is grave doubt there will ever be enough water—even in wet years—for the Bureau's ambitious irrigation plans, plus navigation. There is grave doubt that irrigation is even desirable in the area. There is still graver doubt that the expensive navigation installations are worth the money. What is certain is this: the Corps and the Bureau have rushed the nation into a billion-dollar undertaking without sufficient planning or investigation. And they have busted up a river that should have been developed as a whole.

Competition between the agencies is to blame for this piecemeal attack on the Missouri. Major General Lewis A. Pick, now Chief of Engineers, came up originally with a plan for twenty-two dams; W. G. Sloan of the Bureau of Reclamation came up with ninety dams; Pick called for 1,500 miles of levees; Sloan, for irrigation of 4,700,000 acres of land; Pick said he would generate some power; Sloan said he would generate 758,500 kilowatts. On this basis, the Corps and the Bureau were slugging it out on the river and in Congress for funds.

Then the Corps and the Bureau were driven into each other's arms by a common threat: the proposal of a Missouri Valley Authority, modeled after the formidably successful Tennessee Valley Authority. To forestall such a creation, the Corps and the Bureau reached a "compromise." Earlier, the Bureau had attacked the Pick plan in several instances as wasteful and unnecessary; the Corps had returned the compliment sneer for sneer. But when the MVA was proposed, they hastily came to terms. "Every project in both plans was incorporated into the joint venture except the Army's Oak Creek Dam," said Rufus Terral of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, "and it would have been included too if its site were

not to be submerged by another dam. One way or another, the two agencies had agreed to what in their composite view was a waste of more than \$150,000,000 of the people's money."

Said the Hoover Commission: "The 'compromise' consisted for the most part in a division of projects, each agency agreeing to forego the privilege of criticizing projects assigned by the agreement to the other. The result is in no sense an integrated development plan for the Basin. . . . Agreement between the two agencies may be more costly to the public than disagreement. . . ."

The nine-foot channel for the Missouri has been approved. It was recommended on the ground that the present six-foot channel—which cost approximately \$70,000,000—is inadequate; barge operators must change equipment between the Missouri and the Mississippi because of the Mississippi's nine-foot channel. Given a nine-foot channel in the Missouri, the argument ran, there will be complete interchangeability of equipment between the two rivers.

Now, without knowing whether there is enough water available, the nine-foot channel is being constructed in the Missouri. Simultaneously, the project for increasing the depth of the Mississippi channel to twelve feet is ready to go. When both projects are completed, interchangeability of equipment will be as impossible as ever.

Behind that cloud of confusion around the nine-foot channel in the Missouri is again the lure to the local interests of a chance to force down railroad rates. The project will cost many, many millions, and there is actually no guarantee that rail rates *will* be forced down. At present, in the expensive six-foot channel, about all that moves on the river are barge-loads of sand and gravel—most of which are used to build levees by the Corps of Engineers.

In their hurry to get authorization and money, the Corps and the Bureau almost overlooked the river itself. Scant recognition was given to the problem of fish and wildlife. This colloquy between Charles E. Jackson, assistant director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, and Major General Thomas M. Robins, of the Corps, is illustrative: Mr. Jackson was arguing that fish and wildlife must be considered in any river development:

JACKSON: I don't know what plans you have for the Missouri River. I understand a report was submitted. I haven't seen it yet. You see, some progress is made before we have had the opportunity to know what is contemplated on the Missouri. . . .

ROBINS: I didn't know there was any fish problem on the Missouri River.

JACKSON: That is exactly why we want to be consulted before any project is undertaken.

V

NO SENSIBLE effort has been made to evaluate all the soil and water conservation needs of the Missouri Valley, or in any other way to combine estimates and consider the valley as a single watershed. The Department of Agriculture has only recently submitted a hastily prepared plan for the expenditure of several billion dollars for soil conservation on the same watershed. The Federal Power Commission estimates that it would need \$250,000 to survey adequately the power potential and market in the valley. The Bureau's plan for the Missouri provided for the production of 758,500 kilowatts of power. The Corps, reluctant to build power facilities, merely said it would develop power; it did not say how much.

This difference in the attitude toward power is a recurring strand in the conflict between the Bureau and the Army Engineers. The Bureau is committed to produce power: power revenues help pay off the investment for irrigation works. It operates under a law which gives public agencies first chance at its power at low rates. It advocates construction of transmission lines to load centers where the public power can be picked up by small co-operatives and municipal distribution systems. The Corps opposes construction of transmission lines. It would sell its power at the bus bar—*i.e.*, at the generators. This is precisely what the private utilities want; the Army is supported in its program by these utilities.

By 1960, the Hoover Commission estimates, federal plants will be producing 15 to 20 per cent of the power supply of the country. If all the power plants now listed as possibilities are ever built, the federal plant will ultimately be producing as much electric energy as the whole country produced in 1947. It is obvious that a power policy, as a corollary to a sound water policy, is indicated.

Very quietly, the Corps of Engineers has also entered another large field of public endeavor which promises to be costly to the taxpayers. In the 1944 Flood Control Act—the latest of the major laws in the field—"major drainage projects" were made a part of flood control. No one seems to know where these three words came from or how they got into the Act, except that it is almost certain that a congressman from the lower Mississippi was the author. Two major drainage projects have been authorized so far—on the lower Mississippi, of course. These major works will be one hundred per cent federal gifts; the local interests must only clear the land and construct minor works.

There is no anti-speculation provision in the law. If you own a swamp and are lucky enough to get the Corps of Engineers to drain it for you, you can sell it at any price you can get; the people of the United States will gladly pay the bill. There may be federal responsibility for helping drainage districts, but it is doubtful whether this responsibility should go further than the giving of reimbursable aid. Here again, various uses of water should be carefully examined. Some drainage operations have produced inferior agricultural land. And swamp land is not necessarily waste land. It is important as a nesting ground for wild fowl and as spawning grounds for fish.

Drainage operations are expensive. So is maintenance of a drainage project. The fact that drainage was slipped into a bill enlarging the functions of the Army Engineers, without adequate local participation or anti-speculation provisions, would seem to be a mistake. The Hoover Commission, with its task force on natural resources, looked at all the facts. It recommended the transfer of the civil functions of the Corps of Engineers to a Water Development and Use Service in the Department of the Interior. The functions of the Bureau of Reclamation would also be transferred to this Water Service. Such a consolidation would give the country what it needs: a single agency charged with the responsibility for administering our water resources.

The Commission also recommended an important addition to the executive structure: a Board of Impartial Analysis which would review and co-ordinate all construction plans for the President before submission to Congress. Thus Congress could act on a co-ordi-

nated program rather than struggle through competitive plans and counter-plans.

Senator John J. McClellan and Carter Manasco, former Congressman from Alabama, bitterly attacked the plan to cut the Corps down to size. "This is a critical period in world history," they wrote, as minority members of the Commission. "The uncertainties of the peace and the possibilities of another world war, it seems to us, should preclude any thought of weakening our military potentialities by turning from tried, tested, and proven policies and programs to an experimentation in something that has little hope of success."

Their argument, a favorite with supporters of the Corps, that the peacetime functions of the Engineers—building dams and levees—train soldiers for war was knocked in the head by the majority report: "The argument that river and harbor work can be directed only by the Army Engineers becomes . . . absurd when it is realized that less than two hundred Army Engineers are involved and that the remainder of the personnel under their control . . . are civilians who supply most of the detailed knowledge and continuing direction. . . . There is no reason why the same and even better results can not be obtained by assigning them [Engineer officers] and corresponding officers of the Navy and Air Forces . . . to a central consolidated works department." With the two hundred officers out of the way, the report said, civilians might have the chance for promotion they deserve.

Senator McClellan and Mr. Manasco, recalling the heroic folklore figure of the district engineer holding back the flood while the convicts work the levee, tried another barrel—we need these brave officers in time of emergency: "A most recent example is the unprecedented blizzards that swept the West. Could the Bureau of Reclamation have been of comparable service to that performed by the Corps of Engineers in meeting the exigencies of this great peacetime emergency?"

Most significantly, the late James Forrestal, a member of the Commission, did not join Senator McClellan and Mr. Manasco in their dissent, although he was head of the Department which included the Corps. He did, however, abstain from joining the majority recommendation on the consolidation of the Corps' civilian functions.

Senator McClellan feels strongly about pruning the civil works of the Corps. And he is in a position to do something about it. He is chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments, the committee dealing with the Hoover recommendations. It is notable that when the hearings this spring were recorded in 230 printed pages,

more than half the talk was an effort to exempt the Corps from any reorganization plan. An effective reorganization, on the other hand, as recommended by the Hoover Commission, would put responsibility for our water resources up to one agency—and demand results. It would certainly save money, and it might save our rivers.

Warmongers Are Made, Not Born

What the Papers Said:

BEDELL SMITH FEARS EVENTUAL SOVIET WAR

WASHINGTON, April 15 (UP)—Lieut.-Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, former United States Ambassador to Moscow, indicated tonight that he believed the odds favored eventual war with Russia unless the Communists changed their tune. . . . It would be a good idea, he added, for the United States to spend as much as possible to arm Western Europe even if it meant cutting down our own armed strength. . . .

—from the *New York Times*' report of the Mutual Broadcasting System's "Meet the Press" program, on April 16, 1949

What the General Said:

LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK: You think, then, that it would be wiser to give them [the Western Europeans] some of our own armament money if we couldn't add to our present military budget?

GENERAL SMITH: I think we have to strike a balance between the two. . . .

MARQUIS CHILDS: General, as a military man, do you think if this calamity of a war between the two great powers came—would it be a short war ended by atomic bombing within a few months, or a long war?

GENERAL SMITH: I can't imagine it would be a short war, Mr. Childs. I feel this way about it. It's often been said that a civil war is the most terrible of all wars, because that's the only war in which fighting men have a pretty good idea what they're fighting for. A war with Russia would be a civil war of humanity, and I can't think that it would be anything but a prolonged, protracted, disastrous war, which nobody would win. Nobody wins a modern war, anyway. . . .

ALBERT WARNER: I take it you don't foresee a time, General, when we can say to the Russians, let's sit down and talk things over and see whether we can come to a basic understanding. Is there no hope of that in the future at all?

GENERAL SMITH: Certainly there's hope. If there weren't any hope of that then life wouldn't be worth living. . . .

—from the full text of the "Meet the Press" program, as published in the *American Mercury*, June 1949.

Art for Art's Sake

E. M. Forster

I BELIEVE in art for art's sake. It is, as you know, an unfashionable belief, and some of my statements must be of the nature of an apology. Fifty years ago I should have faced you with more confidence. A writer or a speaker who chose "Art for Art's Sake" for his theme fifty years ago could be sure of being in the swim, and could feel so confident of success that he sometimes dressed himself in aesthetic costumes suitable to the occasion—in an embroidered dressing gown, perhaps, or a blue velvet suit with a Lord Fauntleroy collar; or a toga, or a kimono, and carried a poppy or a lily or a long peacock's feather in his medieval hand. Times have changed. Not thus can I present either myself or my theme today. My aim rather is to ask you quietly to reconsider for a few minutes a phrase which has been much misused and much abused, but which has, I believe, great importance for us—has, indeed, eternal importance.

Now we can easily dismiss those peacock's feathers and other affectations—they are but trifles—but I want also to dismiss a more dangerous heresy, namely the silly idea that only art matters, an idea which has somehow got mixed up with the idea of art for art's sake, and has helped to discredit it. Many things, besides art, matter. It is merely one of the things that matter, and high though the claims are that I make for it, I want to

keep them in proportion. No one can spend his or her life entirely in the creation or the appreciation of masterpieces. Man lives, and ought to live, in a complex world, full of conflicting claims, and if we simplified them down into the aesthetic he would be sterilized. Art for art's sake does not mean that only art matters, and I would also like to order out such phrases as, "The Life of Art," "Living for Art," and even, "Art's High Mission." They confuse and mislead.

WHAT does the phrase mean? Instead of generalizing, let us take a specific instance—Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, for example, and pronounce the words, "*Macbeth* for *Macbeth's* sake." What does that mean? Well, the play has several aspects—it is educational, it teaches us something about legendary Scotland, something about Jacobean England, and a good deal about human nature and its perils. We can study its origins, and study and enjoy its dramatic technique and the music of its diction, as Edith Sitwell has. All that is true. But *Macbeth* is furthermore a world of its own, created by Shakespeare and existing in virtue of its own poetry. It is in this aspect *Macbeth* for *Macbeth's* sake, and that is what I intend by the phrase "art for art's sake." A work of art—whatever else it may be—is a self-contained entity, with a life of its own imposed on it by its creator. It has

So rare is the issue of Mr. Forster's pen that we are delighted to present this slightly emended version of an address delivered before a combined meeting of the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

internal order. It may have external form. That is how we recognize it.

Take for another example that picture of Seurat's which I saw two years ago in Chicago—"La Grande Jatte." Here again there is much to study and to enjoy: the pointillism, the charming face of the seated girl, the nineteenth-century Parisian Sunday sunlight, the sense of motion in immobility. But here again there is something more; "*La Grande Jatte*" forms a world of its own, created by Seurat and existing by virtue of its own poetry: "*La Grande Jatte*" pour "*La Grande Jatte*": *l'art pour l'art*. Like *Macbeth* it has internal order and internal life.

It is to the conception of order that I would now turn. This is important to my argument, and I want to make a digression, and glance at order in daily life, before I come to order in art.

In the world of daily life, the world which we perforce inhabit, there is much talk about order, particularly from statesmen and politicians. They tend, however, to confuse order with orders, just as they confuse creation with regulations. Order, I suggest, is something evolved from within, not something imposed from without; it is an internal stability, a vital harmony, and, in the social and political category, it has never existed except for the convenience of historians. Viewed realistically, the past is really a series of disorders, succeeding one another by discoverable laws, no doubt, and certainly marked by an increasing growth of human interference, but disorders all the same. So that, speaking as a writer, what I hope for today is for disorder which will be more favorable to artists than is the present one, and which will provide them with fuller inspirations and better material conditions. It will not last—nothing lasts—but there have been some advantageous disorders in the past—for instance, in ancient Athens, in Renaissance Italy, eighteenth-century France, periods in China and Persia—and we may do something to accelerate the next one. But let us not again fix our hearts where true joys are not to be found. We were promised a new order after the first world war through the League of Nations. It did not come, nor have I faith in present promises, by whomsoever endorsed. The implacable offensive of Science forbids. We cannot reach social and political stability for

the reason that we continue to make scientific discoveries and to apply them, and thus to destroy the arrangements which were based on more elementary discoveries. If Science would discover rather than apply—if, in other words, men were more interested in knowledge than in power—mankind would be in a far safer position, the stability statesmen talk about would be a possibility, there could be a new order based on vital harmony, and the earthly millennium might approach. But Science shows no signs of doing this: she gave us the internal combustion engine, and before we had digested and assimilated it with terrible pains into our social system, she harnessed the atom, and destroyed any new order that seemed to be evolving. How can man get into harmony with his surroundings when he is constantly altering them? The future of our race is, in this direction, more unpleasant than we care to admit, and it has sometimes seemed to me that its best chance lies through apathy, uninventiveness, and inertia. Universal exhaustion might promote that Change of Heart which is at present so briskly recommended from a thousand pulpits. Universal exhaustion would certainly be a new experience. The human race has never undergone it, and is still too perky to admit that it may be coming and might result in a sprouting of new growth through the decay.

I MUST not pursue these speculations any further—they lead me too far from my terms of reference and maybe from yours. But I do want to emphasize that order in daily life and in history, order in the social and political category, is unattainable under our present psychology.

Where is it attainable? Not in the astronomical category, where it was for many years enthroned. The heavens and the earth have become terribly alike since Einstein. No longer can we find a reassuring contrast to chaos in the night sky and look up with George Meredith to the stars, the army of unalterable law, or listen for the music of the spheres. Order is not there. In the entire universe there seem to be only two possibilities for it. The first of them—which again lies outside my terms of reference—is the divine order, the mystic harmony, which according to all religions is available for those who can contemplate it. We must admit its possibility,

on the evidence of the adepts, and we must believe them when they say that it is attained, if attainable, by prayer. "O thou who changest not, abide with me," said one of its poets. "*Ordina questo amor, o tu che m'ami*," said another: "Set love in order thou who lovest me." The existence of a divine order, though it cannot be tested, has never been disproved.

The second possibility for order lies in the aesthetic category, which is my subject here: the order which an artist can create in his own work, and to that we must now return. A work of art, we are all agreed, is a unique product. But why? It is unique not because it is clever or noble or beautiful or enlightened or original or sincere or idealistic or useful or educational—it may embody any of those qualities—but because it is the only material object in the universe which may possess internal harmony. All the others have been pressed into shape from outside, and when their mold is removed they collapse. The work of art stands up by itself, and nothing else does. It achieves something which has often been promised by society, but always delusively. Ancient Athens made a mess—but the *Antigone* stands up. Renaissance Rome made a mess—but the ceiling of the Sistine got painted. James I made a mess—but there was *Macbeth*. Louis XIV—but there was *Phèdre*. Art for art's sake? I should just think so, and more so than ever at the present time. It is the one orderly product which our muddling race has produced. It is the cry of a thousand sentinels, the echo from a thousand labyrinths; it is the lighthouse which cannot be hidden: *c'est le meilleur témoignage que nous puissions donner de notre dignité*. *Antigone* for *Antigone's* sake, *Macbeth* for *Macbeth's*, "*La Grande Jatte*" pour "*La Grande Jatte*."

IF THIS line of argument is correct, it follows that the artist will tend to be an outsider in the society to which he has been born, and that the nineteenth-century conception of him as a Bohemian was not inaccurate. The conception erred in three particulars: it postulated an economic system where art could be a full-time job, it introduced the fallacy that only art matters, and it overstressed idiosyncrasy and waywardness—the peacock-feather aspect—rather than order.

But it is a truer conception than the one which prevails in official circles on my side of the Atlantic—I don't know about yours: the conception which treats the artist as if he were a particularly bright government advertiser and encourages him to be friendly and matey with his fellow citizens, and not to give himself airs.

Estimable is mateyness, and the man who achieves it gives many a pleasant little drink to himself and to others. But it has no traceable connection with the creative impulse, and probably acts as an inhibition on it. The artist who is seduced by mateyness may stop himself from doing the one thing which he, and he alone, can do—the making of something out of words or sounds or paint or clay or marble or steel or film which has internal harmony and presents order to a permanently disarranged planet. This seems worth doing, even at the risk of being called uppish by journalists. I have in mind an article which was published some years ago in the *London Times*, an article called "The Eclipse of the Highbrow," in which the "Average Man" was exalted, and all contemporary literature was censured if it did not toe the line, the precise position of the line being naturally known to the writer of the article. Sir Kenneth Clark, who was at that time director of our National Gallery, commented on this pernicious doctrine in a letter which cannot be too often quoted. "The poet and the artist," wrote Clark, "are important precisely because they are not average men; because in sensibility, intelligence, and power of invention they far exceed the average." These memorable words, and particularly the words "power of invention," are the Bohemian's passport. Furnished with it, he slinks about society, saluted now by a brickbat and now by a penny, and accepting either of them with equanimity. He does not consider too anxiously what his relations with society may be, for he is aware of something more important than that—namely the invitation to invent, to create order, and he believes he will be better placed for doing this if he attempts detachment. So round and round he slouches, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and maybe with a louse in his beard, and—if he really wants one—with a peacock's feather in his hand.

If our present society should disintegrate—

and who dare prophesy that it won't?—this old-fashioned and *démodé* figure will become clearer: the Bohemian, the outsider, the parasite, the rat—one of those figures which have at present no function either in a warring or a peaceful world. It may not be dignified to be a rat, but many of the ships are sinking, which is not dignified either—the officials did not build them properly. Myself, I would sooner be a swimming rat than a sinking ship—at all events I can look around me for a little longer—and I remember how one of us, a rat with particularly bright eyes called Shelley, squeaked out, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," before he vanished into the waters of the Mediterranean.

What laws did Shelley propose to pass? None. The legislation of the artist is never formulated at the time, though it is sometimes discerned by future generations. He legislates through creating. And he creates through his sensitiveness and his power to impose form. Without form the sensitiveness vanishes. And form is as important today, when the human race is trying to ride the whirlwind, as it ever was in those less agitating days of the past, when the earth seemed solid and the stars fixed, and the discoveries of science were made slowly, slowly. Form is not tradition. It alters from generation to generation. Artists always seek a new technique, and will continue to do so as long as their work excites them. But form of some kind is imperative. It is the surface crust of the internal harmony, it is the outward evidence of order.

MY REMARKS about society may have seemed too pessimistic, but I believe that society can only represent a fragment of the human spirit, and that another fragment can only get expressed through

art. And I wanted to take this opportunity, this vantage ground, to assert not only the existence of art but its pertinacity. Looking back into the past, it seems to me that that is all there has ever been: vantage grounds for discussion and creation, little vantage grounds in the changing chaos, where bubbles have been blown and webs spun, and the desire to create order has found temporary gratification, and the sentinels have managed to utter their challenges, and the huntsmen, though lost individually, have heard each other's calls through the impenetrable wood, and the lighthouses have never ceased sweeping the thankless seas. In this pertinacity there seems to me, as I grow older, something more and more profound, something which does in fact concern people who do not care about art at all.

IN CONCLUSION, let me summarize the various categories that have laid claim to the possession of Order.

(1) The social and political category. Claim disallowed on the evidence of history and of our own experience. If man altered psychologically, order here might be attainable; not otherwise.

(2) The astronomical category. Claim allowed up to the present century, but now disallowed on the evidence of the physicists.

(3) The religious category. Claim allowed on the evidence of the mystics.

(4) The aesthetic category—the subject of this article. Claim allowed on the evidence of various works of art, and on the evidence of our own creative impulses, however weak these may be, or however imperfectly they may function. Works of art, in my opinion, are the only objects in the material universe to possess internal order, and that is why, though I don't believe that only art matters, I do believe in Art for Art's Sake.

What Makes New England Go?

C. Hartley Grattan

Drawings by Harry Dix

EVERY American knows something about New England. Nobody avoids learning something about it in school, but ordinarily the something is historical in nature. And the sense that New England is important chiefly for historical reasons is kept going by the tourist propaganda. I have before me a suggested itinerary for a ten-day, 1,600-mile automobile tour in which the emphasis is overwhelmingly on points of historical interest, even when they are found in places whose contemporary importance is considerable—in New Bedford, for instance, attention is directed to whaling, not present-day industry. This is all very well, for the tourist industry is important to New England, but it helps keep alive a view of New England that is cockeyed: that New England is altogether a matter of history and all its people are curious survivals from times past, either amusingly salty Yankees of the countryside, or stuffy Proper Bostonians. There are moments when one gets the impression that New England is simply 2 per cent of the land area of the United States peopled by zombies and shrouded in impenetrable myths.

On this occasion I want to direct your attention away from Faneuil Hall, the Whaling Museum, and the House of the Seven Gables toward how New Englanders do their getting and spending in this year of grace. This is a strictly non-travel article, rigorously eschew-

ing antiquarianism and quaintness, though not history.

What makes New England go? It goes because it is highly industrialized. Please note the omnipresent factories as you pass through Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, and pay respectful attention to them in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. Its farms are worth a glance also. They don't, even in the aggregate, contribute too much to the regional income, but they play a part. So, too, do the forest industries—77 per cent of New England is under forest—and also the fisheries. And give several long thoughts to the service industries. Think of the great insurance companies, the concentration of them at Hartford in Connecticut, for instance, and the other repositories of funds for investment, like the mutual savings banks (more common here than anywhere else in this country), the trust companies, and the investment trusts. Pause, also, to reflect on the significance of the numerous institutions for higher education and research, and be sure to get beyond Harvard, Yale, and M.I.T. in your enumeration. Apart from research laboratories in educational institutions, there are at least 350 industrial research laboratories in the region. Think, too, of the economic significance of the thirty-dollars-a-day the New Englanders are extracting from you for food, lodging, and souvenirs. Suddenly it will dawn on you

Mr. Grattan, a New Englander bred as well as born, has recently revisited the area with an eye to whatever signs of future prosperity or decay he might find. This is the first of two articles.

that while the New England you are touring has a rich historical setting which gives it a unique charm and is probably your reason for being there, it is also very much a part of the same United States in which you earned the money to pay for your tour among the relics.

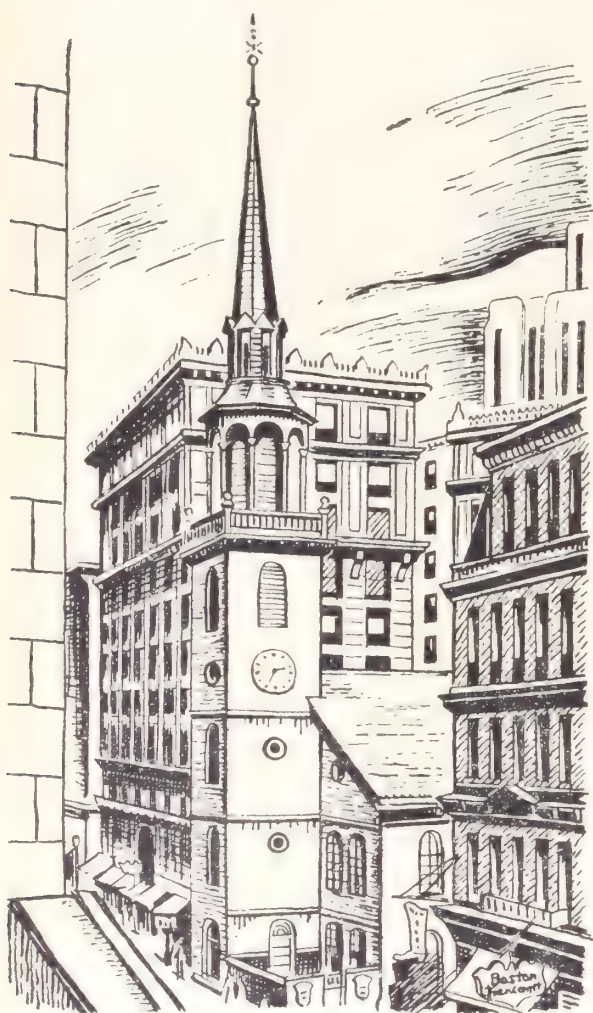
MANY analogies between New England and old England are suggestive. For one thing, New England like old England makes its living to a remarkable extent by importing raw materials, processing them in factories, and exporting a high proportion of the product. Both are poor in industrial raw materials. Yet even this comprehensive analogy breaks down at several points: New England lacks extensive coal deposits, which old England has; it does not make steel in anything like large enough quantities to supply its needs, although it makes some from scrap; and it conducts its

import-export trade largely with the rest of the United States, not with foreign countries, though its contribution to American foreign trade is far from negligible. In short, New England is an export-import region within a huge and highly dynamic national economy. This is its strength and its weakness.

Factory industry is old in New England, for the first factories were built over 150 years ago; when the greatest industrial boom in American history began after the Civil War, New England was already a well-established factory area. For instance, Connecticut's famous brass industry got going before the Civil War. For instance, again, it was men like Eli Terry, Eli Whitney, and Simeon North who developed the principle basic to modern industry, interchangeable parts, in the very early days. New England had a head-start industrially in the United States, like old England in the world. But as industry has grown in the United States, New England's proportionate share has declined. Much the same has happened to old England in the world as nations overseas have industrialized. New England's absolute competitive advantage in the markets for industrial products has thus been reduced, and the same forces have made what advantages it does retain harder to define and harder to evaluate. To survive at all, the region has forced its enterprisers to do some fast footwork.

For many years the strategy of shifting from weakness to strength has worked, even in tough circumstances, as in cotton textiles and shoes. But the job is never finished. The idea that any industry can ever be truly at ease in Zion is false. One of New England's perennial chores, as perennial as winding the clock and putting out the cat, is adjusting to the mutable American economy. Right now she is facing the question of what her position will be in the years immediately ahead. What pattern of economic activity will in the future give New England regional strength and a secure place in the nation's work? For inner stability depends only too obviously on integration with the whole economy.

It cannot be overlooked that the United States might survive very nicely if economic forces slowly shoved New England into a brackish backwater. This partial stagnation wouldn't be healthy but it could be endured



"... how New Englanders do their getting and spending in this year of grace. . ."

nationally with, one may presume, not too much pain. In New England, however, the very idea is a nightmare, even to people who know nothing first-hand about what the term, "depressed area," signified in between-wars old England. Since the current recession in employment has hit New England harder than the nation at large, self-analysis has become almost an obsession. The time has come, New Englanders feel, to put the region through the economic research machine to get "the basic facts," to find out her strengths and name her weaknesses, to provide for a program, not of mere survival, but of future growth.

Will the fact that New England is old industrially hamper the task? You won't find the answer in historic Lexington and literary Concord. You will have to look for it in the factories and offices not included in your tourist's itinerary.

II

WHAT do New Englanders do for a living today? First, though, who are the New Englanders? There are more than nine million of them, of whom three-quarters live in urban areas. The population is especially concentrated in the three industrialized states of southern New England, where eight out of ten New Englanders live, most densely in Rhode Island. For example, Framingham, Massachusetts, twenty-one miles west of Boston and thirty-four miles north of Providence, is building a new shopping center on the Worcester Turnpike. Within thirty minutes driving time of the center there are no less than twenty-nine towns and villages containing about 850,000 people. Of course the industries tend to concentrate in particular counties, even in particular cities and towns within the counties. Eighty per cent of Connecticut's industry is in the three counties of Fairfield, Hartford, and New Haven. This explains why New England still has great open spaces.

Even today, long after the influx of immi-



"... Boston ... still thinks it is the hub of New England if no longer of the universe. ..."

grants has ebbed, one out of every five New Englanders is foreign-born, better than double the United States average. Children of foreign-born parents are naturally far more numerous. I entered public school in Framingham forty-odd years ago and continued my education through college in that town and others in Massachusetts. I cannot recall a single teacher of mine until I reached high-school level who was indisputably an old New Englander. That one was a man from Maine. My schoolmates were a mixed group of Irish, English, Italian, French, Finnish, and—seemingly in the minority—old New England stock. I myself was the child of parents born in Canada, with almost as warm an attachment to Nova Scotia as to New England. (Boston used ironically to be called the true capital of the Maritime Canadian provinces.) Perhaps the fact that I went to school in industrial towns and cities had something to do with my experience, but I think not, for here on my desk is a gaily colored map of Connecticut, published in 1940, showing "Dominant Groups in the Rural-Farm Foreign-Born Population in Each Town." Ten nationalities are represented and a color is also assigned to "other." The named nationalities are Polish, Italian, German, Lithuanian, Russian, Czechoslovakian, French-Canadian, Swedish, Finnish, and Hungarian.

All in all, I think New England has a sound claim to being the most cosmopolitan region

of the United States, however much that may damage the popular image of its purity; and I shall venture the opinion, based on personal experience, that many, many children grow up in New England to find that rural Yankees and Proper Bostonians, when encountered, are as strange folks to them as they are to the most bemused tourists from outside. Nevertheless it is also true that New England somehow places its stamp on the children of the foreign-born, chiefly in the public schools. In the larger sense, this is what is called Americanization, but Americanization does not, it seems to me, produce a deracinated continental type. Rather it gives the subject the stamp of the region in which the process is undergone. Finally, I should like to point out that a good many non-New Englanders still make careers in New England, and of the economists I interviewed in Boston, which still thinks it is the hub of New England if no longer of the universe, the three most conspicuous were natives of California, Michigan, and New York. When times are good, people move into New England in considerable numbers.

Nor is the pattern of population distribution in New England static. There is a good deal of moving around—shoe manufacturers seeking a refuge from high wages in Massachusetts move to New Hampshire and Maine as well as out of the region altogether—and the towns and cities change their characters decisively with the years. Framingham today is quite a different place from what it was when I was a boy there before World War I. In those days it was a placid little town of 12,000 people, very definitely twenty-one miles from Boston. There was only one really big industry, the Dennison Manufacturing Company. An astonishing number of people seemed to work in "the Dennison." Today it is a small city of 28,000 people, aiming with confidence at 50,000 in the near future. The range of industries has increased bewilderingly and appears likely to epitomize New England's industrial diversification in due course. Framingham, as a matter of fact, is something of a boom town, thriving on its location half-way between Boston and Worcester and its accessibility by road and rail to the greater part of New England. As Boston decentralizes westward, Framingham grows; and it is one New England city that

does not add new industries by filling up abandoned factories. It grows as new plants are built, thriving on that relocation of industry that constantly goes on in a dynamic economy.

III

OF THE more than nine million New Englanders, hardly one person in twenty earns his living as a farmer—the national average is one in five—but let us begin with the farmers nevertheless. They do not feed New England; the region is a heavy food importer. The farms now chiefly produce eggs, fluid milk, market-garden produce, and potatoes, with a miscellany of other (often famous) specialties, like blueberries, cranberries, maple products, tobacco, and apples. Some of these have a national market, or something approximating it, but the most important point about farming in New England is the close reciprocal relation with the region's urban population. Farming in New England closely follows the cities' demands.

However there are some surprises in the distribution of the farms. In gross realized income from farming—receipts from goods marketed and government payments—Maine is at the top, very closely followed by Massachusetts, then Connecticut, then Vermont, putting New Hampshire fifth and Rhode Island (largely because of its small size) last. This means that two of the so-called industrial states are among the first three in farm income, a charming paradox. The farms in the northern tier of states are on the average bigger than elsewhere in New England—biggest in Vermont with about 150 acres—but the other states do very well on smaller acreages. More than half of Vermont's farmers do dairying—the state used to have more cows than people, even in the summertime. (Incidentally any Vermont milk that flows into New York is compensated for by milk from eastern New York flowing into New England.) All states have numerous dairy farms, from one out of every five farms to one out of every three; poultry farms are numerous in Rhode Island—the state which has erected a monument to a hen, the Rhode Island Red—as well as in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire, far less numerous in Maine, and unimportant in Vermont. The New Hamp-

shire poultry farmers are great on the production of eggs for hatching, and export them all over the country, much as the machine-tool factories tool up competitive works all over the nation. The cows of New England produce more milk per beast than the national average; and the laying hens do better than average in egg production.

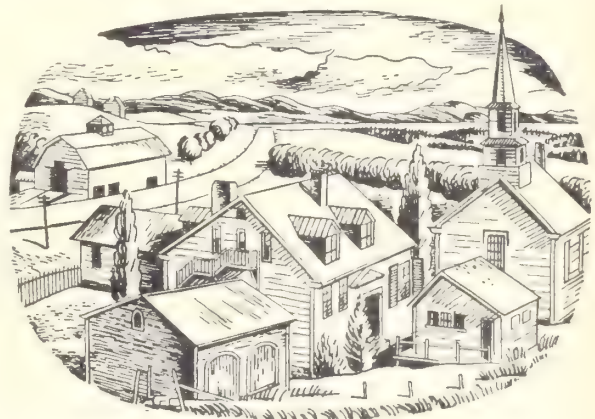
Most of New England's famous potatoes grow in Aroostook County in far northeastern Maine—the largest county in America, bar none—but potato farmers also plant almost any soil they find suitable, with a good market to hand, and produce far more potatoes per acre than the national average. Market-gardeners cluster around all of the towns and cities. Most of the blueberries come from Washington and Lincoln counties in Maine; most of the cranberries from Plymouth and Barnstable counties in Massachusetts; most of the maple products from Vermont; the tobacco—cigar tobacco, it is—from the Connecticut River valley in Massachusetts and Connecticut; and the apples from a belt running from middle Connecticut northeast across Massachusetts and southeastern New Hampshire to the Maine border. This makes a far more complicated and evenly spread farm economy than is commonly supposed to exist in New England. But it isn't the factor that makes New England go.

Nor is that factor to be found in other "primary" production. New England still produces some lumber, but well below the national average per capita; however it turns out comparatively more wood pulp. It digs few minerals and they total only one fourteenth of the national average by value. But it does well out of fisheries; by value, \$2.43 per capita as compared with 67 cents nationally. The gist of this is that New England's economy has a very narrow primary base. But of course there is no need for a perfect balance among the types of industries if it is possible to achieve a sound specialization to serve local and national interests.

WHAT, then, of manufactures? About four out of every ten working New Englanders earn their livings in factories. This exceeds the national average by about a person-and-a-half (if you can stomach the statistical monstrosity) and is a useful measure of New England's dependence on

manufacturing. In the three highly industrialized states the concentration in manufacturing is even greater—running about five out of ten or a little better. The factory workers include an unusually large number of women. The factories themselves are predominantly of moderate size—measured by numbers employed. Production is surprisingly diversified, taking the region as a whole, for diversification has been a slogan for some time and still is today. The most important single type of industry is metal working in its innumerable branches. It is the metal processing industries to which most New Englanders look for industrial growth. This may give you a new conception of New England, but it is one to keep firmly in mind.

The textile industry, with which New England is so closely associated historically and which is still very important, inspires little confidence and is hence a very weak hope. Yet the textile industry is not a uniformly dubious quantity. Cotton textiles arouse mainly skepticism at present, but no one is entirely



"Farming in New England closely follows the cities' demands."

convinced that New England's woolen industry must drift away from the region—Boston is still one of the great wool trading centers of the world, along with Bradford in England—and artificial fibers are considered a sound proposition. It is even hoped that cotton textiles will ultimately shake down into a stable industry, perhaps on the basis of specialized, high-quality production (a view strangely similar to that widely entertained of the English industry). The migration of cotton milling out of New England is not yet over, and the instability of the works that

remain is extremely plaguing today and will account for some of the worst strains to which New England will be subjected in the next period.

SHOES offer a similarly uncertain prospect. The industry has been declining for many years and the end is not yet in sight. Towns and cities where shoe shops are still an important source of employment suffer so much instability that other communities do not welcome the industry; and towns heavily dependent on it like Brockton, Massachusetts, devise elaborate schemes to get out from under if they possibly can. At what level of production shoes will finally stabilize is as impossible to predict as is the future of cotton textiles. But that the trend is once again downward, after good times during the war, is beyond dispute.

So it is on the metal processing industries that most bets are laid. The range of production here is very wide. Foundries and machine shops abound. New Englanders make all kinds of things out of metal, from nuts, bolts, and washers to complex electrical machinery, apparatus, and supplies. They are especially good on things demanding a high level of skill of the workers. They use all kinds of metals: steel predominantly (over a million tons annually of various types), copper, brass, aluminum, and tin. They make things for the home, the office, the factory.

They make machine tools and the tools for machine-tool makers. They make jet engines and costume jewelry, giant turbines and typewriters, hammers and knives, silverware, clocks and firearms—the range is fantastic. They still hold their own in equipping industries on which they have lost a firm grip, like textiles and shoes. In fact if anything properly to be called Yankee ingenuity has been passed on to the contemporary New Englanders, it finds its outlet in metal working. But if one thing is clearer than another about New England today, it is that simple, untutored ingenuity is not enough, either to keep things going or to insure the future. Yankee ingenuity is now lodged in highly skilled factory labor; and the insurance of the future must be sought in scientific research. New England needs to cotton even more closely to those scientific laboratories than it has to date.

IV

THE next step in our layer-by-layer analysis of how New England lives brings us to the services—the “tertiary” industries. The services are ordinarily most highly developed in association with substantial incomes from commodity production—which under modern conditions are ordinarily earned in manufacturing, not agriculture. The percentage of New Englanders



“Please note the omnipresent factories as you pass through Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, and pay respectful attention to them in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont.”

employed in the services does not today reach the national average, however, in spite of the fact that per capita incomes in New England are better than average. In 1946, 51 per cent of New England's workers were in "tertiary industries," and 55 per cent of the nation's. New England appears to have room for expansion in the services and if the opportunity can be seized, this offers an alternative to factory employment that may become of great significance in the immediate future.

Of the host of service industries, only three can be glanced at here: those associated with finance, the tourist industry, and education, largely because they have a national as well as a regional significance. New England has the usual collection of beauty shops, laundries, cleaning and dyeing establishments, movie houses, wholesale and retail stores, and so on and on. We can take them for granted.

Let us take a special look at the so-called "institutional investors." These include life, fire, marine, and casualty insurance, mutual and other savings banks, trusts (trust companies, departments of other banks, court, and personal trusts), and investment trusts. In 1946, they controlled \$24 billion in assets and employed 69,000 persons. (By contrast, the overly-famous "Boston trustees"—i.e., private trustees—are estimated to control only \$500 million.) In many instances these financial institutions were "invented" or at least pioneered in New England. The insurance companies and investment trusts especially draw their funds from all over the nation and invest on a national scale also. They are not regional institutions, except by location, but national. As such they reflect national developments, like the tendency of institutional investors to outweigh individual investors in importance in the capital market. It is these investing institutions, as much as and perhaps more than private investors, that now give New-England-controlled (though not necessarily New-England-owned) invested capital its significance in the national economy. When the returns on institutional investments are added to those on private investments (including private trustees), the role of investment income in New England's total income becomes considerable.

When it is further noted that the investment trusts—of which the Massachusetts Investors Trust is the largest in the United

States—have as an objective "the safe and profitable employment of funds while avoiding for the participants the direct responsibilities of control and management" (as the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston puts it), it is clear that New England investors are probably more often *rentiers* than enterprisers, which bears on the future of New England. *Rentiers* are not apt to help much in meeting the special risks of investment in New England; that task is peculiarly one for enterprisers who are, by a great irony, deprived of ready access to the largest holdings of investible capital in the region. Be that as it may, the institutional investors are usually also vendors of services to the nation and the services rendered bring large amounts of income into New England. When their service fees and investment income are taken together, the sum, whatever it is in any one year, is analogous to an "invisible" in a national balance of trade. Such income is very important to New England today. It helps pay the large food bill. Decline of this income would incommode New England as severely as decline of similar income has embarrassed old England.

QUITE another kind of service industry is the tourist—or vacation—trade. As I have figuratively addressed these notes to the tourists visiting New England—real or armchair—let us size up the significance of this industry. In a normal year it brings in something over \$500,000,000. But as much of this is what may be called "internal" spending—the spending by inland New Englanders on vacations at the seashore, or by Massachusetts people on summer trips to Maine or New Hampshire—just what the industry actually brings into the region from outside is hard to say. New Yorkers are known to be the most numerous "foreign" patrons of New England resorts. The pulling power of New England diminishes rapidly according to distance, and it by no means exerts the spell over the Northeast and Middle West in the summertime that Florida does in the wintertime.

And it is sharply off in the winter in spite of the vogue of snow sports. At any rate it is known that Massachusetts, which possesses the incomparable attractions of Cape Cod, Nantucket, and the Berkshires (the

"rocks and rills" did get in here after all!), is away out in front as a money-earner from tourists, trailed at a distance by Maine with its "summer hotels" in its lovely sea-coast towns, and New Hampshire with its White Mountains. These are the Big Three of the New England tourist industry in terms of money income. Connecticut, Vermont, and Rhode Island trail behind in that order.

In addition to the summer vacationists who aim to look—or is it "gawk"?—and sit and sun and swim and fish and climb, there are those who have a more serious purpose. It is perhaps a nice question as to whether the men and women who act in the summer theaters which dot New England every season are absolutely serious, but perhaps the higher interests of the "dray-ma" are served while the customers are moved or entertained. At any rate the numerous summer schools for everything from art to orthoptics—with semantics, sailing, languages, and international relations along the way—are serious in intent, mostly, though here we undoubtedly slip over the line be-

tween vacationing and that other great New England "service," education. It now takes a pamphlet of thirty six-by-nine-inch pages merely to list the New England summer schools, and new ones are added every year. Of course the education industry in New England goes clanging on summer *and* winter and has since the earliest days. What it adds up to in economic terms—if such a vulgarity can momentarily be tolerated—is difficult to say, but it must bring in a snug pile of dollars year in and year out. Educationally it is, of course, at least at the prep-school, college, and university levels, of national (even international) significance, rather than of merely regional importance. The schools of New England are full of non-New Englanders of all degrees of foreignness; and even quite small colleges have their students from China, India, and Egypt. One might well revise the old joke to go, "That wasn't a New Englander; that was a Harvard man."

These are the things that make New England go. Where is it going?

[Next month Mr. Grattan will estimate the prospects for New England.—The Editors]

Fisherman: Hatteras

SYLVIA STALLINGS

AT FIVE minutes after five o'clock the sun
 Fumbled for the spire and sank without an eddy;
 Darkness drew down its nets and in the steady
 Harvest men plunged and perished one by one.
 After an hour or two, a man called War
 Gathered the cold catch up and brought it in
 With rainbows dying slow on throat and skin,
 To hawk on handcars at the village door.
 Behind him phosphorescent tides licked clean
 The ravaged beaches and a flight of plover
 Skimmed on the sand too lightly to discover
 The sea's tongues reaching toward the distant green;
 By morning, the slick waters wandered over
 What yesterday both spire and sword had been.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

A BOOK I am working on has required me over a period of months to reread novels I had not read for a long time, some of them for many years. Most of them were novels that I remembered as first-rate; of those some have what is called a permanent place in literature; others had a few years of celebrity but haven't been much heard of since. There is an element of risk in thus revisiting remembered excellence. Sometimes—and I'm glad to say this happened to me with a number of those I have lately reread—sometimes we find the novel even better than we remembered it. It is richer, more profound, wiser, more real than we were able to perceive when we were younger. In the years between we have caught up with the novelist. But sometimes we find that a novel which we remembered as very fine, perhaps even great, now seems mediocre or worse. It is trivial, tawdry, lifeless, false, or all of these things. The aura it had is gone, forever. That is a depressing experience. Why does it happen?

I doubt if it can be explained as a natural difference between the interests of youth and those of middle age. The art of fiction is good enough at its best to make its illusion hold regardless of the reader's age, and a reader who really likes the art of fiction has a sensitiveness sufficiently elastic to respond. I doubt, too, if changing fashions in themes or techniques can explain it very often. The realities of fiction are those of life itself; in good fiction they certainly transcend techniques and I believe that they transcend fashion, too.

A better explanation is suggested by what we have just said; when we try to pass a full or final judgment on a novel we test it against reality. When a novel turns out to be

markedly inferior to our memory of it, one or the other of two things has probably happened. The first is simple and direct: by now our capacities have grown beyond the novelist's. Love, grief, death, loss, achievement, failure—they have come into our own lives by now with such impact and finality that we know more about them than the novelist did, or at least more than he was able to express. By comparison with what we have learned all too sorely, love and loss and grief in the novel are thin, or insufficiently meaningful, or false.

READERS, that is, bring good will to a novel. If the novelist is skillful they will follow him not only eagerly but docilely, accepting what he says up to the point where something in their own experience challenges him. It is a challenge he has no way of evading; he must meet it. Here is a scene in which a character's child dies of pneumonia. Twenty years ago we knew that this was potentially real; the death of children did occur in human experience, we would probably be parents, this could happen to us. We accepted what the novel said as true, in the good faith of readers and, further, because we felt a thirst for experience that must be slaked. But twenty years later the terms have changed. It is not that we have had a child die of pneumonia; no child of ours need have died, we need not even have had children. But by now we have waded through the experiences of life till we have near drowned of them. Experience has so buffeted us and piled up on us, emotions of our own and those of our family and friends have been so intense, we have been so acquainted with tragedy and fatality, that even in the make-believe of

fiction we demand an awareness equal to our own if not greater. We could make no such demand twenty years ago but now there is no way of not making it. When we reach a scene of tragedy or finality, the novelist knows what he is talking about or else he doesn't, he is at least as at home as we are in the common lot of mankind or else he isn't. If he doesn't, if he isn't, we will always know and his art will have no force.

And time gives us another test as well, a more subtle one, and one that works with the complexities of fiction. Something in us insists that a novelist must deal fairly with the experiences of his characters, and if we do not know at once when he is not doing so, eventually we come to know. We come to recognize when our pleasure in a novel is merely that of having a prejudice expressed for us, we come to be ashamed of so cheap a pleasure, and we come to diagnose in the novelist a quality that we refuse to respect. This is to say, we believe that deep down in the art of fiction there is an inherent justice. A writer may treat his characters as harshly as he sees fit, he may scorn them as petty or condemn them as evil, he may perform on them any brutality that his indignation or outrage may suggest, but he has got to show cause. It must be a genuine indignation or outrage, provoked by real things. If on the way to his end he fails to represent justly the true motives and the true experience of his characters, if he manipulates them to his end and not theirs, if he makes butts of them, then he has violated the decency of art. He may be so skillful or we may so eagerly co-operate with him that we miss it on the first reading. But we will get it the second time through and when we do a novel dies in our hands.

MR. V. S. PRITCHETT was lately talking about a species of English novels that he called anthropological fiction. "The English novelist anthropologizes the imagination, collects its native rites. . . . Characteristically its people are treated with that minute deference one gets in an anthropologist's account of peculiar tribes." It is not exclusively English and it is by no means new. There has always been that kind of novel and for more than a generation now it has constituted a separate and bulky department of fiction. There is implicit in it

a condescension by the novelist that, once he has perceived what it is, the reader will not permit. Take as a trivial example one of the standard formulas of the *New Yorker* sketch that is frequently expanded into a novel. It is a skillful demonstration that some heel or dumbbell is inferior to the writer. For a moment it amuses you but presently you perceive that the only superiority the writer has exhibited to you is his perception that a heel is a heel. All this was a waste of time, you think, and at least some of it may have been wasted in proving a heel inferior merely to a twirp.

But it is worse when it is solemn, for the personal reference to the novelist is clearer, or seems to be. He is so patient, so charitable, so competent in the understanding patronage of a social worker. See with what affecting earnestness these poor creatures, these little people, go through the rituals of their lives! But they are little, a reader thinks, only that the novelist may be bigger than they. He was under compulsion to assert a superiority that we did not know had been brought in question, and Mr. Joseph Mitchell spoke for the art of fiction when in the front of *McSorley's Wonderful Saloon* he wrote, "There are no little people in this book. They are as big as you are, whoever you are." They have got to be or fiction has missed its chance.

Many a novelist supposes that he is practicing satire when he is only practicing self-exposure. Which, I think, is why satire has fared badly in our time, why there has been so little of it, why so much glistening and nervous fiction that purports to be satire turns out to be something else and quickly dies. There appears to be no such thing as satire written in a minor key. It can come only from fierceness, from a feeling of intolerance. It is aimed at cruelty, injustice, pretense, cowardice, pettiness, evil, stupidity, dishonor—but it is aimed at them in a belief that man cannot be permitted them because they betray him. Satire is intolerance of man's weakness in the name of man's strength. But you cannot satirize a defective, you can only make a demonstration, which should not be needed, that you are better stuff. Why need a novelist invent his inferiors? A reader may not ask that question the first time he reads a book, but if it is relevant he will when he comes back to it. Our enjoyment of some

novels turns shame-faced: we liked an act of assertion or retaliation that we know to have been contrived, to have been unjust. We have a feeling that, for instance, advertising big-shots ought to be treated the way they were in Mr. Wakeman's *The Hucksters*. But I doubt if anyone could read *The Hucksters* with either belief or pleasure a second time. Winning with loaded dice palls too soon and Mr. Wakeman's superiority to his straw men cannot long be important to anyone but him.

Loading the dice is the common denominator of most fiction in our time that has offered itself as satire. A novelist who sets up a straw-man in order merely to knock him down invites a disastrous speculation. What is this introspective necessity?—and the amateur Freudians are off. Some of us, for instance, are less than interested in Mr. Evelyn Waugh's periodic discovery that there are people less likable than he, though we may feel a mild surprise. And this is the key to the discomfort we frequently feel on rereading novels that were celebrated ten or twenty years ago. Whatever they fed or appeased in us vanished long ago, the adventitious circumstances that gave them glitter no longer exist, and we now hold them against reality, against the justice of fiction. They are not real or true but only flat, of a content that seems at best inane and extends outward from inanity toward the fantastic or the grotesque. They were cheaply conceived. They dealt stacked hands. They inquired into experience for no reason except to find that it was ridiculous or contemptible. Their purpose was to enhance the ego of the novelist at the expense of his characters.

AFTER two hundred years *Tristram Shandy* may be read as, besides many other things, a true account of what its people are, as psychological realism. Twenty-nine years after publication, *Main Street*, which was indeed a rebellious and courageous novel, has no more realism in it than "Goldilocks and the Three Bears." For only the slightest inquiry is made into its characters and the question of being just to them never arises; the novelist is merely scoring points off them. He created them as objects on which to expend his derision, his scorn, his ridicule, and his anger. After the glitter is gone, readers begin to wonder why. Derision, scorn, ridicule, and anger are ferments from which

fine literature might come. But after rereading a good many novels in which they fermented twenty years ago but which have now changed from masterpieces to Sears-Roebuck fables, one decides that in themselves they are not enough, that there must be the substance of reality in the objects they are expended on. Anger is wasted on a straw man and rag dolls are not worth getting worked up about. If you fight them, you will only be fighting phantoms.

Our dissatisfaction, then, means merely that we get fed up with novels written to magnify the author or the things he believes in at the expense of the characters he creates. We insist on holding him to the test of reality—and he is under many pressures to distort reality. The strongest of them are not Hollywood or the book clubs or any of the villains commonly named. Much more powerful is the pressure of mere fashion—that a novelist will let the smart or official ideas of the moment take precedence over his intelligence. Or that in accepting the current literary assumptions he will forfeit first-hand knowledge of life and honesty about it. Or that he will accept somebody's imperative and try to serve it—Mr. Pritchett's, for instance. Mr. Pritchett says that "the morally significant novel is now the only one that is tolerable." Whose morality, significant in what reference, tolerable to whom, by whose fiat? We have heard so many imperatives. We have seen so many novelists lose their identity—and their morality—by trying to obey them.

But the strongest pressure on a novelist is from within. It is the hope of achieving comfort by blunting or turning aside the razor-edge of the reality that his experience and intelligence have discovered to him. The endowment of a novelist is a peculiar equilibrium between phantasy and reality, and he is under steady temptation to alter the equilibrium on the side of phantasy, so that his own lack may be supplied or his own hurt healed. If he lets his need to avenge or to triumph falsify what he has been taught at sore cost, then he has taken a bribe. Hollywood could not get him but he has turned venal on his own.

Clearly these gins and pitfalls beset the path that every novelist must travel. What happens when we are dissatisfied some years after the fact is that, with the adventitious circum-

stances cleared away, we now see that he fell into one of them. How reasonable is it to ask a novelist to escape them, and may we not impute some of our dissatisfaction to ourselves? The bell-shaped curve describes novels and novelists as accurately as it does variations in the fruit-fly and there is no way of getting it repealed on behalf of the reading public. Most novelists, the statistical novelist, will be found near the median line. There will be progressively fewer as we move toward the right. We will not often find a novel that can do for us what we most deeply ask fiction to do.

FICTION, that is, has a little world and a big one. Most novels are of the little world; in any year few ever try to get out of it, in any generation few make the grade. Most of those that try but are turned back at the frontier probably tried to deal honestly with experience as the novelist understood it. But he simply did not feel deeply enough or understand well enough to be granted more than a limited credit. His report proved to be commonplace, and probably also he was not a sufficiently good workman to achieve his intent. There came a time when the novel was only another book on the shelves of private or public libraries, read only by chance or at the suggestion of someone who remembered having liked it, eventually to be got rid of to make room for another one that was already beginning to fade from remembrance. This may be a small return for the effort of a novelist's total personality, but it is one of the conditions under

which he must work. We must all read him under the same condition.

We show a niggardly spirit when we reject novels along the median line on the ground that they lack what those at the extremity of the curve have, for it was never possible. It seems best to be thankful that we can get from them what we do once, if not again. There may be a few scenes in which we recognize the emotion as true and so respond to it with emotion of our own. There may be passages in which there is an illusion that true things are happening to actual people. Passages in which we can find experience, momentary triumph or momentary failure or grief, a motive or an insight, that we can recognize as something we have felt ourselves—something, even, that is concentrated and illuminated beyond our own experience. Passages that have wit or grace in them, some excellence of prose, characters who rise up out of printer's ink and, if only for a while, seem to be walking with us.

That is much less than we ask of fiction's big world and can count on getting there. But surely it is still a great deal. The illusion has existed, even if it has soon vanished. Form has been imposed on chaos and meaning imputed to it, if only for a moment. There is plain proof that we hold the illusion and the form inestimable. For we go on reading novels. Nothing has ever stopped our reading them, nothing ever will. They may be a cracked and dim mirror that soon fogs, one that gives a distorted reflection, but we have got to go on looking in it. For the same reason that makes us look in any mirror we may pass.

The Battle of the Pentagon

Marquis W. Childs

THE visitor to the Pentagon Building comes, if he wanders far enough, to a corridor at which the entrance is barred by a placard that reads "Restricted Area—Admittance by Authorized Credentials Only." In a closely guarded room opening off that corridor, a long and acrimonious debate has gone on during the past two years. It is the room in which the Joint Chiefs of Staff—Army, Navy, and Air—have held their meetings.

Those meetings are necessarily secret, since they cover all the details of the plans for national defense that the Chiefs of Staff are responsible for preparing. But if the average American citizen could have listened in on even a part of one of those sessions, he would have come nearer to understanding the magnitude of perhaps the most baffling problem in Washington. That problem is how to bring about unification of the armed services and yet at the same time do nothing to impair the efficiency of the forces that defend the country in time of war. There is involved, of course, the matter of "morale," a rather dubious word which covers the loyalty, faith, beliefs, and patriotism of men who are deeply attached to institutions nurtured through long-cherished tradition.

Congress passed a law and the average citizen got the cheerful impression that the job was well under way. The public was even

encouraged in that belief by officials who seemed to feel that the mere magic of words could effect a vital transformation. Because the struggle to unify the three separate services is so obscure and at the same time so important, it seems to me it is worth while to try to put down here as much as can be told, even though considerations of security necessarily keep back much of the story.

It will never be known in anything like complete detail unless the principals to the debate decide at some future time to give their own separate versions of the controversy. Moreover, the debate is continuing, and in the belief of one who might be described as a casualty of the battle, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, it is likely to go on with some degree of warmth for at least a generation.

AFTER each previous war, the United States military establishment had been allowed to wither away to a mere token of its former strength, a kind of quaint museum piece tolerated on state occasions. Gradually, in the months after V-J Day, it became apparent that this time we would have to keep in being a considerable military force. The alternative was to permit the power vacuums throughout the world to be filled by Communism under Russian control and direction. In the same period it also became apparent that the taxpayer, groaning under the burden

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of a vast debt, could not be expected to support a military machine run with the waste and inefficiency so obvious—and perhaps inevitable—in the expansion of the war. Unification seemed not merely desirable but essential.

At the outset, the three services were in sharp disagreement over the way in which unification should be achieved. One of the major questions at issue was how the Joint Chiefs of Staff should function. The Army, with considerable support from the Air Force, was in favor of creating in the law a chairman over the JCS. This chairman would either have the power himself to resolve the disputes between the other three or to carry their differences to the Secretary of National Defense, who, as deputy for the Commander-in-Chief, could resolve the disagreements of the military men. The Navy bitterly opposed the concept of a chairman. The proposal was represented by the admirals as being essentially the German General Staff plan, giving to a von Moltke such far-reaching powers as a democracy would never concede to any individual, particularly to a man in uniform.

James Forrestal, who had been Secretary of the Navy through the last months of the war and who was to be the first Secretary of National Defense, adopted the Navy point of view. The Joint Chiefs of Staff would have no chairman with overriding authority. That was embodied in Forrestal's recommendations to Congress. From hindsight, this can now be recognized as Secretary Forrestal's first step on the path to frustration, the beginning of the last act of the long tragedy that was to wear him down. In the Greek drama that he lived through this was the introduction of nemesis. The end was fittingly marked by the magnificent lines from Sophocles which he was reading not long before he took his own life.

To the new Secretary of National Defense named under the so-called Unification Act, it must have seemed at times as though he had deliberately set a trap for his own undoing. The Act had created three separate secretaries—for Army, Navy, and Air—and had given to each of them assistant secretaries and the whole panoply of office. But in the Unification Act the Secretary of Defense was not given a single assistant. He was provided with scarcely more than a stenographic staff. As

might have been foreseen, the three secretaries became advocates each for his own service. Not long after he had returned to Washington to try to help make unification work, General Eisenhower was in conference in Forrestal's office.

"Why, you know, you're nothing but a damned switchboard operator," the General said to the Secretary of Defense at the end of their meeting. "While I've been sitting here you've been answering phones and talking on the inter-office communication system and people have been filing in and out, and you have not been doing the job of unification that you are really meant to do."

IN THEIR OWN secret meeting room, the three Chiefs of Staff were prosecuting the service quarrel with even greater vehemence and with more serious consequences for the national economy and the national defense. One of the chief duties of the JCS is to get a war plan down on paper. The plan envisages a potential enemy. It must spell out the detailed operations of each service on a day-to-day schedule from the moment that war is declared. Naturally, after unification this was to be a joint plan covering all three services. There was the rub.

The war plan had been a bone of contention for many months. Each service was convinced that it must play a vital role in war. The pre-eminence of that role made it impossible to sacrifice so much as a shoelace or a puppet. Back of each chief was the martial array of his own service, conditioned to regard the other branches with jealous suspicion. As one of the chiefs put it, at the end of a long and wearing argument: "Yes, I know you may be right on this. But do you think I would dare admit to that bunch when I go back that I had given in on this point?"

An early consideration in forming the war plan was the emphasis to be placed at the outset of a war on strategic bombing. There was comparatively little disagreement on the necessity for all-out atomic bombing of the enemy's cities and principal industrial centers. Even with regard to the net contribution of this initial strategic attack, the disagreement was not wide. General Hoyt Vandenberg, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, is much more modest in his claims than some of the passionate apostles of air power.

One dissenter, however, was present at the council table. If the whole chronicle of this extraordinary transition period is ever put down, the figure of Admiral William D. Leahy is certain to be of absorbing interest. Leahy, the sleeves of his uniform stiff with the five rows of gold braid denoting his rank as a five-star admiral, looks rather like a wise and ancient Galapagos turtle. At the conference table he has the same taciturnity and skepticism. President Roosevelt had made Leahy his personal chief of staff and President Truman had kept him on after the war for more than three years in that same office.

The unification act empowered the President's personal chief of staff to sit with the JCS. There were those who felt that the act went even further and gave him the power, if he would only take it, to resolve the disputes of the joint chiefs by carrying an appeal to his Commander-in-Chief. But the old Admiral—he is now seventy-four—declined to be pushed into that precarious position. His critics muttered that he was an old fuddy-duddy who merely got in the way.

Part of the criticism came out of his stand on atomic bombing. Leahy disagreed strongly with those who advocated the use of the atom bomb at the outset of a war. You will not in that way break the will of the enemy to resist, he said many times in the course of this discussion. You will not even destroy his war-making potential. What you will do by killing so many of his civilian population is to fire him with an undying determination to kill twice as many of our own civilian population. Not a little of Leahy's doubt was put down by his fellow chiefs to his original skepticism over atomic fission and its use as a weapon. It was known that he had told King George during a wartime conference that the whole experiment was highly dubious and unlikely to contribute anything to victory.

WHEN it came to the question of *how* the atom bomb should be dropped, then the argument around the table really grew heated. Immediately at issue was the super-aircraft-carrier. As the weeks went by, this became for the Navy the end and be-all of existence. The arguments advanced by Admiral Louis Denfeld, Chief of Naval Operations, were long-drawn-out and complicated. But the essence of his argument was

that the mobility of the carrier could take the decisive new attack right to the enemy's front door. The Air Force was dependent on land bases which were enormously costly and subject to all sorts of political and military hazards.

For General Vandenberg and the top Air Force staff, the super-carrier was as a red flag to a bull. They were convinced that it represented the Navy's attempt to invade the sphere of strategic bombing. Heavy bombers taking off from the mammoth ship would never be able to return to her flight deck. They would have to go to land bases which would presumably be prepared by the Navy. This obviously was the opening wedge for a whole strategic operation. And what an expensive wedge! The Navy conceded that the cost of the super-carrier with its aircraft would be \$189,000,000. Nonsense! said the Air Force; the cost with submarines, destroyer escorts, and other screening vessels would be at least half a billion dollars.

So it went, back and forth across the table, with the public getting only fragmentary glimpses of this secret warfare. Vandenberg and General Omar N. Bradley would vote to eliminate the carrier. Then Admiral Denfeld would apply his veto. It was like the United Nations Security Council and just as frustrating.

II

FORRESTAL found himself in the middle of the quarrel. In public, and often in private with his friends, he insisted that everything was moving along toward ultimate unification. The problem was with him night and day, yet it was clear to his immediate associates that he was moving no closer to a solution. One expedient was the high-level conference. The prescription was to assemble the three Chiefs of Staff, the Secretaries of the three services, and the Secretary of Defense in a well-guarded but also well-publicized session. Out of such a prominent gathering something would have to come.

The first of such outwardly impressive conferences was held in Key West, Florida, in March 1948. To the naval base at that southern outpost came plane loads of V. I. P.'s—the secretaries, the generals, the admirals, with aides carrying locked and sealed brief cases

stuffed with secret data. Special guards were posted around the base and for three days, from March 11 to March 14, this was the most notoriously hush-hush spot in the Western hemisphere.

The public had the impression that the decision on the super-carrier had been taken. At a press conference, the Secretary of the Navy, then John L. Sullivan, made known the plans for the mighty new craft. But the controversy was fought out again at Key West, between the admirals on one side of the table and the young Air Force generals on the opposite. The super-carrier, so went the Air Force argument, would be a sitting duck in a war. It would be defenseless against the attack of the thousands of enemy fighter planes that would inevitably be concentrated on it, on the assumption that it was carrying the A-bomb. Nothing was decided at Key West.

Incidentally, the whole issue of the function of the aircraft carrier in another war was taken up later at a meeting in London of top American and British airmen. Our own Air Force planners came away from the London meeting feeling that their point of view at Key West had been vindicated.

The War College at Newport, Rhode Island was the scene of the second top-level conference. Again the civilian secretaries, the generals, and the admirals, flanked by their aides, assembled. This conference lasted only two days, August 21 and 22. It transferred the dispute from the over-charged air of Washington to the somewhat cooler atmosphere of Rhode Island, but that was about all it accomplished. No one could question Forrestal's motive, but the conferences essentially represented little more than official escapism.

Because no agreement could be reached, the role of the carrier in another war was left blank in the war plan. Or, rather, it was given a role to be determined by future events. Another blank in the war plan concerned the function of the Marine Corps.

The argument on the last point was nearly as fierce as that over the carrier. During World War II, the Marines had been expanded to six fighting divisions. In one South Pacific battle after another they had covered themselves with new glory. The proposal before the Joint Chiefs of Staff was that the

Marine Corps in another war be strictly limited to advance amphibious operations, and that the Corps not be expanded to more than four combat divisions. The Marines hollered bloody murder, and Admiral Denfeld upheld them in the JCS debate. The dark suspicion of the Marines was that the real intention of the Army was to absorb the entire Corps, with the Air Force taking over the squadrons of Marine aviation especially trained to cover amphibious landings.

III

INEVITABLY the personalities of the men seated around the table played a part in the controversy. As the others would in all probability agree, the most remarkable individual is General Bradley. He has a patience, a maturity, a breadth of vision, rare in any calling and particularly rare in a military man accustomed to giving commands and being obeyed. There is in Bradley nothing of the spectacular or the flamboyant.

In the competition for government money and public prestige and recognition, he felt himself at times hopelessly outdistanced. The sensational feats of jet planes traveling faster than sound advertised in public the claims made by General Vandenberg, in the privacy of the JCS meetings, for a larger share of the military appropriation—on which President Truman had clamped a fifteen-billion-dollar lid. The Air Force press releases described guided missiles, flying wings, and other sensational experiments that awed the public. Back of Admiral Denfeld was the long tradition of the Navy and the Marine Corps. High-ranking navy officers have through the years mastered a potent propaganda.

The story of the foot soldier is rarely sensational and almost never romantic. Yet Bradley held a firm conviction that the role of the foot soldier was indispensable in spite of the well-advertised developments in air and sea warfare. Over and over again, Bradley argued that after the atomic bomb had done its worst the foot soldier would finally have to break the resistance of the enemy and retake the territory that had been conquered.

At the council table Bradley had another and an unseen adversary. It was the specter of inflation, which, as the dispute continued drearily through the summer and fall of

1948, cut deeply into the defense dollar. Before World War II, it had cost \$84 to clothe an infantryman; now the same clothing and shoes cost \$245. Food for the foot soldier had increased from forty-one cents a day to \$1.06. This meant that just so many fewer men could be trained and equipped at the very time that urgent demands for occupation duty in Europe and Japan were pressing in on the Army.

Each man was determined to get an equal share of the fifteen-billion-dollar pie. But Bradley could add up the figures that showed that the cost of the Air Force, plus the total for the Navy's Air Arm, amounted to nearly 60 per cent of the whole. At one point, as an experiment, the JCS were told to ignore the lid; to proceed as though each Service could have everything it felt it needed. The result was interesting—an annual national defense bill of more than twenty-five billion dollars. Obviously the national economy could not stand it unless the American people were prepared to make undreamed-of sacrifices to sustain a military establishment that would dominate almost every phase of the nation's life.

BECAUSE of the great vacuum in Western Europe, the war plan was of necessity based on the assumption that the enemy—it is presumably Soviet Russia—would occupy the entire Continent. Then, after the initial successes in the strategic bombing of Russian cities, it would be essential to retake the Continent and, in a later phase, much of the Asiatic mainland occupied and controlled by the Soviet Union. Here was the vital question of time. Bradley felt the American people were being encouraged to believe that a cheap and almost bloodless war could be fought with long-range bombers and atom bombs. He was convinced of the grave danger in that psychology. In moments of extreme pessimism he believed that another war might last for thirty years.

With the projection of the Atlantic Pact and the program of arms to strengthen Western Europe, this phase of the war plan was hopefully re-examined. Bradley became one of the most earnest and forceful advocates of the need to restore European armed power. If this could be done in a period of two or three years, while the atomic bomb was still

a major deterrent to Russian aggression, then an effective defense line could be established on the Rhine or the Elbe. A plan could be based on the joint defense of that line rather than on the retaking of the beachheads of Western Europe. The nightmare of another occupation and another "liberation" has obsessed all of Europe, holding back recovery. Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on behalf of the pact and the arms to implement it, Bradley said:

Plans for the common defense of the existing free world must provide for the security of Western Europe without abandoning these countries to the terrors of another enemy occupation. Only upon that premise can nations closest to the frontiers be expected to stake their fortunes with ours in the common defense.

BUT before that testimony, the crisis within the Defense organization had come. Forrestal, on the ragged edge of exhaustion and despair, had persuaded Eisenhower to take a leave of absence from Columbia University. The President had added his entreaty. In the quiet of the Presidential office, Mr. Truman said fervently that he hoped the General would be able to do what no one else had done. Something very close to breakdown was occurring. For eight weeks the JCS had wrangled over a minor point of procedure. And the deadline was getting closer when Congress would have to be told how a new appropriation was to be spent.

Eisenhower began by holding the three men in day-long sessions. He was perfectly well aware that unification could not be accomplished overnight. It would be necessary to educate a whole generation of officers to understand that inter-service rivalry could have no part in planning a war or fighting it. Eisenhower freely discussed the need for a common educational pattern in West Point and Annapolis and a third academy to train Air Force officers. A certain number of West Point graduates should be sent into the Navy and men out of Annapolis should go into the Army.

But this was long-range planning. The immediate necessity was to get agreement on the major decisions so that the holes in the war plan could be plugged up. Eisenhower drove toward that goal. His vigorous, hearty,

yet even-tempered leadership brought a new confidence. It was badly needed. Bradley admitted to a few close friends that he had been on the point of resigning as Chief of Staff, feeling that his usefulness was at an end.

Eisenhower was setting an intense pace, with the clamor of social Washington as an added burden, when he collapsed with an acute case of gastro-enteritis. This was one of several events that abruptly brought the whole problem into sharp and tragic focus. The public for the first time began to be aware how much had been at stake and how very great was the cost. The resignation of Forrestal was announced, along with the appointment of Louis Johnson as the new Secretary of Defense.

For some time Forrestal's friends had been concerned over his extreme tension, his inability to get away from the hydra-headed conflict. But they had not realized how serious his condition was. With a determination that seemed almost masochistic, he insisted on being present at Johnson's widely heralded ceremony of induction into office. A few days later at Hobe Sound, where he had gone for a long rest, Forrestal suffered a nervous collapse and was taken by plane to the Naval Hospital in Bethesda. Officialdom stupidly tried to conceal this fact by announcing that the former Secretary had merely gone for a routine check-up. He was, and it would certainly have been wisdom to have made it known in the first instance, a victim of the war for unification.

JOHNSON began with the bold statement that he would knock some heads together. He had not been in the office long before the suspicion arose that he was knocking his own head against an implacable wall of opposition. In any event he was discovering that unification could not be achieved by snorting like a bull in a china shop.

Shortly after he took office, Johnson forced the decision on the super-carrier. He brought the matter up at a cabinet meeting where the President said that he, himself, had never approved it officially. In ordering further construction on the carrier to cease, Johnson probably had congressional and public opinion with him. But the way in which he executed it did not win friends or influence peo-

ple. To begin with, the keel of the huge ship had been laid only a few days before the Johnson announcement. An angry public blast came from Sullivan, who said that he had not, as Secretary of the Navy, been properly consulted about the action and that it was taken while he was absent from Washington.

On several other issues the new Secretary of Defense found himself in very hot water. He told newspapermen, but not for quotation over his own name, that Curtis Calder, a utilities executive, had been offered the post of Secretary of the Army and would accept it after a period in which he would wind up his private affairs. Calder promptly denied that he had agreed to accept. Three weeks later the President appointed Gordon Gray, who had been serving as Acting Secretary, to the office.

Johnson also informed White House reporters, on the same basis of "You-can-use-this-but-don't-attribute-it-to-me," that the Marine Corps' aviation unit would be merged either with the Navy's air arm or with the Air Force. It constituted, Johnson said, a third air force and therefore was superfluous and wasteful. This brought an immediate and angry outcry from the defenders of the Marine Corps. Chairman Carl Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee went charging over to the Pentagon Building. When he returned to the Capitol, he released a statement signed by Johnson in which the Secretary said that he had no intention of abolishing the Marine air arm. There were hints that Vinson had had that same statement in his pocket when he had descended on the Pentagon.

The dark suspicion within the Navy was that Johnson intended to abolish not merely the aviation unit but the Marine Corps itself. General Clifton B. Cates, commandant of the Corps, let it be known that he would fight such a move even if it meant his enforced retirement. Throughout Washington the batteries of the opposition were manned night and day. The admirals trumpeted their hostility through the corridors of the Army and Navy Club.

On another issue Johnson was forced to retreat. His public relations division had put out a Directive No. 1 requiring not only men on active military duty, but retired and

reserve officers as well as civilians in the military establishment, to submit their speeches and writings for review for policy and "propriety." This brought a prompt protest at gag rule. The American Society of Newspaper Editors proposed to investigate the circumstances. The order was withdrawn, with a flanking movement intended to convey the idea that the Secretary had had nothing to do with the order in the first place.

JOHNSON is a man of indomitable ambition and drive. One of the amusing songs in the spring dinner of the Gridiron Club satirized his eagerness to be available as a candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1952. Johnson modestly disclaims any such ambition. But one thing is certain: he could scarcely be more different in temperament and approach from Forrestal. Whether the

bullish, aggressive Secretary can succeed where the hesitant, thoughtful Secretary failed is by no means certain. It must be added, of course, that Forrestal's trial period was too short to offer a conclusive test.

Johnson remains confident. He is confident that the vital decision to concentrate aircraft production on the B-36 bomber can be justified in the performance record of the plane. He is confident that large savings can be made in the military budget without impairing the efficiency or the morale of the services. He is confident that with the new powers of unification sought from Congress by the Administration, the job can eventually be carried out. Above all he is confident in the efficacy of Louis Johnson. And it may be that this is the essential prescription for a task that has some resemblance to the labor put upon Sisyphus in Hades.

1926

WELDON KEES

The porchlight coming on again,
Early November, the dead leaves
Raked in piles, the wicker swing
Creaking. Across the lots
A phonograph is playing *Ja-Da*.

An orange moon. I see the lives
Of neighbors, mapped and marred
Like all the wars ahead, and R.
Insane, B. with his throat cut,
Fifteen years from now, in Omaha.

I did not know them then.
My airedale scratches at the door.
And I am back from seeing Milton Sills
And Doris Kenyon. Twelve years old.
The porchlight coming on again.

The Old Comrades

Some Stories by
Victor Wolfson

Drawings by Nicholas Mordvinoff



ONE of the last things my mother did in this life was to march in the May Day parade. All morning long the old woman had been standing on a curbstone in New York City watching the procession. Suddenly the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union section came into sight. "Solidarity Forever!" its placards read, "In Union There Is Strength!" My mother said that her heart leapt into her mouth when she saw the slogans.

"Have I not been a dressmaker all my life?" she asked herself. "All right, so I worked at home, so I didn't belong to a union, but I sewed for a living!" And she ran out into Eighth Avenue to march with her fellow workers. She said she felt just like a young revolutionist again. But the old woman could not keep up with her new comrades and after hobbling after them for several blocks she was forced to return to the curbstone.

BOTH my mother and father had been revolutionists in Russia. They had met in the underground movement. In 1891 my father had to flee from the Czar's police. He escaped to America. My mother

did not see him again until they met by chance, three years later, on Cherry Street in the lower East Side of New York.

There was a happy reunion and after a brief and passionate courtship, which consisted chiefly of attending Socialist party meetings, Socialist party picnics, Socialist party benefits and dances, they decided to get married.

Being revolutionists, they were non-believers and could not, or would not, be married by the Church. They also despised the institutions of Capitalism and refused to sully their marriage with capitalist law. How then could they be bound in holy matrimony?

They gave a party. They drank wine, sang revolutionary songs, and offered toasts to that glorious time—which was surely coming—when the world would be free of all exploiters. Then, during the supper which followed and lasted all evening, the important announcement was made to their comrades. From that moment on they were to be considered husband and wife.

It was this ceremony which launched their married life. My mother and father were inseparable for forty-three years. When my

father died, my mother mourned for three years and then quite suddenly, without being ill, she followed her comrade.

Anya Galitzyin and Pavel

ANYA GALITZYIN was my mother's beloved childhood friend. When they were eight years old, both had been put out to work, rolling cigarettes in a tobacco factory in Minsk. They ran away together to America when they were seventeen years old. And when, after a few years on the lower East Side, my mother and father moved uptown to Forty-fourth Street and Second Avenue, Anya moved uptown, too.

Anya also had had a "revolutionary marriage," and lived in the utmost poverty with her gentle husband Pavel. Pavel was looked upon by the other comrades with some scorn, for he had dropped out of Socialist activity. But in time he was forgiven. Even the comrades had compassion for the flaw in Pavel's character "Pavel," they said, "is not an intellectual and what can one do? Pavel is a dandy."

It was true. Pavel was interested only in his appearance. His threadbare pants were pressed and brushed until they were paper thin. His sweater, unlike my father's, was spotless. And miserably poor though he was—he hawked newspapers on a street corner—Pavel spent a good part of his time and his earnings at the barber shop. His preoccupation with his thinning hair was sad and obsessive and remained until he died not many years ago. His hair was always sweet-smelling and pomaded, glistening, sticky. I can see him now, cautiously lifting his hat with two hands, so as not to disturb the coiffure.

Pavel Galitzyin had but one good eye, the other shone like a brilliant piece of glass—which it was. His excuse for having given up Socialist work was that to read the innumerable calls-to-action, pamphlets, and manifestoes which the Party issued, put too much of a strain on his good eye.

Anya Galitzyin and her husband Pavel had their first child on a bitterly cold morning in January in the flat on Forty-fourth Street. The child was premature. The midwife had given up hope for its life.

My father, seeing the despair of Pavel the dandy and of his poor wife Anya, quit the flat,

determined that their child be given every opportunity to live. He boarded the horse-car on Second Avenue and rode down to the Bowery where the Lying-In Hospital was then located. He begged, threatened, and wheedled until the officials of the hospital allowed him to borrow an incubator. God knows what an incubator must have been like in those days, but that it was a colossally heavy contraption none of the surviving comrades deny to this day. The horse-cars refused to allow my father on board with his burden, and so he began the long trudge in the deep snow up the Bowery to Forty-fourth Street, carrying the incubator on his shoulders.

When Pavel the dandy saw my father, half dead from exhaustion and cold, coming into his flat with the incubator, he broke into sobs.

Anya still tells the story with glistening eyes, though she is now a shriveled great-grandmother and the baby who was placed in that incubator is a grandmother.

Sushkov

AMONG these early comrades, friendships were passionate. They clung to one another not only because they were



"Anya also had a 'revolutionary marriage' . . . ?"

greenhorns, but because they had a common enemy—the State, as the story of Sushkov shows.

Soon after my father had married my mother, he got himself a job in an alarm clock factory. But this was not enough. As a good Socialist, he must immediately persuade the foreman to give similar jobs to his comrades, which he did. One of these comrades was Sushkov. My father and he had been together in the Movement in Russia and they fled the Czar's police at the same time.

Sushkov was a vigorous, ruddy-cheeked, excitable intellectual. He lived in a room across the hall from my mother and father on Cherry Street. He worked at the same bench as my father in the alarm clock factory. One day Sushkov, always high-strung and erratic, suddenly began smashing the alarm clocks on which he was working. He swung a heavy mallet upon the mechanisms, then turned and, in a most unrevolutionary fashion, began using the mallet upon his fellow-workers.

He struck my father a blow on the nose so that it bled. All the time Sushkov screamed and laughed maniacally.

"Sushkov! Comrade! What is the matter with you?" my father shouted. But Sushkov only laughed and continued wrecking everything in sight. My father grappled with his comrade while the foreman came running. The shop, of course, was in an uproar.

"I'll call an ambulance," the foreman said. "He's crazy!" This was quite true and my father was seized with terror. If ever his friend Sushkov was taken away, he believed, he would never see him again. He would be swallowed up by the bourgeoisie and their institutions, and one more comrade would be lost to the Cause.

"No! No!" my father shouted, "help me take him home!"

They tied poor Sushkov's thrashing arms with strips of cloth and they tied his feet. My father and another comrade carried the possessed man through the crowded streets of the lower East Side and deposited him in his room on Cherry Street.

My father did not return to his job but stayed at home to nurse his dangerous comrade. Every time my father, carrying food or drink, entered Sushkov's room, he would be beaten by the wild man, the food would be thrown at him, and Comrade Wolfson would

emerge with stained clothes and bruised features. But in a week the seizure passed. When Sushkov came to his senses, he kissed my father's hands whenever he saw him.

"My life," he would say, "you have saved my life." He was stricken with humiliation and with a devastating gratitude. It was Sushkov who spread the word throughout the revolutionary group that my father was the truest of comrades. He had not surrendered Sushkov to the enemy State. My father was the true brother.

Uncle Volodka

IN HIS circle my father was one of the great favorites. He was a loyal Socialist, he was generous, and he was intelligent. He despised the dry intellectualism of some of his comrades—especially of his two brothers-in-law, Lazar and Volodka. These two would sit for hours over their glasses of tea, arguing the fine points of Marx and Engels. My father would mock Lazar's pedantic speech, and for Volodka, with his severity, his self-conscious seriousness, and his neat goatee, he had a certain humorous contempt.

"The man has no heart," he would say, "all head and beard and you can imagine the kind of revolution you'll get out of that!"

I remember Uncle Volodka as an impressive man who struck me with terror. He would peer through his pince-nez and fix me with a sharp eye, then he would demand in his cultivated voice: "And how are things with you, Victor?" He pronounced my name sharply, in Russian. The roll of the "r" was like the rattle of a snake. I was seven or eight years old and scarcely knew how things were with me. I could never answer him. How happy I was when he would stand up abruptly as he always did, and kiss my mother's hand. I knew then Uncle Volodka was leaving at last. He always pulled the door to securely, shutting it behind him with a bang. Young as I was, I found this insulting.

Aunt Jenia's House and Timofey

UNCLE LAZAR was the husband of my father's sister Jenia. For a long time Jenia was considered by my father to be a decadent bourgeois. She lived in a comfortable house in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, and



"He had not surrendered Sushkov to the enemy State."

once, for a short while, she had employed a part-time servant.

To visit Aunt Jenia and Uncle Lazar was for me, however, a real treat. (I had become infected with the bourgeois poison early in life.) I loved Aunt Jenia's house. It was warm. There were registers in every room, and caressing blasts of hot air drifted up out of them. The mission furniture with leather cushions on the seats was to me the height of opulence. And Aunt Jenia set what even my mother was forced to admit was a fine table. There was always a little silver dish on the dining room table, filled with chocolates, and even when the meal was over, this dish was not removed.

Their house was filled with interesting people who came from far-away places, and they stayed, not as guests did in our cold-water flat for a night or two, sleeping on the sagging couch in the dining room, but for weeks and even months in a "guest room."

There was one man who lived in Aunt Jenia's house for a whole year. I got the impression that he was in hiding from the Czar's secret agents who, he was convinced, had been sent into America to kidnap or to kill him.

His name was Timofey. He had an enormous head, with wiry red hair and a full red beard. He looked like Jove and was

treated with the greatest respect, for some reason unknown to me at that time. All day long he sat enthroned in the Morris chair receiving delegations of comrades.

From morning to night he drank tea, and I can still see him before the steaming samovar, biting into a lump of sugar and sucking the tea noisily through it—*prakuska*, this was called. Much later I learned that this majestic man was one of the top members of a revolutionary group in Russia, and that he was waiting for the signal which would tell him to return to his beloved homeland.

Soon after the 1917 revolution in Russia, Timofey hurried to Moscow. As far as I know he has not been heard from for many years and I can only suppose he died serving the revolution in which he had put so much hope.

Pasha Limonovsky

PASHA LIMONOVSKY! Dear, dear Pasha! She lived in the unfinished attic of Aunt Jenia's house, a sweet-natured, curiously foolish old woman, not quite demented, who had attached herself to my father's family in Russia when my father was a boy. She had raised my father and his many sisters, and when they grew up and came to America, no one was surprised that old Pasha had followed

them. Her children, her darling children, she called them.

I remember Pasha as an ancient woman with gray, lifeless hair, cut short and parted in the middle. She had ruddy, wrinkled cheeks and a wide, thick, smiling mouth.

Pasha was a mother's helper and something of a practical nurse. She would appear in our house whenever one of us fell ill, or if one of my aunts gave birth, Pasha would move into her house and remain until no longer needed. How mean and nasty the children of the family were to Pasha! We teased her mercilessly, but she never complained.

It was Pasha who was called to stay with us when my mother and father had to attend

Socialist meetings at night. It was Pasha who nursed us through colds and measles and whooping cough, for my mother had to keep on sewing through every crisis in order to supplement my father's meager income.

Patient, always smiling, Pasha padded across the floor in felt slippers carrying hot tea with cherry brandy in it, which was supposed to be good for our colds.

"Drink, my darling, drink and the cold will fly away." Then stroking my forehead she would murmur, "*Otchen harochi maltchik*"—very good boy.

She was an old hand at making foul-smelling poultices which she placed steaming hot upon our chests to loosen our coughs. It was Pasha Limonovsky who administered the enemas and the sponge baths, and when we were well again she moved on to the next comrade who needed her, or she would return to her cot in the attic of Jenia's house and wait there until called again.

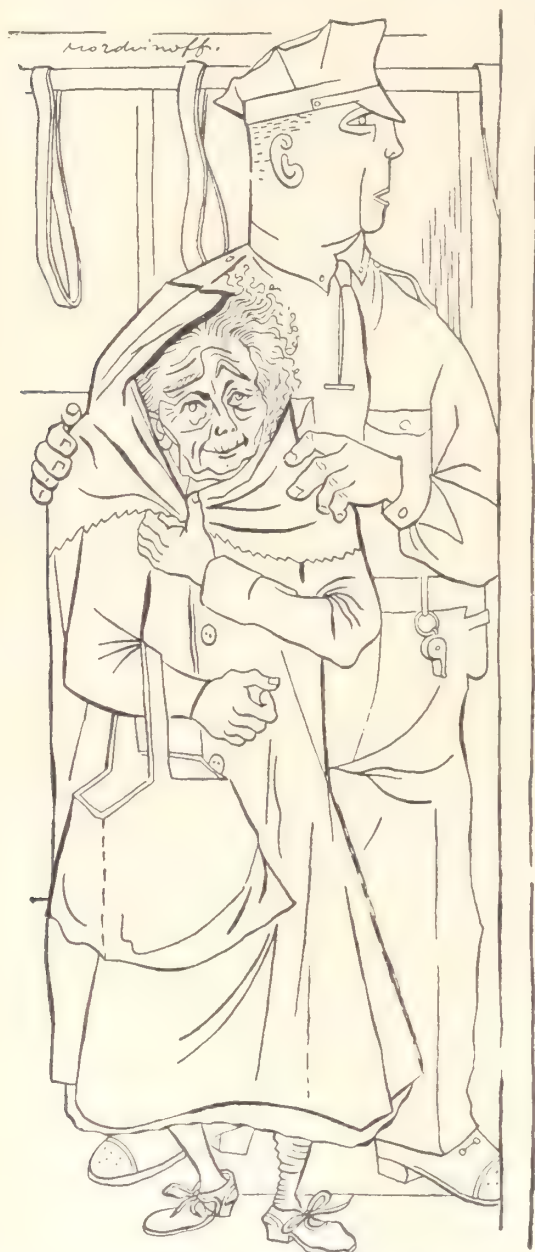
"Call Pasha Limonovsky!" my father would shout, whenever some domestic crisis arose. And soon she would appear, lugging her black satchel, and carrying a brown paper bag filled with fruit, nuts, and figs. She ate nothing else, and she drank quantities of tea. My brother and I thought of her as a ridiculous old greenhorn, and we would go about mimicking her shuffle and the way she nibbled nuts and figs.

When I was perhaps fifteen years old, my father came home late one rainy night, silent and unusually gentle with all of us. My mother questioned him in Russian, which my brother and I could not understand. After a moment my father turned to us and said quietly that poor Pasha Limonovsky had been found by the police, riding on a subway train all night long from Brooklyn to the Bronx and back again. She had refused to get off.

"Where do you live?" she was asked.

"I have no home," Pasha answered. "I am an old revolutionist and the world is my home."

The authorities took the old woman off to Welfare Island. In her pocket they found Aunt Jenia's address. The hospital on Welfare Island notified Aunt Jenia. They told her to hurry, that Pasha Limonovsky was delirious with pneumonia and was dying. My father and his sister reached Welfare Island and Pasha's bed at the end of the long ward just as she was murmuring in Russian, "I remem-



*"I am an old revolutionist
and the world is my home."*

ber now. I remember. I live in Brest-Litovsk. Yes, I live in Brest-Litovsk." She turned and saw my father and aunt. She smiled up at them and nodded. She uttered a heavy sigh, then "*boge moy*"—dear God—and died.

She was eighty-seven years old, one of those curious strangers who sometimes appear in a family out of nowhere and remain, as she did, devoted and self-effacing until they die, following the members of that family to the far places of the earth if necessary, serving them as old Pasha Limonovsky did in every crisis, because somewhere, sometime, she had gotten the crazy notion that these were her children, her darling children.

The Breaking-Up

FOR almost two decades this group of revolutionists, in the midst of their poverty, lived with some elevation because they believed that the kingdom of heaven was about to be realized here on their planet.

Soon after the first world war, however, they began to break up. I believe it was my Uncle Volodka who first, even before 1919, was considered suspect by my father and his comrades. Uncle Volodka had fallen under the influence of Daniel DeLeon and had joined the Socialist Labor party. But even this deviation was not considered really serious. The other comrades remained loyal, hard-working Socialists until 1919.

Now they are all dead or very old. Aunt Jenia and Uncle Lazar are the last remaining of the group. When the Soviet Union was established and the Socialist party of America split into two camps, Aunt Jenia and Uncle Lazar went with the Communists. My mother remained a Socialist, cursing, until the day of her death, "those wreckers," those who had become Communists. And in his last years my father wavered between the Communists and the Socialists—it was during the time of the Spanish Revolution against Franco—and he yearned only for a strong united front of all comrades. There was, however, no wavering about Uncle Volodka. He had taken a firm stand. He had become a Trotskyite.

A few years ago they were all to gather at Aunt Jenia's to celebrate her seventy-eighth birthday. It was a tense moment, indeed. They each felt strongly about their political convictions. Aunt Jenia had removed the

large photograph of Earl Browder which hung on her living room wall. She had hidden it behind the bureau in the bedroom; she did not want to start trouble.

The old comrades gathered. Everyone tried to avoid talk of politics. Whenever a silence fell upon the room, one of them would start chattering nervously. My father tried to be jolly. He sang Russian songs, carefully chosen; not revolutionary ones but the sentimental old folk songs, which could offend no one. When tea was brought in, Aunt Jenia could stand the tension no longer and she broke into tears. The lines of her withered face deepened as she wept.

"What is it, Jenyachka?" my father asked gently, although he knew, as did everyone else in the room, that she wept because an important member of the old group was absent.

"A fine Bolshevik," old Uncle Lazar snorted. "She cries because that old renegade Volodka is not here. He sent this, instead." He held up a sheet of letter paper.

"Read it," my mother said. My father kicked my mother under the table and muttered, "For God's sake, don't start trouble!"

"No, no, read it," old Anya Galitzyn said. "After all, no matter what, we are old friends, at least."

And while Aunt Jenia sat weeping, Uncle Lazar read the letter.

"Dear Jenia: Of course I send you many happy returns of the day," it began in Uncle Volodka's severe style. "We have come such a long way and we are all so old and yet we are not tired. That is a good thing. I should like so much to be with you on this day, but you will understand, I am sure, that as a devoted follower of Trotsky I cannot find pleasure in the company of Stalinist murderers, Social Fascists, and all other betrayers of our once glorious and inspiring movement. I do, however, dear Jenia, send you my very best personal wishes on this, your seventy-eighth birthday. Signed, W. Lakovsky."

The old revolutionists sitting in Aunt Jenia's house in Brooklyn remained silent for a moment.

"Jenia," my mother said finally, in her simple, practical way, "open up your birthday presents. What is this, anyway—a funeral?"

Jenia nodded, and with trembling fingers began untying the packages heaped around the samovar.

Conservatism Revisited

Peter Viereck

The enemy we could not buy or break was the aristocratic individualism of the ordinary citizen of the West. If only we had hanged—as Himmler was always itching to do—all those outdated legalists, with their squawks about moral dignity, then our movement would have swept the world.

—from an interview with a Nazi prisoner of war

Our civilization will break down if the school fails to teach the incoming generation that there are *some things that are not done*.

—Gaetano Salvemini

A definition of conservatism automatically arouses dispute as to the meaning of other political expressions. "Radicalism" can be used (admittedly arbitrarily, but consistently) to mean the violent, unparliamentary extremism of communists and fascists. But what about "liberalism"? No definition seems generally acceptable today, as shown by the recent exchanges of letters in such diverse organs as Partisan Review and the New York Herald Tribune. Nonetheless, "liberal" has enduring connotations: an optimistic secular religion of progress and utility; sometimes, but not always, shallowly hedonistic; surely generous and sincere, yet striking the conservative as often blind to the lessons of history. Usually the difference between liberal and conservative is not basic, as with radicalism, but over moot points that still need to be vigorously debated. Perhaps both can agree with Goethe's definition of 1830: "The genuine liberal tries to achieve as much good as he can with the available means. . . . Making progress at a judicious pace, he strives to remove society's deficiencies gradually without at the same time destroying an equal amount of good. . . . He contents himself with what is good until time and circumstances favor his attaining something better." Lest such an argument lend undeserved comfort to the apologists of things smug and static, it must also include a warning to conservatives by the greatest of conservatives: "A state without the means of some change," wrote Edmund Burke, "is without the means of its conservation."—P.V.

CONSERVATISM is a treasure house, sometimes an infuriatingly dusty one, of generations of accumulated experience, which any ephemeral, rebellious generation has a right to disregard at its peril. To vary

the metaphor: conservatism is a social and cultural cement, holding together what Western man has built and by that very fact providing a base for orderly change and improvement.

Mr. Viereck's summary of the conservative position will form a part of a book which Scribner's will publish, under the same title, later next month. His Terror and Decorum won a Pulitzer Prize for poetry.

But not all the past is worth keeping. The conservative conserves discriminately, the reactionary indiscriminately. Though the events of the past are often shameful and bloody, its lessons are indispensable. By "tradition" the conservative means all the lessons of the past but only the ethically acceptable events. The reactionary means all the events. Thereby he misses all the lessons.

The conservative principles *par excellence* are proportion and measure; self-expression through self-restraint; preservation through reform; humanism and classical balance; a fruitful nostalgia for the permanent beneath the flux; and a fruitful obsession with unbroken historic continuity. These principles together create freedom, a freedom built not on the quicksand of adolescent defiance but on the bedrock of ethics and law.

By themselves these principles sound hopelessly vague. They are clarified when specifically "applied to the most diverse situations." This will be attempted here by briefly recording the conservative stand on each of the following problems, surveyed in the following order: humanism and education; means *vs.* ends; nature *vs.* law; social change after industrialism; aristocracy; the welfare state; individual *vs.* majority; priority of non-economic motives; political application of Christianity; obscurantist misapplication of Christianity; "the West" as a Greek-Roman-Jewish-Christian amalgam; romantic revolt against form and reason; the mass-man as totalitarian; and nationalism *vs.* Europe.

Humanism and Education

THE core and fire-center of conservatism, its emotional élan, is a humanist reverence for the dignity of the individual soul. In the universities, humanism inspires the return to literature and the classics, away from the short-sighted cult of utilitarian studies. The latter may educate us to be good clerks, but only a curriculum in the broad humanities can educate us to be good human beings. By harmonizing head and heart, the Athenian classics train the complete man rather than the fragmentary man. "Almost all we have of any real and lasting value," Alfred North Whitehead would say to his friends at Eliot House, "has come to us from Greece. We should be better had we kept a

bit more. . . . Philosophy at its greatest is poetry and necessitates aesthetic apprehension." This apprehension is the first victim of any go-out-and-make-good-quick education. The splendidly unbusinesslike function of humanist education is defined in the 1948 report of the Commission on Liberal Education of the Association of American Colleges:

Our society is preoccupied with activities that obscure and in effect deny the importance of knowing and understanding letters. . . . Young people, therefore, take inordinate interest in what they think is practical study, failing to realize that self-knowledge, which is indispensable to the most practical judgments, is the highest practicality. . . . In a period of technological prodigies and of economic complexity, the crucial problem of education is to sustain and develop the individual. If social and economic welfare are realized, we are told, the individual can take care of himself. It is at least equally true that if an adequate number of individuals are unusually elevated, society can take care of itself.

Does the humanist's stress on the perfection of great creative individuals sound too aristocratic for an ant-heap age? Perhaps that is just how it ought to sound. We don't need a "century of the common man"; we have it already. What we need, and what a humanistic, non-utilitarian education will foster, is a century of the individual man. Democracy, though slowly attained and never by revolutionary jumps, is the best government on earth when it tries to make *all* its citizens aristocrats. But not when it guillotines whoever is individual, superior, or just different.

Means vs. Ends

IN TIMES of shallow prosperity, the conservative function is to insist on distinguishing value from price, wisdom from cleverness, happiness from hedonism, reverence from success-worship. In times of defeat, conservatism reminds us that we must still respect moral and social law, no matter how desperate our apparent crisis and no matter how radiant the ends that would "justify" our using lawless means.

"There are things a man must not do to save a nation," said John O'Leary to Yeats, in

a discussion of nationalism. Already in the fifth century before Christ, the historian Thucydides had commented on the class struggle in Greece: "Men too often, in their revenge, set the example of doing away with those general laws to which all alike can look for salvation in adversity."

Nature vs. Law

THE conservative lays the greatest possible stress on the necessity and sanctity of law. To him the "general laws," to which Thucydides referred, must be supreme over the particular ego of any individual or class or state.

Let us suppose it were some day proved—as today alleged but unproved—that right and wrong are mere bourgeois prejudices of national or class interest and do not really exist. Instinctively we might say: so much the worse for right and wrong. Yet, even then, we should have to learn to say: so much the worse for existence.

To rhapsodize over man's "natural, instinctive sense of justice," as opposed to established traditional legality, is a highbrow version of lynch law. Despite eloquent advocates of progressive education, the function of education is conservative: not to deify the child's "glorious self-expression," but to limit his instincts and behavior by unbreakable ethical habits. In his natural instincts, every modern baby is still born a cave-man baby. What will prevent a 1949 baby from remaining a cave man is the conservative force of law and tradition, that slow accumulation of civilized habits separating us from the cave.

The accumulation is haphazard. As liberals correctly accuse, it includes much unfairness and much ignorance as well as good. When the bad is separable from the good, it is the conservative's as much as the liberal's duty to prune it. The dilemma on which the two diverge arises only when the good and bad are inextricably interwoven.

He who irresponsibly sets in motion the revolutionary mob emotions against some minor abuse within a good tradition may bring the whole house crashing down on his head and find himself back in the jungle—or its ethical equivalent, the police-state. You weaken the aura of all good laws every time you break a bad one—or every time you take

a short cut around the "due process" of a good one. The lynching of the guilty is a subtler but no less deadly blow to civilization than the lynching of the innocent.

Social Change

SOMETIMES the conservative speaks too pompously of "maintaining established institutions." When the conservative fails to save such institutions from discredit, it may be the fault of those who attack them. But it may also be his own fault for over-emphasizing the attack from the left and underemphasizing exploitation from the right.

Since the industrial revolution, conservatism is neither justifiable nor effective unless it has roots in the factories and trade unions. It was the Tories of the 1830's, like the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, who fought for the factory laws to improve English working conditions. The laws were passed against the opposition of Whig industrialists and many Utilitarian liberals. And later, Disraeli's Conservative party, against the bourgeois opposition of Gladstone's laissez-faire Liberal party, legalized and protected the persecuted trade unions and passed the workman's social laws of the 1870's. This is why the English Liberal party has now almost expired, leaving the Conservatives and Laborites as the new two-party system. When the urban industrial worker of England votes today—whether for Laborites or Conservatives, whichever he freely elects—it is because Disraeli in 1867 "dished the Whigs" by extending the franchise, which the 1832 Reform Bill of the Whigs had restricted to the wealthy middle classes.

We may distinguish between English and Western conservatism, on the one hand, and the reactionary misuse of conservatism in Eastern Europe and often in Central Europe. English conservatism tends to be evolutionary; Eastern conservatism tends to follow the self-defeating rigidity of Nicholas I, whose motto was "submit and obey." Even in the West, the static type of conservatism finds adherents whenever there is an irrational anti-radical panic instead of a rational anti-radical alertness. Abusers of the conservative function oppose lawlessness only when it comes from "Jacobins" and "Reds," words often used irresponsibly against anyone who disagrees.

Why has the British monarchy survived as a symbol of unity beyond all parties while the monarchies of Russia, Austria, and Germany have been violently overthrown? Perhaps because England, like the Dutch, Belgian, and Scandinavian monarchies, made a special point of distinguishing between violent and lawful opposition. The East, above all the czardom, could not conceive of such a seeming contradiction as "His Majesty's loyal opposition," a concept basic to the conservative way to freedom.

Lip service to evolution is not enough to prevent revolution. Because the conservative ideal means so much more than its caricature of hardened-arteries-plus-dividend-checks, its legalism and its traditional institutions are the gateway to reform. They must never be permitted to become the gate *against* reform. The conservative evolves change peacefully and gradually from above instead of by un-historical haste or by mob methods from below.

Aristocracy

IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY England and even through much of the nineteenth century, the nobleman provided a traditional and enlightened leadership and a trained, hereditary civil service. His ranks could be replenished democratically by new appointments from below. For society, his services very likely outweighed the inevitable abuses. But once class privilege no longer equals class duty, the nobleman may degenerate into the parasite. When he reaches this functionless stage in his history, conservatives must object to sentimentalizing him. Politically, such sublimated snobbism produces Colonel Blimp. Aesthetically, it produces a vulgarly "elegant" kind of servant-girl literature: history as historical novel.

Today what is precious is not the aristocratic class, increasingly anachronistic and functionless, but the aristocratic spirit. And the spirit—dutiful public service, insistence on quality and standards, the decorum and ethical inner check of *noblesse oblige*—is open to all, regardless of class. In an effective democracy, this spirit permeates the whole community.

Here arises a temptation for the psychological expatriate, who has left America in

person or in attitude for an older culture. His motives are really more aesthetic than political, and it is easy to sympathize with them. Rightly reacting against machine-age crassness and incorrectly blaming American democracy for a more world-wide wasteland, he is tempted to value nobility as a class rather than as a spirit. Thereby he is being doubly American despite himself. His reaction is really a form of that most middle-class American sport, tourism. Clutching Baedeker and Emily Post, and not always unmindful of the Social Register, the Innocent Abroad is touring an imagined European past in which old fireplaces, surrounded by Fine Folks and the Art of Living, are tended by the serfs from whom he is himself descended.

When he is the Sophisticate Abroad, who should know better, and when this results in a reactionary credo of class lines unhistorically restored, then the tour becomes a *tour de force*; intellectually it does not come off, psychologically it does not ring true. The conservative is by definition moderate in all things. He distinguishes between being conservative and being more royalist than the king, more classicist than the Greeks, and more pontifical than any infallible pontiff.

The Welfare State

IF HUMANE SOCIAL reforms seem "socialistic," or are against the fetish of laissez-faire economics, that is not a substantial moral objection. When did we ever have laissez-faire, and why is any merely material and economic system more sacred than the moral duty of compassion for want? A more substantial objection does arise when the proposed reforms cross a line beyond which welfare laws are inflated into the welfare super-state. Let us name this line the Statist Line. It is the line of diminishing returns for humanitarianism. Beyond it, the increase in security is less than the loss in liberty. Here arises the problem of bigness, the great unsolved problem confronting thoughtful socialists everywhere today.

In England, France, Italy, Germany, and Scandinavia the democratic socialists (Laborites or Social Democrats) are fighting for civil liberties and for the West. They are America's allies as much as any right-wing opponent of communism and sometimes more so. To

attack them when they are risking their lives against Russian aggression would be stupid and wicked. Our need to abstain from such anti-socialist coercion does not mean that we must cease to debate freely the issue of socialism. We must ask ourselves—and hope that our Labor and Social Democrat allies will ask themselves—whether their own ideal of civil liberties is not endangered when the socialist welfare state, no matter how benign its motive, can regiment that most precious of all “oppressed and exploited minorities,” the individual.

For over a century, English and Continental conservatism, whether in the Tory factory laws of the 1830's or the papal bull, *De Rerum Novarum*, has tended to put social justice before laissez faire. None of these groups was remotely radical (and their reforms were usually opposed by the middle-class liberals). Similarly, the American conservatives will have to stop regarding as madly radical the long-needed laws protecting labor. These are the sane ethical norms of any industrial society. In fact, American social reforms are usually more timidly moderate than those introduced by European conservatives two generations ago. However, the conservative opposition in America and England can become indispensable as the watchdog who growls warningly as soon as any group of left or right gets too near the Statist Line.

Social reform is not the same as egalitarianism. While serving the former, the conservative resists the trend of a mass-production age to sacrifice liberty to equality. The radical, trusting the “sound instincts” of the masses, pushes the scales still further toward equality. The liberal, in order to avoid a painful choice, sometimes pretends that the conflict does not exist. Yet the greatest of liberal thinkers, John Stuart Mill, warned his fellow liberals that the tyranny of kings and nobles may be replaced by the even more stifling tyranny of the mob if “the inevitable growth of social equality and of the government of public opinion should impose on mankind an oppressive yoke of uniformity.” In his magnificent *Liberty* essay of 1859, he noted: “Those whose opinions go by the name of public opinion . . . are always a mass, that is to say, collective mediocrity. . . . The majority . . . cannot comprehend why those ways should not be good enough for everybody.”

Individual vs. Majority

POLITICAL leaders, not unmindful of votes, rightly praise the benefits of majority rule. They discuss too little the dangers of majority dictatorship. Free, creative self-expression requires tolerance for individual differences in art as in politics, in religion as in personality. To prevent majority rule from becoming majority despotism, every stable society has certain traditional institutions acting as brakes on precipitous mass action. In England, majority decisions can be slowed up by the House of Lords; in America, by the separation of power—President, House, Senate—and by the Supreme Court as guardian of the Constitution.

If a measure is so necessary that its backing by the majority is not the emotion of the moment incited by demagogues but a sustained will, then the brakes can and ought to be overcome, lest a dictatorship of Lords or of the Supreme Court menace liberty as much as a mob dictatorship. Accordingly, the Constitution can be amended; Presidents can appoint new judges as the old ones die; kings can ennoble new peers; the veto of the American President or of the British Lords can be overridden. It is fitting that the amending or overriding be neither too easy, which would play into the hands of radicalism, nor too difficult, which would play into the hands of reaction.

In one sense, the concept of civil liberties is aristocratic and against democratic rule. If you insist on civil liberties, and there are few things more worthy of insistence, then you must be prepared to say: “Even if a fairly elected, democratic majority of 99 per cent wants to lynch all Negroes, Jews, Catholics, labor leaders, or bankers, it is our moral and legal duty to resist the majority, though we die in the attempt.” Guarding the Bill of Rights even against the majorities and even against the people's will, the American Constitution performs an aristocratic and conservative function.

The extraordinary conservatism of America's founding fathers is today often ignored. Liberals discuss it with pained embarrassment as a family skeleton. Yet it may account for ours being one of the oldest surviving democracies, one of the few never overthrown. The

English conservative Maine was one of the first to see this Tory quality in what he calls America's wise and "calming" Constitution:

When a democracy governs, it is not safe to leave unsettled any important questions concerning the exercise of public powers. . . . It would seem that, by a wise constitution, democracy may be made nearly as calm as water in a great artificial reservoir; but if there is a weak point anywhere in the structure, the mighty force which it controls will burst through and spread destruction. . . . American experience has, I think, shown that by wise constitutional provisions, thoroughly thought out beforehand, democracy can be made tolerable.

On many such issues, moderate liberals and moderate conservatives agree. This is not surprising. Mill and Burke are not opposites; they supplement each other, both being needed. Parliamentary government requires common agreement upon fundamentals. It requires the constant readiness of moderates of right and left to unite against extremists of right and left. Liberals and conservatives agree more often than they disagree on such fundamentals as preferring political evolution to either revolution or immobility.

But once we leave parliamentary politics and enter cultural psychology, the disagreements multiply. The ideal conservative has here been defined as a humanist. In contrast, the ideal of ever more liberals and progressives today—not all, certainly—is to be the kindly yet brilliant materialist, saving the world not through spirit but through economics.

Non-economic Motives

EVERY individual and every society has ideas and acts on them, sometimes consciously, usually by unconscious conditioned reflexes. History is made by the ideas known as values. Other factors, such as economics, contribute to history; they do not determine it. With his arguments for economic determinism, Marx does prove that economics is exceedingly important, but this is not because economics determines history. Rather, the idea that economics makes history is, temporarily, one of those ideas that make history. If you have faith that economics and

materialism are important, then they eventually become important. The Nazis thought race was important, though it may not even exist. If you act on the assumption of race importance, as the Nazis did, or of economic importance, as Marxists and capitalists do, then this faith affects history and changes the world. But what is changing the world is neither economics nor race. It is faith in the idea of economics, faith in the idea of a non-existent racial purity. In short, it is ideas, values, credos.

The false antithesis of bread versus ethical values, with a feet-on-the-ground preference for the former, is often used as a debating point to justify police-states that destroy ethical values but supposedly give bread. "But bread comes first," says the materialist. "When stomachs are full, and not until then, the values will follow after." Wrong!—true only if you are alone on a South Sea island, picking your "bread" from trees. As soon as you are in society, where bread is achieved by the organized co-operation of many men, values come first; for organization implies the prior presence of values. A seeming paradox yet factually correct: you can only achieve the goals of materialism by an idealistic interpretation of life. If you base society solely on the idea of economic gains, scrapping freedom and justice for the sake of the tyranny needed to organize total planning, then you lose not only the freedom but the economic gains. In place of the economic philosophy of Adam Smith or of Marx, the world through trial and error will come to see the *economic necessity of an anti-economic philosophy*, the material necessity of anti-materialism.

Human beings, as opposed to two-dimensional abstractions, refuse to be push-buttons, pressed by external economic law. They refuse to be explained by statistics or by the blueprints of totally planned utopias. Their refusal is forever spoiling the most scientific polls and blueprints. The Economic Man of Smith and Marx, with his famous Economic Motives, has never existed. If only all Marxists, all Chambers of Commerce, and all Gallup Poll predictors would read Dostoevski's *Notes from the Underground*:

Shower upon man every earthly blessing, drown him in a sea of happiness, so that nothing but bubbles of bliss can be seen on

the surface; give him economic prosperity such that he should have nothing else to do but sleep, eat cakes, and busy himself with the continuation of his species; and even then, out of sheer ingratitude, sheer spite, man would play you some nasty trick. . . . simply to prove to himself—as though that were necessary—that men are still men and not the keys of a piano.

Political Christianity

THE popular mind is probably on the right track in associating a conservative outlook with religion. What falls more deliciously on advanced ears than ridicule of religion? How emancipated it sounds to dismiss in a moment's epigram an institution of nineteen hundred years! Thereby you prove to the smart world that you are marching in the front ranks of progress. The march, unfortunately, is into that flood of Nazi and communist paganism which drowned the liberals of most of Europe. Unintentionally they had undermined their own best protection: the dikes of religious ethics. For the conservative, individual liberty derives less from political abstraction and economic tinkering than from Christianity and its extension of the Athenian ideal.

Accepting slavery as we accept the use of machines, the Athenian democracy was incomplete. Incompatible with slavery, Christianity was founded on respect for the infinite preciousness of every single individual soul. This Christian respect is what inspires political democracy as well as economic justice, and it must therefore precede both. Inward moral reform of the individual, which economic determinists are perennially "exposing" as a reactionary trick to postpone progress, must precede or at least accompany the outward material reform of society.

However, some qualifying of these assertions is in order at a time of growing obscurantism. Christianity is not only being abused by its materialist enemies in a revolt against ethics. It is also being misused by its romanticist friends in a revolt against reason. Reason is only a feeble flicker in a Stygian universe. But instead of joining the stampede to abdicate it, the humanist labors patiently to extend its frontiers against the night. The fact that reason is so frail and vulnerable

makes its stubborn persistence all the more heroic: a vindication of the spirit of man, whose freely inquiring intellect is perhaps the most exciting miracle of all.

The West

PROTESTANT, Catholic, or Jew: for the humanistic conservative these variations, whose differences should not be minimized, are yet within the same ethical and historical framework. Christianity is the time-capsule conserving and fusing the four ancestries of Western man: the stern moral commandments and social justice of Judaism; the love for beauty and for untrammelled speculation of the free Hellenic mind; the Roman Empire's universalism and its exaltation of law; and the Aristotelianism, Thomism, and antinominalism of the Middle Ages. These heritages are sometimes mutually conflicting. Society is ever fusing them in new proportions to meet the ever-shifting emphasis on morality, beauty, intellect, legalism, or universality. To some degree all must be present. The razor's-edge tension of the delicate and vulnerable balance between them is perhaps what it is that goads Western man to greatness and gives him his creativeness, his élan.

The Romantic Revolt

THE Christian time-capsule of our four heritages is still the best school for taming barbarians. Nietzsche, the pious Antichrist, noted this with regret. Conservatives note it with relief, for they claim that every human being is by nature capable of every insanity and atrocity. Unless the pruned and geometric gardens that Le Nôtre built at Versailles are superior to the chaotic jungles hailed by romanticism, unless art and artifice and classicism and formal social convention are preferable to nature and the cult of naturalness, the distinction between man and animal is an outworn snobbism. And indeed, since the 1930's, this trifling ten-thousand-year-old caprice of trying to differ from the beasts is being liquidated by the spread of Progress over one-fifth of the globe, from the mass graves of Maidanek to the slave kennels of Siberia. As Albert Guerard warned in 1939:

The romantic rebellion against discipline, measure, and sanity, that is to say civilization, [is] the chief problem in European culture . . . a problem too deep for any "economic interpretation." The disastrous surge of the elemental has been made possible only because the educated have betrayed civilization and exalted the abyss.

The churches—Protestant, Catholic, or the closely related Jewish—draw the fangs of Rousseau's Noble Savage and clip his ignoble claws. By so doing, and when and if they practice what they preach, they are performing their share of the conservative function, the function of spanning the gap between the cave man and society. Marx gave the ablest summary of the issue when he called religion "the opiate of the people"—that is, the tamer, pacifier, civilizer of the people. The contemporary uncivilizers are only logical in persecuting religion.*

The Mass Man

THE great taming process of civilization includes not only the past, not only the barbarian invasion from outside the West (the Germanic waves that beat down Rome, or the Tartars who ended the Westernized Russia of Kiev). It must also include the internal invasion of today, the barbarian invasion from below: the mass-man. The terms "mass-man" and "barbarian" are not a snobbism invoked against the poor or the primitive. The mass-man, the underground barbarian of our urban jungles, does not necessarily lack wealth or brains or technics. As likely to be a banker as a bricklayer, the mass-man believes that the end justifies the means and says with Goebbels: "Important is not what is right but what wins."

The issue is ethics, not technics. Mass-man means blindness. It means blindness to the standards of conduct which civilization has over eons gradually imposed upon human

nature. After remaining fairly static for many centuries, the population of the Western world suddenly tripled after the industrial revolution. This has been the hugest and fastest population increase in history. With ethics lagging behind both technics and births, and with material power out-racing the spiritual power needed to control it, the urban age has spawned the numberless nomads of modernity.

A morally illiterate culture of unhappy and untragic pleasure-seekers has failed to root its masses in the universals of civilization. As we have seen, this is partly due to the radical Rousseauistic cult of naturalness, the cult of revolt and anti-artifice and anti-tradition. And it is partly due to the satanic pride in one's own unchecked ego, a pride based on deeming the ego naturally good and ignoring the problem of evil. This is the subject of Ortega y Gasset's *The Revolt of the Masses*: "There is no culture where there are no standards to which our fellow-men can have recourse. There is no culture where there are no principles of legality to which to appeal. . . . Properly speaking, there are no barbarian standards. Barbarism is the absence of standards to which appeal can be made."

Nietzsche was perhaps the first to diagnose the modern mass-man. He associated him with nationalism and with worship of quantity and power, as opposed to quality and thought. Warning against "atavistic attacks of patriotism and soil attachment," Nietzsche in 1886 wrote an indictment of the Bismarckian Europe of power and empire, an indictment even more valid for our own time:

It is the age of the masses: they lie on their belly before everything that is massive. And so also in politics. A statesman who rears up for them a new Tower of Babel, some monstrosity of empire and power, they call "great"—what does it matter that we more prudent and conservative ones do not meanwhile give up the old belief that it is only the great thought that gives greatness to an action?

Yet Nietzsche's scorn of Christian ethics makes him as often the agent of this barbarism as its unmasker. A more reliable, if less exalted guide through the inferno of mass-men and *führers* is Nietzsche's colleague in Switzerland, the historian Burckhardt (1818-97):

* An imperative of Christian ethics, a test of its sincerity, is to fight—without hedging or qualification—the pagan obscenity of anti-Semitism. He who is against any human family is against the whole human family. Discrimination against the civil liberties of any minority is the opening wedge against liberty itself. No wonder many German nationalists raged when the not-so-reactionary Congress of Vienna confirmed the emancipation of the Jews begun under the French.

I have a premonition which sounds like utter folly, and yet it will not leave me: the military state will become one single vast factory. Those hordes of men in the great industrial centers cannot be left indefinitely to their greed and want. What must logically come is a definite and supervised stint of misery, with promotions and uniforms, daily begun and ended to the sound of drums. . . . In the delightful twentieth century, authoritarianism will raise its head again, and a terrifying head it will be. . . . the naked force in command and the silencing of opposition. . . . This power can only derive from evil, and its results will make your hair stand on end. . . . People no longer believe in principles but will probably periodically believe in saviors. . . . Long voluntary subjection under individual *führers* is in prospect.

In a centrifugal epoch, only an outlook of inner balance can resist this pull toward extremes and restore the magnetism of the

center. A total crisis—moral, cultural, and political—requires not only action but universal principles for action. The dynamism and "*vive la force!*" of unprincipled men-of-action is not a solution to the crisis but one of its causes. Does not history itself suggest the principles we need to determine what is wrong and to act for what is right? By their decorum of law and form, by their insistence on ethical means toward whatever ends, reconciling tradition with reason and building on the dignity of the individual soul, the principles of an international humanist conservatism are as basic to creative statesmanship as to art. Their good sense and good taste, equally valid in poetry and politics, have been condensed into four classic lines by the great American conservative, Herman Melville:

Not magnitude, not lavishness,
But Form—the site;
Not innovating wilfulness,
But reverence for the Archetype.

The Inner Eye

LLOYD FRANKENBERG

IT is always night where I look
On the other side of the eye
In the dark room of the mind.

Daylight comes to surprise
The matinee eyes of the owl
Who resides in an owl gloom.

The world is braille to the mole.
He has his nose in the text.
Weight is the fullness of all

To the round sense of the stone
Holding the motion of earth
In the interstellar ground,

The black of the moon, the blind
Underside of the light,
The always night where I look.

J. Harold Smith and the Dogs of Sin

James Rorty

A FRIEND of mine fights with bulldogs," said the Reverend J. Harold Smith, now pastor of the prosperous Woodlawn Avenue Baptist Church of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and on the air seven days a week over a Bible Belt network and Station XERF, via Acuña, Mexico. The youthful evangelist (he is not yet forty) likes to speak in edifying parables which suggest the enormity of the persecutions he has suffered for righteousness' sake.

"Once my friend staged a fight for a \$1,000 bet between two prize dogs. After an hour, my friend's dog seemed to be losing. The other dog had chewed off a leg and torn a big piece out of his neck. Then, with a dying effort, my friend's dog opened his mouth and clamped his jaws down on his opponent's neck, cutting the jugular vein. Both dogs died."

J. Harold opened his mouth, which is wide and thin-lipped, like that of a snapping turtle. He is a football-hero type and rather smugly photogenic; an evangelistic Clark Gable, slightly undertrained and already thickening around the waist. His eyes are watchful and not warm.

"If they ever get me down, I'll know what

to do," said the Reverend Smith, clamping his jaws. "I'll get my last grip." Which suggests the interesting question: Where and when will J. Harold get his *last* grip?

The Federal Communications Commission, one is sure, would like to know the answer to that question. So would various graying radio executives who have nursed old bruises and testified bleakly and publicly that they did not wish to live in a community where J. Harold had a station. Likewise the dealers in spirituous liquors, especially those who pay a revenue tax. They have learned to expect a severe if temporary drought whenever and wherever J. Harold raises his voice. Likewise the dance hall proprietors, the card merchants, the operators of Sunday movies. Also, presumably, the termites of communism who, J. Harold says, "gnaw at the mudsills of the American way of life"—although one suspects that it pays the termites less to worry about J. Harold than it pays the evangelist to worry about them.

Finally, one must include among parties interested, the Federal Council of Churches, whose mild elders are bound to feel a little self-conscious when they hear the Council referred to as "this stinking polecat, wolf in

Mr. Rorty, author of "The Thin Rats Bury the Fat Rats" in our May issue, lives not far from Knoxville, Tennessee, for a time the scene of the Reverend Smith's battle with Evil.

sheep's clothing, demoniac vulture sitting upon the pinnacles of our churches waiting to devour their carcasses, this Goliath of power, wild Absalom of rebellion, loathsome Judas of treachery, deceiving Sapphira of falsehood, cruel Ahab of covetousness, bold Belshazzar of irreverence, merciless Nero of evil, haughty Nebuchadnezzar of pride, painted Jezebel of murder. . . ."

LIKE the late Huey Long, from whose broadcasting technique he acknowledges he has learned much, J. Harold is a native son of the Bible Belt. He was born June 14, 1910, in the village of Woodruff, South Carolina, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge. His great-grandfather, he says, was Captain Morgan, the legendary cavalryman who harried the rear of the Union armies during the Civil War. His grandfather on his mother's side was a Baptist preacher. His father is a capable and respected mill foreman of Greenville, who has lent money to his enterprises.

As a boy, J. Harold attended revival meetings and came home so excited that he preached in his sleep. Again like Huey Long, he was a boy orator and debater in high school. But one day he heard a visiting surgeon say: "Not only does surgery help one's fellow man, it pays well."

That settled it. J. Harold took the pre-medical course at Furman College, in Greenville. He was pretty wild, he says, but in his graduation year he was converted through the efforts of his sister and turned back from medicine to religion. After studying theology three years under a local Baptist minister, he was licensed by the Poinsettia Baptist Church of Greenville, and he has been preaching ever since. He believes that his preaching has served his fellow man, and in fairness it must be added that this belief is shared by reputable ministers and business men who testified in his behalf at the FCC hearings. Certainly his preaching has paid well—just how well the baffled accountants of the FCC were unable to determine. They uncovered enough, however, to indicate that few surgeons at J. Harold's age have achieved a comparable success.

A restless pilgrim, he has frequently moved on to cultivate new vineyards in urban pulpits, in rural tent meetings, and on the air waves. Wherever he has sounded his trumpet, the dogs of sin have snapped at his heels, J.

Harold has kicked back, the populace has become aroused, and the town appears to have taken a loss in business. Until in the end—in one instance, at least—the God-fearing members of the Chamber of Commerce have become completely fed up and said, in effect, to hell with it.

BACK in 1938, Station WFBC in Greenville, South Carolina, where the evangelist made his debut, shook J. Harold off the air with the frantic, agonized gesture of a swimmer getting rid of a particularly savage prehensile crab. That effort hurt, it really did, as we say in East Tennessee. Especially it hurt when, responding to the exhortations J. Harold delivered from the pulpit of his Gospel Tabernacle, his followers boycotted the station, its advertisers, and the two newspapers operating under the same ownership. The newspapers lost 14,000 of their 50,000 subscribers in six months. But J. Harold's hold loosened, and within another six months subscribers and advertisers were back, and the pilgrim moved on to Spartanburg, South Carolina.

What happened there was in most of its essentials a playback of the Greenville record. When Walter J. Brown took over Station WSPA at Spartanburg, he noted with dismay that \$1,000 of its \$3,000 monthly income was derived from commercial religious programs, with J. Harold Smith heading the list. Something would have to be done about that, he murmured, at which J. Harold warned, on his paid program: "The devil has moved into this station from Washington." Undaunted, Senator Brown applied the code of the National Association of Broadcasters, ceased selling time to religious programs, and instead offered free sustaining time, to be allocated by the local ministerial associations. Again J. Harold found himself off the air, and again his lunge at his tormentors fell short. The station weathered a brief boycott, and in 1943, J. Harold moved on to Knoxville and Station WNOX for the biggest battle of his career.

II

ON MARCH 27, 1946, Station WNOX, a CBS affiliate owned by the Scripps-Howard syndicate and operated jointly with the Knoxville *News-Sentinel*, an-

nounced that it would no longer sell time to commercial religious broadcasters. Instead, the local ministerial association would allocate sustaining time. Concurrently, Station WROL, the local NBC affiliate, announced a similar change of policy.

That night the Reverend Smith spent in prayer. At five o'clock the next morning, so he tells us, the answer came to him: God's name would be glorified. That devilish theory that men come from monkeys, once crushed under the heel of William Jennings Bryan, would again be rebuked, and Satan would receive one of his greatest defeats. Whereupon, having received these divine assurances, J. Harold rose from his knees and proceeded to take such practical steps as might be required to bring these things to pass. Two weeks later, on April 14, he and his followers went into action in one of the most extraordinary demonstrations ever staged in an American city.

Through Knoxville's narrow streets marched a singing, shouting army of men, women, and children numbering over twenty thousand. They were J. Harold's radio audience, addicts of the hell-fire fundamentalist gospel which alone, according to the more cynical of the local sages, is strong enough to substitute for the raw corn liquor distilled in the coves of the nearby Cumberland and Great Smoky mountains. They bore flags and religious banners. A band played "Onward Christian Soldiers." They waved Bibles, shouting to the spectators: "I'm going to heaven and you're going to hell."

Bringing the parade to a halt before the locked door of Station WNOX, whence the staff had fled in anticipation of violence, J. Harold bowed his head in prayer for the imperiled souls of the station manager and Mr. Jack Howard, its owner. Never had he felt so humbled, he sobbed, as by this great outpouring of his loyal followers. Then, lifting his head and throwing back his shoulders, the Reverend Smith let go at the top of his pitch. "I know it for a fact," he shouted, "that certain groups are bringing pressure on owners of radio stations to take off the successful radio preacher and put on the air these quack doctors, dumb dogs who cannot bark, pussy-footing, back-scratching, ear-tickling, show-going, liquor-sipping, God-hating, compromising failures, who the station has to give free time

because they cannot pay their way. . . . Station WNOX has grown rich off the blood of your sons. It is striking a blow at one of the most blessed freedoms, that of worshipping God according to the dictates of your own hearts, and that of freedom of speech. Will you stop listening?"

"Amen!" responded the crowd. Crowding around the evangelist, old men and women in shabby clothes pushed five- and ten-dollar bills into his reaching hands.

From Station WNOX, "the Cub Bear," the crowd marched up the street and halted under the windows of the *News-Sentinel*, the "Mother Bear"—the Scripps-Howard syndicate being communist, in the quaint mythology that J. Harold dreams up for his followers. . . . Well, didn't Roy Howard once go to Moscow and interview Stalin? "You have fought our God," he shouted up at the staring reporters. "If you don't like what the people of East Tennessee like, move!"

Yet for the third time J. Harold's grip missed the jugular. Both newspaper and radio station suffered brief setbacks in terms of subscriptions and listening audience, but both recovered completely within a few months. They didn't move.

INSTEAD, J. Harold moved twice. First he moved his come-hither voice and his home-brewed adjectives to the newly established Station WIBK, operated by the Radio Bible Hours, in which J. Harold and Mrs. Smith were principal stockholders. Establishing himself and his co-workers in a substantial home in the outskirts of Knoxville, J. Harold proceeded to put his verbal flagellation of sin on a mass-production basis. His study was sound-proofed and furnished with the most modern broadcasting equipment. His daily and Sunday broadcasts were transcribed and the platters shipped to Villa Acuña, Mexico, just across the border from Del Rio, Texas. There they were beamed back into the Bible Belt by Station XERF, in which, as we shall see later, J. Harold invested a total of \$100,000.

All these activities were financed by the "love offerings" of J. Harold's followers. They were sufficient to enable the evangelist to subsist on a fare much more elaborate than the traditional locusts and wild honey of the prophet—also to plow back substantial sums

into more and more radio time and transmitter power, with which in turn to stimulate more love offerings. Watching his financial snowball gathering by grace of gospel and the public air, the FCC shook its head. So that when, in the fall of 1947, J. Harold requested validation of WIBK's license, together with a permit to build an FM station, the Commission demurred and set up public hearings. As a result, on June 29, 1948, Commissioner Clifford Durr issued an opinion recommending the denial of both requests.

At this point J. Harold moved once more. On the surface, his new charge in Chattanooga was a promotion, since he now leads one of the largest Baptist congregations in the state. But for reasons that will appear later, it may also turn out to be J. Harold's last stand in the big time.

III

UNQUESTIONABLY, J. Harold overplayed his hand in Knoxville, both during and after the famous March. It was a mistake to put in the record, as he did in his monthly magazine, the *Carolina Watchman*, and in a pamphlet entitled "Termites in the Temple," the kind of highly colored language quoted elsewhere in this article. Especially it was a mistake to bring to town, two weeks after the march, the Reverend Harvey H. Springer, the Cowboy Evangelist of Denver, Colorado, complete with ten-gallon hat and a haunting odor of snake oil and gasoline.

The Reverend Springer's racial views, as expressed in various privately printed publications, are not highly esteemed by the Anti-Defamation League. When J. Harold introduced Springer from the platform and paid tribute in print to his "Godly Courage and Christian frankness," he aroused a new kind of antagonism.

Compounding the error, he allowed the same meeting to hear the address of the Reverend Carl McIntire, president of the fundamentalist American Council of Churches (not to be confused with Smith's old enemy, the Federal Council). McIntire revealed an anti-labor as well as a fundamentalist bias, and good trade unionists in the audience found their amens sticking in their throats.

It would seem, too, that J. Harold overplayed his hand by attacking the Catholic

Church, both in broadcasts and in the *Carolina Watchman*, which he edits with the help of the Reverend D. H. Cimino, an ex-Catholic. As a rule the Catholic hierarchy has taken a rather relaxed view of what it regards as two-bit social tornadoes, having observed that they blow themselves out. But the patience of Catholics may well have been strained by the following, which was broadcast over Station WIBK and read into the record of the hearings:

The Roman Catholic Church has gone into the liquor business. Nearly all the priests drink hard liquor and wine. Many monks and nuns make it in their monasteries. The Benedictine brand, the most deadly poison of all, is made of beetle-bug juice—only Rome knows how to make this hell fluid used in the red light dens.

If this seems a bit excessive, as it did to the FCC, what shall we say of the following passages taken from articles in the *Carolina Watchman*? Here again is J. Harold's view, expressed with his usual reserve, of the Federal Council of Churches:

The Federal Council of Churches of the Anti-Christ would make prostitutes out of your daughters and libertines of your sons. This is the dirty, hellish, gang of sex-mad devils that some of the Knoxville preachers are falling over themselves to defend. Leave this atheistic, communistic, Bible-ridiculing, blood-despising, name-calling, sex-manacled gang of green-eyed monsters and hell-bound devils before God's judgment is poured out on them.

Here is J. Harold's attitude toward his co-religionists of the Negro race:

I want to say to you colored people . . . if you are going to let the liquor store gang vote you for liquor, then I tell you, you deserve to be debauched and then taken out and lynched. . . . You may be as black as the ace of spades, but be a black man and not a black dog and don't vote with these whisky devils.

And here is J. Harold, paying his respects to the duly constituted forces of law and order:

I tell you another thing, you clean up your town and you will be thankful for it.

We will cease to depend on the courts and officers that won't do their duty, we will organize to protect our town and run those gamblers out of town.

WHETHER as a result of these excesses or not, a year or so later the Federal Communications Commission, in considering Station WIBK's application to validate its license, began inquiring into the more worldly aspects of J. Harold's operations on and off the air in Greenville, Spartanburg, Knoxville, Villa Acuña, and elsewhere.

What frustrated the FCC's accountants was the impossibility of segregating J. Harold's income and assets from those of the various institutions in which he holds a controlling interest: the Greenville Gospel Tabernacle, worth from \$57,000 to \$60,000; the hundred-year-old *Carolina Watchman*, which he acquired in 1940; the Southern Bible Institute of High Point, North Carolina, whose students pay \$20 a term (\$12 for the correspondence course) and whose lecturers are paid \$1.00 a night; the Radio Bible Hour, through which J. Harold's broadcasting operations have been conducted.

Witnesses at the FCC hearings testified that a substantial part of the rich harvest of "love offerings" yielded by the broadcasts were designated for J. Harold personally and were deposited in his personal box in the office safe, no record being kept of these receipts. Love offerings collected on the last night of tent meetings, held while J. Harold was broadcasting over WIBK, totaled \$2,600 in Altoona, \$1,300 in Knoxville, \$600 in Lenoir City, \$2,000 in Clinton, and from \$2,600 to \$2,700 in Sevierville. At the Sevierville meeting, J. Harold was presented with several packages of bills totalling \$10,000, this windfall being identified technically as a "gift" rather than a "love offering."

In an attempt to get some idea of how much money had passed through the hands of the preacher and his associates, the W. A. Timmons Audit Company assembled miscellaneous evidence, consisting chiefly of check stubs on one bank and oral statements covering only the five years between April 30, 1942, and June 30, 1947. Emphasizing that this must not be considered a true audit, the accountants reported receipts for the five-year period of over \$370,000 and disbursements just under

that amount. These figures, pointed out the accountant, did not include funds handled through two other banks, which, if known, would presumably have added substantially to the total.

In his unique deal with Station XERF, just over the border in Villa Acuña, J. Harold paid the Mexican organizers of the station a total of \$85,000 plus a \$15,000 loan. In exchange, he got an hour a day, split between morning and evening time, for twenty years. The contract further provided that Smith was to get one third of the price of the station in case of sale, and that the insurance would also be pro-rated in case of destruction of the station by fire.

J. Harold has taken an occasional flyer in mining and oil stocks: \$6,000 on one occasion and \$4,000 on another. A Knoxville business man who has counseled J. Harold on his real-estate investments says that he sometimes took advice and sometimes didn't; invariably he and/or his corporations made money anyway, including a \$15,000 profit turned on an urban Knoxville property before he left town. J. Harold didn't have to be an evangelist, adds this admirer; he would have made money in any other business. It should be noted, however, that the Knoxville Chamber of Commerce took a somewhat less tolerant view of J. Harold; it petitioned the FCC to deny WIBK's license, on the ground that this grant would have been detrimental to Knoxville's business and social life.

IV

THE Reverend Smith is doctrinally a pre-millennialist—to be distinguished, he says, from the post-millennialists and the a-millennialists. He thus connects himself with the powerful native religious tradition of the pioneer settlements of his part of the South. J. Harold's followers were drawn from scores of sects which base their creeds on highly detailed, legalistic interpretations of the Bible, and for whom the earthly drama will one day be climaxed by an actual, literal day of judgment. To the extraordinary epidemics of end-of-the-world praying, wailing, and head-hobbing which spread through the backwoods Southern communities in the past century, the events of our times have given renewed inspiration. What Donati's great comet meant

in 1857, Hiroshima represented again for the natives of the region of Oak Ridge, when they learned with horror and shame what they had been making.

The pioneers, cramped in the little clearings cut in the great forests, needed ecstasy, and they found it in religion. Their descendants, inheriting the old-time gospel faith along with the sturdy tradition of self-respect and industry, still need the ecstasy. J. Harold fares well in a region where belief is so strong that a man will give all of his possessions to the church in order to expiate what he feels to be a sin. Conversion is the central experience of this religion; the Bible, literally interpreted—there are fourteen separate kinds of Baptists alone in Tennessee—is the source of doctrine and the guide to conduct. Some of these people can afford sizable “love-offerings” in the richer South of today; some cannot. J. Harold repudiates the snake-handlers, who hold clandestine, and now illegal, meetings in backwoods churches within an hour’s drive of Chattanooga, and see more snakes than cash in the course of the year’s labor.

There may be also a political background for the success of the fire-eating rhetoric of Smith and other evangelists of the region. Warning against a casual labeling of these orators as demagogues, W. J. Cash, in *The Mind of the South*, has compared them to the dramatic captains of Civil War. He writes:

Within this frame of politics and rhetoric the hammer and thrust of the Yankee inevitably did something else too; it called forth that final form of Southern extravagance, that significant type of people’s captain, the fire-eating orator and mob-master. Let us take good care to understand him.

With a start one remembers that J. Harold’s great-grandfather was the legendary Captain Morgan of Morgan’s Raiders. And as for the “hammer and thrust of the Yankee,” what is that today but the threat of President Truman’s civil rights program, identified in Smith’s vocabulary as “communism” and “atheism”? It is against this cultural background that we must see the contemporary vineyard which J. Harold works, driving to his tent meetings in his gleaming Cadillac and curdling the air waves with the cracker-barrel euphemisms of the crossroads store—“Bud, you ain’t fit for a buzzard to puke on.”

ONE must not judge J. Harold hastily. One of his fundamentalist colleagues in Knoxville insists he is “genuinely sincere and honest.” But, in contrast, there is the judgment expressed at the FCC hearings by Reverend Hasket M. Miller, formerly of Knoxville, and now a professor at Emory and Henry College.

Dr. Miller said:

I would say that his reputation as I know it is that of a religious racketeer, by which I mean that he is a very bad type of propagandist operating in the name of religion for purposes of personal gain. . . .

Through whatever means of communication are available to him, [Smith] approaches good humble sincere people with the use of such profoundly significant symbols as the Bible, the cross, the Church, such words as “the word of God,” “Christ crucified,” “the devil,” “communism,” “reds,” and many others, together with certain deeply emotional expressions, appeals, and tones of voice, combined with his effort to identify himself in their thinking with the crucified Savior and the persecuted prophets and apostles in order to bind them to himself in a personal following and to secure from them financial benefits.

As I know Mr. Smith’s reputation and practices, there is in his approach to and treatment of even his followers a basic disrespect of the dignity and integrity of individual personalities.

In impugning J. Harold’s sincerity as a religionist, it would seem, Dr. Miller has also put his finger on J. Harold’s worst mistake as a showman. It is a mistake that could prove fatal to his future prospects. Eager to please, but also lacking respect for his listeners, he talks down to them. Spiritually, of course, they have always been vastly too good for him. And even in the matter of education they are getting steadily better, as the GI’s complete their college education, and as better roads and schools are built in the backwoods.

Already the second- and third- string evangelists—as a showman J. Harold is above their class—are beginning to feel the pinch. They are able to buy time on the air from the small-town, small-power stations because there is no easier or surer way in which the

radio stations of the Bible Belt can build an audience. But once on the air, they become subject to a special Law of Diminishing Returns.

What happens is that the less these loud but pathetically untalented radio gospellers get in the way of love offerings, the more of their time they have to use for begging; and, of course, the more begging, the less time there is for preaching. Thus their commercials, so to speak, tend to crowd out their messages, until their audiences begin tuning them out. But by this time the station has built its audience, which it now proceeds to sell to the local merchants or maybe to Gelixo (only 30 per cent alcohol) or Beebongo, good for whatever ails the physical man.

It is incorrect to suppose that backwoods congregations *like* bad preaching, or put doctrine before quality. On more than one occasion, Catholic priests in full ecclesiastical regalia have preached, by request, from the pulpits of tiny mountain churches, both Baptist and minor sectarian. A scholarly Jewish rabbi, who had spoken eloquently at a rural social gathering, was approached by a delegation from the local church: Would he consider serving as their pastor? Both the priests and the rabbi "had the spirit"; that is, they rang true in the ears of their listeners, for the dignity and integrity of whose individual personalities they felt and showed genuine respect.

Does J. Harold "have the spirit" in that sense? Did Huey Long?

"Huey was crooked as a barrel of fish, I suppose," says J. Harold. "But he got things accomplished."

ON THE whole, perhaps the most reassuring thing about J. Harold is that he is not as smart as Huey was—too little and too late. One after the other, the large city stations are banning paid religious broadcasts.

Even J. Harold's stance on the Mexican border is precarious. Recently he transferred his interest in Station XERF to the Southern Bible Institute, although for only ten years of his twenty-year contract. But will these "X" stations on the border be permitted to continue their present noisome output for even ten years? Can they be maintained as a base, secure from the molestations of the FCC and the Better Business Bureaus, for the operations of glitter, electric bow tie, and junk jewelry salesmen—and commercial religious broadcasters?

Many business men along the border don't think so. After all, the "X" stations are no longer catering to the Goat Gland Brinkleys. Sooner rather than later, the United States and Mexico are likely to get together on the problem of shutting off the purple prose now beamed on our suffering citizenry from the other side of the Rio Grande.

Does that mean that the last scene of J. Harold's drama will be like the classic finale of Charlie Chaplin's "The Pilgrim," in which we see a pathetic little figure flapping his big shoes down a diminishing sunset road. Not quite. J. Harold is not likely to achieve pathos, in life or in art. Success is much more in his line—if not in preaching, then in real estate or in politics. And certainly J. Harold won't be afoot in his last act. He'll always get his last grip on a Cadillac.

Magistrate's Court in Moscow

Margaret K. Webb

THE first two weeks that I was in Moscow in 1947, when my husband was working at the American Embassy, I was never without a guide. It was my own doing; I made the mistake of thinking I could see more of the city on a supervised tour than I could by myself. An owl-eyed youth who spoke English with the painful correctness of an Eton schoolmaster shepherded me diligently through endless museums, art galleries, and Parks of Culture and Rest. Whenever I suggested that we look at something a little more alive, he merely bobbed his shaved head and continued blandly on, down one drafty corridor after another. At last, one gray March day, he was sick; and, with my American passport pinned to my inside pocket, I set out on a solitary tour of inspection.

After walking a mile along the river, I came to a section of the city I had never seen—row after row of drab wooden buildings. In the driving spring rain which spanked along the sidewalk and sprayed against my legs, it was hard to make out the addresses. Yet I knew that People's Court Number Twelve must be in this block.

My feet were soaked and my skirt, too. Any other time I would have turned back, but my first day alone, nothing was going to stop me.

Standing in the downpour, I at last saw the number *twelve* scrawled on a building which

looked more like a warehouse than a court. I climbed the steps and faced a blank wooden door with no bell and no knocker. I banged two or three times, then turned the knob and went in.

I FOUND myself in a long, narrow hall, with doors opening off to the right and left. From a window high above, a single square of light fell across the dark, oiled floor. Men and women with brief cases were clustered about in groups, talking in low tones. None of them paid any attention to me.

I tried one of the doors along the hall. It was locked, but the next one opened as I pushed against it. I slipped inside a room that looked like a small classroom, packed with people. They were all standing up, so that it was hard to see. In time I caught a glimpse of the judge, a worried-looking young woman who sat behind a bare, wooden table, with an assistant on either side. The defendant stood before them. He was a big, raw-boned fellow with black, mussed hair and a scar down the side of his face. He wore a soiled uniform, without insignia, and as he talked he twisted his cap in his red-knuckled hands.

From where I stood it was impossible to hear what he said. All at once I noticed an empty bench in the front of the room and started worming my way forward. The people

Margaret K. Webb, a graduate of the University of California ('42) and a former English instructor, spent the first half of 1947 in Moscow, where her husband was working for the State Department.

gave way without protest. With a sigh of relief I seated myself and slipped off my coat. The defense lawyer, who was sitting only a few feet away, looked up from his papers with a start. From the opposite side of the room a policeman in his unmistakable blue uniform glared at me. I saw him take a step toward me, but the crowd held him back. My first impulse was to get up and slink away. On second thought I took out a pad and a pencil and began jotting down notes. The policeman screwed up his round moon face in perplexity, then relaxed against the wall. I could only hope that my hoax had worked—that he actually thought I was one of the many officials sent by the Soviets to check up on court procedure.

As I listened to the case, I pieced together a little of what was going on, although, with my merely workaday knowledge of Russian, legal phraseology was beyond me. One thing was obvious—the people on trial were involved in some kind of illegal money-making. The raw-boned peasant in front of the judges was making his final plea, in labored, ungrammatical Russian. He explained that he had once been a policeman and that he had always supported “the Party.” Then his chin quivered and he began to cry. Between sobs, he promised that he would never do it again, that he had only committed this offense because times were hard and he had to live somehow.

When he had finished, his wife, a lean, sharp-faced woman, rose to speak. She wore a matted orange sweater, and a long maroon-colored skirt with a torn pocket. She started in a loud, defiant voice, but she didn’t get far before she, too, started to snivel. Over and over she spoke of their daughter, of what would become of her, their little girl, if they were sent away to a prison camp. All during this speech a huge, blousy young woman, at least eighteen years old, on the bench opposite me, was gulping and loudly wiping her nose on her sleeve. She, it turned out, was the “little girl.”

When the mother sat down, there was a few minutes’ intermission while the judge read over the evidence. Some of the people went out. I dared not move for fear of rousing the policeman to action. However, he was lounging against the wall and seemed to have forgotten about me.

STILL I was uneasy. Ever since taking my place on the bench, I had been aware of someone standing in back of me and edging up closer and closer, until I could feel warm, even breathing against my neck. I turned slightly, enough to catch sight of a buxom girl of sixteen or seventeen in a black headscarf, gazing at me avidly. I pretended to pay no attention until she began rubbing the collar of my green gabardine suit around and around in her fingers. When I looked at her again, she took her hand away, and a deep flush stole over her broad, youthful face.

“I—I’m sorry,” she stammered. “In Moscow such material is very strange—and *very* beautiful. Where I work, down on Arbat Square—I’m a seamstress, you see—my friends will never believe I have seen such material, so soft and yet so strong!” Again she was touching my suit. As she caught my eye, she pulled her hand back, and gazed in great embarrassment at her frayed cloth shoes. I assured her I didn’t mind and invited her to sit down. Her small blue eyes blinked at me in astonishment.

“Me sit there? I couldn’t! That bench is reserved for high government officials.”

“Oh—oh, of course.” I smiled.

“You’re not Russian, are you?”

“No, American.”

“I see. Then, naturally, you have permission to sit there.” She was silent for a minute before she asked, “What is your name?”

I told her.

“Oh.” She tried to pronounce it. “Mine’s Galya Petrovna Sergievna. Tell me, are your courts in America like this? I’ve heard you have one set of courts for the rich and another for the poor. In Russia everyone has an equal chance before the law.”

I assured her it was the same in America. Then, because I had missed some of the trial, I asked her to explain what had been going on.

Her broad, freckled face broke into smiles. With great formality she answered, “For me it would be a pleasure. To tell the truth, I have never before spoken to an American. Your people come so seldom to visit us that we Russians think you have no interest in our way of life. Your big newspapers are run by monopolists and they tell your citizens that we live like beasts in the field. Is that not so?”

Again I tried to set her right, but there was only a moment till the court convened. So, putting aside our political discussion, we talked about the trial.

"The man and his wife are speculators. They have broken the law." She pronounced her words slowly as one does to a child who is mastering his first vocabulary.

The defendants had been paying thirty rubles for a certain article manufactured in Moscow and selling it in Kiev, where factories were scarce, for one hundred and eighty rubles. With the money they made, they bought food in the south where it was cheap, and resold it back in Moscow for a comfortable profit.

I wanted to know what they were selling in Kiev.

"*Jenskie podshtaniki*," Galya said.

It meant nothing to me. "Can you describe it?" I asked.

She gave me a strange look, then put a stubby finger to her lips. Visions of opium and marijuana flashed through my mind, but I held my tongue: the court was in session. Galya planted herself behind me again, feet spread wide apart, arms akimbo. A heavy look of concentration clouded her face; even the judge could not have paid closer attention.

The lawyer for the defense rose to give one last plea. The accused were not bad people, he said, as the man's army record clearly showed.

"Well, if they were so good," Galya whispered to me indignantly, "why did they cheat the poor people in Moscow, and make them pay prices they couldn't afford?"

The temptation before them had been great and they needed money, the plump, white-faced lawyer continued. He spoke in a sing-song tone which made me doubt if his heart was really in this particular case.

"Times have been hard for all of us," muttered the voice in back of me. "If two grown people like them have trouble earning a living, how does he suppose it is for us young ones when our parents are dead. Still we don't break the law!"

THE case was over now. All that remained was for the court to pronounce the verdict. For ten minutes, the young judge conferred with her two helpers behind the scarred, wooden desk. And as she listened

to their counseling, she endlessly locked and interlocked her long, delicate fingers. I could see that she was tired. Once as she leaned back against the chair, her eyelids drooped shut and her arms fell limp. In a second she had pulled herself up and was busily thumbing through a law book for some obscure point.

Behind me, the crowd shifted and stamped like a giant restless horse moving about in its stall. Then as the judge began reading the sentence they grew tense and silent.

The man was given seven years in the work camp, his wife five. As soon as the judge had given her decision, the daughter, "the little girl," gave a loud yell and, clapping her hands to her ears, bolted down the aisle and out the door. The room was alive with loud exclamations and excited argument. Through the din I could hear Galya trying to say something. I turned around and faced her.

"Do you think the verdict was fair?"

She laughed. "That's what I was going to ask you." Then she grew serious; her forehead was strained into a series of little puckers above the flat bridge of her nose. After a moment's thought, she nodded with such vehemence that the black bandana slipped from her shoulders, and I saw that her straw-blond hair was tied back with bits of string in two neat pigtails.

"Yes, it was fair. They didn't deserve a lighter sentence—robbing people like that. Still I can't help thinking what it means for them. The husband and wife will be separated, you know. And life in the prison camps isn't easy—working out in the fields the way they have to, in all kinds of weather. Or maybe down in the mines where it's always cold and damp. Oh, I don't mean a healthy person can't stand it. But did you notice that woman? She was so thin and her face had a sort of yellow look to it. If you ask me, there's a good chance she won't come back! Oh, I'll bet they'd neither of them break the law again, if they had it to do over!"

By now the court was fairly empty and we were able to sit down on a bench which it was legal for us both to occupy. As we waited for the next trial, I asked again what item it was the family had been buying up in Moscow.

Quickly my friend glanced around. No one was watching. Moving close to me, she be-

gan sliding her wrinkled black skirt up over her knee. Suddenly I saw them—her panties! They were blue cotton-jersey affairs, standard all over Russia. It was for this the speculators had risked their lives and the women of Kiev had paid one hundred and eighty rubles.

LOOKING at Galya with her scrubbed complexion and childish eyes, I wondered why she came to the courts. She was not an embittered old woman, a misanthropic graybeard, or a hard-worked housewife, but a young girl—the age which never makes up the audience at a trial in the United States, except when a Flynn or Mitchum go to court.

"Do you come here very often?" I asked.

"Oh yes, at least twice a week."

"But why?"

"Why? Because it's fun and it doesn't cost anything, like the movies. Our room is just around the corner. So when there's a good case on, I make a point of getting my brothers fed and the dishes washed up early. You see, the courts stay open till ten every night."

"Doesn't your family worry, when you're out after dark?"

"Who is there to worry? There's just my two brothers—Nikolai and Sergei, and they don't care. They're a lot younger than I am. Papa and Mamenka died in the war."

"How do you live then, if there's just the three of you children?"

"I'm no child!" She was annoyed. "Maybe I look young or something, but I'm seventeen. Down at the shop I've got more seniority than most of the women. I had my first job when I was fourteen. That's when the telegram came about Papa. He wasn't really killed—in battle, I mean. His scouting party was marooned up north, near Leningrad, and he froze to death. A month later, Mamenka caught pneumonia—lots of people had it then; we burned our furniture trying to keep her warm, but she died, too."

"What happened after that? Do your relatives help you, or the government?"

She cast a queer look in my direction. "You Americans think it's all so easy. You wouldn't understand if I told you that I had nineteen relatives—uncles, aunts, and cousins. After the war three were left alive, and only one of them—a boy younger than me—is well enough to work. Whenever it can, the government helps, and it would help us, I sup-

pose. Only why should I go begging, as long as I can work? Others need it more."

I shook my head. "I couldn't have done so much when I was seventeen."

Such unexpected sympathy put Galya off guard. She flushed. "Oh, it's not so bad. Especially when everyone you know is up against the same thing." She sighed heavily. "It isn't the eight hours sewing at the shop I mind. To tell the truth, though, marketing every day, and cooking and cleaning up after the boys is a full-time job in itself. It always kept Mamenka busy. In winter it's hardest of all, when you have to splash from one market-place to another, picking up a carrot here and a bit of cabbage or a few onions there. Some weeks I just can't make it down to the court. And always, if I want to come, I have to plan every minute. Still, I think a person has to have a little relaxation, don't you?"

Her blue eyes were sober as she waited for my answer. It was a minute before I understood that she really wanted my opinion—that she felt coming to the courts might be a frivolity she shouldn't indulge in. When I agreed, she was happy again.

"I'm glad to hear you say that. Having to make all the decisions for a family the way I do, it's hard sometimes to know if you're right or not."

WHILE I sat there beside Galya, watching the room fill up for the next trial, I thought of all the museums and art exhibits I had seen in the past few weeks. Had I spent a year in those damp galleries, I should not have caught the spirit of Soviet life one tenth as well as here in Court Number Twelve in a single afternoon.

The judge and her two assistants came in and sat down behind the table. Court was in session once more. A woman who was responsible for delivering one-hundred-pound sacks of flour from the mill to the bakeries was charged with negligence. During the icy winter she had chosen to ride in the cab with the driver, rather than in the back of the truck where she could keep a constant eye on the flour. The week before, two sacks were found to be light by twenty pounds apiece.

As the case got under way, men and women jammed back into the small unventilated room. Looking at them, I wondered if the courts might not solve the entertainment

problem for more people than Galya alone.

Certainly the ballet and legitimate stage are far beyond the means of the ordinary Muscovite. Even the movies are expensive, and besides a person can never be sure of a ticket. Every night, long lines start forming in front of the theaters hours before the first show. And inevitably large crowds are turned away. The courts are different—if he is willing to stand, anyone can get in.

Yet was it as simple as that? Exactly why, I kept asking myself, should this gray, indeterminate crowd come to a stuffy courtroom to spend its few spare hours? The libraries and the Parks of Culture and Rest were free, and there was always Gorki Street—the “great white way”—or the slow, winding curve of the Moscow river where they could wander.

In the corner stood a blunt-nosed peasant. He was self-conscious about his hands, which were stained black from engine grease. Twice he pulled out a crumpled khaki handkerchief and tried to scrub them clean. Perhaps he was a laborer at the Stalin Auto Works, or a maintenance man on Moscow's famous subway. In any event, he followed the trials with great concentration. Only when the judge handed down a decision, did he allow himself the luxury of nudging the person next to him and smacking his lips as if to say, “Now that's a girl who knows her business!” I decided there must be others in the room like him—simple people, still newly come into a sense of their own power, who had a feeling as they stood crowded together of watching the government, *their* government, working on a small, personal plane they could understand.

“There's Miss Efremova! She teaches Russian language and literature at my old school.” Galya stuck one nail-bitten finger in her mouth. “I suppose I ought to speak to her, but she scares me.”

I glanced across the aisle. My first impression was of a big, weary eagle. A tall woman, probably six feet, with an enormous hook nose, sat hunched on the bench, following every word of the trial with little twitches of her head.

Stacked beside Miss Efremova were three books. Galya craned her neck to read the titles: “Gogol's *Dead Souls*, Chekov's *Cherry Orchard*, and somebody's *Collected Poems*—probably Lermontov's. He's her favorite. Even in the seventh grade, she was always

talking about the ‘Russian Soul,’ and if we didn't know all about those old authors, she'd get mad and say we were ignorant—that we had no business sitting in school and wasting the state's money. Nobody made us study the way she did—three or four hours a night reading those old-fashioned things. They were hard, they made me cry—but all the same I liked them.”

It occurred to me that Galya's statement and the intent look on Miss Efremova's face might be a clue to another reason for the court's popularity—the most fundamental reason of all. I had often heard of the traditionally tragic Russian temperament and its morbid preoccupations. Certainly Russian art and Russian literature—stark and bitter and dramatic as they are—do not differ much, except in aesthetic quality, from the realism of these courts.

IN THE second case, the defendant said very little in her own behalf. Instead her lawyer pleaded for her at length in a quiet, ingratiating voice. Whenever he spoke her wide black eyes followed him intently, and her silent lips moved, mouthing his words. Then as the government lawyer rose to speak against her, she shrank into herself. With bowed shoulders and vacant eyes, she stared at the knotty, calloused hands hanging loose between her knees. She was not an old woman; thirty-six was the age she had stated. Yet in her thin, dark skirt with her black shawl wrapped close around her, she looked like the embodiment of hopeless old age.

“What will happen?” I prodded Galya.

She jumped. “I can't tell.” Her voice was irritable. “I've never seen a case just like this. She could get as much as ten years in the work camp. It doesn't seem fair though. She didn't steal the flour herself. I'm sure of that.”

The judge spoke sharply to the woman who answered in a slow, defeated voice. Just then the door burst open and in waddled a witness. At least as wide as he was tall, the man was a perfect stand-in for W. C. Fields. With one forefinger raised in front of his red bulbous nose he kept trying to explain that he was the flour-mill inspector; only the words tumbled out backward.

The big government lawyer tapped on his chair nervously. Then, jumping up, he faced the court. Although he himself had arranged

for the man to testify, the fellow was obviously too drunk and might as well be removed. At this the inspector turned of his own accord and, hiccuping softly, fumbled for the door. The lawyer's angry voice boomed down the hall after him that he was a disgrace to Soviet officialdom for appearing in such condition. Glad of a little comic relief, the audience snickered, but soon fell silent as the case was resumed.

When it came time to read the sentence, the judge pushed her legal papers aside. Lacing her thin white fingers together, she leaned forward and spoke directly to the defendant cringing in front of her. Such disregard for responsibility, she said, was actually a crime against the state, particularly these days when food was so short that the loss of a single kilo might mean starvation for some innocent person.

The judge paused to let her words take effect. Then brushing a strand of black hair from her high, domed forehead, she continued. Although the court felt the woman had seriously neglected her duty, it did not consider her a thief, and consequently would not sentence her to a work camp. However, her pay for the next six months would be cut in half. Such a penalty as that, light as it sounds, was not to be laughed at; even with full pay, the ordinary Soviet citizen today earns only enough to keep alive. Yet the accused did not seem concerned. Even after the sentence was read, she continued to sit frozen in her seat with a glazed and happy look on her face.

Finally the judge leaned forward and said in a low voice. "You can go now. You're free." Their eyes met for a second, then the woman sprang up as if released from a cage and rushed from the room.

GALYA was obviously relieved at the outcome of the case. "You see, our courts *are* fair! No matter how little or poor a person may be, he always has a chance to defend himself. I've heard it's not like that in America."

I explained that it was exactly the same in the United States; that it is a rule in our courts to provide a lawyer for any person who cannot afford to hire one himself.

She nodded, yet did not seem convinced. "And I've heard that the rich in your country

can buy themselves free no matter what the crime, but the poor must always serve their sentence. And—"

I interrupted, "I've been told similar things about Soviet justice, too—that it is terribly severe, and for the least offence a man can be condemned to death or sent to prison camp for life."

"Oh no!" Galya bristled with patriotism. "I haven't heard a sentence yet which I wouldn't be proud to hand down myself!"

"I didn't actually believe your government was so harsh," I replied. "That's why I wanted to see for myself. It's hard to tell much about another country just from reading the papers."

Galya wrinkled her nose. "I never thought of that before. I suppose I'd really have to go to America to find out what it was like, wouldn't I?"

It was nearing five o'clock and the slender judge looked haggard, yet another hearing was scheduled before the evening recess. Like the other two, this case had its beginning in the drive for food. The culprit was a girl of twenty-two, small for her age, with a thick wool scarf pulled close around her face.

Five years before, while she was working at the Hotel National in Moscow, she had stolen a bread card and been sent to a work camp as punishment. Anyone sentenced to such a camp is automatically barred forever from returning to Moscow and the other big cities.

HOWEVER, a few days before the girl had disregarded the ban and come up to Moscow from a farm on the Volga where she had been living for the past year. Behind her she had left a four-year-old child. Coming in from the fields one night, she had skirted the day nursery where her daughter was being cared for and made her way to the river and the Moscow-bound ferry. Her reason for coming was to find an old beau who, she claimed, was the child's father. He had been a comedian in one of the smaller theaters, but since the war she had heard nothing of him.

No sooner did she arrive in the city than she was picked up for lack of a properly signed passport. Now she was terrified lest she be separated from her child and sent to another work camp.

With one hand on the judge's table to bal-

ance her, she poured out her story. However, her sobbing blurred the words so that no one could understand. One of the judge's assistants, a tight-lipped old man who was busy trying to take notes, finally laid down his pen in defeat. I thought I saw a flicker of amusement cross the judge's face as she looked at him. Then leaning across the table she spoke to the girl in a stern voice: "This sort of thing doesn't help your case, you know. Stop your crying now; there will be plenty of time for that later on."

At this my young companion glanced at me apprehensively. We held our breath. Without leaving the room, the three officials behind the desk conferred. The accused continued to stand by the table, sniffing and biting her lip.

As the judge turned to pronounce the sentence, her voice lost the severity of a magistrate and took on the warm, reassuring tone of a counsellor. This time there would be no penalty, for the court believed that the girl meant no real harm by coming to Moscow, but that she simply did not think the matter through. However, if such a thing happened again, the maximum punishment would be handed down, for it was time that the accused began considering her child and learning to face responsibility.

"She's a good judge." Galya's round face glowed with pleasure.

"Aren't your judges all like that?"

"Not all. Oh, I don't mean that every one of them isn't fair. Still some are so abrupt, where this one has such a nice way about her."

I watched the youthful judge, pinning a strand of straight, black hair into the bun at the nape of her neck. I did not envy her the long, hot hours in court, the constant interruptions, and the weight of decision which in the end must rest with her alone.

IT WAS dark when Galya and I left the court and started down the deserted street. A raw wind whipped the gray sheets of rain against our faces. Galya was oblivious to such small discomforts. Cheerfully she volunteered to walk with me to my streetcar, though her cheeks and nose were stung bright red from the icy rain.

Coming up to the car tracks, she broke out laughing. "You'd never guess the kind of game we play, a friend of mine and I, when we come to the courts. We have bets—just a few rubles, you understand, but still it's money—on how the cases will come out. Because sometimes it's even more exciting than today—really serious crimes, and you can't tell how the verdict will go. I beat my friend Tanya a lot, and you should see her. She's short, not as tall as you, but round and fat. And when I win, her face gets all pink and speckled and her little black eyes almost pop out, she's so mad. Still, she's a good sport. The end of the month, if I come out ahead, she always takes me to a real restaurant down by Revolutionary Square. And we have those tall glasses of tea and nice creamy eclairs. If I lose I take her—though I really can't afford to."

All at once Galya looked abashed. She twisted her frayed black scarf in her red, work-scarred hands. "It's really my only extravagance. And it's the one thing I don't tell the boys. Still, I shouldn't do it, should I?" Again she looked at me to pass judgment. I shrugged and told her everyone had to decide these things for himself.

Even after my run-down streetcar had rattled half a mile down the tracks I could see her standing there on the wet curbstone, mulling over the pros and cons of her secret sin.

After all, I thought to myself, even in Moscow, seventeen isn't so very old.

Cancer and the Atom

Henry Schacht

THE incoming mail at a large medical center will often contain letters that read something like this: "I have just learned that I have an incurable cancer. My doctor says that another operation would be useless. I am willing to try anything. Today I read in the newspaper about your new experiments with radioactive elements. It made me feel that something might still be done in my case. Would you please give me an appointment as soon as possible?"

To all but a tiny fraction of the writers, these letters of desperate hope can be answered only by further discouragement. They are bitter evidence of the public misunderstanding generated by the few well-publicized but limited triumphs that have been achieved with radioactive materials and atomic rays. These are surely the most spectacular of the new weapons that are being turned against cancer, and optimistic reporters have predicted freely that within a very few years they will bring swift advances in the treatment of this terrifying disease. More cautious medical men also expect great things of them. Unfortunately, the publicity has usually run far ahead of the actual achievement. Will radioactive elements actually conquer cancer? No one can tell today, but with those letters piling up at their elbows, doctors in hospitals and laboratories throughout the world are understandably seeking the answer.

Chancellor Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago, which is one of the leading centers of research on atomic energy, has pre-

dicted that within seven years we can solve the riddle: how and why are cancers formed? His optimism is supported by the fact that for the first time there is now an adequate supply of radioactive elements. This year alone the Atomic Energy Commission will give away a half-million dollars' worth of these materials, produced in the atomic piles of Oak Ridge and other AEC installations. The only restriction is that they must be used in research on *cancer*; no other disease will receive this preferential treatment. More than fifty different radioactive substances are shipped free of charge to accredited cancer research centers.

The radioactive materials used for cancer studies are known as "tracers"; they are simply ordinary elements like iron, phosphorus, gold, or iodine that have been subjected to intense bombardment by neutrons in an atomic pile. Under that barrage, they begin to release energy in the form of rays of particles like electrons, expelled at tremendous speeds from the nuclei of their atoms. While they are releasing these particles, we say they are radioactive. They do not stay in that condition forever; eventually they quiet down again and become stable. For some this requires years, for others but a matter of minutes or seconds. But while they remain radioactive they offer a new and useful aid to medical research comparable to the discovery of the microscope.

Atomic laboratories had produced a few grams of "tracer" elements before the war,

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but only the giant installations of the atom bomb project could put them into mass production. Today nearly a hundred different "tracers" are produced on a factory schedule to supply the needs of research organizations in twenty-eight different countries. The United States is turning them out in quantities far outstripping the world production of radium. We can actually manufacture more of these substances than our present trained personnel can use. With the necessary facilities and the people to handle them, they can become as universally available as X-ray equipment. In fact, both X ray and radium may eventually be replaced in cancer research and treatment by the comparatively cheaper "isotopes."

II

SCIENTISTS agree that to lick cancer we must first discover what causes it. We know that cancer is produced by a breakdown in the body's ability to build new cells in the proper amount and to put them where they should go.

Our bodies are constantly creating new healthy cells to replace worn-out ones. Normally these replacements fill in without a hitch, but occasionally the body's marvelous control over this process fails. For reasons yet unknown, it then can no longer limit cell production; somewhere in the body new cells begin to form in tremendous profusion. The resulting cell-mass growing at many times the normal rate is what we call a cancer. It eats into surrounding normal tissue, riddles vital organs, and in advanced stages may slough off small amounts of wild cells to scatter throughout the body. These set up new centers of malignant action far-removed from the parent mass, so that a cancer that started in the thyroid gland may give birth to one in the hip or a dozen other places in the body. The problem is thus to find out exactly how the body builds cells normally and to detect where that process goes haywire in cancer. Certainly the "tracers" offer the best tools yet found for this research.

Their extreme value lies in the fact that, though radioactive, they behave exactly like ordinary elements in any biochemical process. Radioactive iodine, for example, can be depended upon to take identically the same

course in the human body as ordinary iodine. At the same time, the rays it gives off will penetrate the flesh and can be detected by special equipment similar to the famous Geiger counter.

Let a patient drink a solution of some radioactive element. From the time it enters his bloodstream, a research worker can tell exactly where it goes and what happens to it. When he holds his detector close to the patient's skin, the rays that come through show what route the "tracers" travel in the body and how many accumulate in any one spot. To the scientist, this is like having a steady telegraphic report of the processes in which this element takes part. By varying the element used he can tune in on most of the intricate methods by which the body maintains life. He can literally "watch" them being carried out. This applies to cell-formation as well as to many other processes fundamental to the cancer problem.

Scientists have long been gathering evidence of a link between cancer and food metabolism in the body. In studies of this kind, the "tracers" are doing yeoman duty. As an example, take the investigations of Dr. I. L. Chaikoff at the University of California. By tagging fats and carbohydrates with radioactive carbon he can compare the use of these foods by both normal and cancer tissue in living animals. This research grows out of the fact that loss in weight which could be caused by poor metabolism is often an early symptom of cancer. Dr. D. B. Zilversmit at the University of Tennessee is applying the same sort of technique to the study of liver function. When the liver is damaged, it sometimes accumulates fat until it becomes considerably enlarged. A fatty liver is liable to develop a cancer. Dr. Zilversmit is following this clue by inducing liver damage in experimental animals, then injecting them with radioactive phosphorus. This element plays an important role in the normal liver's conversion of fat into energy. Dr. Zilversmit can track this through the tangled biochemical process by using the Geiger counter. He hopes that by comparing the use of phosphorus by normal and fatty livers he can eventually get down to the truth of the relationship between diet and liver cancer.

The question of how cancers are formed is related to the question of how proteins

are produced in the body. Since proteins are indispensable elements in cell formation, we may discover what goes awry when a cancer is formed by discovering just how proteins are made and combined into cells. At present, amino acids, the raw materials of protein, can be made in the laboratory and can be turned out in radioactive form. As tools in basic research on the question of protein and cell-formation, they will be extremely useful. Possibly they can also be used in a sort of Trojan Horse technique to attack cancers. They could be injected into a patient. His body might then use them to make some of the protein included in the cancer. Once that had happened, their destructive rays would go to work from immediately inside the malignant cells.

This is a long shot, but with "tracers" now freely available in quantity and variety, medical research is striking out after every possible lead. The work of Dr. David Pressman at New York's Memorial Hospital is typical. When the body is invaded by an infection, it strikes back by producing infinitesimal molecules called antibodies to lead a counterattack. In his laboratory, Dr. Pressman has succeeded in creating radioactive antibodies. Now he is trying to find out whether the body produces these guardsmen to fight cancer as it does to meet the organisms of such diseases as pneumonia or smallpox. If so, perhaps radioactive ones could be produced that would actively seek out cancers and attack them by radiation.

III

IMMEDIATE practical use for the "tracers" is expected in the all-important task of diagnosing cancer. Dr. Paul Aebersold, director of the isotopes division at Oak Ridge, believes we will score important advances in this field within the next five years. Since "tracers" signal their position by the rays they emit, scientists hope to find many that will settle in cancers in greater amounts than in normal tissue. They could be given to a patient and wherever a Geiger counter showed an especially heavy concentration in the body, the chances are that there would be a cancer.

The University of Minnesota has reported success in diagnosing brain tumors by combining radioactive iodine with a dye called fluo-

rescein, which collects in cancer tissue. This radio-dye combination is injected into the patient's veins. In a few minutes the blood carries it to his brain. The Geiger counter, picking up the tell-tale radiation from the iodine, locates the dye. Any abnormally large concentration of it indicates a tumor. In the few cases tried so far, the percentage of accuracy has been high.

Radioactive iodine has also been used with success to find bits of thyroid cancer which have broken away from the original. After the thyroid itself has been removed by surgery, these scattered bits of cancer tissue sometimes begin to pick up large amounts of iodine from the blood. Radioactive iodine concentrated in them can be found with the Geiger counter. The same technique has been used to diagnose cancer of the breast. In this instance, the patient drinks a solution of sodium phosphate containing radioactive phosphorus. Some day this may provide a standard test for certain cancers of the brain and groin, as well as of the breast.

Even more stimulating is the hope that specialists may develop a test to show when people become susceptible to cancer. The theory is that in each developing case there is a critical period when the cell-manufacturing processes go through some fundamental change. This takes place before any cancer cells are formed. If such a change could be detected, it would give an invaluable warning. Possibly a simple test can eventually be worked out like the cheap X-ray examination for tuberculosis or the Wasserman for syphilis. "Tracers" offer one of the best means of identifying such a pre-cancer change in the human system because of their wonderful adaptability to the study of biochemical processes. The opening-up of this knowledge would justify every cent expended on atomic research since the days of the Curies, even had we never made an atom bomb and should atomic power never turn a wheel.

IF "tracers" will concentrate in cancer tissue, we can use them for treatment as well for as diagnosis. We know that the rays they produce will kill cancer cells. The problem is to have them absorbed by the cancer in order to attack it from the inside. There would be far less exposure of normal tissue to the atomic rays, much less chance of

injuring the patient's general health, than is involved in using X ray or radium. Moreover, treatment might be brought directly to cancers that are now incurable.

Only radioactive iodine has so far proved significant as an internal treatment for cancer. Because it naturally collects in the thyroid gland, its rays have effectively checked the growth of a rare form of thyroid cancer, one that occurs in about 15 per cent of the patients suffering from this disease. At such centers as the Montefiore and Memorial Hospitals in New York, and at the University of California, the radio-iodine treatment has caused remarkable improvement in *some* of these cases; so remarkable, in fact, as to indicate that the patients are cured. Since thyroid cancer is itself rare, this success alone makes little dent in the total problem, but it does show just enough result to spur scientists on in their search for other "tracers" that will concentrate in more common forms of cancer.

Radioactive phosphorus may fill the bill in the case of cancers of the breast, brain, bone marrow, stomach, and such vital organs as the kidneys, heart, and liver. It first attracted attention as a treatment for leukemia, in which the body produces an over-supply of white blood cells, and polycythemia vera, in which an over-abundance of red cells is manufactured. Both types of cell are created in the bone marrow. Leukemia has often been called cancer of the blood, since it, too, is caused by some strange upset in the body's ability to control cell manufacture. To destroy the excess white cells, the standard treatment has long been X ray, but this has never been more than a palliative. Scientists working on leukemia turned to radioactive phosphorus because it concentrates in the bone marrow where its rays might kill the surplus white cells at their source, and also because this localized treatment might be less rigorous for the patient than a steady dosage of X rays. Today, while no cures are claimed, radioactive phosphorus is the standard treatment for some types of leukemia. It reduces suffering and has prolonged the life of many patients. Polycythemia vera, which is relatively rare, is controlled as successfully by this treatment as is diabetes by insulin.

Radioactive phosphorus and iodine are the materials most likely to succeed in the "tracer" family. Others that have received honorable

mention are radioactive gold, in some cases where it can be injected directly into cancer tissue, and radioactive strontium for treating cancer of the bone. Neither has yet been established as a solid aid to treatment. With the new free distribution program allowing the search for useful "tracers" to go ahead much more speedily, others will soon be added to the list.

An effective radioactive attack on two types of skin cancer has been developed at the University of California. Surgery, X ray, or radium can do the same job, but it certainly illustrates the possibilities of "tracer" treatment. Radioactive phosphorus in the form of a white crystalline salt is dissolved in water and dripped on a piece of common ink blotter. The blotter is then cut to fit over the cancer and simply taped to the skin. Within a day or two, the superficial cancer is wiped out by the rays from the phosphorus. All but one of eighty-eight cases treated have now gone three years without a recurrence of the growth.

If "tracers" will not naturally collect in cancer tissue, various other materials may give them a lift to their chosen destinations. They could be combined, for example, with certain colloids, such as India ink, which concentrates in the liver and spleen.

This idea of letting radioactive materials hitchhike to the point where you want them is influencing many lines of cancer research. Since we know that there is a relationship between the body's production of sex hormones and the occurrence of some types of cancer, radioactive carbon is now being included in artificially manufactured hormones. These are already being used in studies of cancer formation. Some day they may help to localize radiation treatment in the breasts, sex glands, and prostate. Various cancer-producing coal-tars are also being tagged with radioactive chemicals so that their action in the body can be traced.

IV

NEXT to surgery, radium is still the most effective means of destroying a cancer. However, it is expensive, and there is some danger connected with its use. A cheap, safe substitute would give tremendous impetus to cancer treatment. Just such a material may be found in radioactive cobalt,

which is now being produced in quantity. Already predictions have been made that it will eventually take the place of radium. Radio-cobalt emits the same cancer-destroying ray, the gamma ray, with just as much power as radium. It seems to be non-toxic, and for a few hundred dollars enough can be made to produce the same amount of gamma radiation as ten million dollars worth of radium. Radioactive gold and tantalum also are much cheaper than radium and release the same useful gamma ray.

Doctors plan to use them all in a variety of ways in experimental cancer treatment. From metal boxes placed a few feet from the patient, their rays can be focused on any part of his body. Or in long, hair-thin needles, they may be inserted directly into cancer tissue. Like other "tracers," of course, they can easily be administered in food or drink; radioactive iodine and phosphorus can be taken in water or orange juice. Washington University in St. Louis has reported difficulty in convincing patients that a dose of radioactive phosphorus in a solution of sodium phosphate was anything but a glass of plain water, for the potion is absolutely clear and has no detectable taste.

While the X ray has proved to be of great use in treating cancer, scientists have always hoped that another superior ray might be found. The first atom-smashing experiments, which released billions of such familiar particles as neutrons and electrons from the atomic nucleus, brought new stimulus to the search. Initial tests on animals some ten years ago indicated that a neutron ray actually was less harmful to normal tissue than an X ray and just as destructive to cancer. But the search had its human cost. Encouraged by the results on animals, the University of California focused the neutrons produced by its 220-ton cyclotron on the cancers of 249 human patients. Unfortunately the after-effects of exposure to high-speed neutrons proved far more severe than expected. Eighteen of these patients were kept alive for more than five years, but all of them became very ill. Twelve were partially incapacitated. The directors of the experiment now agree that no tangible benefits were obtained.

So far, then, the neutron ray has been discredited, but this potent particle may yet play some active part in the battle against

cancer. One suggestion is that uranium might be introduced into a cancer. It would then be bombarded with neutrons to produce a submicroscopic atomic explosion within the malignant growth itself. This actually was tried on mice injected with U-235, the atom bomb ingredient. Within three weeks the mice were dead. This disheartening start is, nevertheless, the basis of continuing experiments in which the California group hopes to discover ways to localize uranium in specific cancer areas. So the famous neutron will continue under test, though where it will fit as an anti-cancer weapon is still uncertain.

This year another atomic particle, the electron, will be used indirectly in cancer therapy. The University of Illinois is building a new atom-cracker called a betatron to create extremely powerful electron rays. When shot against a platinum target, they will produce an X ray of up to 20,000,000 volts, ten times as powerful as any now in general use. Patients with deep-seated cancers incurable by ordinary methods will receive treatment with this mammoth machine. Later, electrons themselves may be directed against human cancer but not until at least a year of experiment with animals shows whether this avenue of treatment offers any encouragement.

A third particle, the proton, also figures in future plans. At the University of Chicago a cyclotron capable of producing protons with an energy of 400,000,000 electron volts is being constructed exclusively for cancer research. Its powerful proton beam will shoot through flesh and bone to a depth of over five inches, enabling it to reach cancers anywhere in the body. What the effect will be no one can foretell. Like the neutron, the proton may prove a failure in actual treatment, or it may have important results.

No scientist now would dare predict just where or when in the struggle against cancer, the final break will come. We can be sure, however, that atomic energy in its various forms will contribute heavily to the final victory. Within five years, radioactive "tracers" and atomic rays will surely bring significant advances in the diagnosis of cancer and our understanding of its basic causes, if not in actual therapy. The new atomic weapons cannot be counted on today to save anyone from death by cancer. In five years or ten, they may be saving hundreds and thousands.

The Captain Is Impaled

A Story by Nelson Algren

Drawings by John Groth

IT WAS during that loneliest of all jailhouse hours, the hour between the evening chow-cart's passing and Lights On, when empty pie-plates stand in a double row before each cell awaiting return to the kitchen. The hour when those within the cells sleep the uneasy evening sleep.

Till a buzzer sounded a measured warning, the sleepers wakened, and all said at once that there, out there, just the other side of that green steel door, the snickerers were coming in. To accuse everyone of something and someone of everything, and snicker at everyone in between.

Yet a holiday air seemed suddenly to festoon the tier, as if some play for which all had rehearsed many times were to have an audience on the other side of the footlights at last. No one seemed worried about catching a finger out there. Everybody, it now appeared, was in on a bad rap. So how could anyone get fingered?

Already the snickerers were waiting restlessly, in darkened rows, to identify the man who'd slugged the night watchman and the one who'd snatched the imported purse through the window of the moving El; for him who'd chased somebody's sister down a dead-end alley or forged her daddy's signature; tapped a gas main or pulled a firebox; slit the janitor's throat in the coal-bin or performed a casual abortion on the landlord's wife in lieu of the rent. All the things that had to be done to help someone else out of a jam. The little things done in simple fun and the big things done for love.

The listeners were too serious-minded. They suspected everybody and helped no one; they were afraid of each other and had almost no fun at all.

THE Captain lowered the mike to question a cap the color of any district-station query-room, above a shirt broken out with blood spots.

"What you cuffed for?"

"I come in contact with a certain guy."

"You took twenty-five cents off him."

"I didn't take it. He dropped it when I hit him."

"Why'd you hit him?"

"For good luck."

A downy fledgling in a tightly belted trench-coat and dancing pumps that tethered the light in their toes next.

"Fer arsony 'r somethin'."

"You mean larceny."

"I know what I mean. I mean arsony. I burned down the place I work."

"What you start the fire with?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars worth of blueprints 'n a dime's worth of kerosene."

"Stop bragging. Are you married?"

"No. I'm a wolf."

"You're some kind of animal all right. Next man, what did you set fire to?"

"Set fire to nothin'. Took a cab home was all."

"That's no crime. Did you pay the driver?"

"I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"He wasn't in the cab."

As the first line was led off, a slight girl in plaid slacks was urged forward by a matron. Under the glare the black arrows of the girl's lashes glistened wetly with some other lost evening's tears.

"Save it for the jury, Betty Lou," the Captain advised her, and turned to the listeners. "This is the slickest little knock-out broad in twenty-seven states. How come you always pick on married men, Betty Lou?"

Betty Lou lifted the glistening lashes; the eyes held a wry and mocking light. "They're the ones who don't sign complaints," she explained softly.

And gave the listeners a hard profile.

"Why don't they put you in an institution?" the Captain asked recklessly.

"You couldn't pass a psychiatrist to get into one," the hard profile assured him as softly as ever. "He'd tell 'em to chain you in the yard so's you wouldn't steal the bones out of your old lady's kennel."

The Captain turned on the matron. "Take it away!" But at the door to the cells the girl wheeled abruptly—"Here's a finger for you!"—thumbing her nose while the matron hustled her into the limitless darkness behind the green steel door.

AND the men come on again: the ragged, crouching, slouching, buoyant, blinking, belligerent, nameless, and useless supermen from nowhere. "For climbin' a telephone pole at t'ree A.M. wit' a peanuts machine on my back." "For makin' anon-'mous phone calls to call my wife dirty names." "Twice as big a crowd as here 'n a woman picked on me." "Went upstairs with a girl 'n came down with a cop."

A shock-haired razorback with a bright Bull Durham string dangling over his shirt-pocket's edge: "Just throwed a rock at a wall 'n it happened to go through a window instead. So I followed through. But I didn't have no intent of stealing."

"You never have. But you're in and out like a fiddler's elbow all the same. What was the stretch in the Brushy Mountain pen for?"

"Got the wrong number was all."

"I'll say you did. The wrong house-number. The people were still home."

"I was drinking pretty heavy."

"What do you do when you're drinking light?"

"Mind my own business."

"You haven't got any business. For a quarter you'd put your mother on a meat-hook."

The razorback tossed his tawny shock and in that yellow light his face looked tawny too. "What I'd do for a quarter you'd do for a dime"—and held the Captain's gaze to prove it.

The Captain's heart felt suddenly as though it were beating without love for any man at all. The finger of accusation, shaken at him by a demented girl and now being leveled so steadily by a shock-haired boy, revived in him an old dream in which, beneath a yellowish glare, he felt himself pursued all night.

Till the mike was moved before an old hallroom boy who stepped forward as proudly as a newly appointed ward committeeman at a precinct captains' banquet, quavering importantly: "Now I realize the true wort' of



friendship. If a man has friends that's all he needs."

"You weren't looking for friends with a nine-inch file in a dentist's office. You were prospecting."

"I'm a maintenance engineer at Thompson's." As if that explained the file.

"You mean you have charge of the doughnuts?"

"I got a good record there."

"You got a good one here, too." The Captain waved the charge-sheet before the mike and passed on to a pot-bellied adolescent holding his wrists too loosely across each other, like an oriental in a bazaar, the sparse hairs on his chin emphasizing that aspect.

"Are you colored?"

"Irish 'n Indian."

"Take off the cap."

"Some Indian. What's your real name, Mellow-Boy?"

"Daytime or nighttime name?"

"Just give us your last jailhouse name and forget what time it was."

"Dempsey."

"And before that?"

"Costigan, Kelly, McInerney, McGeohagen, McKee."

"What you got against the turkeys?"

"I can wear a shamrock as well as the next man."

"How'd you like it in the Bridewell?"

"I didn't."

"Why not? Wouldn't the warden give you his job?"

That was always the answer to *that* one. They always stepped into it the same way.

YET the light titter of lip-laughter that followed, as it was always so sure to follow, didn't fill the emptiness down the dry well of the Captain's heart. He listened to an epileptic in a dark green sweater and a stocking cap without really hearing the boy at all.

"Just havin' fun with a little girl—I was in Dixon but my old man got me out, I was gettin' worse. When I fool around a little I get better."

Well, the Captain thought absently, we all feel better if we fool around a little—and caught himself up sharply. "I need a good night's sleep is all," he forgave himself un-easily.

As he could not forgive a single man of any man under the lights.

"Back so soon, Julius?"

"Back? I ain't even been *gone*."

"Silly Willie here hustles schoolboys out of their lunch-money with phony dice," the Captain explained, without taking his eyes off Julius. "What were you carrying a pistol for?"

"For pertection."

"Protection from who? Those seventh-graders?"

"I brought it back from the service."

"How long were you in?"

"Thirty-eight days."

"How many times were you wounded?"

Julius permitted himself a derisive little one-sided smile, faintly contemptuous of all non-combatants, and let the listeners wait.

"Okay," the Captain tried forgiveness at last, "we'll lock up the officers who pinched you. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Then we'll give you back the pistol and an extra box of shells if you promise not to sue the city. *Promise?*"

"Suits me fine."

It suited Julius fine.

"A friend of mine went to sleep so I took his money before somebody else did." "For unbecoming words to a lady, I think it's called." "For tryin' to help a friend out of trouble—he was settin' in a patrol wagon 'n I told him to come right down out of there. So they put me right up there with him." "Went down to the West Side to round up bums for a labor gang 'n got picked up for one myself." "I got picked up at an unreasonable hour."

Of late, all hours seemed unreasonable to the Captain.

"I know you," he thought cunningly of all such off-hour pickups. "I know you: I know you all."

While the steady, feral glare framed the youthful junkie's face as if he had lived all his life in such a glare.

"Still sleeping in the barns at Hawthorne, Buckets?"

"I'm working now."

"With who?"

"Alone."

"You couldn't work alone unless your customers were sleeping. Killed anybody lately?"

"Don't joke. I been real sick."

"Oh, I hadn't heard. Would you care to send down to the drugstore for a half grain or two?"

"I recommend you send out."

"And I recommend you be carried out to Argo Starch and boiled down. Society 'd get half a bar of soap out of you that way anyway. What's the rap this time?"

"Police asked me if I had a record 'n I said yes, so they took me in."

"Why'd you tear up your coat in the station?"

"It was full of bedbugs."

"Full of uncured weed you mean. You don't *blow* that stuff, do you?"

"I wouldn't live on the same street with somebody who'd do a thing like that."

"You just peddle it, is that all?"

"I don't even know what it looks like."

"But you could still tell a marijuana from a Camel?"

"Anyone could tell *that*, the way they're wrapped."

"Where'd you get the makings?"

"It was planted on me I think."

"Was it planted on you the time Sergeant Mangan picked you up?"

"No sir. That was the time I found them."

"Stroll down to State and Madison Christmas Eve—maybe you'll find a piano."

And always saw them with the left hand manacled and the right thrown protectively across the eyes.

As his own left hand, in certain dreams, felt cuffed to some unseen mike; as he had, of late, found himself awakening with the right hand flung across his face. "I'll have to get dark shades for the bedroom," the Captain concluded. "The street light shines in on me all night."

IT WAS true that the Captain had not been his usual energetic self of late. Even during a routine questioning, like this night's questioning, he found himself incapable of his customary fine rage at the guilt-ridden riffraff parading before him.

At the baggage thief whose record sounds like a Southern Pacific timetable, doing life on the installment plan, with four complete changes of stolen clothes. The Captain and the listeners watched while the funny fellow strolled leisurely, up and down the platform,



in four changes of hats, coats, and spectacles. "You must have been a waiter," the Captain observed. "You've got that Palmer House strut. Now quit walking and tell us why the quick-change outfits."

"That you'll have to ask the officers."

"I'm asking you. It's your racket."

"What I done 'n what's my racket are two different things."

"You don't get up here often enough, that's a leadpipe cinch."

"I'll drop in oftener."

"Do that—only with bandages."

And abandoned the strut for something with a Michigan Boulevard sway.

"What's your vocation?"

"Receiving money."

"For what?"

"I feel that might remain unsaid—don't you?"

"Okay—but be careful you don't get migraine hanging around those gents' washrooms. You *hussy*—you used to be such a nice girl." For a moment the Captain ap-

peared about to cup his head in his hands. But the next line's shadows came on.

And the outlaws followed their shadows.

Followed their shadows into that glare—to leave the glare once again to shadows.

Till the unnatural light began making every man facing him seem to the Captain like a plastic man with a prefabricated expression grafted on, according to some demented criminologist's graph, to fit whatever crime the Captain's heart accused him. Here was a pickpocket's deadpan mask and there a shoplifter's measured manner. Here the brutal lines of the paid-in-full, premeditated murderer and there the coneroo's cynical leer.

Yet the man behind the murderer's mask was under the lights for stealing a bushel of mustard greens and the coneroo's leer had been picked up for oversleeping in a Halsted Street hallway.

"Why you living on Skid Row?"

"'Cause I'm on the skids. That's plain enough." And the black and bitter orange of the brownskin buck's sweater standing out so strongly and strangely against the fluffy white and pale blue of the aging white beside him.

THE listeners watched the Captain survey the next man, up and down, head to toe and back again, to ask at last:

"Where's your shoes, boy?"

"Left 'em in the tavern."

"Hadn't there been a fight in there?"

"Lord, there's always a fight in *there*."

"Then you know the place."

"Sure. I hang in there."

"Where? On a hook?"

"No. By the bar. It's where I preach Salvation."

"Where were you ordained?"

"I just have a local preacher's license."

"How do you get one of those?"

"You have to see the pastor and the deacon."

"How about the precinct captain?"

"He's in jail."

"I think jail is where you get most of your philosophy yourself."

"It's where I took up the ministry all right."

"Can't you preach salvation with your shoes on? Is that some Hindu cult out there says you have to take off your shoes?"

"No sir. I was collectin'."

"But couldn't you collect with your shoes on?" The captain sounded really determined.

"It was my shoes I was tryin' to collect."

The Captain leaned forward, steadied his head with both hands and pleaded as though already fearing the reply: "Just tell me one thing—*Who* had your shoes?"

"Why, the preesint captain, of course. That's what I been tryin' to tell you."

The Captain shook his head with the melancholy manner of one who knows he can't win and motioned wearily for the mike to be moved on. "Next man, what for?"

"For standin' by watchin'."

"Watching *what*?"

"The officers linin' up the boys on Thirty-first Street."

The Captain took a moment to raise himself slowly onto his toes to make certain that this one was wearing sandals or any sort of footwear at all. "I don't want to go through *that* again," he cautioned himself aloud. "They lined you up too?"

"One of the officers called me 'boy' 'n I told him I was a man so I had to come along."

"The milk's still wet behind your ears; a boy is all you are. But you'll be Joliet-bound before they're dry 'n they'll make a man of you there. Next."

"I'm accused of rape."

"How old was the child?"

"Going on forty-four. She volunteered her services."

"She volunteered her ring and watch too?"

"Yes sir."

"What a man. Weren't you the one who was in here last August for assaulting your baby?"

"That's a misidentity. All that happened was I dropped the kid when the Mrs. slugged me with a mattress board."

"What about that gun charge. Was that a misidentity?"

"I was a janitor that time 'n had to protect myself from the tenants."

"Making you a janitor is like putting a car thief in charge of a parking lot. You're the biggest misidentity ever walked in shoe-leather."

THE Captain's eyes went down the line: the masks were managing to change, slowly and ever so slyly, to look less like

plastic men and more like some plastic zoo: animals stuffed for some State Street Toyland the week before Christmas. Here was the toothless tiger and here the timid lion, here the bull that loved flowers and there some lost and lovelorn moose.

The toothless tiger stood in a faded yellow straw remaindered from some long-faded summer, his stripes long-blurred by the city jungle's dust, and sprayed blood dried around the hat's stiff brim: but still trying to look like a tiger. It always seemed some long-faded summer for those who lived under any old hat, under one hard straw kelly or another, beneath any old moon at all.

"My buddy hit me wit' a Coca-Cola bottle," the toothless tiger complained, "so I bust his plate-glass window."

"You're mixed up with so many busted windows you ought to join the fire department. Ever do time?"

"Just a week once, for robbery."



"Only a *week*?"

"It was just a small robbery."

The Captain's eyes besought the darkened rows for help, but the rows only looked back at him bleakly. "Ever go to school?" he asked just to be asking something.

"Just to fourt' grade was all."

"You could get a refund at that," the Captain decided morosely. "Why'd your buddy say that that gun was yours after his window was broken?"

"Because it was on the back bar. And my hat was on it."

The Captain eyed him till the man with the face looking as if it had been chopped out of somebody else's bottom with a dull axe, stood forth.

"Officers don't like my looks is all," the Face explained understandably. "I sell strictly American merchandise 'n never get a complaint."

"They don't complain because they're ashamed to admit buying the stuff. You sneak up with phony jewelry and they think the stuff is hot," the Captain accused him.

"It ain't phony, it's American-made," the coneroo insisted.

"Don't tell me," the Captain pleaded. "you been acting funny since 1919 and most of the cops who used to arrest you are dead. You must have a good lawyer."

"No lawyer at all."

"Who prepared your last writ?"

"Another con. He shuffled off a little time for me."

A nerve tugged warningly at the Captain's left wrist as if someone were trying to cuff it to an unseen mike. "You another one of them window-smashers?" he wanted to know of the boy in the black-and-white lumberjack.

"No sir. I'm a seaman."

"Then how'd the window get broken?"

"Knocked my old man through it."

"You're a seaman all right—on the Humboldt Park Lagoon."

The Humboldt Park salt snickered. "Very funny," he observed. "Captain, you're killing me."

"The lady said I took her purse," the last rebel in the line protested, "but there wasn't nothin' in it but the keys to the ladies' washroom."

"That's the chance you take," the Captain sympathized.

THE smash-nosed blond with the buffalo-colored eyes stood with his left sleeve slit to the shoulder. As if his life, like his knife, had been turned upon himself at last.

"Francis Majcinek, Division Arms Hotel," and added indulgently. "That's on *Division*."

"Thank you. I always thought it was on Eighty and Wabash. Where's the punk, Dealer?"

"Wasn't picked up with no punk."

"Talk into the mike, not at me. And get off that back rail. What were you up to at Nieboldt's?"

"Went to buy an eye-ron."

"With a shopping bag?"

"Had to stop by the butcher."

"Those weren't lamb chops fell out of the bag."

The Dealer grinned. He could still see those damned irons bouncing.

"Get that grin off your puss. Don't you



know better than to boost above the first floor yet? What else did you hustle over the holidays?"

The Dealer managed a look of serenest innocence. "You got me wrong, Captain. I was looking around for the cashier—when the bag broke." The Captain eyed him broodingly.

"I like liars," he decided at last, "but you suit me too well. What in the world did you want *six* irons for?"

"One for the wife 'n the others for when that one wore out. They make things so cheap these days."

It was hard to tell whether the Dealer was really trying to be funny or not. Something had gone wrong with him, the Captain sensed: there was something lost or altered in the Dealer's face the Captain had not seen before. "How long you been on the needle, Frankie?" he asked, playing a swift hunch.

"I've kicked it," the Dealer decided just as swiftly.

"Where you're going you'll have to kick it. You think you can straighten up out there?"

"I'm straight now."

"I hope to God you are, Dealer."

The Captain took off his glasses and rested his eyes from the light a moment, then replaced them to study the Dealer's sheet. While Frankie shifted restlessly in the glare, wishing they'd move the damned mike out from under his chin. When the Captain's voice came on again he turned his head attentively toward the shadows which sheltered the Captain.

"What kind of discharge you get, Dealer?"

"The right kind. *And* the purple heart."

The Captain's respect seemed to deepen. "We appreciate your thirty-six months overseas all right," he assured the Dealer. "You're probably a better torpedo now than when you went in."

"All I do is deal, Captain. You know that."

"How long you been out?"

"Six months."

"And Louie Fomorowski's been dead just five."

"I didn't even know the fellow was sick, Captain."

"Then you did know the man?"

"Heard of him."

"Seen him on your bedpost lately?"

"I sleep pretty sound."

"You don't look it, Frankie. You don't look like you've slept in weeks." And never took his eyes off the Dealer all the while the mike was being moved. While Frankie tried to look like a soldier who'd never learned the nighttime use of the syrette in any medic's first-aid kit.

"Not a nerve in his body," the wondering listeners heard the Captain marvel. And saw how, in the brief interval between the departure of one line and the arrival of the next, the Captain leaned forward on his elbows to shadow his eyes a moment. As if he scarcely had heart enough left to face one more man manacled by steel or circumstance.

Until his own heart would stop paining him so.

YET they come on and come on, and where they come from no captain knows, and where they go no captain goes: mushworkers and lushworkers, catamites and sodomites, buck-workers and bail-jumpers, till-tappers and assistant pickpockets, square johns and copper johns; lamisters and hallroom boys, ancient pious perverts and old blown parolees, rapoes and record men; the damned and the undaunted, the jaunty and condemned.

Heartbroken bummies and bitter rebels; afternoon prowlers and midnight creepers. Peeping Toms and firebox pullers. The old cold-deckers and the young torpedoes coming on faster than the Law can pick them up.

The unlucky brothers with the hustlers' hearts.

"It says here you were annoying a ten-year-old girl."

"I beg your *pardon*."

"Beg my pardon for *what*?"

"It was a ten-year old boy."

The Captain crossed himself. "I beg *your* pardon," he apologized roundly, adding only under his breath: "Through your jugular vein."

The Captain felt ready for almost anything tonight, in the weariest sort of way. For knowing the answers to every alibi and having a tailor-made quip ready for every reply only seemed of late to make him wearier than ever.

"Snatched a purse where Sinatra was singing."

"Do you swoon too?" The Captain was weary all right.

Worst of all were the witnesses who snickered after every questioning. If only, just once, one of them would laugh out from the heart.

And felt the finger of guilt tap his forehead and the need of confession touch his heart like touching a stranger's heart. A voice like his own voice, confident and accusing: "There's your man, Captain. *There's* your man." A voice like his own voice. Yet a heart like any hustler's.

"I'm affiliated with two bolts of poster-paper," the odd fish near the end of the line announced before he was asked.

"Are you sure you're not incorporated?" the Captain wanted to know.

"Put a cigar in my pocket 'n set my coat on fire," the next youth offered cheerfully.

"Why didn't you pull the firebox?"

"What do you think I'm here for?"

"I picked up a drunk," a South State Street strong-armed explained.

"I'll say you did. By the pockets."

"I got a perforated eardrum," the next pointed out, as though that condition justified all felonies involving less than ten thousand dollars.

"You must have got it crawling in and out of transoms," the Captain diagnosed him. "You can still hear a squad car coming, can't you?"

"If I could I wouldn't be here."

"How long were you in Leavenworth?"

"Five years eight months twenny-eight days."

"How many minutes?"

"Next time I'll take a watch."

"Next time you won't need one. You're an habitual."

"Not off one conviction I ain't."

"You'll have your day in court. Maybe the court'll believe that Belgian .22 was to pick your teeth with. I don't."

THE man with the Southern Comfort accent and the true assassin's mug complained, "I ain't been in trouble in eleven years. They made a believer out of me in Grant's Pass. When I got out I got a lunch-bucket."

"Next time get a transparent one so the officers can see what's in it."

The Captain had an answer for everything all right. He hadn't been listening to their lies for twenty years for nothing.

"I cook on the Santa Fé."

"Glad to know it. After this I'll ride the Southern Pacific." And dismissed the cook for some gaunt wreck in a smudged clerical collar. "Are you another preacher?" The Captain still sounded wary.

"I've been defrocked."

"You still preach pretty good when it comes to cashing phony checks. What were you defrocked for?"

"Because I believe we are all members of one another."

That one stopped the Captain cold. He studied the wreck as if suddenly so uncertain of himself that he was afraid to ask what he had meant. "Come down off that cross," the Captain urged him at last, for want of anything better to urge; and passed on, with greater confidence, to a half-pint heroin-head batting his eyes and coughing the little dry addict's cough into his palm. With fingernails as wrinkled as elephant-hide.

"I ain't pushed that stuff for fourteen years," he lied right into the mike the moment it was moved to his lips.

"Then how come you were shooting that girl in the arm when the cops came in? You were putting her on it too, you fagin."

"How *could* I? She been on it longer than I have."

"Tell that to a mule and he'll kick your head off. The girl is nineteen and you're forty-four and on top of that you had her so drunk she didn't even know her own name."

"Well, she acts older. 'N I ain't forty-four. I'm thirty-nine 'n that chick is twenty if she's a month." The heroin-head smiled virtuously at having established his innocence so irreproachably.

AS THE final line shuffled off, the listeners rose in the rows as though to wish all such irreproachable innocents long life and good health on the way. Under the dimming lights, the innocents filed through

a green-steel doorway into a deepening darkness.

But the listeners straightened their trousers and smoothed their dresses down and one by one, by twos and threes, by smiling threes and laughing fours, all left through a well-lighted door onto a clean, well-lighted street.

With nothing, it seemed, to fear in the world at all.

Only the Captain, trapped between the hunters and the hunted, looked mournfully through that green-steel door as though yearning to follow his innocents there.

To follow each man to a cell all his own, there to confess the thousand sins he had committed in his heart.

For he seemed to see them still, each with the left hand manacled and the right thrown protectively across the eyes. For there was no priest to wash clean the guilt of the Captain's darkening spirit nor any judge to hear his accusing heart. The court forbade him entrance to that narrow green-steel door: Justice had been done, his case was closed. He could not even tell the names of those who'd taken the rap for him.

To leave him, of all men most alone, of all men most guilty of all the lusts he had fingered so long in others.

What was it that the defrocked priest had said? "We are all members of one another." What had the holy-sounding fraud meant by *that*? Why had several snickered then and not one laughed out from the heart?

The Captain hadn't understood then and could not let himself understand now. It had been too long since he himself had laughed from the heart.

Yet the words had left him with a secret and wishful envy of every man with a sentence hanging over his head like the very promise of salvation. Leaving him with no recourse save to swallow his own dark guilt like a piece of spoiled meat in the throat.

And turn down the charge-sheet lamp.

"Come down off that cross yourself," he warned himself like warning another.

But the Captain couldn't come down.

The Captain was impaled.

Let's Abolish the Government

Memorandum for Some Future Hoover Commission:



Gentlemen:

By direction of the President and Congress, and at some expense, you have been called together to make studies and recommendations that will bring about a truly efficient and economical organization of the executive branch of the United States government.

That is a fine idea and everybody seems to be in favor of it. The only trouble is that it just can't be done. For the immutable fact is that all government agencies, of any kind whatsoever, become completely unmanageable soon after they are born and stay that way forever. Neither the President, Congress, nor anyone else can control them; they can only give them things to do—and, unfortunately, government departments and agencies are quite unable to do anything whatever unless it happens to be something that they have been doing all along. Therein lies your problem, and your present method of approach won't even come close to solving it.

To help you out, I am submitting my own plan for remodeling the executive branch of government. It is very simple, and it is also the only plan on earth that will do any good. Briefly, it is as follows:

LET there be a constitutional amendment under which, once in every decade, the entire organization of government (except for the Presidency, Congress, and probably the Supreme Court) is automatically abolished, from the loftiest department down to the tiniest inter-agency committee. At high noon on a given day everything would vanish. There would be no State Department, no Department of Agriculture, no

Federal Trade Commission, no nothing; the monumental buildings would remain, but they would for the moment be tenantless.

It would then be up to the President and Congress to set up a new government—new departments, agencies, boards, commissions, and whatnot. They would start from absolute scratch. They would not be *reorganizing*; they would be organizing afresh.

Obviously, they would have to think up some way to keep the physical assets of government—its airplanes, warships, dams, postage stamps, and so on—from being dissipated or stolen during the interim. That is a detail, and we won't go into it now. It could be done and I assume it would be done. My point is that only by a clean sweep such as I propose can the real problem of government organization be solved.

For my plan is the only one that recognizes the root of the evil—the great, fundamental law of government which for convenience (if that is the word) I have called the Law of Progressive Ossification of Structure. Under this law, the mechanism by which government actions are taken must, in the long run, become more important than the actions themselves, so that an agency reaches full manhood and relatively complete impotence simultaneously. It is as inexorable as the second law of thermodynamics, and there is no escape from it.

One little illustration will make the whole thing clear. A veteran government administrator remarked the other day that whenever he proposed that his own bureau take any positive action, he had to clear his proposal with at least twenty other people, any one of whom could block the action but no one of

whom could make it possible. This man's bureau was originally set up to *do* things, of course; but this man (like every single one of his confrères) has found that he can actually make it do things only at the risk of getting stomach ulcers, acquiring a number of personal enemies, and ultimately getting unfrocked for heresy. Consequently, this man does as little as possible, in the most dignified way imaginable. He keeps quite busy at it, too.

You think you will solve all this simply by getting at and removing those twenty people? Gentlemen, that is the one thing you cannot possibly do. They *have* to be there. Look what you're up against. To get rid of them, you must abolish the Civil Service Commission, the Bureau of the Budget, the General Accounting Office, all of the personnel, budget-control, and supervisory sections of the individual departments, the right of Congress to control the purse-strings, the President's right to boss the executive branch, and the general theory that it ought to be impossible for anyone to steal or to waste public funds.

That's where those twenty obstructionists come from, and they are the people who make the Law of Ossification effective. You can't buck them. All you can do is get around them, by wiping the slate clean every so often and forcing everybody to start all over again. (What is in your favor, you see, is the fact that the fabulous twenty have to follow all of their own rules; hence it takes them a few years to get operating, and that's where you get your leeway.)

It was doubtless a dim awareness of this fact that led the New Dealers to set up so many new agencies instead of relying on the old-line Departments to carry out their program. The new agencies could operate while they were still new; the bloom began to go off the rose about the time those new agencies got into the inevitable groove and became concerned with orderly administration rather than with action. As of that moment, the New Deal became a historical item.

THE objections to my proposal (and there are only two) can be met with ridiculous ease. The first one is that the whole business would be very rough on government workers, who would lose their jobs

every ten years. But it wouldn't really be much worse than the strain and uncertainty that comes over them with every Presidential election; and anyway, by all our current traditions, government workers are unworthy people who *ought* to have it rough. This objection, you see, disappears at once.

The other objection is that my plan would make for inefficiency in government. That may well be true. I hope that it is true. That would be the greatest single argument in its favor. For the simple fact is that we don't really want our government to be very efficient. Its one saving grace, down through the years, has been its inefficiency. Democracy lives because of the lost motion in Washington. Eliminate the lost motion, and democracy is apt to die.

Have we over-lapping, duplication, and cross-purposes in government? Indeed we do—and we are all better off for it. It means that government can experiment, can proceed by trial and error, can try several approaches to the same problem, can reverse itself in mid-flight, and can accomplish something really big only when the public as a whole is back of it pushing—all of which is exactly what the government of a democracy ought to be like. Our government is so big that its hand rests upon all of us; the looseness of its grip is all that makes it tolerable.

No, gentlemen: you must not try to bring about true efficiency in government. It doesn't just happen that democratic governments are inefficient; the fact that they are so is what keeps them democratic. Of all totalitarianisms on earth, that of a genuinely efficient career-class of permanent-status civil servants would unquestionably be the worst, for it would be the one totalitarianism without any vestige of an ideology; a state which, in the end, ran things simply for the sake of obeying the rules of good administration.

All we really want is to have government put back within our reach and made moderately responsive, set up in such a way so that when we really want it to do something it can do it. Give us that, but don't give us efficiency. (You can't give us efficiency anyway, but we would not like it if you did, so forget it.) The Law of Progressive Ossification is your one valid target. It can be hit only by the Program of Decennial Abolition.

—Bruce Catton

After Hours

SO GREAT is the gentle talent of Bing Crosby for making any song appear inconsequential that it may have distracted your attention from the oddest features of "Riders in the Sky," a modernized cowboy tune that he has recorded in such a fashion as to bring the form up to date and nearly finish it off. As a cowboy lament, "Riders in the Sky" is a phony from the first "Yippee-i-ay, yippee-i-o," and those who put store by the originals are likely to complain that the slowing of tempo and the stretching out of terminal chords is a first-rate exhibit of a good idea gone second-rate in the hands of its imitators. For example, there is an unexpected element of barber-shop quartet in it, and the chords that are slurred over also slide downward by half tones like the phrase endings in "Sweet Adeline." Yet if this would be heretical in Texas, Mr. Crosby does not seem to care, no more than do the teen-agers who have been singing a high-pitched and discordant version of "Riders in the Sky" across the street from me on warm summer evenings. Though some of the leap-frog intervals in the melody ought to make it difficult for an informal sing-fest, there are apparently enough parts of the tune that are vaguely familiar to tide over the untutored voice and perhaps to account for its popularity. "Riders in the Sky," in fact, is far more interesting in its derivations than in its decadence.

What troubles the cowboy-lover may be that the echoes falling most arrestingly on the ear are from other traditions—as far apart as the home front in the Civil War and the barracks ballads of the British Empire. The

opening phrase of "Riders in the Sky" is virtually identical with those of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" and "Danny Deever"; it is a minor-key bugle call more war-like than Western. In "Riders in the Sky," moreover, there is another foreign element which I have tentatively identified as the Slavic, or Red Army Chorus, influence. In the back of his head, either Mr. Crosby or his guitar accompanist was hearing "Polyushka Polye," the "Meadowlands" of the Cossack cavalry that was briefly popular after still another war as an item of Russian-American friendship. Like "Riders in the Sky," it brings horsemen in from the right to exit left and the melodies could almost serve as obbligatos to each other. Mr. Crosby need not be blamed for this unconscious borrowing, however, since American soldiers returning from the European Theater were known at least once to have sung "Polyushka Polye," in Russian, around a campfire, and its effect on "Riders in the Sky" can best be likened to an internationalist undercurrent breaking momentarily on the surface.

For the defining characteristic is Mr. Crosby's voice, which somehow manages to bind these discordant reverberations into a final product that is effortless and natural. It is in the lower registers that he shines, and it is a pleasure—as it was in "The Atcheson, Topeka, and the Santa Fe" four years ago—to hear him dip down a fifth and come up refreshed. Again the purist may be offended by a process that can put the four seasons through a juke-box and make them all come out sounding like a White Christmas, but this is Mr. Crosby's *forte* and the point at which

he joins a great—though insufficiently familiar—American tradition. It is what links him with a singer who preceded him at the top of national popularity, whose records were legendary best sellers, and who had the same ability to digest the indigestible. The singer's name was Jimmie Rodgers, and if Mr. Crosby has not served to introduce him it may be added that a memorial album of his records has recently been issued.

Jimmie Rodgers was a blue yodeler—or rather, *the* blue yodeler. He was born in Mississippi, the son of a section foreman on the Mobile & Ohio, and in his early teens he went to work for his father; for fourteen years he worked on the railroads. Eventually bad health forced him into the business of singing for a living; and while he was on a road show, shortly after playing for the first time over the radio in Asheville, he was heard by an RCA Victor representative and brought north to make records. A few weeks later he was summoned to make enough more recordings to keep up with the demand. He came in on an earlier era of modern popular music, when the phonograph rather than the radio was still the way of reaching the widest national audience. As recently as last year (he died in 1933), his records were still listed in the Sears Roebuck catalogue, which is an indication both of the rural roots of his appeal and of their depth. One of his records, "Blue Yodel No. 1"—there are fourteen other variations—is said to have sold over five hundred thousand, and it comes first in the memorial album.

In "Blue Yodel" there is a battle of conflicting elements that makes Mr. Crosby's effort in arbitration with "Riders in the Sky" seem easy; it is the real Meeting of East and West. Without the slightest hesitation, Mr. Rodgers undertakes to yodel the blues, and though it may have been supposed that there were mountaineers in Memphis I refuse to accept any contention that a significant number were Swiss. This the folk-singers of the Southland thought up for themselves. With Jimmie Rodgers, the hillbilly tradition swallowed yodeling—along with blues themes, convict themes, railroad themes, themes of protest. If you find this mixture difficult to conceive, imagine a clear nasal voice, over a guitar background, much like any that can be heard on the Southern networks of a Sun-

day morning. Further imagine him to be singing, along the immutable blues sequence of chords, words like these—

T for Texas,
T for Tennessee,
T for Thelma—

That gal that made a wreck out of me

—and on the "me" letting his voice slide up an octave and break into a yodel. Once heard, never forgotten.

Jimmie Rodgers's other pieces in the album are mainly within the tradition—among them a spirited but normal rendering of "Frankie and Johnny"—though at some surprising moments here and in a song like "The Brake-man's Blues" there will be a burst of Alpine trilling. Allusions to railroading are frequent, as you would expect, and there are also thematic references that come straight from the native book—the virtues of Memphis, the unsatisfactory quality of Georgia water, or the fact that things always look better down the track. Mr. Rodgers's appearance, in a straw hat and tight bow tie, was also pleasantly conventional, and his expression was corny but unabashed, a combination of those of Noel Coward and the late Jimmy Walker. He is said to have been much beloved, and I am sure that in ranch- and farm-houses everywhere there are well-worn records of his even in these days when the unselective radio is always at hand.

So I cannot be a party to the view that "Riders in the Sky" represents a decline in the national institutions, or that this trend toward cultural cannibalism is either very new or evil of itself. I somehow doubt that cowboy songs were ever such pure specimens that we should worry over their corruption, and I claim it should not be held against Mr. Crosby that he is—like the radio—omnivorous and unselective. Here only is he departing from the way of virtue, as set out by Jimmie Rodgers and the men on the railroad gangs who in their turn taught him. They welded together disparate ideas, but Crosby is all-embracing. He will sing anything—from "Sweet Lelani" through "Tico, Tico" and "Comme-ci, Comme-ca" to an "Ave Maria"—and sound like no one but himself. This is not entirely a useless talent at a time when barricades are falling, and Mr. Crosby may even be giving them a push.

Raveled Sleeve of Care

THERE was a Sleep Shop cocktail party at Lewis & Conger's in May for representatives of the press, but the party didn't take place in the Sleep Shop at all. It happened upstairs on the fourth floor under a lot of garden umbrellas. I was handed a press release when I arrived that I didn't read until later. If I had read the release I wouldn't have had to stay. It told me exactly how I was going to react to everything. The release said:

"... Norman Dine, creator and proud shepherd of the famed Shop, herded his guests on the fourth floor—and conducted 'guided tours,' à la Radio City, to the immaculate marvels of his contriving genius on the floor below. No one complained about these 'safety first' tactics—for the guided tours were led by the famous Baker twins (Misses Virginia and Betty Baker, former Washington, D. C., socialites) arrayed in fetching nightgowns with the frilliest of boudoir caps. They marched their willing followers in a snake-like procession through the alluring lanes of the Sleep Shop. . . ."

There was a good deal more in the release, and if I'd read it first I would have been happy to play along. As it was, I never saw Mr. Dine, the proud shepherd, and though I would have been glad to join a snake line behind the Baker twins, they were serving coffee and Sanka ("Which twin has the Sanka?") all the time that I was there.

I did slip downstairs by myself, though, to look at the "immaculate marvels." You'd be surprised at how many ways there are to spend your bed-life, and all of them "cute." You can get a lamp, for example, that has sheep jumping over a fence; the base of the lamp revolves and so do the sheep painted on it. There are blue, electrically heated foot warmers, albums of De Luxe records called "Time to Sleep" and there are beds, beds, beds, with signs over them. "Did you bump into your wife last night?" one sign read. "Consoling Proximity without Constraint," said another one. And another, "Are you Creative in Bed?"

I was rather embarrassed for a colleague of mine by a sign which appeared over one bed. It read:

"Our Sleep Shop Survey discloses the Bed

Preferences in our varied cultural groups:
"Married Low-Brows favor the standard double bed.

"Married Middle-Brows favor twin beds.

"Married Upper-Brows favor the oversize double bed.

"Married High Brows favor a double bed and a twin bed side by side.

"Married *High High* Brows favor the narrow double bed, 48 inches wide."

It seems to me about time to put a stop to all this nonsense. *Harper's* started it; *Life* publicized it by making it into a chart; NBC converted it into a twenty-five minute radio play; and now Lewis & Conger has decided that you can't go to bed without it.

None of the people who buy trophies at the Sleep Shop are going to lie awake nights worrying about culture, I suspect, and those who are going to wrestle with their intellects all night won't find much solace in pillows made of Charlotte Russe Foam Latex, Bed-time Brownies, Sweet Dream Cakes, or the advice of Mr. Dine, "Public Sandman No. 1," or the counsel of Dorothy Davenport, "The Lullaby Lady."

Make mine nembutal!

Store for Sunday Painters

THERE are evidently almost as many people who paint these days as sleep. Adults, children, the sane and the psychotic—all are busy releasing their egos in water color, finger paints, oils, caseins, and silk screens. I confirmed my impression that this was true at another New York shop, one that boasts that it is "America's largest art supply center," and adds, somewhat diffidently, that it thinks it's the largest in the world. Art, in a manner of speaking, is the nembutal of the people.

This shop, which is called Arthur Brown & Bro., Inc.* recently moved into the most elaborately architected modern quarters, complete with "mobile abstractions and fluent contours" in its window displays. It is as bright as daylight inside and, on the very hot day I was there, as cool as a root cellar. But the neat piles of painting and drafting and sculpting equipment which are on the street floor, enticing as they are, conceal the

* 2 West 46th Street, New York City

real business of the Messrs. Brown. The real business, as in many elaborate establishments, goes on upstairs.

I was taken in hand by Mr. William Einhorn, the advertising manager, and quickly disabused of any ideas I might have had about the intimacy of the art-supply business. Mr. Einhorn, who sat upstairs behind a completely unartistic metal desk in his shirt sleeves, said, "If you want to see what our business is like let me show you today's orders." He produced a sheaf of forms. There were orders from a place called the Psychiatric Institute, from the City of New York, Emory Junior College, the Ford Motor Company, and U. S. Steel. There were also orders from small stationers, other artists' suppliers, and from a few individuals responding to ads in artists' magazines.

"This business," Mr. Einhorn said, "has been getting better ever since the beginning of the Depression."

With that Mr. Arthur Brown appeared and took over. I followed him into his office, a couple of glass partitions away, and asked him how he accounts for the boom in the art-supply business. "It's the amount of time people have on their hands," he explained. "We get our proportionate share of it." This alone would have been enough to explain to me why the Depression had been good for business, but it wasn't enough for Mr. Brown. "The WPA Art Project should have full credit. Murals in post offices, exhibits—they jumped art appreciation no end."

Mr. Brown, who I would guess is in his early forties, has been in the art-supply business since he was nineteen. He looks forward to a prosperous future. "The boom will get bigger," he said, "because of art in the schools. Business has really picked up since 1940. Everybody's using visual aids. And now television. You seen Jon Gnagy's program? He teaches people how to draw by television."

Mr. Einhorn reappeared and took me on a tour of the store, which has an art gallery of its own. So far there had been three shows in the gallery; the second was of paintings by John J. Anthony, the "Mr. Anthony" of radio and the inventor of something called the "disposable palette," a pad of oil resistant paper in a palette shape. I asked Mr. Einhorn if Mr. Anthony painted well. "Unobjectionable non-objective," he replied.

We looked at everything: all the standard kinds of art equipment and a few kinds new to me. The most interesting is a material called "Sculpstone" that in its several versions looks astonishingly like various kinds of stone and can be carved with a pen knife.

"Casein paint has come up by leaps and bounds," Mr. Einhorn told me. It comes in nearly all the colors oils do and has similar brilliance. It dries quickly, and is opaque. If you don't like a passage in a picture you have been working on you can remove the offending area with a sponge and try again. Casein can be used as underpainting for oil glazes and gives much the same effect as egg tempera used this way. It's not cheap, though. Tubes cost just about the same as good oil colors.

Mr. Einhorn took me down into the basement of the store, a room big enough to accommodate a couple of tennis courts and piled to the ceiling with paints, papers, mannikins, canvas, frames, drafting tools, easels, sable brushes (made of Kalinsky tails), camels-hair brushes (made of squirrel fur), and roughly fourteen thousand other items that have to be kept in stock.

The store employs seventy persons, including a batch of experts who can advise on how to plan an art curriculum for a summer camp, repair a broken air brush, fix a mannikin that has lost an arm, or teach a neophyte how to make a silk-screen print. There is also a camera department, and a framing shop where an impatient artist can get a mat cut for a picture while he waits. The next thing on the agenda is the first commercial lending library of art books.

If serious artists are worried about their future, or are fretting about public indifference, they should talk to Mr. Brown or Mr. Einhorn. The number of amateur painters must reflect the number of potential purchasers of the work of professional artists. The professional artists' best hope is in that "proportionate share" of time on people's hands, time increasingly spent in clumsy but intense efforts to make art. That's his future market. The professional artists can't live without Mr. Brown's customers, but as Mr. Brown said to me, "If we had to depend only on professional artists, we'd starve to death."

—Mr. Harper

Harper's MAGAZINE

The New Society

I. Revolution by Mass Production

Peter F. Drucker

THE world revolution of our time is not communism, fascism, the new nationalism of the non-Western peoples, or any of the other "isms" that appear in the headlines; they are reactions to the basic disturbance, secondary rather than primary. The true world revolution is "made in U.S.A.," and its principle is the mass-production principle. Nothing ever before recorded in the history of man equals in speed, universality, and impact the transformation that modern industrial organization has wrought in the foundations of society in the forty years since Henry Ford developed the mass-production principle to turn out the Model T.

Though "made in Detroit," the impact of the new principle is neither confined to the United States nor to the old industrial territory of the West. Indeed, the impact is greatest on pre-industrial civilizations. Mass-production technology undermines and explodes those societies which have no resistance

to the new forces, no background of industrial life to cushion the shock. In China, the mass-production principle, swept into the hinterland from the coastal cities by the forced migration of industries during the Japanese invasion, is destroying the world's oldest and hitherto most stable institution: the Chinese family. In India, industrialization has begun to corrode the Hindu caste system: ritual restrictions on proximity and intercourse between castes simply cannot be maintained under factory conditions. Russia uses the new mass-production principles to try again where Byzantium failed; to mate Europa and the Bull, the technological fruits of Western thought and Oriental despotism, to produce a new world order which will claim to be the legitimate heir to both West and East. In our own country, the region hitherto least touched by industrialization, the rural Old South, is speedily being "tractored off." Indeed, conversion of the Southern farm into

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a rural assembly line seems about to "solve" the Southern race problem in a manner never dreamed of by either Southern liberal or Southern reactionary—by pushing the Negro off the land and directly into the industrial cities of the North.

At the time of World War I, only one generation ago, industry was by and large still confined to a narrow belt on either side of the North Atlantic; the only exception, the only successful transplantation of the machine to new soil, was Japan. The representative unit of industry, even in the most heavily industrialized countries, was the family-owned or family-managed, medium-size factory employing fewer than five hundred workers and differing from the workshop of pre-industrial days mainly in its use of mechanical power. Today the situation is reversed. The areas not undergoing rapid industrialization are few and isolated; and the representative, the decisive, industrial unit is the large, mass-production plant, managed by professionals without ownership-stake, employing thousands of people, and organized on entirely different technological, social, and economic principles—so different indeed that, in retrospect, the typical factory of 1910 seems to have been closer to its great-grandfather, the artisan's workshop of pre-steam-engine days, than to its own son: the modern mass-production plant.

THE geographic spread of the mass-production principle, its sweep in width, is accompanied by a sweep in depth: the penetration of the traditional pre-industrial and non-industrial occupations. A generation ago the great bulk of productive work, even in the most highly industrialized country, was done in forms antedating modern industry by hundreds if not thousands of years and completely unindustrial in character. The mass-production principle was still regarded as a mere technique, consisting in the application of some such gadget as the assembly line, and largely confined to the automobile industry.

The war showed that the basic principle which underlay Henry Ford's first plant forty years ago was completely independent of specific tools or techniques and could be applied to the organization of all manufacturing activities. Today it has become abundantly clear that the mass-production principle is

not confined to manufacturing but is a *general principle of human organization for joint work*.

The Russian collective farm was the first application of the principle to agriculture. Its labor organization, which uses the individual as a highly specialized tool performing one essentially simple, if not unskilled, job repetitiously; its control through the state-owned tractor station; its system of compensation—all are applications of mass-production technology. Yet the Russian collective farm is already as obsolete technologically as an automobile plant of forty years ago. The fully mechanized cotton plantation in the Mississippi Delta or the vegetable co-operative on the irrigated land of California's Central Valley has gone much further in breaking with the pre-industrial traditions of agriculture. And in their ground-nuts (peanuts) scheme for tropical Africa the British propose to reorganize a whole colonial empire on the mass-production basis.

Without using an assembly line or a conveyor belt, clerical operations in large-scale business enterprises are today increasingly organized in exactly the same way Henry Ford organized the production of the Model T. The typists' pool of a large insurance company, check-sorting and check-clearing operations in a big bank, the sorting and filing of orders in a mail-order house, and thousands of other operations in business and government offices do not differ in nature from the automobile assembly line, however much they may differ in appearance.

Similarly, scientific research has been organized on mass-production lines, not only in industry but in medicine and biology. In the new Sloan-Kettering center for cancer research in New York—significantly founded by two of the pioneers of the automobile industry—the concepts and methods of work are those of the industrial plant. During the war the application of this mass-production principle to scientific research resulted in the atomic bomb. Even pure research, unconcerned with application, has been set up on the mass-production pattern in some of the big laboratories like Bell Telephone or General Electric.

The principle has even been applied successfully to work that had always been considered essentially personal in character. The

efficiency of the Mayo Clinic, for instance, rests largely on managing diagnosis and examination as a production line. And even Henry Luce's "group journalism," by means of which *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* go to press, is similar to assembly-line work.

II

MASS production has been as imperfectly understood by its partisans as by its critics—all of whom have seen it as a new "technology." From Henry Ford himself, whose fondness for his invention is expressed in the title of an article he wrote in 1928, "Machinery, the New Messiah," to Lenin, Ford's great admirer in the early twenties (communism, in Lenin's slogan, is "socialism plus electrification"), the apostles of mass production thought of it as a technique, a new arrangement of physical forces. The opponents of mass production saw it in an equally false way, though their feeling about it was despair, not hope. Technology was the villain in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, in Karel Capek's play which gave us the word *robot*, "R.U.R.," and in Charlie Chaplin's motion picture, "Modern Times." In all of these, what was odious was the subordination of man to the machine. The Technocrats of the early thirties were playing with the same misconception.

But when we analyze this new so-called technology, we find that it is not a "technology" at all; it is not merely an arrangement of physical forces. What it is really is a new concept of organizing men for joint work. It is a principle of social order rather than one of mechanics. This was true of Ford's work. He made not one single mechanical invention or discovery; everything mechanical he used was old and well known. Only his concept of human organization for work was new. This social principle is increasingly applied without any of Ford's machines, indeed without any machines or technology at all.

The essential new concepts of mass production are "specialization" and "integration." Both refer to the relationships between men working together. At first sight, these may appear to be very old and familiar principles. "Specialization" seems to be nothing but the familiar "division of labor" on which all hu-

man activity beyond the most primitive rests. Equally, any productive effort which depends on the work of more than one person—which means any productive effort at all, with the possible exception of the work of the artist—may seem to depend on "integration."

As used to describe the social order of the new industrial system, however, both terms undergo a radical change of meaning. Traditionally, "specialization" meant confinement to one product. The shoemaker stuck to his last; the cabinet-maker turned out furniture and left structural woodwork to the carpenter. The classical example for the international division of labor, the example which the free-trade theorists used again and again to show its benefits, was the specialization of Portugal with its warm and dry climate on producing wines, while cold and rainy England specialized in the production of wool. The traditional division of labor focuses on the product: an activity is specialized if it confines itself to turning out the one product which an individual or a country is best equipped to produce.

But in the organization of work on the mass-production principle the unit of individual work is not the product. There is nobody who either turns out a complete product or is capable of turning one out. The unit of work is one operation, if not one motion, repeated endlessly. The product is the result of thousands of such operations; only the plant as a whole can turn out a product.

What this means socially we can see at once if we try to project this new concept in symbolic terms. One of the oldest and most universal symbols of the fulfilled life has been the hermit turning out shoes or tending his beehives—in other words, the man who completely devotes himself to a "specialized activity" in the old style. But nothing could be further from being a symbol of the fulfilled life than a hermit tending a punch-press or forever putting rear bumpers on imaginary cars, all by himself in the wilderness.

The difference between the old specialization and the new is a matter of skill. In the first place, the "elimination of skill" in mass production is more a myth than a reality; totally unskilled labor plays a very small part in any industry. Hundreds of operations in the modern plant require individual skill fully equal to that of the master craftsmen in

the medieval guilds. The traditional system had a multitude of totally unskilled operators; there is little skill required for weeding or for pushing a wheelbarrow. But the old operations, however unskilled, were always directly related to the product. The hired man, for example, not only pulled weeds, he helped the farmer bring in the hay. In the new specialization, however, no one person turns out the product; everybody is confined to operations or motions.

PRECISELY because nobody in the social order of modern industry makes a product, "integration" also assumes a new meaning. A product can only be made if the operations and motions of a great many individuals are put together and integrated into a pattern. It is this pattern that is actually productive, not the individual. Hence modern industry requires planning more precise and far-sighted than anything we have ever witnessed. From Ford's River Rouge plant and the Russian five-year plans, to the preparations for D-Day in Europe, the principles of co-ordination and synchronization of action have organized greater masses of men to accomplish operations of ever-increasing complexity.

In addition, much more new skill is required for integration than has been eliminated by specialization, and the new skill is not manual; it is not knowledge of tools or of materials. It is partly technical and theoretical: knowledge of principles and processes. Partly it is social: skill in the organization of men for work in an integrated group. Above all, the new "skill" required is the ability to see, to understand, and even to produce a pattern; and that is by definition imaginative ability of a high, almost of an artistic, order.

One example which shows this clearly is the story of the difficulties encountered during the recent war with the production of a carrier-based plane for the Navy. When Pearl Harbor came, there existed only one tested model suitable for warfare in the Pacific; yet only a dozen or so had actually been made—and by a small firm of airplane designers who had built the planes one by one, almost by hand. At once the Navy needed not dozens but thousands of these planes. Not only were the original designers quite incapable of producing in such quantities; they did not even have the blueprints needed for mass produc-

tion. One of the large companies took over, hastily converted some of its best plants, put its best engineers, mechanics, and skilled workers to work. Yet not one plane could actually be turned out until the theoretical work had been completed: the analysis of the plane; its breakdown into the component parts; the breakdown of each part into sub-assemblies; the breakdown of the sub-assemblies into individual operations and motions; and the re-integration of operations into sub-assemblies, sub-assemblies into parts, parts into the plane. It was work entirely done on paper—with some hundred tons of blueprints as the final yield—and it was done *entirely on the basis of general principles*. Airplane experts proved of no value whatsoever, and the actual job had to be done by men who had never worked on plane production before. It was also a long job, taking a full year during which nothing was produced. But once this theoretical job was done, the plant went almost immediately into full production; five weeks after the last blueprint had been made, the plant operated at its full production rate of six thousand planes a year.

III

THE winning of the war was a triumph of mass production surpassing any other mobilization of human effort which the world has seen. But, in a sense, the war was only an incident in the social revolution of our times. The new principle of mass production corrodes and undermines the very basis of traditional society. It substitutes organization for the individual as the productive unit and thus, in separating the worker from the product, it makes the threat of unemployment intolerable; it separates the family from society; it introduces new social classes; it imposes tasks upon government far beyond the capacity of traditional government and so gives new weapons to the tyrant. In this article I shall focus attention upon the social impact of the mass-production principle; later I shall discuss the political implications of this second industrial revolution, with the peculiar challenges which it imposes upon unions, management, and government.

The divorce of the worker from the product is the most visibly shattering effect of the

mass-production revolution in Western society. The worker no longer *produces*, even in the plant; he works. The individual by himself is not only incapable of turning out the product; he is incapable, by and large, of defining his own contribution to the productive organization. If it is the organization which produces rather than the worker, social status, social prestige, and social power cannot attach to the individual's *work*. They can attach only to the *job*—that is, they can flow only from his membership, status, prestige, and power within the organization and thus within society.

This is shown clearly in those cases where the worker actually controls the means of production. Traditionally, a skilled tool-maker owns his own tool box, which may represent an investment of thousands of dollars. He is in complete control of this tool box; he can pick it up and take it away with him any time he wants. And yet he is incapable of producing, even though he apparently "owns" the means of production. Unless he finds employment in the plant, unless he is given access to the organization, he cannot become productive himself. His tool box gives him prestige, it gives him an asset, an item of property on which he could even obtain a loan. But in the modern industrial system, control of the "means of production" does not give ability to produce, no more than does the worker's possession of a skilled hand, or of an automobile.

This applies in all fields to which the mass-production principle has been applied. The most striking examples are indeed to be found outside of manufacturing. There are apparently no "means of production" in a clerical operation; but cut off from the organization a bookkeeper, a comptometer operator, or a shipping clerk is completely helpless and unproductive. Similarly an engineer or an industrial chemist is not productive unless integrated in the project or laboratory, no matter how highly trained he may be. In an industrial society, only a very small minority can produce at all by themselves: the artists and the professional men. All the others, provided the social reorganization has been complete, are dependent upon access to a plant, an office, a laboratory—that is, the industrial organism—to be productive and to achieve status in society.

THE divorce of worker and product explains the central importance which depression and unemployment have attained in our industrialized system. It is not primarily the economic impact which makes unemployment the nightmare it has become for every industrialized country. In the United States, we were able during the Depression of the thirties to keep the great majority of the population, including the great majority of the chronically unemployed and their families, on an economic level well above physical subsistence in most cases and probably above the level on which most people had lived a half-century before. We managed to do this in spite of an almost complete absence of planning in the first chaotic years of the Great Depression. Yet it is in this country that the Depression had the most profound psychological, social, and political effects, and that unemployment has become the major nightmare. This is simply another way of saying that the United States today is the most industrialized country, both in respect to the importance of manufacturing in our economy and in respect to the extension of the industrial principle beyond manufacturing proper.

The main effect of unemployment is social and psychological. In effect, the unemployed man becomes a non-producer, an outcast who has been refused participation and membership in society. Long-term unemployment means loss of self-respect, loss of initiative, and finally, in extreme cases, loss of sanity. It is no accident that the "Depression-shock" was by no means confined to those who actually suffered lengthy unemployment but hit fully as hard the men who never were out of a job and who may never have been in real danger of losing their jobs. They lived for a decade in the constant fear of being cut off from access to productivity on the next pay day; it may well have been less of a psychological disturbance to become actually unemployed than to go on living in the constant fear of being fired.

Precisely because the industrial system permanently divorces man and production—a divorce which cannot be overcome whatever the legal or political constitution of the society—prevention of depression and chronic unemployment has become an absolute necessity for any industrialized country. Only if

the citizen can be reasonably certain that he will not be cast out from society and deprived of his effective citizenship by forces which he can neither control nor understand, can modern industrial society expect to be acceptable, to be rational, to be meaningful to its members. Otherwise it must become insane and demon-ridden.

The divorce of man from production thus makes impossible reliance on "natural adjustment." The patient may have a better chance of fast economic recovery if left alone, but he is likely to die of social shock and exposure just when he should be ready for recovery.

IV

OUTSIDE the old industrial territory of the North Atlantic community, the most profoundly revolutionary effect of the industrial world revolution is its impact on the one institution on which all others are founded: the family. The family as a biological unit has always and everywhere been the center of emotional cohesion. It has also been the unit of production. With but few exceptions, man and wife have been a necessary partnership biologically, psychologically, and socially; and with but few exceptions children have always been integrated as much into the social as into the psychological unit. Once out of their infancy, they were as much members, though junior members, of the productive unit as they were, by their birth, members of the emotional and ritual communion.

In the most primitive civilizations, those of the hunter and fisher, the wife gathers root crops, berries, and small game while the husband goes on his hunting expeditions; the children help the mother until the sons are old enough to accompany their father. In an agricultural society the cohesion of the biological, emotional, and productive family unit is even stronger—perhaps the major reason for the amazing strength and resistance of the family-farm society. The craftsman and artisan of the highly developed civilizations also depends upon his wife, who presides over the store and over the house, who looks after the journeymen and apprentices as well as after the customers; the children are junior members of the unit, sharing in the life and the work of the family as apprentices or at

least as close observers of the family work.

Industrialization destroys this unit and divorces the family from society. The place of business is separate from the place of residence: the father goes to work in the plant or in the office, miles away from the home. Wife and children are no longer integrated into the productive work. They may, indeed, have their own jobs and go to work themselves; but even if they work in the same plant or the same office as the man of the family they do not work as a family unit.

This was graphically shown one hundred years ago in the early days of the industrial system. Child labor, the horrors of which were uncovered by the Royal Commissions investigating the English cotton industry of the early nineteenth century, was considered a by-product of industrialization. Yet when children of five were employed in cotton mills to card or spin they did not really do any work children of that age had not always done. The horror and degradation did not lie in its being children's work but in its being work in the factory. When transferred from the weaver's home to the factory, the work was no longer the same work. Those children worked, indeed, next to their mothers. But they did not work as children within the family. They worked *next to* but not *with* their mothers, and they worked as stunted adults rather than as children.

In any traditional society the mother of adolescent children is the very symbol of strength, fulfillment, and social power. In an industrial society the mother of adolescent children is likely to be a problem to herself and to society, even if she has something better to do with her time than to play bridge. In a pre-industrial society the problem of the "equality of woman" hardly exists. The man may appear to hold the power legally and ritually, but outside of a very small ruling class relieved of the necessity to work for its living the mother holds the power socially. Economically man and wife are necessarily equals because production is a joint effort. In an industrial society, however, the wife and mother may be outside production, outside society.

The family is still as necessary as ever as a biological and especially as an emotional unit. In fact, its very divorce from society makes it even more essential emotionally and

leads to a glorification of motherhood, of children, of the family tie so extreme as to betray the increasing tension—especially as this emotional affirmation goes hand in hand with an increasing willingness to dissolve family ties in divorce. On the one hand the family has become a luxury; children are no longer an economic asset but an economic liability. It is no accident that industrialization and a decline in the birth rate run parallel. At the same time, the emotional unit becomes increasingly precious; disturbances of the emotional cohesion which in traditional societies are not much more than minor nuisances become severe crises and the cause of maladjustments and neuroses destructive alike to individual and family life.

The pre-industrial, non-Western societies have no resistance whatever against this attack on the traditional family; their cultural cohesion collapses under it as under a new plague. But even in the West, where the weakening of the family has been a very gradual process, the divorce of family and society has had profound effects. It is this divorce which gives our industrial cities their oppressive look, the look of a built-up jungle. This has nothing to do with poverty. Indeed, the brand-new car that stands outside so many of the neat five-room bungalows in Detroit's working-class districts, or the new refrigerator or washing machine, only adds to the bleakness. That the home and the family are no longer the focal points of social life is the reason for the look of furtiveness and impermanence, and for the undertow of violence, lawlessness, and formlessness beneath the surface gentility which characterize our industrial cities, and which contrast so strikingly with the beauty, the order, and the clear strong rhythm of the new industrial plant.

THE mass-production principle has further altered the configuration of society by introducing two new classes: the new ruling group of executives and union leaders (whose role I shall discuss in succeeding articles) and the new middle class. Neither existed sixty or seventy years ago. It is the new middle class which may turn out to be the decisive social development of our era. In the first place, this group has been growing the most rapidly and will continue to grow rapidly. In the United States, for instance,

the employed middle class accounted for less than 10 per cent in the census of 1880. By 1940 it had risen to more than 25 per cent; and it is likely to account for almost one-third of the population in the 1950 census. In absolute numbers, this means a rise from five to forty-five or fifty million men and their families in seventy years.

By contrast with these new groups, all the older classes have lost ground. The mass-production revolution has completed the destruction of the power of the land-owning aristocracy of the *ancien régime* which began two hundred years ago. But it has also dethroned the ruling groups of bourgeois society: the merchant, the banker, the capitalist. Symbolic of this change is the slow but steady decay of the great merchant oligarchies: the "City" in London, "Wall Street" in New York, "State Street" in Boston. Where only twenty years ago the bright graduate of the Harvard Business School aimed at a job with a New York Stock Exchange house, he now seeks employment with a steel, oil, or automobile company. It is not only that money has become less important than industrial capacity to produce; the old financial powers have also lost control over money and credit itself, as witness the shift of the financial headquarters from Wall Street to the government agencies in Washington and from the City to the British Treasury.

Equally, the old middle class has lost in importance—though much less than the old ruling groups. Seventy years ago this pre-industrial middle class of independent small business men, independent professionals, and family-farmers was practically the only middle class in existence. It offered the main, if not the only, channel for social advancement. It alone represented the "sturdy yeomanry" which any society needs to make bearable the tension between the independent rich and the dependent poor. It has not declined in absolute numbers; but it has sharply declined in proportionate importance—from 37 per cent of the American population in 1880 to 18 per cent in 1940, with the downward trend accelerated since.

The most important phenomenon in the long run, however, is probably that the industrial working class—the first child of the Industrial Revolution—has apparently passed its peak both in absolute numbers and in its

proportionate weight. In this country it accounted in 1940 for roughly the same percentage of the population as it did seventy years ago—just about half. All indications are that the figure will decline in the future—if the decline has not already begun. In all the new industries (for example, petroleum chemistry or plastics) the ratio of manual workers is much smaller, that of the industrial middle class much higher, than in the older industries. To the extent to which the older industries modernize themselves (for example, the glass industry)—and the process is running along at high speed—they will employ proportionately fewer wage-earners and more salaried middle-class men.

Also, within the working class a new shift from unskilled to highly skilled labor has begun—reversing the trend of the past fifty years. The unskilled worker is actually an engineering imperfection. By definition unskilled work can be done better, faster, and cheaper by machine. But the more the unskilled man is replaced by mechanical tools, the more men are needed to design these tools, to build them, to arrange them for production, to service them, and to repair them. The new skills are not manual skills, however, though their practitioner may be called a mechanic. They are basically intellectual skills: knowledge of production engineering, draftsmanship, shop-mathematics, metallurgy, accounting, statistics, etc. In other words, an increasing proportion of the working class is being converted into the new industrial middle class, into a new bourgeoisie.

The new middle class emerges as qualitatively, if not yet quantitatively, decisive for the new industrial society. Certainly it is the allegiance of this class that will determine what kind of political system a mass-production society will adopt. The new middle class is as dependent on its jobs and on access to the organization as are the workers. At the same time it does not “do the work” but establishes the pattern; it is the carrier of this social integration. It is a working class in its economic status; it is a managerial class in its function. The determination of the social status of this class, with its ambiguous position, is one of the major decisions facing industrial society; to enable the members of this class to see the whole is one of the major problems of the industrial enterprise. On its

solution depends to no small extent the solution of the problem of citizenship in industrial society, and with it both the social cohesion and the economic efficiency of the industrial order.

The disillusioned Soviet wit who said twenty-five years ago that the inevitable development of history was not toward the victory of the proletariat but toward the victory of the secretariat spoke prophetically. This is the new class whose members have yet to see the whole of which their work is a part. Their blinders are a menace to the functioning of modern industrial society, and for their enlightenment we have only the feeble devices of publicity or that magic abracadabra of modern management, the “organizational chart.” Actually this middle class of technicians is the offspring of the mass-production principle; they are not orphans but the true inheritors of a revolution which they scarcely recognize, much less understand.

V

THE big industrial enterprise is the representative institution of the mass-production society. In the first place, it determines the individual's view of his society. A man employed in a small shop, even a man employed in the corner cigar-store apparently far removed from the world of the big enterprise, still judges society by the extent to which its basic promises and beliefs are fulfilled in the big enterprise. He does not consider his own store typical; he considers U. S. Steel typical. His own relations with his employer may be excellent, for instance, yet he will consider labor relations to be poor and the worker to be exploited if the relations between the big enterprise and its workers are unsatisfactory.

He will consider that his society gives a high standard of living if the employee of the big enterprise enjoys a high standard. He will consider that his society fulfills its promise of equal opportunities if the big enterprise gives adequate chance for advancement.

But the big enterprise is also representative in another way. It actually symbolizes the new organizing principle of an industrial society in the purest and clearest form, just as the perfect crystal in a mineralogical museum presents in perfect form the organizing

principle which the mineral always tends to follow in whatever shape it is found.

As an example, let me use the state in which I live, Vermont—thinly settled, poor, without even a sizeable city. There is no large-scale industry. Nine out of ten factories have fewer than fifty employees; companies employing more than a thousand men can be counted on your fingers. Much of the industry—especially wood-working, which is the biggest employer—is also marginal, producing goods for which there is not enough of a market to attract any of the big manufacturers. In this state a determined effort is being made, through a state-founded and industry-supported Bureau of Industrial Research, to introduce into the very small units of our industry the production and marketing methods, and the principles of organization, of the big enterprises. The Bureau has successfully organized the elements of a “production line” in a wood-working shop of five employees, and it has applied time-motion studies, scientific plant layout, and assembly-line techniques to a furniture plant employing forty men. Even this rudimentary use yielded very substantial results. It increased output per worker by a fifth, and cut costs and waste in about the same proportion. In other words, the efficiency and productivity of the small business and its ability to survive improve directly in proportion to its ability to make of itself a large enterprise in miniature.

PERHAPS an even better illustration of the representative nature of big enterprises is the development of the family farm. The Vermont farmer, with his small property, his poor, rocky soil, and his very short growing season, has been specializing in dairy farming ever since the refrigerated railroad car made possible long-distance transportation of milk and milk products. But during the past twenty-five years the character of his specialization has been changing profoundly. Where before he specialized in a product, he can now—with little exaggeration—be said to specialize in one process. He no longer grows his own fodder. In many cases he no longer raises his own calves. He feeds fodder grown in the Midwest and South to cows bought from a breeder. He also no longer processes the milk. He delivers the raw milk to a

creamery which processes it and delivers it to a distributor. The distribution of this apparently so simple product requires actually one of the most complicated organizations in our entire economy—and one based on such mass-production principles as the breakdown of the operation into simple component operations, the synchronization of the flow of materials and sub-assemblies, and the interchangeability of component parts.

The farmer does not even make his own butter; the butter he buys comes from Wisconsin or Iowa, fifteen hundred miles away. Sometimes it is not even economical for the farmer to keep his own milk for his own consumption but cheaper to buy his supply in the store. Outwardly little seems to have changed, but actually the Vermont dairy farmer—or the Iowa corn-hog farmer, the Minnesota wheat farmer, the citrus grower in California—has become a link in an agricultural assembly line. It would be difficult to say who his “management” is or where it is, but he is surely being managed. His processes, his policies, very largely even his actual operations are laid out for him by the machinery over which he has very little control. The only positive action left for him is to go on a “milk strike”—the very term is significant. The farmer’s relationship to the economy and to society has become increasingly remote as well as increasingly complex. Almost as much as the man on the automobile assembly line he needs to understand what he is doing and why, and it is almost as hard for him to obtain a view of the whole as it is for an accountant in Washington.

The big enterprise is the true symbol of our social order. It is the symbol in the sense that its internal order and its internal problems are considered the characteristic order and the pressing problems of an industrial society even by those who are not, apparently, affected by them directly. It is the symbol also in the other meaning of the term. It is the place where the real and the effective principles of our social order become both visible and tangible. In the industrial enterprise the structure which actually underlies all our society can be seen; elsewhere it can only be felt. Above all, in the industrial enterprise alone can the problem of our industrial society be grasped and therefore be tackled.

THE development of the new institutions of a functioning and free industrial society is the most urgent task facing the West today. It is pre-eminently the responsibility of the United States. In the first place, ours is the most highly developed industrial country. Our wealth and productivity make it possible for us to work on problems which in other countries have become so inflamed by class war, poverty, and tension as to be far too sore to touch. On the other hand, we are perhaps in a more critical situation than any other country, precisely because ours is such a highly developed industrial system. Indeed, all evidence indicates that we have only a very few years—perhaps a decade, perhaps a quarter-century, certainly no more—to tackle it successfully.

As the originator and prime mover of the mass-production revolution, this country has become the greatest power and has risen to world leadership. So far, however, this leadership has been confined to the new technology. We have no social and political institutions, not even an economic policy, to go with the technology. But precisely because this mass-production technology is a corrosive acid which no pre-industrial culture or social order can resist, the world requires a working model of the political and social institutions for an industrial age. Without such a model to imitate and learn from, the mass-production revolution can only produce decades of

world war, chaos, despair, and destruction. If the model is not furnished by the West, if it is not a model of a free industrial society, then it will be the model of a slave industrial society.

Change in the "system," however radical, will not solve anything. In fact, the basic problems of mass-production organization and industrial enterprise are exactly alike whatever the "system," whether capitalist, socialist, communist, or fascist. Indeed, while changes in the "system" will not affect the basis, the real problems of an industrial society which lie in the new institutions, the solutions we shall find—or fail to find—for the problems of mass-production order and industrial enterprise, will decide under which "system" we shall live and, especially, whether or not that system shall be free.

The great, the final, issue in the conflict of ideologies which rends our world is over the principles and beliefs on which the new institutions of the industrial order are to be based. Our great and decisive task is to solve the problems of these new institutions through the application of the beliefs and principles of a free society that are the heritage of the Western tradition. It is basically a conservative task: the integration of the new on the basis of the best of the old. But it is a conservative task requiring boldness, courage, imagination, and the willingness to go down to fundamentals.

(Next month, in his second article of this series of three, Mr. Drucker will discuss the role of the union in the mass-production society.—The Editors)

Song

E. A. MUIR

"You are the first," I say,
 "That I have ever loved."
 But there's a bureau drawer that holds
 A letter and a glove.

"You are unmatched," I say,
 "In all the world of women."
 But faintly glowing on the desk
 Are Beatrice and Helen.

"This flame we feel," I say,
 "Is single as the sun."
 But in a million rival rooms
 Constellations plunge.

"The night is young," I say,
 "And our delight is young."
 But they are furious and dark
 And older than the sun.

Russia's Secret Gibraltar

The Island of Saseno and Valona Bay

Erwin C. Lessner

ONE day last summer a group of Soviet officers and army engineers arrived unexpectedly at the Albanian port of Valona, which lies in a land-locked bay on the Adriatic coast, just opposite the heel of the Italian boot. With them came a staff of civilian assistants and German experts, and they immediately requisitioned the best houses in town, evicting the owners without notice. The arrival of this advance party, if its plans are successfully carried out, will mark the achievement of a centuries-old Russian desire, a strategic aim even more ambitious than control of the Dardanelles—the possession of a naval base squarely planted in the waters of the Mediterranean.

At the head of Valona Bay is an island that was the special object of the Russian party's attention. It is called Saseno; it consists of two and a half square miles of rock and cliff, which rise abruptly from the sea to heights of over a thousand feet. Like Gibraltar, it is honeycombed with man-made caves and tunnels, but potentially it is a fortress even more formidable than the British Rock. Saseno, lock and key to the Bay of Valona, is only fifty-five miles from Otranto, on the Italian mainland, and thus within V-2 and rocket-firing range of the Straits of Otranto, the

narrow entry into the Adriatic. Taranto, Italy's chief naval base in World War II and nearest rival to the British stronghold of Malta, can also be hit by rocket artillery from Saseno. The island's caves are equipped to hold substantial numbers of troops and huge stores. Furthermore, according to current Russian boasts, Saseno is safe against atomic missiles (although this claim does not seem to take radiation into account), unassailable from the sea, and, thanks to the anti-aircraft batteries recently established on the top of the island's cliffs, from the air as well.

Natural obstacles make the surrounding coastal areas equally impervious to invasion. South and west of Valona Bay, the forbidding cliffs of Cape Linetta and the 2,750-foot peaks of the Karaburun Range form an impressive bastion. Farther south, the mountains reach altitudes as high as 6,500 feet, with only a few precarious trails winding across their barren ridges. The opposite end of the bay, to the north of the city of Valona itself, is protected by a strip of marsh and swamp, between six and ten miles wide, which runs for miles up the Adriatic coast. Two miles south of the city, Mount Kanina, almost four thousand feet high, dominates the inner bay, making an ideal observation post.

Erwin C. Lessner first became acquainted with Saseno when he was stationed in the Balkans after the first world war with an Austro-Hungarian military mission.

DESPITE its powerful position, Saseno has, until very recently, attracted so little international attention that the Russians were able to take it over unchallenged and almost unnoticed. Early in 1945, a small party of Albanian guerrillas occupied the abandoned island, which had been Italian territory since 1920. Albania was allotted to the Soviet sphere of influence and the guerrilla leader, Enver Hoxha, a thirty-six-year-old former schoolteacher, took his orders from Moscow. So the seizure was, for all practical purposes, a Soviet action. Nevertheless, it passed unnoticed by the Western public and was indulgently accepted by the Western governments. There seemed to be far more important items on the Soviet agenda of expansion than Saseno, and a protest might have been interpreted as championing the interests of the defeated Italian enemy.

Italy, the party most immediately concerned, was in no position to raise a protest. The Italians knew that Saseno had been a prize objective when they acquired it and that it was worth considerable expenditure when fortified. But with the defeat of the Axis Italy was no longer the dominant power in the Adriatic, and control of the entire Mediterranean area had passed into the hands of the victors. Let the Allies, the Italians must have reasoned, argue out among themselves who was to get Saseno, with its Italian-built coastal batteries and torpedo-launching stations. There was no argument, however. When the Italian peace treaty was drawn up in 1947, the controversies centered on Trieste and the districts of Briga and Tenda. Article 28, Part II was quickly agreed upon. It read:

Italy recognizes that the Island of Saseno is part of the territory of Albania and renounces all claims thereto.

Saseno did not make the news, and even crossword-puzzle addicts would have been apt to stumble over the six-letter word. But in recent months, events on and near the island have been a matter of concern in Italy. Although the Italian government does not favor headlines on the subject, Italian military and naval experts may well be alarmed by current Soviet activities at Valona. British observers seem to have noted the same activities, and while little has been printed on the matter in England the Admiralty has shown definite

interest in a situation that might affect the whole defense of the West. At the same time, the Balkan nations are becoming aware of a reshuffling of Soviet policies for southeastern Europe that can be directly traced to the Soviet plans for Valona Bay.

Exact details of these plans are hard to come by—foreign correspondents have about as much chance of being admitted to the area as they have of getting into a session of the Politburo, and close MVD controls discourage foreign agents. However, part of the story has emerged. A thin but persisting stream of refugees from Albania, fleeing Soviet jurisdiction, is crossing into Yugoslavia and Italy. From their accounts it is clear that the Russians, assisted by German experts, are turning Saseno into a powerful rocket-firing station and Valona Bay into a mammoth submarine base.

CONSTRUCTION work began last summer, when the break between Tito and the Kremlin came into the open. Russia, as a result, lost control of the Yugoslavian naval base of Pola in the northeastern Adriatic. With Pola gone, the Russians turned to the even more strategically situated port to the south. Valona, a pleasant little town of nine thousand inhabitants—built during the centuries of Turkish rule and now complete with oriental gardens, minarets, and a palace—was largely spared during the war. Its people were unsympathetic to communism and also unacquainted with its methods. When the Soviets took over, the mayor at once drafted a complaint to the Albanian government, and the commander of the local garrison outspokenly voiced his indignation about the German contingent in the Russian party. But Enver Hoxha, by the grace of Stalin head of Albania's puppet government, replied coldly that future protests against the Russians and their assistants would come under the heading of acts of rebellion.

The next step was the arrival of the MVD. The people of Valona were rigorously checked and those who failed to "pass" were ordered out of the city and the adjoining districts. This disposed of about half the population. Those who remained were forbidden to leave the area without a special permit—not one of which is so far known to have been granted. Then, with the way clear, Soviet vessels en-

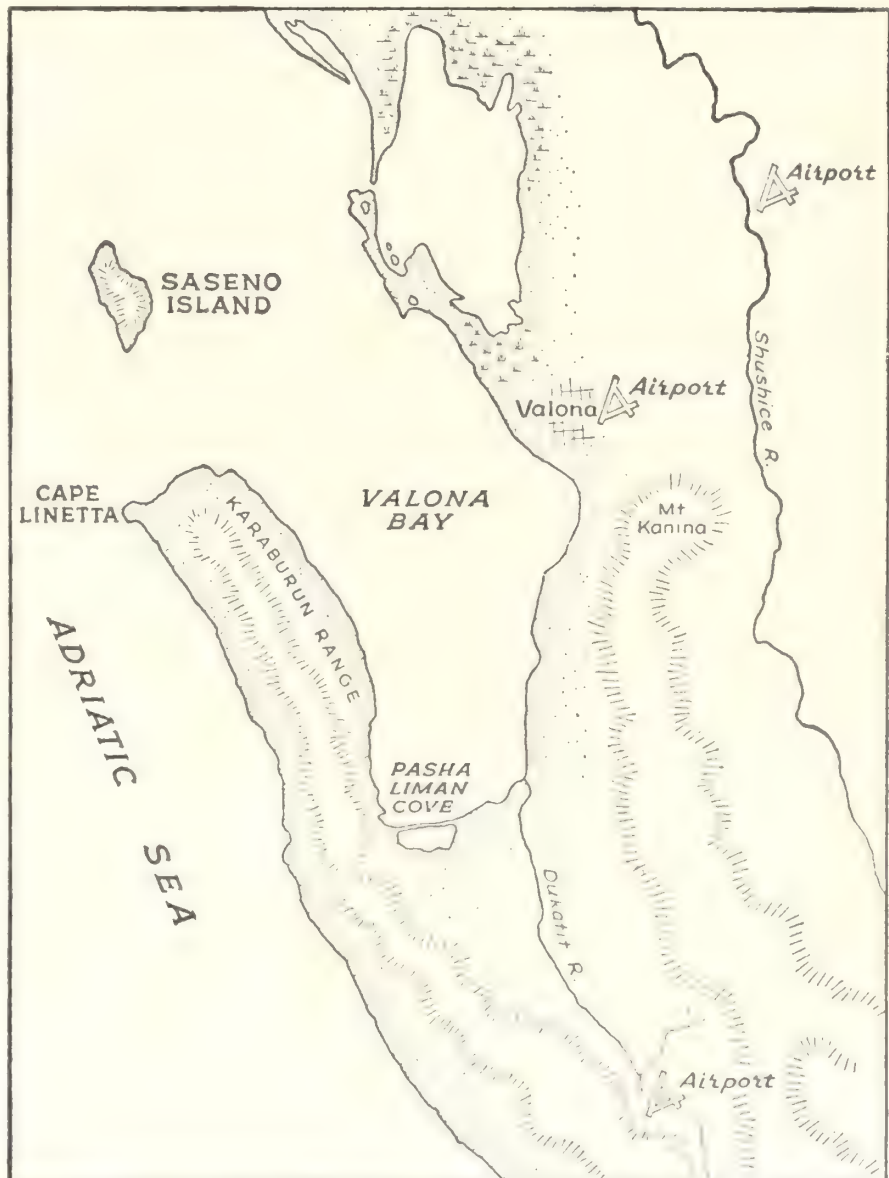
tered the port and discharged load after load of ragged men, none of whom spoke a word of Albanian. These, it subsequently appeared, were deportees from Russian-controlled countries as far north as the Baltic who had been brought to provide slave labor. They were hastily housed in improvised but heavily guarded camps outside the city.

The Valonians themselves, and the inhabitants of smaller towns within a circumference of twenty-five miles, were ordered to register for employment with a "construction project." Among those considered fit for labor were boys of twelve, girls of thirteen, and the inmates of a local home for the aged. The work, as they rapidly discovered, was hard, the hours long, the pay low, and the food poor. Many of the laborers have tried, and are still trying, to escape. Some have succeeded. The Russian overseers, although ruthless, are not entirely efficient, and the Albanians are sympathetic.

MEANWHILE the German experts visited Saseno—which they had already inspected in the heyday of the Axis—and pointed out the deficiencies of the Italian-built fortifications: the range of the torpedo-launching devices was inadequate; the batteries consisted largely of obsolete 305-mm rifles; there was no anti-aircraft protection. But the caves, caverns, galleries, and other installations hewn in the rocks were masterpieces of Italian stonework. On these the Germans based their plan to make Saseno an ultra-modern "hedgehog." Today some of the old rifles have been replaced by heavy Russian pieces of recent design; other gun emplacements have been converted into rocket-firing stations; and the slave laborers are building new rock-sheltered launching platforms inter-connected by tunnels.

The Russians are further strengthening the pre-existing

powerful natural barriers in the coastal areas on the mainland. The Karaburun Range to the southeast has been honeycombed with rocket and gun emplacements similar to those on Saseno. In the swamp area to the north, concrete "islands," undoubtedly meant to serve as heavy machine gun or light artillery emplacements, are under construction. At the "observation post" on Mount Kanina, to the south, a number of slave laborers are engaged in a mysterious project which—so refugees from Albania believe—has to do with radar. There are three airfields now in operation—one just outside Valona, another to the east in the Dukatit valley, and a third to the northwest on the Shushice River—and all are equipped with subterranean fuel stations and "aircraft shelters" built according to the



A small box in the map on page 36 shows the extent of this area and Valona's position in the Adriatic.

Russian blueprints that were first put into use at Vladivostok.

THE most crucial installation which Saseno now guards is the new Russian submarine base at the innermost section of the bag-shaped Bay of Valona. The rugged cliffs of the coast in this area are interspersed with natural coves, the largest of which, Pasha Liman Cove, could easily house a full-sized dirigible. A few hundred yards in front of the coves, the bay is crossed by a two-mile-long natural dam. Under the direction of German engineers, some of them veterans of St. Nazaire, the coves are being made into submarine pens, while a few narrow passages blasted through the dam provide convenient entries and exits from the "submarine garage." This system of multiple gateways would successfully prevent any single vessel from blocking the way, as a British destroyer did at St. Nazaire in the recent war. Even if a vessel were able to slip by Saseno and shut off one of the exits, the others would remain open for traffic.

It is fairly well established that Pasha Liman Cove already contains a large number of Russian submarines. According to persistent local rumors, many of these are of the special type known as "Walther" U-boats, which were developed by the Germans at the end of the war and which are as superior to the redoubtable schnorkels as the schnorkels were to previous types. The schnorkel, a Dutch invention improved upon by the Germans, consists of an inhalator pipe which enables the submarine to use its diesel engines while it is submerged but still not far below to the surface. When it goes deeper, it has to revert to its electric power plants. When Allied naval experts inspected the schnorkel after the collapse of the Third

Reich, they agreed that if submarines equipped with this device had been ready for action in large numbers early in 1944 they would have presented a serious threat to Allied victory.

It soon became apparent, however, that even the schnorkel was not the last word in U-boat construction. A tip-off that Germans acting on Grand Admiral Doenitz' orders had sunk submarines of an unknown type to prevent their falling into Allied hands led to a search of the bottom of the ports of Kiel and Bremen. Inspection of engine plants in Bavaria and the Harz Mountains provided additional clues. The Germans had indeed had another submarine—the Walther—against which any defense used in World War II would have been ineffective. The Walther engine, a turbo-diesel affair which uses a combination of diesel oil and oxyhydrogen as fuel, does not require an inhalator but can be kept operating at any depth for any length of time. It also gives the submarine the fantastic speed of twenty-six nautical miles an hour submerged, as opposed to the schnorkel-craft's maximum of sixteen nautical miles.

Engineer Walther, who designed both the engine and the craft, was captured by the British, and his present whereabouts are unknown. Whether or not he is now co-operating with his captors "somewhere in Britain" has never been disclosed. Another British catch, an in-law of Admiral Doenitz' who had been studying possible defense measures against the Walther, is also mysteriously "abroad." Walther's three closest collaborators and assistants, however, were not located by the British. They went into hiding immediately after the war, afraid of being prosecuted as war criminals, since they had worked to death several thousand Russian prisoners



Saseno sits astride the communication lines which supply Western Europe with oil.

of war. German naval officers who had graciously accepted postwar teaching assignments at the Leningrad Naval Academy happened to know their addresses. These officers talked to their Russian employers, and the Russians apparently decided to put preparedness ahead of abstract justice. The three Walther experts are now working in Russian naval yards on the Black Sea and in the Far East. Just how many Walther U-boats the Soviets have acquired as a result is a well kept secret, but the total number of Russian submarines in service is reliably estimated at 260, and a hundred more are under construction. Germany entered the recent war with sixty submarines in service and forty under construction.

There is sufficient space in the Valona "submarine garage" to accommodate between fifty and sixty Walther U-boats. Half that number could bring commercial shipping in the Mediterranean to a virtual standstill. The implications of this capability, in the event of war, cannot be overestimated. All the European partners of the Atlantic Pact combined do not have enough domestic oil resources to supply a single armored division. They depend upon imports from the Middle East, either shipped through Suez or through the Arabian pipelines, most of which have terminals on the Mediterranean coast. Shipments around Africa could not easily keep up with the expected demand.

Recently, British air and naval maneuvers took place near the Straits of Otranto. The obvious objective was to discover whether mining or some other defense could seal off the dangerous outlet of Red submarines to the Mediterranean. Whether or not the results obtained were considered satisfactory has not been made public.

ONLY one insurmountable obstacle stands in the way of long-range Russian plans for Valona: Marshal Tito. Russian merchantmen carrying laborers and materials arrive continually at Valona Bay. Four-engined Russian TU-2 transport planes are imitating the Berlin airlift by maintaining an air bridge between Budapest, Sofia, and Tirana, the capital of Albania. Albanian trucks carry plane-loads of equipment to Valona over an excellent Italian-built highway. But between Albania and the rest of Russian-controlled territory there is no land communi-

cation. Dissident Yugoslavia forms a giant roadblock. In a major war, Russian shipping in the Mediterranean would be as seriously curtailed as Western shipping, and even if the Tirana airlift were maintained it could not meet the new base's supply requirements for any length of time.

To strengthen Red air power in the Balkans, Russia has recently embarked on a new venture. This involves enlargement of the Sofia airbase, construction of a new field at Plovdiv to the southeast, and the establishment in Bulgaria of a large-scale program for the development of aviation and the training of pilots from the whole southeastern European zone of Russian influence. The program is officially credited to Soviet Air Marshal Astakhov. Behind him are two German fighter-plane experts—*Herren* Hahn and Graf, both of whom hold the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross for their success in shooting down Russian planes during the war. And although Soviet officers are in command at Sofia and Plovdiv, their right-hand men are from the staff of the old German *Lufthansa*.

To re-establish land communications between Albania and Soviet-controlled Black Sea ports, Russia would like to merge parts of southwestern Bulgaria, northern Greece, southern Yugoslavia, and southern Albania into a new puppet state of "Macedonia," which would then form a corridor to the Adriatic. In order to accomplish this, they must somehow remove Tito. He has gone too far down the road to heresy to return to the Soviet orbit, and no one in the Kremlin can now seriously expect him to collaborate. The Red Army could, of course, crush Yugoslavian forces in a short time, but Stalin apparently prefers to avoid war among the Communist countries. Economic sanctions against Yugoslavia have failed, and several attempts to set the stage for Tito's "accidental" death have miscarried. Stronger measures are therefore indicated, and Moscow now seems to be pinning its hopes on "Operation I."

News of this move, which has been in preparation since November 15, 1948, reached the Yugoslavian government via Bucharest. According to the reports received, some 2,400 anti-Tito refugees had been hired by Section VII of the Bucharest Cominform, the section in charge of propaganda, sabotage, and liaison. After receiving basic training at Urzeni, near



The shaded areas would be included in "Macedonia"; the darkly shaded portion, in "Greek Macedonia."

the Rumanian capital, these Yugoslavs, under the direction of a man named Brankov, the former Yugoslavian *chargé d'affaires* in Bucharest, were assigned to bases of operation in Rumania, Hungary, and Bulgaria. The sabotage and propaganda units were expected to create unrest and confusion in Yugoslavia. The liaison group (Group III), under Colonel Vlade Dapčević, a dissident Yugoslavian officer, was to try to form a coalition with outlawed remnants of the Chetniks, White Guardists, and Ustashi, in an attempt to build up a Yugoslav underground and overthrow Tito by a coup. According to the plan, the rebellion organized by Group III would start

in the Macedonian areas of Yugoslavia with the proclamation of the new puppet state. Dapčević is even said to have hinted broadly to Yugoslavian royalists living in Paris that Russia would not object to the restoration of the monarchy if the king's government would accept Soviet guidance.

Having learned of this scheme, Tito wanted to let his plotting adversaries know that he knew; and he informed them, Balkan style, through the press. Last March, *Der Standpunkt*, a postwar German language weekly put out by a group of Austrian journalists and politicians in Merano, just over the Italian border, carried the full story, datelined Belgrade. At the same time, Tito massed five armored divisions in the danger zone; and recently, in a speech at Skoplje, he told the Macedonians that they should not anticipate a future "within the framework of certain combinations of which various pseudo-Marxists talk."

THE Russians are not relying exclusively on the Bucharest project. If it falls through and they cannot get all they want at once, they are prepared to accept an "Ersatz-Macedonia" as a stop-gap. This synthetic state would be limited to a strip of Greek territory and the adjoining areas in western Bulgaria and southern Albania. There are a few minor difficulties here, too, but Moscow has thus far been able to cope with most of them. For example, when the Greek communist guerrilla leader, General Markos, first heard of the Macedonian idea, he became so furious that he forgot to mince his words. He has been "sick" ever since, and his suc-

cessor has raised no such objections. Bulgaria's late premier, Georgi Dimitrov, a victim of advanced diabetes, also submitted a protest, but his subsequent abject apologies restored him to at least political health, although Russian treatment failed to cure his physical ailment, to which he succumbed last July. Enver Hoxha, of course, had no nationalist prejudices; he accepted the Macedonian plan with alacrity.

THE Kremlin now hopes to get Western acceptance, or at least acquiescence, to the demands that will be pressed on the Greek government, once the ground is prepared. With this in mind, Andrei Gromyko, meeting American Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk and British Minister of State Hector McNeill at Lake Success, on April 26, offered his own proposal for three-power action in Greece. The Americans and British, *Pravda* reported, took an "inconsistent and contradictory line." But this did not prevent the same paper from editorializing on May 30

that "the Greek problem not only can but must be solved in accordance with the basic interests of the Greek people and with the interests of peace and international security."

The Soviet proposals included the ending of American aid to Greece and the holding of elections in which the Greek Communists would be granted all the privileges which Communist governments customarily withhold. But both these and other proposals are actually meant to be bartered against the establishment of a Communist sanctuary in northern Greece—an autonomous Red territory extending from Salonika to the Albanian border, in other words, a "Greek Macedonia" as a nucleus for "Ersatz-Macedonia." The Russians' tone is soft and conciliatory, and Soviet tacticians hope that the American taxpayer will eventually tire of supporting a Greek government he does not entirely trust against guerrillas who have been "crushed" many times but remain annoyingly active.

In the meantime, construction work at Soseno and Valona Bay is continuing full blast.

Two Famous Men Comment on Russia, I.

(1) "I think our whole cause is likely to be injured by any delay in recognizing and supporting the Bolsheviks; they are representatives of the most democratic government in Europe. Why are we in this war? Are we in it for democracy? Then, for Heaven's sake, why not recognize a democratic government? We recognized the imperial government of Russia, but when Russia secures a democratic government we have so far not recognized it. Let us recognize the truest democracy in Europe, the truest democracy in the world today."

(2) "The vital interests should render Great Britain the earnest and unyielding opponent of the Russian projects of annexation and aggrandizement. . . . Having come thus far on the way to universal empire, is it probable that this gigantic and swollen power will pause in its career? . . . With the Albanian coast . . . she is in the very center of the Adriatic. . . . It would appear that the natural frontier of Russia runs from Danzig or perhaps Stettin to Trieste. And as sure as conquest follows conquest, and annexation follows annexation, so surely would the conquest of Turkey by Russia be only the prelude for the annexation of Hungary, Prussia, Galicia, and the ultimate realization of the Slavonic Empire. The arrest of the Russian scheme of annexation is a matter of the highest moment. In this instance the interests of . . . democracy and of England go hand in hand."

Dinner at the Beeders'

A Story by Joyce Cary

ONE morning I had a letter dated from Capel Mansions. On a good solid paper without deckle edges or rough grain; a lordly paper.

Dear Mr. Gulley Jimson,

I am staying here for a few days with my friends Sir William and Lady Beeder, who are both distinguished lovers of art and great admirers of your work, which they have seen at Mr. Hickson's.

I don't know if you have a picture available at the moment, but I feel that Sir William would very much like to see some of your latest work. He is, I may say, rather more advanced in taste than Mr. Hickson, and possesses examples of all the modern schools, including some symbolist work in which I believe your murals were pioneers. Sir William is a wealthy man and a generous patron of all the arts.

Perhaps you would let me know if you have any recent work to show and we could then arrange a suitable date and place for a private exhibition.

Yours most sincerely,

A. W. ALABASTER

And he enclosed four penny stamps.

I WANTED to think. I saw that this was a turning point in my life. Or probably not. A thousand pounds, I thought, or let's say fifty pounds; it would set me up for life. I could get a new studio, a good one with a roof as well as a wall. Even twenty pounds would give me a fresh start. Of course, I thought, it's not a likely tale. I haven't sold a picture for fifteen years, and

my last big commission was from that old woman in Ancombe, who was more or less mad. Or she wouldn't have given me the job. As for Professor Alabaster, he may be straight in places, but that's all to the bad. You know where you are with a complete liar, but when a chap mixes some truth with his yarns, you can't trust a word he says. All the same, I thought, even ten pounds; I'd be painting again.

So I made up my own mind and cleaned the top of my boots with a newspaper and went to call at Capel Mansions. Fine large new buildings in the play brick design. Fine large old porter in the Victoria R. I. style. Everything right. He pushed me down the steps without any hesitation. Quite right. And it took me some time to persuade him that I had been asked to call. Then he phoned the flat. The Professor himself came down to receive me and to apologize. Quite right, too. So did the porter when he heard I was a distinguished artist.

"Don't mention it," I said. "You did the right thing. I'll tell Sir William that he can have every confidence in you. After all, if a man can't get his money's worth in fidelity, what would the world be coming to. What is your pub?" "Well sir, I sometimes go to the Red Lion, just round the next corner." "I'll come and have something with you." "I don't get off till twelve." "I'll wait. That's a bargain."

The Professor was nervous and I thought probably he had lost a number of buttons off his trousers. He looked as if he could no

longer rely on them. On the other hand, he was cleaner than ever and had more oil on his hair. "You wrote to me just in time," I said. "I have just completed the finest thing I ever did. It only wants a touch. An important work. Nine by twelve. Of course, a lot of people are after it, and the Chantry trustees would jump at it for the nation. But what I always say is that private patrons, really generous and beneficent men like Sir William, ought to be encouraged. Especially if they are millionaires. Artists owe a debt to millionaires that can never be repaid, except in cash. For, of course, Sir William will get it all back as soon as I croak, even before." "What is the subject of the picture? Oh, of course I oughtn't to ask that. But I want the general nature of the work." "Meat," I said, knowing that the Professor wouldn't like the idea of *The Fall*. "Human meat, in appropriate attitudes with surrounding vegetables. A thousand is the price—guineas—that's unframed. But I could supply a fine carved frame for another hundred. That, of course, would also be guineas, or say a hundred and ten pounds with a guarantee of genuineness."

"It isn't the picture called *The Fall*?" said the Professor.

"Certainly not."

"What Sir William wants, I think, is one of those magnificent nudes."

"I'm talking about nudes."

"But ah, if I'm right, this picture you speak of is one of the more recent works—more in the style of Gauguin."

"Gauguin, who is Gauguin? You don't mean that French painter who did dead dolls with green eyes in a tin landscape. I couldn't paint in his style unless I became a Plymouth brother with the itch, and practiced on public-house signs for fifteen years. Hello, how much higher are we going?"

"Beeder lives in the attics. The best flats are at the top, for the view."

BUT I wasn't quite reassured until I saw the flat. Luckily the Beeders were out to tea and I was able to look round. A real hall, a big studio with gallery, a little dining room off the studio, two bedrooms, and chromium bathroom. Usual Persian rugs and antiques, vases, marbles, African gods, American mobiles, Tanagra, and rock-crystal

ash-trays. Old portraits in the dining room, modern oils in the studio, drawings in the bedroom, watercolors in the hall. Usual modern collection. Wilson Steer, water in watercolor; Matthew Smith, victim of the crime in slaughtercolor; Utrillo, whitewashed wall in mortarcolor; Matisse, odalisque in scortacolor; Picasso, spatchcock horse in tortacolor; Gilbert Spencer, cocks and pigs in thoughtacolor; Stanley Spencer, cottage garden in hortacolor; Braque, half a bottle of half-and-half in portercolor; William Roberts, pipe dream in snortercolor; Wadsworth, rockses, blockses, and fishy boxes all done by self in nautacolor; Duncan Grant, landscape in strawtacolor; Frances Hodgkin, cows and wows and frows and sows in chortacolor; Rouault, perishing Saint in forthacolor; Epstein, Leah waiting for Jacob in squawtacolor. All the most high-toned and expensive.

"I can see your friends are rich people," I said, "that is, really nice and charming. I like them very much already." And I had a look round the bedrooms. Silk underdrawers in Sir William's wardrobe. And nothing but silk. Piles of fine white handkerchiefs. "I suppose he is the sort of man who has a clean handkerchief every day," I said. "He dresses very simply," said the Professor, who was hovering over me like a guardian angel in case any small savage article might rush into my pockets and bite me in the dark. "Perhaps we'd better go now," he said. "Where?" I said. "To see the picture." "Oh no," I said, "There's plenty of time. And besides, I want to meet Sir William." "Oh, I'm afraid he won't be back for a long time." "When do you expect him back?" "Not till dinner-time at least." "That will suit me perfectly. I haven't got an engagement to dinner." "Oh, but it's quite likely he won't be back till much later." "How much later?" "Midnight." "It's a nuisance, as I had a kind of understanding with the Archbishop of Canterbury to be in about dinner-time if he called. But Sir William comes first. I never disappoint a millionaire if I can help it. Not if I have to sleep on the sofa."

The Professor looked as if not only his trousers but his pants were coming down. I led him back to the studio, made him sit down, I offered him one of Sir William's cigarettes. "All this," I said, "gives me a lot of confidence in the Beeders. Living in a

studio and buying pictures. I suppose they love artists." "They are very interested in art." "I said artists. Clean ones, of course." "They do entertain artists." "More than once?" "Lady Beeder is herself an artist." "That's not so good." "She is not at all bad. She is an amateur, of course." And both of us paused for reflection.

"Of course," I said, "with all this money."

"But some of her watercolors are quite excellent, in the traditional style."

"Of course, with all this money. The best advice. The best of everything, in fact."

The Professor made an appeal with his eyes. "The Beeders are two of my oldest friends. Especially Flora, that is, Lady Beeder."

"So they ought to be," I said. "With all that money. You stick to them, old man. Clasp them to your soul with bands of steel—say steal. But I suppose they find you useful too. The lady asks your advice about her painting."

"She is really very keen."

"Look here, Professor," I said. "What we want to do is to get up a *Life and Works of Lady Flora Beeder* and sell her the first refusal for five hundred pounds down. That's two-fifty each."

"Not Lady Flora Beeder. Lady Beeder."

"That's all right. You can put in the stops. I'll do the works. But cash on the nail."

"Are you serious?" The Professor was surprised.

"Of course I'm serious. It's a question of cash. And look at my boots."

"But, Mr. Jimson, it would be quite impossible to bring out a *Life and Works of Lady Beeder*. No publisher, no reputable publisher, would touch it."

"Then we'll get one of the other kind. Come on, Professor. You've no imagination. Business is business. I'm in this with you. What about the *Life and Works of Gulley Jimson*?"

"Do you compare yourself with Lady Beeder? Gifted, as she is, she is hardly—"

"Nobody would know the difference. Not if it was done properly. Of course we want the best paper, and a lot of colored reproductions, and gilt edges and an introduction by the President of Something, or a Professor of the Fine Arts. But expense is no object. She's got the beans. Damn it, Professor,

for five hundred down and expenses we'll put her on the Roll of Fame. We'll roll her on the floors of eternity for a year or two. Of course, when people try to hang their hats and umbrellas on a Beeder, they may find a sort of an absence. But by that time it will be too late. She'll be in all the public galleries, and the only thing the directors can do is to put her in the sun, over a ventilator, where the rain comes through the bricks, or store her with the Turners in the Tate basement until the Thames comes up again and gives her a wash of dead dog and sludge. She'll still be in the best company."

"My dear Mr. Jimson, it can't be done."

"I see, it isn't cricketism. Well then, why not give an exhibition for her, and let her buy in about half and stick red tabs on them—and put some paragraphs in the paper about the finest type of English traditional art, solid achievement rather than flashy cleverness, a reverent approach to Nature—and so on? If that isn't cricketism what is?"

BUT the Professor thought I was joking. No imagination, nothing of the artist. And the thought struck me perhaps after all he was an honest cricket. A straight bat. The noblest work of Gog.

"I thought you and I were going into business together," said I, "to coin me cash."

"Is it possible," said the Professor, "to serve Mammon and Art at the same time?"

"It is," I said, "or there wouldn't be any art. Through cash to culture. That's the usual road. What's the difference between little Bob who likes pictures to chuck stones at and Nosy Barbon who would walk ten miles to meet a bad painter?—about two hundred pounds in school fees, paid by the state monthly with war bonus. The history of civilization is written in a ledger. Who are the most enlightened people in the world?—the rich. What is the most Christian nation?—the one with most of the money."

The Professor was shocked. "You are joking, Mr. Jimson. You would not like me to put such things in your biography, as considered statements."

"I hope you will," I said. "If you don't, I'll do it myself. The best of everything for everybody is what I want and it costs millions. Hell is paved with good intentions, but heaven goes in for something more dependa-

ble. Solid gold. With walls of jasper, etc. We got to build Jerusalem, and that needs a lot of finance. Pure hearts are more than coronets. I should think so. It takes about a thousand years of good education to turn them out and even then the process is not yet foolproof. We haven't got the money for the necessary research, let alone repairs to the laboratory. And the most expensive thing in the world is a work of genius."

"Most of the French impressionists were poor men, poorly rewarded. And of the expressionist school, many were almost starving."

"All the French impressionists lived in a country where the government paid millions a year for training artists and buying pictures. True, when it got any real artists, it spat on them and starved two or three of them to death. But you can't expect a government to know what original art is. The nature of Bats is to comprehend Balls, and nothing else. But what a government can do is to encourage art schools and bad artists, and when you get a lot of art schools and bad artists, you get a lot of people trying to steal an idea from somebody else and the people they steal from are the original artists. So you get an encouraging atmosphere for original art."

"I'm afraid the post-impressionist school was received with contempt and derision, even in France."

"I didn't say the original artists got encouragement in their own lifetime—that's impossible. What I said was you got an encouraging atmosphere for original art, after the artists are dead. When Van Gogh was painting his masterpieces, the clever ones were beginning to admire Manet—that was very encouraging to Van Gogh, and if it wasn't what did he care? And when Van Gogh was dead and rotten, and his pictures were being bought at thousands apiece for public galleries so that students could get ideas from them, Matisse and Picasso and Braque were bad jokes, but how encouraging for them to hear Van Gogh, who was nearly as mad as they were, appreciated in all the best drawing rooms. That's what I say (I said) if a government wants original art, great art, it only has to pay a lot of crickets and professors and broken-down screevers to talk Balls about art to a lot of innocent children, and teach them

how to draw and paint so badly that their own mothers are ashamed of them—and beg them to go in for something more respectable like selling gold bricks or white slaves. Because they won't leave off. And half of them become like Herod, devoured by worms, and the other half like Job, so rotten in their limbs that they can't find rest anywhere. And the first half go prowling round looking for something to stop up their bellies, and the second half go creeping about on all fours looking for somewhere to rest their miserable carcasses. And so they gather at last in the graveyard and dig up some poor pauper with their teeth and claws and say, 'Lo, he was a genius, staved to death by the government.' And so he may have been. Or perhaps not. Everybody makes mistakes. Even a generation devoured by worms at government expense. But unless you spend millions you don't even get mistakes—you have nothing at all. Just a lot of social economics lying about like army disposal after the war before last or the war after next."

JUST then the Beeders came in, Sir William and Lady. Big man with a bald head and monkey fur on the back of his hands. Voice like a Liverpool dray on a rumbling bridge. Charming manners. Little bow. Beaming smile. Lady tall, slender, Spanish eyes, brown skin, thin nose. Greco hands. Collector's piece. I must have those hands, I thought, arms probably too skinny but the head and torso are one piece. I should need them together.

Lady Beeder was even more charming than her husband. "I'm so delighted, Mr. Gulley Jimson—I know you hardly ever pay visits. I did not dare to ask you—but I hoped," and she asked me to tea. People like that can afford it. Nothing to them to send their cushions to the cleaners.

What I like about the rich is the freedom and the friendliness. Christian atmosphere. Liberty hall. Everything shared because there is too much. All forgiveness because it's no trouble. Drop their Dresden cups on the fireplace and they smile. They are anxious only that you should not be embarrassed, and spoil the party. That's their aim. Comfort and joy. Peace on earth. Good will all round. When I first met Hickson, I could have kissed his beautiful boots. I loved them for

themselves, works of art, and he was so full of good will that it came off him like the smell of his soap, linen, hair cream, tooth wash, shaving lotion, eyewash, and digestive mixture. Like the glow of a firefly. Calling for something. Until he got burnt up, poor chap. A flash in the dark. For of course the rich do find it hard to get through the needle's eye, out of heaven. And to spend all your life in paradise is a bit flat. Millionaires deserve not only our love but our pity. It is a Christian act to be nice to them.

When Lady Beeder asked me if my tea was all right, I said, "Yes, your ladyship. Everything is all right. I am enjoying myself so much that you will have to throw me downstairs to get rid of me. I think you and Sir William are two of the nicest people I've ever met. You have lovely manners and lovely things, a lovely home, and very good tea. I suppose this tea costs four and sixpence a pound; it is worth it. Genius is priceless."

The Professor kept coughing and making faces at me, but I wasn't afraid of embarrassing nice people. I knew they would be used to unfortunate remarks. Rich people are like royalty. They can't afford to be touchy. *Richesse oblige*. And, in fact, they kept on putting me at my ease; and paying me compliments all the time. And when I told them how I had been turned out of my studio by the Cokers they said they hoped that I would come and stay over the weekend, to keep the Professor company while they were away.

"I'm sorry we can't offer you a bed beyond Monday, but we have only two bedrooms."

"I could sleep on the sofa," I said.

"Oh, Mr. Jimson, but we couldn't allow you to be so uncomfortable."

"Then why shouldn't Sir William sleep with the Professor and I'll sleep with her ladyship. You can count me as a lady—at sixty-seven."

ALABASTER turned green and coughed as if he was going into consumption. But I knew I couldn't shock cultured people like the Beeders. They get past being shocked before they are out of school, just as they get over religion and other unexpected feelings.

"A very good idea," said Sir William laughing. "I am greatly complimented," said the

lady, "but I'm afraid I should keep you awake. I'm such a bad sleeper."

"Perhaps," said Sir William getting up, "Mr. Jimson would like to see some of your work, my dear."

"Oh no, Bill, please."

"But Flora, that last thing of yours was really remarkable—I'm not suggesting that it was up to professional standards. But as a quick impression—"

"Oh no," said her ladyship, "Mr. Jimson would laugh at my poor efforts."

But, of course, they both wanted me to see her work and say that it was wonderful. And why not. They were so kind, so good.

"Why," I said, "amateurs do much the most interesting work."

The Professor began to hop about like a dry pea on the stove. He coughed and made faces at me, meaning "Be careful, be tactful, remember these people are used to luxury of all kinds."

But I laughed and said, "Don't you worry, Professor, I'm not pulling her ladyship's leg. I wouldn't do such a thing. I have too much respect for that charming limb."

Sir William got out an easel and a big portfolio, in red morocco with a monogram in gold. And he took out a big double mount, of the best Bristol board, cut by a real expert, with a dear little picture in the middle. Sky with clouds, grass with trees, water with reflection, cows with horns, cottage with smoke, and passing laborer with fork, blue shirt, old hat.

"Lovely," I said, puffing my cigar. "Only wants a title—what will you call it? Supper Time? You can see that chap is hungry."

"I think the sky is not too bad," said she. "I just laid it down and left it."

"That's the way," I said. "Keep it fresh. Get the best colors and let 'em do the rest. Charming."

"I'm so glad you like it," said she. And she was so nice that I thought I should tell her something. "Of course," I said, "the sky is just a leetle bit chancy, looks a bit accidental, like when the cat spills its breakfast."

"I think I see," said her ladyship, and Sir William said, "Of course, Mr. Jimson, you do get skies like that in Dorset. It's really a typical Dorset sky."

I saw the Professor winking at me so hard that his face was like a concertina with a

hole in it. But I didn't care. For I knew that I could say what I liked to real amateurs and they wouldn't care a damn. They'd only think, "These artists are a lot of jealous stick-in-the-muds. They can't admire any art but their own. Which is simply dry made-up stuff without any truth or real feeling for Nature."

"Yes," I said, "that is a typical sky. Just an accident. That's what I mean. What you've got there is just a bit of nothing at all—nicely splashed on to the best Whatman with an expensive camelhair——"

"I think I see what you mean," said her ladyship. "Yes, I do see—it's most interesting."

And she said something to Sir William with her left eyelash, which caused him to shut his mouth and remove the picture so suddenly that it was like the movies. And to pop on the next. A nice little thing of clouds with sky, willows with grass, river with wet water, barge with mast and two ropes, horse with tail, man with back.

"Now that's lovely," I said. "Perfect. After de Windt. Look at the wiggle of the mast in the water. What technique."

"My wife has made a special study of water-color technique," said Sir William. "A very difficult medium."

"Terrible," I said. "But her ladyship has mastered it. She's only got to forget it."

"I think I see what Mr. Jimson means," says she. "Yes, cleverness is a danger——"

And she looked at me so sweetly that I could have hugged her. A perfect lady. Full of forbearance toward this nasty dirty old man with his ignorant prejudices.

"That's it," I said. "It's the jaws of death. Look at me. One of the cleverest painters who ever lived. Nobody ever had anything like my dexterity, except Rubens on a good day. I could show you an eye—a woman's eye, from my brush—that beats anything I've ever seen by Rubens. A little miracle of brushwork. And if I hadn't been lucky I might have spent the rest of my life doing conjuring tricks to please the millionaires, and the professors. But I escaped. God knows how. I fell off the tram. I lost my ticket and my virtue. Why, your ladyship, a lot of my recent stuff is not much better, technically, than any young lady can do after six lessons at a good school. Heavy-handed, stupid-looking daubery. Only difference is that it's

about something—it's an experience, and all this amateur stuff is like blowing Annie Laurie through a keyhole. It may be clever but is it worth the trouble? What I say is, why not do some real work, your ladyship. Use your loaf, I mean your brain. Do some thinking. Sit down and ask yourself what's it all about."

AND both of them, looking at me with such Christian benevolence that I felt ready to tell them almost the truth, went off together.

"But Mr. Jimson, don't you think—of course, I'm not a professional, that the intellectual approach to art is the great danger?"

"Destructive of true artistic feeling," Sir William rumbled. "Don't you think, Mr. Jimson, that the greatness of the French impressionists like Manet and Monet was perhaps founded on their rejection of the classical rules?"

"Oh Lord," I said. "Listen to them. Oh God, these poor dears—and didn't Manet and Monet talk about their theories of art until the sky rained pink tears and the grass turned purple—didn't Pissarro chop the trees into little bits of glass. And Seurat put his poor old mother through the sausage machine and roll her into linoleum. What do you think Cézanne was playing at, naughts and crosses, like a Royal Academy portrait merchant, fourteen noble pans in exchange for a K.B.E.? Jee-sus," I said; for they were so nice and polite, the lambs, that they didn't care a damn what I said. It passed right over them like the brass of a Salvation band hitting the dome of St. Paul's. They were so rich and Christian that they forgave everybody before he spoke and everything before it happened, so long as it didn't happen to them. "Jee-minny Christy," I said. "What you think I been doing all my life—playing tiddly winks with little Willie's first color-box? Why, friends," I appealed to their better halves, "what do you see before you, a lunatic with lice in his shirt and bats in his clock (this was for her ladyship on the maternal side), a poodle-faking crook that's spent fifty years getting nothing for nothing and a kick up below for interest on the investment (this was for Sir William on the side of business common sense), or somebody that knows something about his job?"

Her ladyship and Sir William both smiled and laid their hands on my arm.

"Dear Mr. Jimson," said she, "don't think I don't agree with every word. I can't say how grateful I am—"

"A great privilege," Sir William rumbled, "and believe me, we know how to appreciate it. Yes, most valuable and illuminating."

"But dear me," said her ladyship, "it's nearly half-past eight."

"Good God," I said, "I haven't got in the way of your dinner?"

"Not at all," said Sir William. "We dine at any time."

"Perhaps Mr. Jimson will stay to dinner," said she.

And I stayed to dinner. I knew it would be good. The rich, God bless them, are supporters of all the arts, bootmaking, dressmaking, cookery, bridge, passing the time of day. We had seven courses and six bottles. But Sir William, poor chap, was a teetotaller and his wife drank only hock for the figure. A half bottle for half a figure. So the Professor and I shared the rest. He had a glass of claret and a suck of port; I had wine.

AND after the fish, I began to swim. My eyes were opened and I saw the light. The candles kept growing into silver porches, and the flowers walked under them like green girls with chorus hats. Their flames looked at me like the eyes of tigers just waking from sleep. Lying on their sides and opening one eye at a time. Tiger, tiger, burning bright. A ravening brute with a breath like a rotten corpse and septic claws. This beauty grows with cruelty.

"You've got a nice wall there, Sir William," I said. "I should like to paint tigers on it. With orchids. Flycatchers and flesh-eaters. Flowers of evil. Millionaire eats a poor baby for breakfast and contemplates the beauties of creation. Art lives on babies. It would cost millions to save a few thousand babies a year. Got to teach the mothers first. Then the grandmothers. Then the grand-professors. How much will you give me for the tigers? A hundred guineas. All right, I start tomorrow. Through roast grouse to spiritual joy. Joy is goodness. Do you believe in Spinoza, Sir William? To accept all the works of creation with humble delight?"

Sir William began to move his mouth,

which made him look so like a sheep chewing gum that I burst out laughing.

I could see old Spinoza with round spectacles and a white apron polishing a lens and looking at my tigers. On a ground of tall brown tree trunks as close together as a chestnut fence—a few tufts of green at the top. No sky. No blue, no vision. Orchids sticking out of the ground with thick stamens like pillars modeled in raw meat. Beauty, majesty, and glory.

"I think she's got the toast better tonight, Bill," said her ladyship in a little mild soft voice. "It's not right, of course, but it's edible."

"Much better," said Sir William. He took a piece of toast and reflected deeply. "Yes, distinctly better."

The green girls began to dance under the silver porches and shake their silver hips. A lot of impudent hussies. And I swallowed down two glasses of nice burgundy.

Oh land of Beulah

Where every female delights to give her maiden to her husband

The female searches land and sea for gratification to the

Male genius, who in return clothes her in gems and gold

And feeds her with the food of Eden; hence all her beauty beams.

"Won't you have some more wine, Mr. Jimson?"

And I saw a face close to mine more beautiful than true. What eyes. Gray like a night sky full of moonlight and penciled all about with radiating strokes of blue-gray like the shading of petals. Darkening to the outer edges of the iris as if the color had run there and set. A white as bright as a cloud; lashes, two pen strokes of new bronze, as dark as sunrise before a single ray reaches the ground. And what a nose, what lips. Eve. Fearful symmetry.

A voice so sweet that I could not hear the words began to speak. Too full of woman. Too enchanting. I sat with my mouth open, grinning like Circe's pig. Her eyebrows were not plucked. Only brushed and oiled. Feathers of an angel's wing.

"Have you any family, your ladyship, I mean kids?" "No, I'm afraid not." "Of course not."

For children were not born in Beulah.

"You think I haven't done my duty."

"Yes, of course, your duty is to be rich and happy." "But we're not really rich, you know." Looking at me as if to say, Friend, I give you my confidence. Beautifully done. "My husband suffered terribly in the slump." "Poor chap." "Yes, terrible." "And yet I suppose it did some good. It made people think about the poor." "Round and about." "I don't think any government will allow all the unemployment again." With a serious look full of sympathy and political wisdom. Burnt sugar on the caramel pudding. "The slump," said Sir William, "certainly did much to push forward social legislation."

"Like the Great War," said the Professor.

"Oh, don't speak of that terrible time," said her ladyship. "I was only a child, but I still remember the Zeppelins."

"Yes, the war was perhaps not an unmixed evil," said Sir William. "It gave us the League. It taught us to be prepared."

They made me laugh so I choked and nearly lost half a glass-full. It was all so rich. Sir William patted me on the back. "I should like to do some sunflowers among the tigers," I said, "turning toward the tigers' eyes." "Yes, yes," said Sir William. He thought I was drunk. "A hundred guineas," I said, "that's the bargain." "Good out of evil," said her ladyship, in a thoughtful mood. Italian school. Touch of Giorgione. "How true that is."

"Yes," I said, "like winkles out of the shell. We give you the pin, and the winkle likes it."

"Oh, but Mr. Jimson, speaking seriously, don't you think—in a deeper sense?" And she turned her lovely eyes on me. Spanish school. Religious touch. Spot of Greco.

"You're quite right, Ma'am," I said. "An expert can do a nice job, even in the worst case. A girl of thirteen in our village, a deaf mute, had a kid, drowned it, and swallowed about a pint of spirits of salt. But they cured her and shut her up. She was a bit off, of course, and rather violent."

"But do you think mad people really suffer?" With a note like a dove that has laid a double egg. Oh, the darling, I thought. Oh daughter of Beulah.

She creates at her will a little moony
night and silence
With spaces of sweet gardens and a tent of
elegant beauty

Closed in by a sandy desert and a night of
stars shining,
And a little tender moon and hovering
angels on the wing.

"Do try some more of the sweet, Mr. Jimson." Sweet, sweet, I can cut up a sweet with anybody. "And some more burnt sugar." Wonderful land of Beulah. "You're quite right, your ladyship. The doctors had a wonderful chance with that little girl. Good out of evil."

"That's another advance we owe to the Great War," said Sir William. "Medicine. Especially in mental cases, and plastic surgery."

"Yes, a time of progress. That kid's mother had been a bit slow, too, and a bit deaf, and she married a chap who was a bit slower and a bit tubercular. Well, no one else would take her. And they had fourteen children who were all rather more than a bit slow or deaf or crippled or all three, a regular museum. It was a miracle that they grew up at all. Scientific miracle. It's a marvel the babies that doctors manage to save nowadays."

"A terrible story. But science is advancing all the time, isn't it."

"Yes, of course, and it will get on quicker still when we have more idiots in the population."

"Don't you believe in science, Mr. Jimson?"

I BEGAN to laugh. "This place is called Beulah. It is a pleasant lovely shadow, where no dispute can come because of those who sleep."

"I'm afraid you are a cynic, Mr. Jimson."

"No, but I'm not a millionaire. Don't you ever stop being a millionaire, your ladyship. It would spoil your art."

"But we are poor. Really quite poor. Or we wouldn't live in a flat like this, would we, William? With only one bathroom."

"Talking of bathrooms, I have something to ask your ladyship. I should like to paint you." "Not in my bath." "No, in the nude." "But I am fearfully thin, Mr. Jimson." "I want the bony structure to go with the face." "I'm afraid my husband wouldn't approve." "He needn't look."

"Goya," said the Professor, "painted the Duchess of Alva in the nude and also clothed."

"I know the pictures," said Sir William. "Wonderful work—what brio—"

"Wonderful," I said. "The girl has no neck in the nude and no hips in her chemmy. Yet there they are, distinctly something."

"Don't you like Goya, Mr. Jimson?"

"A great man who painted some great stuff—too big for a dinner party. The Queen's nose in the court picture is alone a very serious matter."

"A lyric artist," said the Professor.

"On the brass."

But Goya was making too much noise. The Queen's nose in the court picture began to trumpet at me and the walls of Beulah trembled.

"Don't talk about him," I said. "Let me look at your missus and give me some more port. When shall I paint you, Ma'am, I'm free tomorrow afternoon."

"I'm afraid I have an engagement."

"No, not one you can't put off. And this is a great chance, you understand. Wouldn't you like to be immortal, like Goya's Duchess?"

"Have some more port, Mr. Jimson," said Sir William.

"With pleasure." But I couldn't help laughing. For I could see he was put out. He was pipped. And he was only a dream in Beulah.

"We must think of your wonderful offer," said her ladyship.

"Yes," said Sir William, warming his brandy glass, and his voice was warm again, his voice sleepy. "It is an honor."

And every moment has a couch of gold for soft repose

And between every two minutes stands a daughter of Beulah

To feed the sleepers on their couches with maternal care.

And every minute has an azure tent with silken veils—

I did not feel sleepy. Far from it. Dreams were moving in front of my eyes like festivals of Eden. Land of the rich where the tree of knowledge of good and evil is surrounded with golden rabbit wire.

"Yes," I said. "I shall paint you in Beulah, Ma'am, and your loom and your tent, it will only cost you a hundred guineas; and fifty for the Professor—cheap for immortality."

When I left for home after dinner, some time after, the Professor was holding one arm and Sir William the other.

But I could not tell whether they were throwing me downstairs or protecting an honored guest from a dangerous fall.

Transient

LLOYD FRANKENBERG

HE BEDS down
from vespers
till newspapers
come home to roost
in a brown round
metal tube
on the end of a stilt
as if it were built
for him.

He might prefer
The roomier
shiny bright
aluminum one next
door
but he can't get in
to the magazines,
electric bills,
cleaner ads

and billets doux.
The lid's on tight.
So he holes up here,
weeds at his feet,
a flashlight view
of the night at his head
till the sun shines

in the telephone lines,
spokes of dew,
wheel of an uphill
bicycle
bringing the news
and out he goes
nest and all
like an overnight guest
at the Mills Hotel.

The Fire Apes

Loren C. Eiseley

I WAS the only man in the world who saw him do it. Everybody else was hurrying. Everybody else around that hospital was busy, or flat on his back and beyond seeing. I had a smashed ankle and was using a crutch, so I couldn't hurry. That was the only reason I was on the grounds and allowed to sit on a bench. If it hadn't been for that I would have missed it. I saw what it meant, too. I had the perspective, you see, and the time to think about it. In the end I hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry, but it was a frightening experience, perhaps not so much frightening as weird because I suddenly and preternaturally saw very close to the end—the end of all of us—and it happened because of that squirrel.

The bird-feeding station stood on the lawn before my bench. Whoever had erected it was a bird-lover, not a squirrel enthusiast, that much was certain. It was on top of a section of thin pipe stuck upright in the ground, and over the end of the pipe half of a bread can had been inverted. The thin, smooth pipe and the bread can were to keep squirrels from the little wooden platform and roof where the birds congregated to feed. The feeding platform was attached just above the tin shield that protected it from the squirrels. I could see that considerable thought had gone into the production of this apparatus and that it was carefully placed so that no squirrel could spring across from a nearby tree.

In the space of the morning I watched five squirrels lope easily across the lawn and try

their wits on the puzzle. It was clear that they knew the bread was there—the problem was to reach it. Five squirrels in succession clawed their way up the thin pipe only to discover they were foiled by the tin umbrella around which they could not pass. Each squirrel in turn slid slowly and protestingly back to earth, flinched at my distant chuckle, and went away with a careful appearance of total disinterest that preserved his dignity.

There was a sixth squirrel that came after a time, but I was bored by then, and only half watching. God knows how many things a man misses by becoming smug and assuming that matters will take their natural course. I almost drowsed enough to miss it, and if I had, I might have gone away from there still believing in the fixity of species, or the inviolability of the human plane of existence. I might even have died believing some crass anthropocentric dogma about the uniqueness of the human brain.

As it was, I had just one sleepy eye half open, and it was through that that I saw the end of humanity. It was really a very little episode, and if it hadn't been for the squirrel I wouldn't have seen it at all. The thing was: he stopped to think. He stopped right there at the bottom of the pole and looked up and I knew he was thinking. Then he went up.

HE WENT up with a bound that swayed the thin pipe slightly and teetered the loose shield. In practically the next second he had caught the tilted rim of the

Professor Eiseley, head of the department of anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, is an assiduous bone-hunter who has written often for Harper's about Early Man.

shield with an outstretched paw, flicked his body on to and over it, and was sitting on the platform where only birds were supposed to be. He dined well there and daintily, and went away in due time in the neat quick fashion by which he had arrived. I clucked at him and he stopped a moment in his leisurely sweep over the grass, holding up one paw and looking at me with the small shrewd glance of the wood people. There are times now when I think it was a momentous meeting and that for just a second in that sunlit glade, the present and the future measured each other, half conscious in some strange way of their destinies. Then he was loping away with the autumn sunlight flickering on his fur, to a tree where I could not follow him. I turned away and limped back to the shadow of my bench.

"He's a smart squirrel, all right," I tried to reassure myself. "He's a super-smart squirrel, but just the same he's only a squirrel. Besides, there are monkeys that can solve better problems than that. A nice bit of natural history, an insight into a one-ounce brain at its best, but what's the significance of—"

It was just then I got it. The chill that had been slowly crawling up my back as I faced that squirrel. You have to remember what I said about perspective. I have been steeped in geological eras; my mind is filled with the osseous debris of a hundred graveyards. Up till now I had dealt with the past. I was one of the planet's undisputed masters. But that squirrel had busy fingers. He was loping away from me into the future.

The chill came with the pictures, and those pictures rose dim and vast, as though evoked from my subconscious memory by that small uplifted paw. They were not pleasant pictures. They had to do with times far off and alien. There was one, I remember, of gasping amphibian heads on the shores of marshes, with all about them the birdless silence of a land into which no vertebrate life had ever penetrated because it could not leave the water. There was another in which great brainless monsters bellowed in the steaming hollows of a fern forest, while tiny wraith-like mammals eyed them from the underbrush. There was a vast lonely stretch of air, through which occasionally skittered the ill-aimed flight of lizard-like birds. And finally there was a small gibbon-like primate teetering

along through a great open parkland, upright on his two hind feet. Once he turned, and I seemed to see something familiar about him, but he passed into the shade.

There were more pictures, but always they seemed to depict great empty corridors, corridors in the sense of a planet's spaces, first empty and then filled with life. Always along those corridors as they filled, were eager watchers, watching from the leaves, watching from the grasses, watching from the woods' edge. Sometimes the watchers ventured out a little way and retreated. Sometimes they emerged and strange changes overtook the corridor.

It was somewhere there at the last on the edge of a dying city that I thought I recognized my squirrel. He was farther out of the woods now, bolder, and a bit more insolent, but he was still a squirrel. The city was dying, that was plain, but the cause was undiscernible. I saw with a slight shock that nothing seemed very important about it. It was dying slowly, in the length of centuries, and all about it the little eyes under the leaves were closing in. It was then that I understood, finally, and no longer felt particularly glad or sorry. The city was forfeit to those little shining brains at the woods' edge. I knew how long they had waited. And we, too, had been at the woods' edge in our time. We could afford to go now. Our vast intellectual corridor might stretch empty for a million years. It did not matter. My squirrel would attend to it. And if not he, then the wood rats. They were all there waiting under the leaves.

II

I SUPPOSE everyone keeps by his night light some collection of tales by which he may frighten himself back to sleep in moments of insomnia. I know that I do. And if you are like me, you have, on occasional midnights, disputed lordship of the planet with intellectual octopi, or seen mankind pushed horribly aside by giant termites. These notions may be sinister at midnight, but the truths of daylight are simpler and more terrible: mankind may perish without assistance from any of these.

The human brain was a beautiful and terrible invention. It is unique. And because it is unique there are many who believe that

its achievements will never be possible of duplication in nature, that, in the words of one naturalist, "progress hangs on but a single thread. That thread is the human germ plasm." A French scholar murmurs a little uneasily "man alone in the universe is not finished." Julian Huxley defends the uniqueness of the human species with an impassioned vigor. "Among the actual inhabitants of the earth," he says, "past and present, no other lines could have been taken which would have produced speech and conceptual thought . . . It could not have been evolved on earth except in man."

That remark is both wise, in a sense, and foolish. It is the statement of a man who has looked far into the depths of the past and seen nothing so wonderful as man. Yet it betrays also the reluctance of the human imagination as it turns toward the future—its concern with itself, its unwillingness to relinquish the stage. This genuinely profound mind is surely not unaware that an intellectual dinosaur of the dying Cretaceous might well have murmured: "The saurians alone are not finished. What possible things could improve upon us?" The Cretaceous date line would have made it a wise and Huxlian statement. It would have taken ten million years to force its serious alteration. Mr. Huxley is equally safe from refutation, so safe in fact that he sniffs contemptuously at the potential threat offered by our rowdy remaining cousins up in the family tree. "The monkeys," he says, "have quite left behind them that more generalized stage from which a conscious thinking creature could develop."

I am afraid that we are altogether too impressed by the fact that we live on the ground and that our remaining relatives, poor fellows, show a decided preference for trees. It never seems to occur to us that if they didn't stay up there we would jolly well show them what for. As for that "more generalized stage" which Mr. Huxley demands for the appearance of a thinking creature, I am quite sure that he cannot define it in a way which would seriously threaten the reputation of several existing primates.

The only way to become a "generalized stage" is to produce, in the course of time, several divergent smart descendants. No one can say that that faculty has been lost, but the whole monkey group will stay upstairs now

till we are gone. And if they don't come down, there is still my squirrel, whose actions at times remind me of a certain ancient human forerunner in the Eocene. That chap wasn't recognized as "generalized" either, until somewhere along the way he began to walk on his hind feet. In the beginning, I'm not at all sure he was as smart as my squirrel.

Now I have said that Mr. Huxley is safe from refutation, geological time being what it is. If it is impossible to refute him until the passage of another sixty million years, it might be more comfortable to assume he has spoken the truth. It might have been, that is, up until last year. It was then that scientists began to scratch actively in the African bone lands. It was then that archeologists began to whisper behind their hands and exchange glances. It concerned, of course, a certain skull. That in itself was bad enough, but what ensued was worse.

HE WAS an ape, they had said in the beginning: "A creature lacking the distinctive temporal expansions which appear to be concomitant with and necessary to articulate man is no true man." Then there had come that frightening insistence on the part of his discoverer that he had used fire and tools.

The little fellow was promptly redescribed. His type was cited in glowing terms as "intelligent, energetic, erect, and delicately proportioned little people." He was credited with speech, and spoken of respectfully as a potential human ancestor. It was more comfortable that way. Otherwise you were confronted with a spectacle like Dunsany's mysterious Abu Laheeb, that strange being squatting over its lonely fire in the marshes—the only beast in the world that made fire like man.

The mythical Abu Laheeb survived by hiding in the papyrus swamps of the upper Nile. *Australopithecus prometheus*, the ape who made fire, was not that fortunate. He disappeared. The reason why concerns Mr. Huxley's philosophy and is in some sense a refutation of it. Men say, in the books, that man is the last hope of life on the planet, the last chance, that is, for brain. In the past, however, when man was yet weak, a cousin tried to take the path he walked upon and almost

succeeded. A cousin from the despised roof tree, where the eyes still watch us overhead.

To explain his failure and near success, we must go back millions of years. To explain what will come after our own extinction, we must again read backward—not for biological events which can never be repeated in exactitude, not for signs of the reappearance of forms which have had their day and will never again emerge into the light—but rather to project forward into the future those dread principles which have controlled the movement of life on this planet through untold eons of time, and which will continue to direct its destiny through the untold eons of the future. The destructiveness of man has lent a sparse and impoverished aspect to the animal life of the present day. It implies senescence and decline. Both are illusory. The great life stream awaits only its opportunity—the moment of human disappearance.

III

THERE are two sorts of evolutionary movement in the world of life, and one is more mysterious than the other. There are, for example, the slight differences which arise between species, the multiplicity of closely related shrubs, grasses, trees, and animals which can be observed over an acre of ground. All of these forms, plant and animal alike, may be occupying essentially the same environment or small, slightly divergent "micro-environments" within that acre. The diversity is pleasing. It leads us to comment on the infinite richness of life. Much of this burgeoning splendor is, nevertheless, without meaning so far as the grander progression of life is concerned. Some of it is the product of genetic drift which may have little importance even in terms of natural selection. It is diversity without significance, save as it represents the infinite capacities of the cell.

The real mystery, by contrast, lies on a mightier stage. It is the great symphonic movement through the world of the corridors. It is the fish who crawled ashore on his fins, the amphibian who painfully learned to walk. It is the reptile who invented the egg and thus released land vertebrates from dependence on the water. It is the saurian who flew, and who also learned to control his body

temperature until he became a high-speed efficient mammalian machine whose brain did not grow torpid in the chilling night. It includes, also, a creature who came down from the trees and took his first tentative step down the long grassland corridor that was to lead him out into the magnificent vistas of conceptual thought.

The advance into those various worlds, into the air and the light out of the depths of the waters consumed millions of years of effort. It was not all an upward movement. Species by thousands died; species went into the ground; species went back to the waters; species clung to the high trees and shrieked down at their human brothers. The smaller movements we understand well—the horse from five toes to one, the age-by-age growth of horns on Triceratops or the titanotheres.

Instead it is the plunge through the forbidden zones that catches the heart with its sheer audacity. In the history of life there have been few such episodes. It is that which makes us lonely. We have entered a new corridor, the cultural corridor. There has been nothing here before us. In it we are utterly alone. In it we are appallingly unique. We look at each other and say, "It can never be done again." It is almost as though in our very bones were felt ancestral memories of the way we have come, and the feeling like magic touches us once more so that we repeat with something like terror in our voices, "It can never be done again."

Now it is one of the strange paradoxes of biology that this feeling of mystery concerning the great biological inventions which have opened the doorways of life has deepened as our knowledge has increased. Long evolutionary lines in a given environmental zone have been worked out, transition forms have been noted, and many sequences leading by imperceptible degrees from one form to another have been observed. In the beginning, Darwin and his followers assumed confidently that the major gaps which yawned between the phyla—the space, say, between the fish and the amphibian, between the reptile and the bird—would eventually be found to contain transition forms extending in the same imperceptible way from the one form to the other, even though a major life threshold had been crossed.

The lack of such transitional forms was

not at first disturbing. Success in the pursuit of ancestral lines over long time-intervals led to the conclusion that these major gaps were due solely to imperfections in the geological record; that the book of Nature had, so to speak, missing pages, but that the main outlines of the story could easily be read from the pages that remained. It was not until much later that those missing pages were observed to occur with almost monotonous regularity at some dramatic transition point, involving the emergence of a new form of life and its adaptation to either an unentered corridor or a corridor offering possibilities of being intruded upon in some new way. The new type, in other words, seemed to emerge with astounding quickness, considering the generally slow evolutionary pace to be read from many of the remains which the fossil hunters were discovering in the better known strata of the earth.

THIS situation has led to much speculation. It has led on the part of some to a denial of the reality of evolution, on the part of others to claims for some type of "jumping evolution" in which fantastically complex mutations brought new organic forms into existence at a single step. The confusion created by this situation is perhaps nowhere better expressed than in Lecomte de Nouy's recent book, *The Road to Reason*. He says: "The general fact that paleontology only shows us a few transitional forms and still fewer really primitive forms, is also very disturbing We do not grasp the origin of any group."

It happens, however, that these widely expressed doubts are often tinged unconsciously with emotionalism. The gaps exist but isolated discoveries reveal that transitional forms are by no means non-existent. They are merely scarce. We have in growing numbers the mammal-like reptiles standing between the reptiles and the mammals. We have a strange, rare creature, *Archaeopteryx*, lying between the reptiles and the birds. There are other gaps which remain unclosed. These signs are, nevertheless, suggestive. More fossils will be found. Those which we possess, inadequate though they are, do not support the notion of fantastic leaps in nature.

They suggest, instead, that the march across a major barrier into a new sphere of existence

is made rapidly if it is made successfully at all. A basic organic change of this nature is estimated by the brilliant modern student, G. G. Simpson, to have proceeded at a pace, in some instances, ten or fifteen times more rapid than the later recorded evolution of a given group after it has begun to exploit its new domain. The comparatively hasty crossing, hasty in a geological sense, was made by small groups of animals undergoing extreme selection pressure. As a consequence, there will never be numerous fossils. *Archaeopteryx*, the bird-reptile, for example, was found in 1861. It still remains a solitary specimen.

Another fact can be noted as we study these records. It is in a sense obvious, yet it has been neglected by many writers obsessed with human uniqueness or with the superiority of the mammalian line in general. It can be laid down almost as a truism. *No successful crossing into a new corridor of life can be effected if that corridor is completely dominated by prior intruders.*

This statement must be made somewhat dogmatically. Apparent exceptions can be observed, but they constitute special cases which do not affect the general principle. It could be noted, for example, that the reptiles made two separate attempts to conquer the air corridor, once by the use of membraneous wings—the giant glider *Pteranodon* being a popularly known example—and secondly by the evolution of true wings and feathers. Both attempts were successful for a long period, and both must have competed for a time. Eventually the Pterosaurs disappeared and left the corridor to the birds.

Two facts explain this rather unusual situation. Both forms apparently got across into the airways at approximately the same time, so that neither one had radiated and adapted sufficiently to exclude the other. In addition, the development of flowering plants with accompanying nutritious seeds in the Cretaceous period profoundly stimulated insect evolution. The nutritive possibilities in the air corridor thus increased, but increased in a direction which favored the smaller, speedier, and more effective mechanism, namely, the birds.

From the Cretaceous to the present the birds have dominated the airways, and the smaller environmental niches within the air-

ways so effectively that no other vertebrate has successfully challenged their control. One other animal, it is true, has evolved true flight in the interim, but its position only reveals the reality of our truism. The bats, true mammals, came late to the scene. They made the crossing, but made it surreptitiously in the evening twilight. The vast majority of birds are diurnal. The bats cling to the edge of evening, and such prey as they can find there. Their numbers, in comparison with birds, are scant. Both figuratively and literally, they are creatures of the twilight, dwellers at the unwanted margin. That is why they survive.

What the bats might have been capable of under other circumstances, it is, of course, impossible to conjecture, but the tremendous energies, the unknown capacities which may be held in check while a new form of life surges endlessly against an already closed corridor, is nowhere better illustrated than in the story of the rise of the mammalian world itself. Our interpretation of that rise is apt to be distinctly colored. We think of dinosaurs as great brainless beasts which failed in the struggle for life, and we think of the mammals, our own ancestral line, as a highly effective group which crowded the reptiles aside. Nothing, in actuality, could be further from the truth.

I REMARKED on an earlier page that the truths of daylight are often the most terrible, and that the end of the human story does not demand our extermination at the hands of some more intellectual or fantastic form of life. That statement was deliberate. The reptiles are a prime example. For 140 million years, during that period known as the Mesozoic, they were the undisputed masters of this planet. In enormous numbers they radiated into every possible geographic niche. They swam and they flew and they walked. Brainless or not, they survived a period of time far more extended than the life of man, far more extended than the whole Age of Mammals.

Now what is not very generally understood by the lay public is the fact that throughout the greater portion of this 140 million years the mammalian world was in existence. It was in existence, but it was highly inconspicuous. It was small; it hid under bushes; it concealed itself in trees. It had no giant representatives

such as it developed later on after the disappearance of the reptiles. Like the bats on the edge of the bird world, it was existing on tolerance. It was marginal. To have grown larger would have been to invite the attention of the most formidable carnivores the world has even seen—perfected killing machines with teeth like bear traps.

For a hundred million years those little mammals waited. No one would have dreamed that they, in their turn, might create monsters, and no one, above all, would have imagined that the gray and infinitely complex convolutions of the human brain were locked away in the forebrain of an insectivorous creature no larger than a rat. An observer waiting for some sign of creative emergence among those little animals in the underbrush would have grown weary as years by the million flowed away. He would have sworn that every variation in the game of life had been exploited and played out—that the reptiles were the master form—that the mammals were effective only upon an infinitely small size level.

Yet in the end, that strange end that closed the day of the Ruling Reptiles, the armored giants vanished. They vanished from the seas and the fern forests; their great gliding wings disappeared from the coastal air. Nothing living, so far as we can determine today, threatened them. The mammals were insignificant, envious eyes in the reeds—that was all. We in this remote age may murmur about climatic change or any one of a dozen vague possibilities. Sometimes we consider the notion that species may run through a lifetime, grow old and die, as does an individual organism. We do not know. But this we are unpleasantly aware of: the armored ones went in daylight. Nothing, not even their successors, thrust them aside. It would be millions of years before the shovel heads of the mammalian titanotheres grazed in the valleys that knew the thunder lizard, Triceratops.

The mammals did not destroy the great reptiles; they simply occupied, long after, an empty throne. It was only then that the long suppression of creative energy burst forth in a second marvelous efflorescence, the radiation that created the mammalian world. The story, however, has a moral that is little read: man also is the master of a corridor; there is

nothing visible to compete with him. He has destroyed the great mammals and left only the little eyes under the rosebush in the garden. He is safe now to write books about his unique qualities—and he is unique, as unique as the dinosaurs. He will not be menaced from the field's edge, but the eyes are still waiting. Once they waited a hundred million years. They can do so again.

This time it will be a new corridor—the cultural corridor—that they enter, but it will not be as unique as it seems to us, writing as we do that we are the “sole representative of life in its progressive aspect and its sole trustee for any progress in the future.”

Once, long ago in Africa, that cousin of whom I spoke made tools and, some think, may have experimented with the forbidden magic of fire itself. Small and timid and slight of brain, he fades back into the silences of pre-history. He made the crossing at the wrong moment, but he proved we are not so unique as we imagine, that the crossing can be made again, perhaps even from above, out of the old roof tree, where everyone sits with his tail curled safely out of reach.

It is the safety of trees or the safety of being men now. The line is sharp; there is no half-way mark as there was when the first ill-adjusted migrants stumbled into an empty world. There is no longer any room for an ape who lights fires and is not a man.

IV

ALMOST everything about this animal, up until recently, has been controversial except the fact that it existed. It has been called an ape. It has been called a man. It has been said to have walked upright. It has been said that this is untrue. It has been claimed that it spoke. It is said not to have spoken.

More complete specimens have lately begun to fall into the hands of the bone hunters, so that some of the questions which tormented earlier workers have been answered. Others, however, have taken their place.

The Australopithecine men-apes of South Africa are a group of small, upright-walking anthropoids who haunted the grasslands of the Vaal River area from five hundred thousand to a million years ago. They are not all alike in detail, but the whole stock is char-

acterized by teeth of a quite human character. The great shearing canines of the existing apes are reduced to human proportions. These animals must have been omnivorous grassland wanderers, pursuing small animals, eating wild seeds, and probably robbing an occasional bird's nest. Around four feet in height, with a brain ranging at 450 to 650 cubic centimeters, their intellectual capacities, though low by human standards, were undoubtedly superior to that of any existing gorilla or chimpanzee.

They are the only grassland bipedal ape, as contrasted with primitive grassland man, of which we have any knowledge. As I pointed out earlier, they have been called apes. More lately there has been a tendency to call them men. Awkwardly enough, however, such datings as we have been able to compute for them are much too late in time to allow for their being the direct ancestors of true men. Some, at least, of the man-apes were the contemporaries, for a brief while, of primitive men.

I suppose that, if the truth were known, one reason why man is so impressed with his own uniqueness is the fact he is alone today in the grassland corridor. In a few remote parts of Africa, a scant number of lower monkeys venture into waste spaces on the ground. The baboon is one of them. His experiment has turned in another direction. His face is doglike. He runs upon all fours.

Of that series of arboreal experimenters who ventured into the first grasslands of the planet during the Miocene epoch and who teetered diffidently from one tree clump to another, upright on their two hind feet, man alone remains. The grasslands were too open, competition too fierce as the sub-men multiplied, for the long continued survival of unlike forms. We of today see a yawning gulf between ourselves and the old forms in the trees. On the grass the others have vanished. The corridor is filled and the rifle would eliminate any wavering half-soul from the forest twilight who was so rash as to venture among us. It is too late for the crossing, too late until man has gone.

ISUPPOSE it is the illusion of uniqueness which for so long caused the student of human evolution to take a scattered series of human fossils and try to arrange them in

a single line of ascent leading to modern man. It is still being tried with the new man-apes, but there are two embarrassments: their relative recency, and the diversity of their species. It is simply not possible that they are all on the main line of ascent to ourselves. That the Australopithecines have vanished while many simple arboreal relatives of ours survive is not surprising. The man-apes tried to occupy the same environmental niche as man, and as a consequence man destroyed them.

This does not mean that the Australopithecines are totally unrelated to ourselves. It does mean, however, that the old notion involving one human ancestral form and one only as taking the momentous step of climbing out of the trees and learning to walk upright—thus starting a simple and direct evolutionary movement which culminated in man of today—is a fantastic simplification of events.

Twenty million years ago the grass lands of the world were spreading. The long cooling that was to produce the Ice Age of later times had just begun. The low continents of the age of reptiles were giving way to mountain growths that swung the ancient jungles of the earlier lands far skyward, and brought drought to the inner continental basins. The grasslands spread farther and farther. Over vast areas the jungle disappeared or shrank to parkland.

We know that among the mammals of this period, many diverse orders turned to a grazing existence. Changes in their teeth tell us as much, for the high silica content of grass forces the development of a specialized grazing dentition which will resist wear. Man, of course, is not a grazer, nor were his fore-runners up in the diminishing branches.

That grassland world was, nevertheless, attractive. More and more animals were moving into it; here and there in the parklands, anthropoid apes of forms little known ventured on to the ground. A little like the archaic living gibbon, they may have scurried on their hind feet between isolated clumps of trees, snatching insects and seeds before swinging safely into the branches again. The slow changes that some of these animals were undergoing in habits and foot structure may have taken millions of years.

There must have been many of these apes on the edge of the grasslands. We need not be surprised if more than one type, over the

vast Old World land mass, successfully made that crossing. The corridor was open to aggressive, lively anthropoids who were willing to hunt small animals and insects, and whose diet was unspecialized. The climate was more healthful than that of the parasite-infested jungles. A strange competition began.

It was the competition of an odd lot of animals, the apes of the grassland, uncertainly erect, but with the neurological preference for that posture already developed among the branches of the forest. It was the competition of social animals, and therefore it was the competition of groups. Out of that struggle for food, for mates, and for life, the best adapted, the most clever brained, the most successfully communicative would survive.

I say communicative because somewhere here on the grasslands in an environment infinitely more demanding and dangerous than the safe retreat of the trees, the already extensive but instinctive call range of the old tree world began to be abandoned for conceptual thought and speech. Under mysterious endocrine influences about which we know nothing, man's infancy was becoming prolonged, his brain a plastic thing upon which incipient society was beginning to mark the folkways of the group. The strangest corridor in the history of life on this planet was being entered—the cultural corridor. Its final possessors would be masters of the earth. They would write books. They would describe themselves as unique. They were not.

V

THE first of those peculiar human-footed apes to which we have previously referred, was announced to an incredulous world by Professor Raymond Dart in 1924. It took over twenty years to discover more of them and to learn something of their habits. Because it was not believed, at first, that they spoke or made tools, Dart, in spite of his conviction that they were closely associated with the earlier history of the human line, referred to them as "no true men."

This year, at Makapansgat in the Central Transvaal of South Africa, Dart reported *Australopithecus prometheus*, the fire-maker. Reporters, of course, went wild. Scientists scratched their heads and looked dubiously at one another. The new fossil was reported

from deposits showing evidence of the use of fire in the shape of charred bone and traces of charcoal. Though no stone weapons were discovered, there were suspicious indications that Prometheus had used the long bones of slain animals as clubs. A series of neatly fractured baboon skulls from which the brain had probably been extracted for food supplied the evidence.

A very simple tool-using capacity on the part of an animal with a 650 cubic centimeter brain capacity is acceptable. That these creatures were fire-users has shaken all our established notions of human culture history. The suspicion continues to be entertained in some quarters, and will continue until further reports are available, that perhaps advanced forms of men may be responsible for the fires and the broken cranial case of Prometheus himself. It is known, at least, that there are somewhat later humanly occupied caves at Makapan. It must not be forgotten, however, that it was Dr. Dart who recognized, over twenty years ago, the importance of the first Australopithecine cranium; it was conservative science that smiled and later had to eat its words.

Whether or not the human-footed apes were fire-users, we know that the animal remains with which they are associated at Makapan place them well within Early Ice Age times. Human relatives they are, but in the narrow sense, at least, they are not men. Men, low-browed, perhaps, but true men, were already in existence. The man-apes, by contrast, are a part of that ancient bipedal horde which

millions of years ago came out upon the grasslands. Less massive than their divergent human brothers, they clung to the fringe of the corridor, ran before its terrors, and shared with us that dark and ancient blood from the times before man.

Perhaps at the last, late, much too late, they lit the fires that might have made them man; perhaps even—and that in itself is a weird thought, since no animal alive has done it—they watched trembling behind a bush and learned from men the secret of the fire. Perhaps already in some dim, half-human way they sensed their world was fading. Theirs were the last furred hands and theirs the last half-animal voices to be seen and heard in the cultural corridor before the pathway backward closed forever. When it opens again we shall be gone.

Sometimes at night I think one can feel even the pressure of mice waiting in the walls of old houses. All that concentrated life around us and above us, held in check, surging impatiently, ready for a new experiment, tired of us, waiting our passing, active with the busy mysteries of the cell. Sometimes one catches oneself wondering what the fire-apes were intending when they crossed the barrier, whether they were cut short in a new experiment, something smaller, more delicate, more—something, but not a human something. Something for which human beings must first be gotten out of the way. It is perhaps significant that even we ourselves feel a growing inadequacy. Perhaps that is really the secret. Perhaps we are going away.

Two Famous Men Comment on Russia, II.

The sources of the two statements on page 37 are respectively:

(1) A telegram received by the editor of the *New York American*, on February 26, 1918, from William Randolph Hearst.

(2) An article in the *New York Tribune*, on April 12, 1853, from its European correspondent, Karl Marx.

No Business Like Show Business

John Houseman

Drawing by Hirschfeld

DURING recent seasons the gradually growing unrest in the theatrical world has been frequently and variously studied and explained. The high cost of living, the wave of all-round extravagance that has been sweeping the country, the allurements and expense of the automobile, the competition of film-shows, travel lectures, cabarets, grand opera, outdoor entertainment, critics, labor unions, and reckless overbuilding have all been blamed."

Thus *Variety* editorialized in December 1912, in its Seventh Anniversary Issue—seven years that had witnessed the birth of Show Business as we know it today: the first great theatrical building boom, the formation of the Circuits and the Battle of the Titans (the Syndicate and the Shuberts) for control of the American theater. During those years, in every important city in this country, theater capacity had increased from one hundred to two hundred per cent and more.

The week the editorial was written, there were playing, in New York City, thirty-eight legitimate shows; in Chicago, fourteen; in Philadelphia, ten. And *Variety* concluded on this note of warning: "No business in the world can long endure such terrific waste. Radical readjustment is necessary, and if it be not wrought by some hand with a genius for

organization, it will come of itself and through trouble."

Fifteen years later, the number of theaters in New York had doubled again. On New Year's Day 1928 there were seventy-two shows open for business on and around Broadway.

That was the peak.

From then on the decline has been constant and accelerating. On last New Year's Day the number of shows available to Broadway theater-goers was twenty-nine; in Chicago there were eight; in Philadelphia, only three. In other words, in three major cities of America, there are today *less than half* the theatrical productions of 1928 and *less than two thirds* the productions of 1912!

In New York City not one legitimate theater has been built in twenty-two years and not one is in immediate prospect. Twenty years ago there were seventy-five playhouses available; today there are thirty-two—and they continue to vanish at the rate of two or three a year. The same is true the country over. Key cities like Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Baltimore, Kansas City, and Cleveland boast one cavernous structure apiece. Los Angeles, with a growing population of over two million, manages to keep one legitimate theater open for about half the year. Washington, D. C., has had no theater at all for two years.

John Houseman, stage and motion-picture director and producer, has participated in such landmarks of Show Business as "Native Son," "Four Saints in Three Acts," and "The Cradle Will Rock."

It is of this situation and of the emergency presently confronting the Broadway theater and "the few cities to which it ministers after a fashion" that Brooks Atkinson, in the *New York Times* last winter, wrote a devastating analysis:

For fairly obvious reasons, the Broadway theater will never recover the festive prosperity of twenty years ago before cheaper forms of entertainment had begun to flourish on so vast a scale. Since 1929, the Broadway theater has probably gravitated to approximately the place it will always have in relation to the motion picture, radio, and television. The current uneasiness derives from the suspicion that the Broadway theater may keep on dwindling and may not even be able to support the thirty theaters that are now commonly in use. . . . The Broadway theater has been slowly becoming a neurotic ordeal. The costs of production and operation have become so high that successes have to be fantastically successful and failures have become catastrophes. . . . It is not an art, but an unsuccessful form of high-pressure huckstering. There is almost no continuity of management and no continuity of employment among actors, playwrights, and allied artists and craftsmen. The whole business is conducted in an atmosphere of crisis, strain, and emergency. Crisis is the normal state of affairs on Broadway.

Hobe Morrison, expressing the same thoughts in the same month in the more statistical idiom of *Variety*, asked bluntly: "How long can Legit take it?"

BEFORE trying to answer that question—before probing a few of those elements of strain and crisis that increasingly harass Broadway—it is worth establishing, very briefly, just what is the Theater's present place in relation to the rest of Show Business.

It is necessary, but difficult, to remember that the Entertainment Business, of which the Theater is such a diminutive fragment, is a thing of very recent and monstrous growth. Movies: fifty years ago a curiosity; radio: barely a generation old; television: still in embryo—these represent, between them, a capital investment of about seven billion dollars! The five or six million which the theater painfully assembles to defray its whole season's productions are almost invisible next

to the bankroll of four hundred million dollars expended annually on production by the motion-picture industry. Radio billings total about two billion a year.

Audience figures are even more striking. The theater in its peak months is likely to play host to about half a million people a week. Compare this with the *one hundred million* patrons who, during 1946, weekly attended this country's eighteen thousand moviehouses. Set it, if you can, against the *one hundred and fifty million* daily listening hours over radio's eighty-five million receiving sets—and you have a rough notion of Broadway's statistical position in Show Business.

Variety, always a reliable guide to the economics of the trade, in an average seventy-five-page issue devotes thirty-four to motion pictures, seventeen to radio-television, four to the legitimate stage, and the rest to bands, music, vaudeville, and night clubs.

Considering the buffeting she takes at the hands of her overgrown sisters, it is amazing that the Theater survives at all. Here are a few of her outstanding grievances—samples of the hardships and indignities to which she has been subjected since moving pictures, radio, and now television moved, uninvited and irresistible, into her exclusive neighborhood.

(1) With their infinite resources and their insatiable need for expansion, the new media have completely upset *the local housing situation*. The Theater stands by helpless and humiliated, while one after another of her remaining homes are sold from under her to the motion-picture chains or hurriedly converted, with lath and chromium, into radio- and video-playhouses. (In New York City, there are three more in process of transformation right now.)

(2) With their ostentatious wealth, they have disrupted *the labor market* and recklessly run up the price of help. Wage-scales perfectly suited to the electronic grandeurs of the mass media work desperate hardships when applied to the manual operation of the legitimate playhouse.

(3) Their *social behavior* has been consistently outrageous. They have treated the Theater with condescension—tinged with

envy. While openly despising her for her poverty and her smallness, they have never hesitated to snatch her notions and hijack her talent. Year after year they have continued to raid and plagiarize her—without ever a word of thanks!

Still she survives.

The national news weeklies, whose special business it is to assess the manifold and complex influences that go to make up the general cultural picture of our time, regularly devote to the Theater an amount of space and attention that is quite disproportionate to its economic and statistical position in our society. And for good reason. The Theater, in spite—or perhaps by virtue—of its humble status, enjoys one inestimable advantage over its Gargantuan competitors: it is, today, the only completely free branch of Show Business. Untrammelled by major financial commitments and terrifying overheads, it is impervious to censorship; it can defy the icy squeeze of pressure groups; above all, it can ignore futile and enervating preoccupations with its own moral responsibility. Alone in the entertainment world, the Theater can, if it wishes, stay true to its creative instincts. Here, for all its manifest frailties, its excesses, and its turpitudes, it has not entirely failed.

II

THE Theater struggles on. And, until further notice, until something more solid or more inspiring comes along to take its place, the heart of the theater remains—*Broadway*.

What keeps it beating? Habit, in part, and greed and devotion and fear and the law of inertia—also, no doubt, “the human fact that some people like to write plays, more people like to act in them, and still more like to participate in them as audience.” Granted that this passion is universal and indestructible, in our present industrialized society it is likely to remain thwarted and ineffectual without that indispensable solvent—money. Last year, this year, and probably next year, between sixty and seventy shows were, are being, and will be produced on Broadway. They will cost about six million dollars. Though this may seem like chicken feed to the major branches of Show Business, in ordinary cur-

rency it ain't hay. Where does this money come from? How is it handled? Where does it go?

In America today there may be ten practicing producers able to finance their own productions and less than half that number who are willing to do so. In this respect their methods differ widely from those of their predecessors. This is not to say that the producers of yesteryear were sedate and solid tycoons operating in the manner of Lombard Street Bankers. They took their money where they could; often they blew sky-high. They did, however, regard the business of preparing and producing and running plays as a hazardous but continuing operation, in which profit and loss were balanced on their books over a period of years and from which they not infrequently emerged in the black. (Most of the leading showmen of the time did in fact make quite substantial fortunes out of their business: *e.g.* Frohman, Belasco, Woods, and Brady.)

Today even the most constant and successful of our showmen handle each of their productions as individual ventures, with separate financing and separate books. They regard them as isolated projects, one-shots rather than incidents in a continuing business. There are good reasons for this:

(a) The *real estate situation* which has completely separated the owners of the playhouses from the men who produce the shows that fill them. In most great theatrical periods, the manager operated his productions and his playhouse as allied and inseparable activities; the one sustained, enhanced, and sometimes jeopardized the other. In New York, since the Theatre Guild gave up its playhouse many years ago, not one single producer regularly presents plays in his own theater.* This may seem to free the manager from the fearful grind of producing shows to fill his theater, but it also reduces the continuity of his operation.

(b) *The tax situation*, which imposes a very special hardship on a type of business

* There is the very exceptional case of Mr. Tony Farrell, the Albany pipe-king, who put \$300,000 into a musical and then bought a million-dollar theater to protect his original investment. But this is hardly likely to set a precedent.

in which occasional huge profits are expected to carry the hazardous operations of less favorable years. The present pattern of theatrical financing is aimed to cushion this fiscal inequity.

(c) *The rise in the cost of production.* The recent inflation has inured most of us to the notion of bloated prices, but theatrical costs are something quite special. One tidy example is to be found on the books of Mr. Oscar Serlin, producer of "Life with Father." To take up the curtain on that most successful of all Broadway shows, in the fall of 1939, cost \$23,000. Nine years later, with the same cast and in the same theater, "Life with Mother" cost \$85,000—more than three-and-a-half times as much.

At present levels not only can most producers not afford to finance their own shows, even if they had the money they could not afford the risk. A director-producer who can put on a routine comedy—as George Abbott did "Room Service"—for around five thousand dollars and make six-figure profits on it can take one or two such risks a season and think nothing of it. What he loses on the swings he will make on the roundabouts—twenty-fold. Not so at sixty or seventy thousand dollars a crack! One flop or two (they befall even the most cautious and inspired of showmen) and he and his company are out of business, or at the least seriously paralyzed for seasons to come. At such odds, why should he risk his own substance when there is plenty of other people's money available, on reasonable terms, at no risk to himself, and with no entanglement for the future? The answer is: he doesn't. He gets "backing."

III

WHAT is this golden stream that flows, like oxygen, through the theater's laboring heart and keeps it beating? Its nature varies with the times; so does its source; but somehow it keeps coming.

Forty years ago it was the theater owners, eagerly competing for "product" with which to fill their expanding theater chains, who could be counted on to supply it. Nowadays the only remaining Titan does not bother much with production; he has his hands full

collecting the profits from the controlled contraction of his former empire; he contents himself with financing random operettas and with salvaging an occasional show in distress, on rigorous terms.

More recently it was Hollywood, on its incessant prow for movie material, that pumped cash into Broadway—pumped it, through play purchases, at the rate of nine million in three years, plus several hundred thousand a year directly invested in play production. Now that stream, too, seems to have dried up. In the past year, only two major Broadway productions have been purchased by Hollywood.

That was the last of the big donors. Today, between Broadway and total anemia, there stands nothing but that small, bold band of Angels who—partly as a business, partly as a hobby; some as an investment, some as a gamble; some recklessly, some with infinite forethought; some singly, and some in so-called syndicates—have taken upon themselves, in these parlous times, to act as the Bankers of Broadway.

The Angel is a familiar figure on Broadway. He used to hover on its fringes; now he has moved dead center. His money is of many colors. It runs all the way from folding-money too hot to bank to the purest pedigreed Wall Street lawyer's check. It may be money picked up with ease over a second Martini or money laboriously dredged up through dozens of desperately tedious and embarrassing auditions and readings. It may be money from a well-heeled star eager to back his own judgment of the play in which he has decided to appear. It may be money reluctantly contributed, in the form of deferred payments, by some theatrical supplier eager to get an order away from his competitors.

Two things these variegated monies have in common: they are investments in a single venture; and, in the event of loss, they must be tax-deductible. In the spring of last year, when a minor tax-ruling threatened to upset the present investment pattern (a "limited partnership" set-up which enables the investor to deduct his individual losses from his current year's income, and to realize his gains on a basis less severely taxable than straight income) a terrific caterwauling went up along the Main Stem and all current financing negotiations came to an abrupt stop. The Big Angels let it be known that they were

regretfully through with theatrical investment—and they probably meant what they said. Within a few weeks, a superior ruling had restored calm, but the incident revealed the very precarious base on which the present structure of play financing rests.

THAT backing plays is a wise investment, that it is a reckless gamble—both are easily proved. Ignoring, for the moment, such legendary bonanzas as “Harvey,” “Born Yesterday,” or “Life with Father,” let us examine two more sober and recent sets of figures. Consider, first, that tragic and certainly not standard drama, “A Streetcar Named Desire.” Presented by a virgin management, in the fall of 1947, with a moderate cast, one rather complex setting, an elaborate light-plot, and some backstage music, this production opened in New York, to wonderful notices, at a cost of around \$85,000. By the end of the thirteenth week, this had been earned back in full. By the end of its first year, the books showed a clear profit of around 225 per cent. In the next half year, a further 100 per cent was earned. Meantime a second company had been assembled (presumably out of the profits of the first) and sent out on the road. This one paid off its cost within fifteen weeks and continued to earn accordingly from there on. As I write, both companies are still running at virtual capacity.

Here, by way of contrast, is a summary of Broadway's over-all financial statement for this same season: 1947-48. A total of seventy-four shows were put into production at an average cost of almost one hundred thousand dollars apiece. Of these, nine were smash hits; five paid back their investment and showed a slight profit; six more, though they were listed as hits and ran for several months apiece, finally paid back between five and twenty-five cents on the dollar; of the remaining fifty-four, forty-nine were a total loss and the other five never reached town at all.

The 1948-1949 figures tell the same story. Of the season's first three months, *Variety* reported that “not within human memory has so much coin been dropped in such a short period.” Afterward, commenting on the season as a whole, Hobe Morrison came to an interesting conclusion: of the sixty-three shows that opened, forty-eight were straight plays (eight hits), sixteen were musicals (six

hits, and four were revivals (one hit). The money spent and lost on outright flops was \$4,535,000. On the fifteen hits, the sum spent was \$1,940,000. Thus, “it is figured possible that when the current hits are through paying off, even excluding the possible return from film sales, the profits may equal the losses on the flops and thus balance the books for the season as a whole.” This leads him to the following deduction: “If an investor bought more or less standard slices of all productions of all established managements, he would probably be assured of a reasonable over-all profit.”

There is truth in the above, and a fallacy. It is important to remember that large sums are dropped yearly, on Broadway, on imbecilities which no competent showman and no Angel in his right mind would touch with a ten-foot pole, and that these disasters color the total balance-sheet. On the other hand, assuming that an aristocracy of “established managements” really exists, and that their average of success runs high, what constitutes a “more or less standard slice” of one of their shows? There are insiders and outsiders on Broadway just as there are on Wall Street. The more “established” the management, the less eager it is for alien backing. The more attractive the show, the thinner the “slice.”

Since Angels, like race-track men, habitually lie about their winnings, it is not easy to get a true mathematical picture of their operations. It is a safe guess, though, that in the portfolios of most theatrical backers the sums dropped on adventuresome projects are individually greater, by far, than those invested in “standard slices” with “established managements.” It is sensible, but unbearably tedious, to play only the favorites. It is lucky for the Theater that this is so.

In my own experience I have never known money to be really easy to raise; conversely I know of no project—no matter how strange or wild—for whose production, in some form or other, with sufficient enthusiasm and patience, money could not be found.

IV

EVERY year a large number of ladies and gentlemen sign agreements with dramatists. Their name is Legion and each of them to all intents and purposes has now



The Backers of Broadway

bought a play. Potentially this makes them producers. Actually, the number of producers who have had their names on Broadway shows in the past two seasons is around two hundred. Among them were men and women who played an organic part in the preparation of the productions that bore their names. There were others who produced shows because they were otherwise unemployable. Any similarity between their activities and the Art of the Theater is purely coincidental.

Why anyone who is not creatively involved ever goes through the agony and humiliation of producing a show on Broadway is a mystery beyond comprehension. There are dozens of better and easier and safer ways to make a living. There are dozens of surer ways of acquiring prestige and power. There is no surer way to the madhouse.

If you doubt this, I invite you to step briefly into the shoes of one of these unfortunate wretches, while we follow you at a safe distance on two stages of your journey through the Valley of the Shadow.

The Beginning

YOU are an average theatrical producer. You have some experience but no special skill; you are not even capable of being your own business manager. You have acquired a play at the cost of one hundred dollars down, plus a hundred a month to hold it. It calls for one set and a cast that is slightly too large for comfort. Armed with the script, mimeographed to the number of one hundred (and you will need every one of them, for there is no honor on Broadway about returning scripts) you go into action. Your "neurotic ordeal" has begun. It may last anywhere from three months to two years.

First, the script is submitted for backing, directly and through middle men, with an accompanying note to explain that "the author is still working on it." Next, actors must be approached, designers titillated, and every effort made to entangle one of the three or four currently successful directors whose Name on the production will reassure or bedazzle the hesitant Angel. (This is a tricky business, since you cannot commit these people until you have raised your money and you cannot raise your money until you have them committed.)

Now, on promise of a future job, you get someone to draw up a budget for you (See Exhibit "A" on page 63).

The instant an Angel exhibits the slightest glimmer of interest either in your script or in the theatrical Names you are bandying about, you present the budget to him, being sure to enclose, hopefully, a single-typed sheet known as an Escrow Agreement (See Exhibit "B" on page 64).

In due course, depending upon your luck, your "contacts," the state of the stock market, the quality of your script, and the talent you are actually able to deliver, the checks begin to arrive—money which you may not touch on pain of imprisonment. While you anxiously wait for the balance to come in, you continue, through Releases to the Press (which knows better) to behave publicly as though you were quite convinced that the production was going ahead.

Sometimes it does.

For all this toil, anxiety, and degradation, you will receive, if and when the production comes off, the return of some of your expenses plus a niggardly allowance for office and general overhead; you will also receive fifty per cent of the net profits—in theory.

In practice you will get no such things. The lawyer of your much-wooed director demands for his client—in addition to his handsome fee and his weekly percentage of the box office receipts—a substantial percentage of the net; *i.e.* a slice of *your* profits. Since you have been using him throughout, not only for his artistic skill, but also for the commercial value of his Name, you have no choice but to accede. That leaves you, maybe, forty per cent.

Two weeks go by. Your production date approaches. You are still short \$25,000 (the tough \$25,000) of the sum needed to go into rehearsal. Your expenses are mounting, your commitments are piling up—and so are your anxieties. Now you start offering additional inducements to recalcitrant investors in the form of bonuses, commissions, higher percentages, and preferential terms. More and more pieces are hacked out of your rapidly diminishing share.

It is not without precedent, by opening night, for the producer's only equity in his show to be the dubious pleasure of seeing his name on the billboard.

The End

YOU'VE made it—tonight you opened! I spare you the painful recital of the intermediate stages: the dress rehearsals, the try-out, the all-night conferences, the long agony of perpetual changes foisted between performances on a reluctant, frightened, and exhausted cast. With your last spasm of energy, you have supervised the first night's seating arrangements, trying to line up an audience cordial enough to encourage your actors but not so hysterically prejudiced as to exasperate the Press. Now the last curtain call has been taken (was it enthusiasm or kindness?), the theater is dark, the company is assembled in joyless alcoholic festivity in some apartment uptown awaiting the notices. It won't be long now. By 1:00 A.M., by methods known only to members of his crafty *confrérie*, your press agent will have seen, or

will have had read to him over the phone, the reviews of the leading morning papers. As you wait, quaffing drinks and smiling falsely at your fellow sufferers, let us consider your case.

Three possibilities lie before you:

(1) *Smash Notices*, i.e. unanimously ecstatic reviews, hyperbolically expressed. In that case your worries are over. You can leave for Florida in the morning, leaving your manager behind to worry about the "ice."*

(2) *Flop Notices*. You, too, can now leave for Florida, if you can borrow the fare. Your troubles are over. We shall waste no pity on you. We shall need every ounce of it for the man wretched enough to be faced with—

* Ice: illegitimate profits made by theaters and box-office men from time immemorial, through the under-the-counter sale of tickets to Broadway hits.

EXHIBIT "A"

Budget of Production "X"

PRODUCTION:

Scenery (building and painting)....	\$8,000.00
Scenic designer	2,000.00
Costume selector	300.00
Director (first payment)	2,500.00
Furniture and props.....	2,500.00
Additional production (misc.).....	1,000.00
Costumes, shoes, and accessories.....	2,000.00
Electrical perishables and supplies...	300.00
Auditing	150.00
Preliminary office	900.00
Hauling (New York to train).....	400.00
Typing manuscripts and parts.....	200.00
Rehearsal halls and theaters.....	600.00
Photos, frames, and press agent's preliminary expenses	500.00
Taxes and comp. ins. on prelim. salaries	320.00
Stage labor (dress rehearsals, etc.)...	1,200.00
Legal fees and disbursements.....	1,250.00
Misc. (including New York opening)	3,000.00
Preliminary salaries (up to day of out-of-town opening).....	6,392.00
(a) Press agent (3 2/3 wks). \$740.00	
(b) General and co. managers (6 2/3 wks).....	1,766.00
(c) Stage crew (3 Men)....	400.00
(d) Wardrobe mistress (2 weeks)	170.00
(e) Stage mgr. (4 2/3 wks)..	816.00

(f) Cast rehearsal

(4 weeks) 2,500.00

\$33,512.00

ADVANCE PAYMENTS: (Chargeable to Weekly Operations)

Royalty	\$2,000.00
Electrical equipment rental (3 wks)...	900.00
Furniture and prop rental (3 wks)...	600.00
Insurance	250.00
Printing	500.00
R. R. (New York to Boston?).....	500.00

\$4,750.00

DEPOSITS: (Returnables)

Actors Equity—actors bond.....	\$9,000.00
A.T.A.M.—press agent and manager bond	990.00
I.A.T.S.E.—road stage crew bond....	690.00
Theater deposit a/c guarantee.....	3,500.00

\$14,180.00

RECAPITULATION:

Production	\$33,512.00
ADVANCE PAYMENTS	4,750.00
DEPOSITS	14,180.00

\$52,442.00

PROBABLE OUT-OF-TOWN

OPERATION LOSSES 7,558.00

GRAND TOTAL\$60,000.00

A Broadway Budget in 1948

Most Angels, nowadays, are so elaborately advised that it is unwise to submit an unsound budget to them. The above proved to be an accurate estimate of cost, with one grievous exception—the last item. Losses on the out-of-town try-out went way over, necessitating recourse to a Call on the Backers (*viz.* Exhibit "B" on page 64).

EXHIBIT "B"

_____, 1948

You are handing to me herewith your check for \$—, which I shall deposit in a special bank account, subject to the following conditions:

(1) I have acquired and now own the rights customarily granted to a Manager under a Standard Production Contract of the Authors' League of America, with respect to the play presently entitled—

(2) The production cost of the play is estimated at \$60,000.

(3) As soon as I raise the entire sum of \$60,000, which shall include your investment hereunder, I will form a Limited Partnership under the laws of the State of New York, and will transfer the said \$60,000 to an account in the name of the Partnership, to be used solely for the production and exploitation of the said play. I, and any co-producer, will be general partners, and you and the other persons investing the \$60,000 will be limited partners. The Articles of Limited Partnership will be in such form and will make such provision as is customary with such partnerships for theatrical enterprises, with provision for a possible call

upon the limited partners for an additional 20 per cent of their investments.

(4) After the pro-rata repayment of their investments, the limited partners will be entitled to receive for each \$1,200 invested 1 per cent of the net profits from the production and exploitation of the play from any source whatsoever. "Net profits" shall be deemed to mean the excess of gross receipts over all production and running expenses, as such terms are customarily defined in theatrical production agreements and as will be set forth in the Articles of Limited Partnership.

(5) In the event that I fail to raise the remainder of the said \$60,000 by — I will, at your request, return to you your investment hereunder, and our mutual obligations hereunder will thereupon be terminated.

Your signature hereon will constitute this a binding agreement between us.

Very truly yours,

 AGREED TO AND ACCEPTED:

The single-spaced sheet presented to the Angel

This Escrow Agreement, later supplemented by a thirty-page "Limited Partnership" agreement, covers in general terms the arrangement between producer and investors. The latter, all together, generally receive 50 per cent of the net profits of the venture. Note carefully paragraph (3), which contains the provision for an additional Call—up to 20 per cent—in the event of trouble. Investors hate it but they usually come through.

(3) **Mixed Notices.** In the morning papers, one review is good, two are mildly favorable, and one is poor. By noon of the next day, the afternoon papers are out: they, too, are divided—one rave, one panning, one totally incomprehensible. At the box office which you haunt in person or frequently harass by phone, you are told that business is "fair"—a brief word heavy with menace. Toward the middle of the afternoon you confer with your press agent, who with typewriter, scissors, and paste is preparing a "display" advertisement for tomorrow's papers. In this he has skillfully smelted every superlative from the favorable reviews and misinterpreted the adverse ones by quoting them out of context. Next day, at the expense of your last few thousand dollars, the advertisements appear; the box office reports a reflex movement. That night there is a theater party and the house is exhilaratingly full. Encouraged by this, you order tickets printed for an additional month; and with this reckless act you are doomed,

irrevocably condemned to weeks of hell. You are about to be sucked into the maelstrom of —**Running Costs.**

Though business may be mildly profitable for a week or two, a brief session with your accountant will soon convince you that never, under any possible circumstances, can you personally realize one nickel out of the production. A few more weeks go by during which the show almost breaks even—but not quite (See Exhibit "C"). Then Lent begins, followed by Income Tax Day, and the first murmurings of Spring. By now another thing has become evident: that the over-all financial situation cannot possibly get better—only worse. From here on, the only possible reasons for keeping the play running are obduracy, pride, and an impulse of pure philanthropy in keeping the actors at work, the author and the director in royalties, and the Shuberts in theater rental—none of which motives are likely to inspire your embittered investors.

The holiday weekend gives you false hope; then a premature heat wave wipes out what is left of your meager reserve. Presently you give your hundredth performance and a party for the cast. You do your best to be gay, but it is hard, for you are living in an agonizing dilemma: to hang on and maybe get the benefit of the early summer trade or to close before another slump wipes out your last few dollars, and more. When, finally, the eagerly awaited summer trade limits its theater-going to "Streetcar," "South Pacific," and "Salesman," you give up. It is with a sense of general relief that the final closing notice is posted. A few days later, neatly typed, you receive your accountant's financial report (See Exhibit "D" on page 66).

In brief, after a fifteen weeks' run and the hollow satisfaction of being listed among the backers of one of the season's minor hits, your Angels will get back on their investment the sum of eight cents on the dollar. As to you, the producer, the net result of *your* nine months of work and worry is that your next show, if and when you have one, will be just that much harder to finance.

V

Now, turning our backs on this murky valley, let us climb together into the pure bright air of those sunlit hills where dwell the Gods of Olympus, the Smash Hits. Let us see what effect, if any, the rising level of costs has had on them.

To a handful of miraculous specimens, the problem does not apply at all. "Harvey," with its seven-figure profits and its million-dollar movie sale, is one of these. Others are "Born Yesterday," and "Life With Father." All three were reasonable shows to operate. Any rise in their running costs was more than offset by the general increase in ticket prices and the consequent rise in receipts. "Streetcar," more recent and more expensive, is doing nicely, as we have seen. So is "Death of a Salesman." On the other hand, one of the season's biggest dramatic hits, after half a year of excellent business, has earned back less than three-fifths of its original cost—a perilous margin.

"Drama," in this respect, fares better than "musicals," whose costs have reached quite staggering proportions and whose receipts,

contrary to the general impression, have shown no equivalent rise. "Show Boat," in the spring of 1929, at the Ziegfeld Theater, was playing to a top price of \$6.60 a seat. That same season, another musical hit, "Follow Through," at a \$5.50 top, was reported grossing \$41,000 a week at the Forty-sixth Street Theater. Eighteen years later, in the same playhouse, "Finnian's Rainbow" was taking in \$42,500—i.e. fifteen hundred dollars more in receipts, but with costs about double.

EXHIBIT "C"	
PRODUCTION "X"	
Statement For Week Ending —	
Box-office receipts	\$15,404.65
Less theater share	5,245.39
	<hr/>
	\$10,158.26
EXPENSES	
<i>Salaries</i>	
Company	5,135.46
Producers	200.00
Crew	536.00
Stage managers	275.00
Company and general managers	250.00
Press agents	310.00
Wardrobe and dressers	175.00
<i>Royalty</i>	
Author	1,240.47
Director	308.09
<i>Publicity</i>	
Share of newspaper... ..	1,140.36
Printing and promotion	161.50
Press expense	87.02
<i>Departmental</i>	
Props	30.95
Costume	34.74
Carpenter	25.00
Rentals	307.09
Office expense	100.00
Auditing	50.00
Payroll taxes	138.84
Insurance	40.00
New York City excise tax	10.16
League dues	10.00
Miscellaneous	15.00
	<hr/>
TOTAL EXPENSES	10,580.68
RUNNING LOSS FOR WK... \$	422.42

The Bad News for One Week

Fifteen years ago, such gross receipts for such a production would have shown a net profit of several thousand a week. One Pulitzer Prize winner of the thirties, in its entire long and profitable run, averaged less than \$10,000 a week in box-office receipts.

EXHIBIT "D"

Partner's capital investment	\$60,000.00	
Overcall (two investors defaulting)	14,100.00	
	<hr/>	
	\$74,100.00	\$74,100.00
Total production cost	\$39,761.15	
Total out-of-town loss	20,953.18	
Total running loss (New York) (123 Performances)	7,423.07	
	<hr/>	
Total Loss	\$68,137.40	\$68,137.40
	<hr/>	
Balance	\$5,962.60	

This helps to explain such startling items as those reported in *Variety* last fall; that "Allegro," playing ten months to virtual capacity in one of our largest theaters, earned back less than two thirds of its quarter-million-dollar investment; that the fabulous "Annie Get Your Gun," doing solid capacity for eighteen months of its Broadway run, was in the black for only seven months of that time.* It explains why musicals, with their far higher ratio of success than drama, are nevertheless viewed with reasonable suspicion by prudent investors—those same investors who are today kicking themselves black and blue for having resisted the temptation to back "Kiss Me, Kate." Here is a show that almost did not get on (for lack of backing), that cost less than \$150,000 to open, and that yields more than \$10,000 a week in profits in New York alone!

VI

FOR the gambler, the Theater is fuller than ever of exhilarating surprises. As a business, it is evident that the recent inflation not only failed to help it, but that it emphasized and positively aggravated its ills. Out of its seven years' boom, the Theater emerged with no sign of growth and no fresh hope for the future. Never were there such hits, yet the number of shows continues to

* Another of Irving Berlin's shows, "As Thousands Cheer," produced during the austere thirties, while regularly grossing around \$27,000 (a figure that would close any current musical overnight,) was able at that figure, if my informant's memory serves, to make a profit of between six and seven thousand dollars a week.

diminish. Never were there such long runs, yet the employment figures grow daily more desperate.

Within the shrinking structure there have been changes and shifts of power. From the rising costs and the mounting receipts, one group has emerged with profit. It is not the investor, nor the producer (for all the isolated bonanzas); it is not organized labor (whose gains have just about coincided with the rise in the cost of living); it is not even the theater owner (for there is no lasting joy in a contracting real-estate market). The theatrical element which, through these strange years, has steadily gained in wealth and power is

—the Artist.

It is a small minority, to be sure, that has profited from this inflation. As metropolitan audiences became ever more regimented—the "best seller" habit ever more firmly set as the standard pattern of New York playgoing—the commercial theater grew increasingly frantic in its anxiety to cash in on this narrow but overwhelming demand. Up and down Broadway the call went out for experts capable of exploiting to the full this thin vein of gold; from Forty-fourth to Fifty-ninth Street the hunt was on for those who in one form or another seemed to possess the magic formula for success. The search for talent became ever more intense—though it was seldom carried further afield than the reviews of last night's hit. The demand was terrific—but restricted to those who had already proved themselves capable of delivering a smash.

A handful of established authors and composers, a few performers of proven popular appeal, a half-dozen directors and choreographers, and a designer or two—these comprise the small band of the chosen. Never in the history of the Theater did so few gain so much in so short a time!

In due course the inevitable happened. It became apparent that the theater could no longer afford both the participating artist and the frantic entrepreneur who was hiring him on such generous terms. By the ineluctable laws of our democratic-capitalistic society, the artist soon found himself—as he continued to acquire profits and power—acquiring also managerial control over those projects of which he had become not only the artistic but the financially dominant element. Almost

before he knew it, he had become his own producer.

Next time you visit the most warm and genial of our current musical successes, take a look at the first page of your *Playbill*. Over the name of the show, you will find no less than four producers. Now let your eye run down, past the title, to where the creative elements of authorship and execution are listed. There—in different type and in slightly different order—are the same names as above. Of the four producers of “South Pacific,” three—Rodgers, Hammerstein, and Logan—are also composer, lyricist, co-author and director. At a quick estimate, more than half of last season’s hit shows were produced on this basis, with the artist—singly or in association, overtly or in silent partnership—assuming the dual function of creation and management.

A later generation will have a better perspective with which to judge the artistic quality of the work turned out under this system. Its material effect on the Theater of our time has been, on the whole, beneficial. Among the disruptive and incompetent elements of the commercial theater, these men have shown a valuable sense of cohesion and self-assurance and, above all, of continuity. But for the Theater’s deep-seated ills, this is not in itself a solution. These conspicuous successes are the thin point of a pyramid whose base is crumbling. Behind its flashy façade of long-running hits, the Theater continues to shrink and wither away.

“It is a wonder that anybody stays in it. The present is intolerable; the future is very gloomy indeed.” Written almost a year ago in an access of righteous indignation by our leading drama critic, those words are still valid today. So is the thought with which Brooks Atkinson concluded his column: “The plight of the New York theater today is not merely economic. It is much more serious than that: the *fun* has gone out of it.”

Extend this condition—the absence of “fun”—from the stage to the auditorium itself, from the theater to the public, and you have, I believe, revealed the main cause of our present theatrical crisis. The truth is that Broadway, for all its high level of talent and its great sense of technical perfection, is no longer “fun” for that section of the audience on which it ultimately depends for survival.

There are, among my own acquaintance, literally dozens of educated and not completely indigent men and women who no longer attend the Theater—and it is not radio or movies that keep them away.

Twenty years ago, in the lives of such people, theater-going was a regular social and cultural habit. It included—but was not limited to—the acclaimed “hits” of the season; they saw many plays, and by and large they had a good time, the good time that comes from forming one’s own opinion without pressure and from that sense of personal and collective discovery that has always been one of the keenest excitements of intelligent theater-going.

Ten years ago, the Federal Theater, with its nominal admission prices, seemed on the way to multiplying the numbers of these regular theater-patrons. Where are they today? Not in our Broadway playhouses—not more than once or twice a year. Ask them why. They will tell you that they can’t afford it; they will also tell you that it isn’t worth the trouble. Before making the hasty rejoinder that the Theater doesn’t need them anyway—that “South Pacific” and “Salesman” and “Kiss Me, Kate” are sold out months ahead, with or without them—just recall a few of the figures that appeared at the front of this article. The hits may not need them—being filled to overflowing with best-seller addicts, success-chasers, and sight-seers “taking in the shows”—but the Theater *does* need them and very badly. It is in a fair way to dying without them.

THAT it will get them back I have no doubt. Whether it will reach them through Broadway or through some quite fresh channel, it is impossible at this juncture to predict. In a similarly deadlocked situation—in the early twenties, after a similar inflation—the impetus came from below. It was the amateur intelligentsia, the long-hairs from McDougall Street and Washington Square, who cracked the hard, dry mold of the commercial theater and made playgoing one of the great excitements of that lively era. O’Neill was the prize exhibit of the Provincetown Playhouse; the unknown, accumulated drama of postwar Europe was the springboard from which the Theatre Guild leaped to fame.

No such positive or compelling elements have yet appeared among us. There are sundry "off-Broadway" groups presenting plays of quality under conditions of great hardship; they are green still, little better than playgrounds on the margin of the Theater.

Perhaps, this time, the thing will not happen in New York at all. All over the country, while Broadway was losing its play-

houses one by one, in colleges and small communities hundreds of fine theaters have been going up, in which hundreds of thousands of eager young men and women have been devoting themselves to studying and practicing the Arts of the Theater. Are *these*, maybe, the playhouses of America's next generation of Theater-goers? And, if so, will they call it by that very American name—Show Business?

Nobody Hears You

DON GORDON

NEW ORLEANS spoke in public with the drums,
said about the river and the market-place;

Memphis picked up the talk and the bass,
said Beale Street, night, and sinful town;

Northbound rhythm to Chicago, big and brown,
said railroad, steel, cattle, mines;

New York coming on the continental lines
said Harlem out loud, the girls, and the sea.

(piano said cane-brake, drum said tree,
horn said cotton, cymbal said free)

Juke-box opens its purple eyes:
neon face: chromium mouth.

Drop your nickel, get the South:
a kind of music, lightly tossed.

Nobody knows the sound of the lost,
nobody hears them trying to speak.

(piano said cell-block, drum said rope,
horn said hunger, cymbal said hope)

Nightfolk hear the brass, whitefolk hear
the lighted street, the dancing feet, the psalms.

Beat out the rhythm, beat your palms,
black music, beat, but never choose
those

nobody

hears

you

blues.

Widows and the Perilous Years

Zelda Popkin

IN THE United States at the present time, 6,725,000 women live in a kind of no-man's-land. They are women who once had a husband and household, knew the prestige and protection of marriage, enjoyed the boons of companionship, the having someone to talk to, the sharing of good and of bad, of common dreams for the future. They have known the normal fulfillment of women and now sit, empty-handed, facing the blank wall of time.

Their average age is fifty-one. Nearly six million of them are past thirty-five. With the normal life expectancy of the American female, they may reasonably anticipate living to seventy years. They are women who, having once had a husband, are not expected again to participate, as their spinster sisters do, in the active hunt for a marriageable male.

If lightning should strike for them twice, society grants them their luck, reserving the right to a catty footnote that maybe they didn't cherish the first one too much since they seem so quickly to have forgotten him. However their chance of remarriage is slim (after forty-five no more than two in ten) and in a country where there are already more females than males, it grows year by year slimmer.

They aren't rich women. Those who were widowed by soldiers or veterans of war may have inherited an average of \$6,000 through National Service Insurance. For the rest, the

over-all median of ordinary life policies is \$2,150, an average which would be substantially lower if it included the thousands of small industrial policies which cover no more than burial expenses. Nevertheless, only one third of them are in the nation's labor force, earning their keep at professions, trades, and on farms. The bulk of these are in service occupations, or at factory looms and machines, in offices, or selling over the counter. Few of them—less than ten per cent—have little children and those are relatively speaking the fortunate ones, since, however hard it may be to rear young ones alone, there is still the comfort of someone in the house every night and the healthy discipline of responsibility for somebody else. These still have a going concern. But for more than half, marriage was childless or whatever offspring it produced are now grown beyond the needs of daily care.

These are, when you come down to it, adult females who have lost the only jobs most of them have ever known, the jobs of being wives. Too many of them were raised on the fairy-tale—marry the dream prince and live happily ever after—but it cannot be ever after because of the cold, brutal fact that women live longer than men.

This nation's widows all must be fed, housed, and clothed and someone must meet that expense, either grown children, harassed by bills of their own, or relatives, through grudging doles, or the taxpayer, who pro-

Zelda Popkin is a journalist, mystery-story writer, and novelist, whose recent Walk Through the Valley did much to break the ice on this subject, one that has lately been ignored.

vides widows' pensions and home relief. Being human, they crave other things that are harder to come by, affection and human contacts, and far too often these are attained at the enormous price of the corrosion of the lives of the children they have borne. They are lonely and restless and, in a social structure of two-by-twos, think of themselves as the third who makes a crowd. Of their personality traits, self-pity and martyrdom are conspicuous. Henry James summed them up with sharp cruelty: "Ragged relic, left crumpled and useless."

The position in which they find themselves is in the cards for most married women. In our times, the life expectancy of the American male is five years less than that of the female and we have a shibboleth that men must wed women younger than they. A four-year differential is considered ideal. Thus, by simple arithmetic, it appears that each married woman can anticipate nine years of being alone.

This matter of the survival of women is an ironic thing. More boys are born than girls in the United States but at every age level their death rate exceeds that of women. Nevertheless, the girls grow up, taught that their sex is the weaker. In that very indoctrination, possibly, lies the truth of why they live long. They spare themselves. Never do for yourself what a man can do for you, the girls always say. Even the hardest pressed housewife can lie or sit down for an hour when she's tired, put off to tomorrow what she is too weary to do today, set her own tempo for the work she must do (not concerned with the boss's speed-up), and ask for some help with the dishes. The washing machine, the vacuum cleaner, the canned goods on the shelf, and the frozen foods in the refrigerator help to save her strength. The American housewife has an easier time than women anywhere in the world. Nevertheless, the words "helpless" and "female" have been so long hitched together that even women believe in the notion.

Life is much harder on men. They fight our too-frequent wars and die or are damaged in them. Even in peace, in daily earning a living, a competitive world compels them to constant challenge and struggle. From the day in his teens when a boy wishes to take a girl to the movies or buy her a soda, he has

to have money. The normal urge for feminine companionship is a cash liability, and through all of his life a man is under the need of earning what will pay for some woman's keep, and buy her "protection" after he dies. Day after day, year after year, he must go on, proving over and over again that he is "being a man."

The little woman has never really been taught to stand on her feet, be a whole person, function as part of the world. Even if she once held a job, marriage forces a decision upon her of whether to leave her career behind. The male ego, she is told and often has chance to learn for herself, can't take the challenge of a wife's success outside her home. Marriage itself can be a walled city, narrowing the world, fencing a woman off from all of the other realities of life, leaving her justly confused and unready when, at middle age, that marriage is gone.

ALL this is a part of the American family portrait at which we have never taken a long, steady look, possibly because it strikes at the heart of everyone's dread. Outside of the offices of insurance companies, widowhood is seldom regarded objectively as a significant portion of our social fabric, and therefore it comes as a shock to realize that nearly seven million women are buried alive in the spare bedroom or in one-room-and-kitchenette flats.

By no means is the problem new. Society has ever been plagued by the question of what to do with its widows. The Hindus compelled them to mount their own husbands' funeral pyres; the Middle Ages sent them into convents; nineteenth-century America condemned them to unpaid good works, for the church, for its missions, for homes for unwedded mothers and their unsanctioned babes, to meddle around with moral uplift or sew pinafores for the heathen in far-away lands. And everywhere they have been turned into doers-of-dishes and baby-sitters in the houses of kin. No one has remembered that in them is still the capacity for living and laughter. They aren't expected to have any fun. Perhaps the fault is their own.

Some of their problems they have in common with two and a half million spinsters, also above thirty-five, and with a half million divorcees of the same age—the problems

of where to live, how to pay the bills, and how to fill seven evenings of every week. Yet there is a difference in that they bear a special burden of trauma, of grief over loss. What she hasn't had a spinster cannot mourn. The generalization cuts in two ways. The widow, the spinster will tell you, has at least known the good of a marriage and she ought to be thankful for that. To some women—neurotics perhaps—bereavement may come as release; but, by and large, the death of a husband (or of a wife) is the end of a world. That best of all good things, a happy marriage, is not nearly as rare as the one-in-three rate of divorce in this country would seem to imply. Even if it is true—and I very much doubt it—that one third of modern marriages end in divorce, two thirds do not and we may as well look at them too. The perfect union, the ideal mating, may be rare indeed but the average marriage has found its own levels of compatibility, in the sharing of responsibilities, in habit, in the very comfort of someone alongside in the dark, in the mere absence of being alone. The tie is subtle and in the long sum it adds up to good.

Some of their problems widows share with women whose husbands are living but whose children are grown, the problems of what to do with one's time and where to find interests. At most, the child-bearing, child-rearing cycle fills ordinarily just thirty years. The life-span of a woman has three eras, each distinct in its needs but dovetailing with the next: before marriage, raising the family, and when the children are grown. Fifty is a long way from twenty but the years before twenty might well be the ones in which to get ready for those after fifty.

Part of the problem, by far the largest, is that which is common to middle age of both sexes, the rising sense of defeat and frustration, of failure to reach impossible goals of material success and inner contentment, the terrible pulls of desire and repression, the wondering whether life was worth living and what it is all about, the guilt over things that were done or not done, and the stark terror of growing old and ceasing to live. It is no mere triumph of dramaturgy that men weep at "Death of a Salesman." Hardest to accept of all of the facts of life is that we won't be young forever and that the time to make good is running out. "So much to do,

so young to die," Cecil Rhodes, who had founded an empire, mourned on his death-bed.

BECAUSE there has been a great deal of study and writing about the emotional problems of youth, we have come to regard adolescence as the most disturbed years of life, and in all truth this is a frightfully difficult time. With the lengthening of the life span in this decade some attention has been recently given to old age and its needs. But for the middle years, when you come suddenly to the realization that you do not know where you are going but already you are half-way there, our social studies reveal a large and significant blank. Yet it is precisely then, in the forties, the fifties, that we begin to give at the seams. A man starts to ask of himself: Will I be able to hold my job? Will we ever have enough in the bank to let me quit work? Does that pain in my chest mean my heart's giving out? And women sit frozen with dread, or flit in panic to quacks, cults, and beauty salon "Success Schools," hunting a defense of some sort against the hour when the kids will be married and gone, the house empty, and the reasons for living vanished.

The Bureau of the Census has among its statistics one set which tends to state dramatically that the most turbulent years of the life span are middle age. They enumerate first admissions to mental hospitals in the United States. Two thirds of those first admissions are of persons beyond thirty-five. And, were it not for the fact that the psychiatric staffs of the Veterans Administration have since the end of the war been so energetic in diagnosing and hospitalizing mental illness among young male adults, the proportion of the older groups among first admissions would be substantially greater. The chief of social service of a large general hospital in New York placed that proportion for her own institution at 90 per cent.

Foremost among the diagnoses in first admissions at middle age is the involutional psychosis, sometimes popularly termed "change of life melancholia." While men are by no means immune to the body's upheaval and the mind's distress at this stage of life, the involutional psychosis draws approximately three-fourths of its sufferers from the female

population, and its appearance may coincide with the menopause. In this fact lies the widespread conviction that women become emotionally unstable and are in danger of breakdown at change of life. But the change-of-life panic has deeper roots. It stems from the way girls are reared, to believe that their chance to be happy depends upon being desired by some man. When a girl reaches puberty, her parents beam. "Our child is a woman," they say, as though that in itself was cause for shaking their hands and they commence to day-dream of a marriage for her. When a woman is pregnant, the world smiles and approves. It's the natural thing. But when the end of ovulation is reached, a hush, thick with shame, drops down, as though the person involved had committed an unspeakable sin.

During the war, a woman I know, who was in the mid-forties, was asked to go overseas on an important assignment for a war agency. She is a vibrant person in rugged good health and the doctor who gave her an overseas physical examination attested that fact on her medical blanks. Yet the head of the medical services of the organization pointed to one word on the blanks and spoke an emphatic no. "We never send anyone over in that condition," he said. "It's too much of a risk." The applicant had already sublet her apartment, packed all her bags, burned a few bridges. She talked hard and fast and clinched her assignment when she demanded: "Why not send overseas at least one woman who isn't apt to get pregnant?" In all the time she was abroad, she took no sick leave and did an excellent job.

For many women, this process brings about actual improvement in well-being and capacity for work because it establishes an even physical keel. With the danger of unwanted pregnancy gone, numerous wives find a new compatibility in their sex relations. There are safe and effective new drugs to reduce the uncomfortable symptoms resulting from endocrine changes and there is little physical reason these days for women to dread change of life.

It is the dread itself, not the process, however, which makes these the turbulent years. No hormones, given by pill or hypodermic, can of themselves relieve what a leading psychiatrist recently called "the narcissistic injury" of menopause, the frantic self-question-

ing: Will I become ugly? Will my skin look haggard, my body get fat? Will I lose my man or my chance of getting a man? All of a woman's insecurities (and who does not have them?) rise to the top. A wise doctor or psychiatrist, and whatever good sense is in women themselves, can cushion that blow. Anxiety, fear, or a genuine illness may turn a woman into a hag, but never the mere fact of cessation of ovary function. It is trite but still true to add that beauty comes from within and that spirit and zest for life give a woman charm.

A SECOND grave source of middle-aged tensions lies in parents' relations with their adult children; and these strains are greater when Mama is widowed, for then self-pity and guilt enter in. It has always struck me as queer that a relationship which should be that of mutual love, trust, respect, should be brought to our children as a Commandment: "Honor thy father and mother," and slipped in among admonitions against murder and theft. It would seem that in Biblical times, as in ours, the young strove to be free and the elders to cling.

There are several classical pictures in American life, all arising from moral blackmail. One is the unmarried daughter, withering on the vine, deprived of normal pleasures and opportunities because Mama can't be left alone. Another is bachelor son, cheated of marriage and children, because his mother will not let go. The affection she no longer has from her husband, and perhaps never had, she drains from her son. Sometimes, she is subtle, feeding his ego, protesting that no girl he meets can be good enough, and sometimes she is forthrightly brutal, announcing she'll die if he leaves her alone. Of course, there are sons and daughters who have taken courage into their hands and abandoned the nest, but they must brace themselves to see poor Mama martyred, bravely hiding her tears and fawning or whining, or making demands, facing with horror the prospect that one day they must rent a bigger apartment and take Mama in. It is an axiom (or it should be) that no kitchen in all the world is big enough to hold two adult women—one related by blood, the other by marriage—to the same man.

A short time ago, I was interviewed on

a popular radio program. The interviewer chose to discuss this very topic: What should the relationship be between parents and adult children? What do children owe to their elders? A strange thing occurred. The quiet young man who was the program's announcer began to talk and could not stop until long after the program had ended. It was as though he were on a psychoanalyst's couch. This is *my* problem, he was trying to say. It's everyone's problem. Find us the answers and let us be free not of our mothers but of our guilt because we wish to be free of them.

Of course you dare not hurt Mother's feelings, because she's so miserable, poor thing, and we're all she has. When all else fails, there is always the tyranny of her tears, of the poor health against which she is struggling so bravely, alone. A friend of mine has a mother, not widowed, but deprived by time of children under foot, who has been dying at regular intervals for fifteen years, always with an impressive bedside tableau in which she gathers her children around her for fervent expression of how much we love you and how you'll be missed. Even the best disposed children are known to grow weary of steady "Wolf! Wolf!" One day when Papa phoned to his daughter and said: "Ellen, come quickly. Your mother is dying," Ellen said firmly: "I can't. I've a date for tonight which I cannot break." He gasped, found his breath. "Then, tomorrow," he said. "I'm sorry," she answered. "The maid's off tomorrow. I can't leave the children." "Well, come when you can," he said, meekly. "But don't come on Tuesday because Mother's going to a wedding on Tuesday."

LIVING alone is a coin of two sides. One side may be loneliness, if the spirit is poverty-stricken, but the other is independence, going where you please, eating what and when you please, having your own friends for dinner or tea or a drink. If a woman had friends while her husband was living, she will have them after, provided she calls them to her with something else than a sigh of self-pity, for in friendship one must give as good as one gets. Indeed some women learn the art of friendship only after they are no longer obliged to give first attention to their husbands. And actually, women are very

much tougher than their harping on physical disability would ever allow them to grant. Life-long invalids have a strange way of outlasting a family's strong men. "I'm sick, I can't do it," they tell you when they mean, "I'm afraid." They are fearful of independence because they never have had it; they are fearful of travel because someone has told them the world is crowded with robbers and rapists, when its chief lurking peril is bores; they are fearful of work because it is work and because they have never had training enough to meet an economic test; they are fearful of new experience because the limitations of marriage have made them fish out of water in any different milieu. At the beginning of widowhood, they are like little children, for the first time alone in the dark.

The major part of their misery comes from their too-ready acceptance of the attitude that life is ended when marriage is. Life is long. There are decades to fill. True, bereavement is trauma and grief is an illness which often requires long, patient healing; but there is a statute of limitations even on that, a time for realization that one is tied not to death but to life, a life not built on others but on oneself. That turning point came for one woman a few months after her husband died, when she read of a plane crash in which several notable men had been killed. "Why, their wives are widows!" she said to herself. "They're in the same spot as I am. All over the world this is happening to women. This isn't a punishment made specially for me."

FORTUNATE are those women, who superficially seem underprivileged, who have to work in order to eat, for work is the best therapy. One of the most magnificent women I've ever known was totally blind. She was left widowed with eight little children. She ran a large hardware store, brought up those children, sent them to college, lived to see one of them famous and all of them substantial people. Never once did I hear her bewail her sad plight.

Having a job is the best of all possible goads to make one get up in the morning, get dressed, pay attention to grooming and whether the seams of one's stockings are straight. At the next desk or machine is someone with whom to trade the time of day,

to open the doors which may lead to new friendships. "Cross your life with other lives," Samuel Butler advised.

Many general beliefs turn out to be myths when you examine the records. One of these is the legend that older women are not wanted for jobs. "I'm willing to take anything," women have told me, "but I can't find a thing." Having looked at the facts, it is fair to conclude that when a woman says, "I'm willing to take anything," what she usually means is that she would fancy a position as an executive, for which she has neither experience nor training, or as a receptionist, for which she hasn't the grace. When she "can't find a thing," the dream job has not been offered because she doesn't have what it takes. Just sorting the cards in a filing room or some other first rung in the ladder won't do. It's not interesting. The story is very different for the woman who needs or who really wants work.

In the middle of 1944, when war production was at its peak, one third of the female population of the United States—some twenty million—held jobs. After 1944, the number began to decline, dropped to sixteen million, and then rose again. Recent studies of these employment records have revealed an amazing fact. The number of women under thirty-five in this country's labor force had remained substantially the same as it was in 1940, but today there are over a million more women between thirty-five and forty-five in paying jobs than there were nine years ago, and almost two million more of those who are past forty-five.

A large life insurance company has just made a survey of its older workers. In 1940, because of the employment situation, the company revised its hiring policies and took on 150 persons who were forty-five and above. Of these, seventeen were men and 133 women. Twenty-seven were past the age of sixty. Their jobs ranged from simple clerical work to executive positions. The company has just completed an evaluation of these older workers. Sixty-seven per cent of the group were rated as better than average, only 20 per cent as below average. "This group," the company adds, "besides being rated as necessary to present operations and as functioning exceedingly well in their present positions, have shown a smaller turnover than the

younger group and no worse experience on absenteeism." It concludes: "The company is continuing to do a portion of its hiring from this group."

There is certainly nothing in the rule book which forbids a woman of whatever age to enroll in a school or college, to acquire a new skill or profession, or to serve the hard apprenticeship for serious work in an art or a craft. In my acquaintance, there is a grandmother who entered law school; a middle-aged army nurse, returned from overseas, who is using the GI Bill to get a bachelor's degree; and a widow, past sixty, who is taking evening courses in textile design. Many a woman has turned her household skills and experience into profitable business. The names of a few such businesses come immediately to mind: Knox Gelatine, Joy-Mix, Pepperidge Bread, and Mrs. Spier's Pies.

Although the average life-insurance inheritance does not reach five figures, the lump sum is usually more than most women have ever had in their hands at one time. Invested conservatively, it can yield no more than what is known as genteel poverty and, left in the hands of women untrained to manage or evaluate money, it melts away like yesteryear's snow. Hence it is usual that men who have large sums to leave place greater faith in investment trusts than in their own wives; and women, thus again put on notice of how little they know of the world, fall even more deeply into the well of timidity, clinging to their money "protection," distrustful of either their heads or their hearts, sitting on plush and brocade, in boredom and idleness, hoarding whatever they have as though it alone were the cement that could keep them together. Their money, too, is tied to death, not to life. Expended intelligently, it can make careers for themselves and for other women, can ease the difficulties of hard struggling youth, can be creative, constructive, of use to the world.

IF I could give just one single piece of advice to women entering upon widowhood, I would say this: Check your fears at the door. There is little, really, to dread, since the worst that can happen to anyone, the loss of a loved one, has already occurred. A woman alone, of any age, can have a wide world, if she wants it enough to work hard,

to leave the door open to life and let what there is enter in, to risk the fatigue, disappointment, the occasional error that may bring a hurt.

One of the six in my stateroom on a converted troop transport last fall was a woman of eighty. She had survived concentration camps at Bergen-Belsen, and Ravensbruck.

She had left a wealthy daughter in California, had traveled by air and by sea, headed for Haifa in a country at war. "I can do something," she said. "I can perhaps care for the children of a younger woman, while she does an essential job. I know I can be useful there."

I'm willing to bet that she was.

Television

ALLEN KANFER

LAY down your Aristotle, here is end
 Of exploration in the why; relax,
 Abet the seven dwarfs and Snow White. Prince,
 Desire not, weep not, feel not. In the eye
 Is all, the mind's eye full of darkness, dark
 Beyond the iris. All is here, assured,
 The inference is clear; the treasury
 Of truth complete, exact and certain.
 Now is the metaphysic closed: concrete,
 No contradiction; what is seen is seen,
 Heard, heard; motion is merged with permanence,
 All absolute, the facts empirical and tight,
 Where any eye can test validity,
 Contained, no space-time nonsense,
 No non-conforming variable stands
 Between *become* and *is*. See life
 In shadows where we sit in Plato's cave,
 But sure this time that no one comes out blinking,
 Weighing the dim factitious pantomime.
 The moon is made of green cheese, and the game
 Is in the Garden. If the peril comes,
 If darkness comes, if question comes
 And turns upon the fallow mind
 Disturbing it with antecedent questions,
 Sleep, my little ones, sleep,
 To sleep, to dream, the rigid sleep,
 The shadows on the wall, the cave,
 The cataleptic insulated sleep.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

THE Honorable John McSweeney, Representative from the Sixteenth Congressional District of Ohio, has a record in Congress, elsewhere in the public service, and in two wars that entitles him to be called, like the captain of the host of the king of Syria, a mighty man in valor. But he had a day in June when he was made to feel that the resemblance did not end there. He was attending the Commencement exercises at Wooster College—besides holding two degrees from Wooster, he has taught there and served on the board of trustees—when a news story broke. Mr. McSweeney had previously been named to the House Un-American Activities Committee in a long-needed effort to clean it up. While he was renewing old college ties, the usually infallible publicity sense of his chairman, Congressman John S. Wood of Georgia, skidded off the road. Mr. Wood chose Commencement Week—with the faculties still in residence, the trustees in session, and the alumni gathered—to call on some seventy colleges to submit to his committee lists of “textbooks and supplementary reading, together with authors,” which they were using “in the fields of sociology, geography, economics, government, philosophy, history, political science, and American literature.”

Fifteen minutes after the papers were out, the assembled faculty and alumni of Wooster College had reminded Mr. McSweeney that Naaman was a leper. He got back to Washington fast, in a notable rage. He found Representatives Harold H. Velde of Illinois and Morgan H. Moulder of Missouri, and two other but unnamed members of the committee, equally haired up. Mr. Wood had sent out the request on his own, without consulting the committee. Mr. McSweeney called a power play straight through him. He must know some high-voltage words for pres-

ently Mr. Wood told the press that he had not intended anything sinister: his letter was just a routine check. A couple of coveys of the Sons of the American Revolution had written in that they understood some fearful things were being taught at college nowadays and he had decided to find out what the score was. Having made this explanation, Mr. Wood sent another letter to the seventy-odd colleges, saying “the committee does not desire to interfere in any manner with academic freedom nor does it intend to censor textbooks.” Mr. McSweeney, I am sure, sees that his chairman’s second letter had even more effrontery in it than the first one.

Mr. Wood told the papers that a lot of colleges were co-operating with him but some ignored his request and others decided that the time had come to speak out. Chancellor Day remarked that if the Un-American Activities Committee wanted to find out what Cornell was teaching, they could come to Ithaca and matriculate. President Dodds announced that Princeton would send no lists and that the request was not only a threat to academic freedom but “an intrusion by government into an area of education that ought to remain independent and not political.” Other college presidents said much the same, but Dr. Lewis W. Jones of the University of Arkansas went further. He said that he would always gladly answer reasonable requests for information and, on Mr. Wood’s assurance that he wasn’t trying to threaten or censor anything, he would gladly send the lists asked for. That was sagacious. Arkansas is a State University and President Jones deftly put it above even Mr. Wood’s suspicion before telling him that if he wanted a fight he could have one.

For he added, “in the event that Congressman Wood, as an individual official of the

United States government or the House Committee on Un-American Activities, uses the information which this institution has supplied as a springboard in any attempt to interfere with freedom of thought or freedom of discussion, or to censor textbooks used in this or any other institution of learning, the University of Arkansas will resist such encroachment on the high ideal of academic freedom with every resource at its command." This freedom, he went on, is not to be surrendered at the dictate "of governmental agencies, committees, bureaus, or pressure groups of any hue of political or economic philosophy," no doubt including the Sons of the American Revolution. Then he faced Mr. Wood's Satan and declared that his institution would provide unbiased instruction in the principles of communism as well as other political philosophies, confident that the nation and its college students will not be endangered "if left free to seek truth where it may lead, if left free to work out their own destiny unhampered by narrow censorship or bigoted dictates from any source, foreign or domestic. . . . There will be no thought-control on the campus of the University of Arkansas. There will be no Iron Curtain. . . . There will be no witch-hunting or book-burning either literally or figuratively."

THE colleges have got to talk that tough and a lot tougher. The farcical content of Mr. Wood's request tends to veil the insolence and chauvinism of his action in making it. We see the naïveté of his assumption that college courses are taught from textbooks, as apparently they were at Mercer University when he was young, and we forget that he tried to usurp jurisdiction and authority which he has not got. We picture his dismay on receiving a microfilm of the Union Catalogue, which is the only way in which a university could comply with his request, and we forget that making it was an act of intimidation and intolerable arrogation. We imagine his pain on examining the listed books and finding not only Lenin, Trotsky, and inflammatory periodicals out of Russia, but revolutionary economists like John Stuart Mill and Adam Smith and revolutionary enemies of his type of mind like Jefferson, Lincoln, and Wilson—and we forget that he undertook to tell the nation's colleges what

books he would permit their students to read.

We forget entirely too much these days. See how far we have come down the most dangerous of all paths. Two groups of perturbed men (there are many others) think it entirely natural to denounce textbooks to the Un-American Activities Committee and count on Mr. Wood to act. A Congressman thinks it entirely natural to call on the colleges to account for themselves to his committee. Doubtless some of his zeal stems from an effort that explains much of our Red scare, the effort of many Southern Senators and Representatives to find expedients that will help sidetrack the Administration's civil rights program. But he actually assumes that his committee has the right and power to hold the colleges to account, to control their teaching, to forbid them to use books the committee may disapprove, to shape their procedures according to its notions, to deny them access to some ideas, and therefore to commit them to the support of other ideas at the committee's will. The assumption is implicit in his first letter and overt in his explanation that, honest, folks, he never really meant to censor books or interfere with academic freedom.

Well, he isn't going to because as yet he can't. He has the power to subpoena but no one will know whether he can subpoena books until some college forces the courts to decide. But no part of the government has any power, express or implied, constitutional, statutory, or as yet usurped to control the educational procedures of the colleges. The government cannot forbid any teacher or any college to deny any book to any student, though Mr. Wood is evidence that Congress, in the person of at least one member, is willing to try. The colleges should force the issue right now: by next month they will have lost more ground. Any college that has "co-operated" with him has acquiesced in a dictatorial political assault on the freedom which is the only warrant that democratic education will continue in the United States. So has a college that has merely ignored his request.

Their co-operation is fully as ominous as Mr. Wood's foolish but despotic assumption. At the moment the colleges are our agents in the defense of the key principle of democratic society. To forbid a student to read any book is to make mandatory any

other book a committee may select, and if Congress can suppress the free inquiry of college students, then it can break the freedom of discussion guaranteed by the Bill of Rights with any five to four vote it cares to make. There is nothing to do except to draw a line right here and tell the government that it cannot cross the line. It is, after all, our government. But instead of drawing the line, standing on it, and crying a rescue to all honest men, the colleges have already given away much they should have held on to.

Professor Dwight E. Dumond of the University of Michigan, addressing the Mississippi Valley Historical Society: "What must we say about [the Mississippi Valley] which permits its college faculties and students to be proscribed, dismissed, and silenced on the great questions of the day . . . when [a large university] will permit its students to organize political clubs but will not permit them to bring in outside speakers for public meetings, and a college will dismiss a . . . faculty member because he supported the candidacy of Henry Wallace . . . and students cannot form clubs, associations, or organizations without permission? What we must say is: that until every Teachers Oath law is repealed; and every Board of Regents is told that it cannot interfere with the inalienable rights of free discussion by faculty and students, in the classroom and out, on the campus and off; and every college and university comes up to the high standards . . . where free discussion is not only permitted but encouraged—until that time . . . man's eternal fight for freedom is dangerously compromised." There is no other stand the colleges can take, and no safety for any of us until they take it, but they are almighty slow.

THE military services are spending millions of dollars on research in the colleges not only in atomic physics but in many other fields of science, some of them wholly "pure," in the scientific meaning of that adjective. There is a growing suspicion, which a lot of us would like aired, that the generals and admirals are demanding and being accorded the right to determine the political (and what other?) opinions of the scientists whose salaries they are paying. If they are not making that demand now, we can be quite sure they will be tomorrow.

Well, we are now beginning to subsidize college and university education with federal funds. Is there some idea that when the government pays the piper it will not try to call the tune? Mr. Wood is evidence that it is prepared to try, and in fact the very nature of government makes sure it will try. There is nothing we can do except to make political dictation impossible in advance. The colleges must refuse, deny, denounce, counterattack—and right now, not next year.

If Mr. Wood by himself or the Sons of the American Revolution working through him can keep Lenin off a reading list, either the chiropractors or the American Medical Association can lobby any books off any list and decree that only such medical ideas as they approve shall be taught. Mr. Wood perceives that there are threats in history, geography, and literature as well as in the dangerous sciences which occasionally imply criticism of Congressional procedures. But the moment there is a Republican majority in the House Mr. Wood's favorite political thinker can be forbidden students. (Howell Cobb, perhaps, a lifelong revolutionist who in the end committed what a majority of Americans considered treason?) If Massachusetts dislikes classroom discussion of states' rights, if Nevada wants its rainfall statistics protected from inquiry, if California wants Upton Sinclair, the Los Angeles death rate, or the fall of the water-table closed to research, any of them need only start its Congressmen trading votes. No seminar on John C. Calhoun or the Essex Junto at Amherst and you can have my vote for the dredging of Goose Creek; Yale has the speeches and messages of Franklin D. Roosevelt on the reading list for Government 106, remember that and to hell with Yale when the appropriations bill comes up. It will be just that simple. The last time we had a big Red scare a man was convicted of sedition on the sole ground that he had publicly distributed copies of the Declaration of Independence. The colleges can be forbidden to expose their students to so much as its preamble, if they do not make sure that Mr. Wood's writ shall not run on the campus.

They have got to stop the government short right now, that is, if they are not to become bondservants of Congress or in fact of any single Congressman who can swing a majority in the Committee on Rules, Appropria-

tions, Ways and Means, or Un-American Activities. If they abandon as much as one book to Mr. Wood they may as well throw in their hand. They will defy any government control of inquiry whatsoever, or they will be forced to submit to any political dictation, any limitation of academic freedom, and any coercion of academic procedure as a committee majority may care or may be induced to impose. There is no such thing as a partial virgin. There is no such thing as academic freedom that is just a mite restricted. The colleges are entirely free or they are not free at all. Mr. Wood's absent-minded asininity was no more innocent than a tidal wave. It means that the colleges have got to make the fight. It can be won—but not unless it is made.

June indicated that the colleges are going to make the fight. But they have already lost the battle of the outposts, and have lost it by voluntarily retreating from a position of great strength. Even President Jones. He attached to his defiance of Congressman Wood a statement that the University of Arkansas "will not tolerate Communists on its faculties." If I can judge by what other college presidents said during Commencement Week, that line, which is a considerable distance back of the outposts, is the one which the colleges expect to defend. They are accustomed to look to Harvard for guidance in matters involving academic freedom. They got it in June, when Harvard published a brilliant reassertion of the eternal principles, written by Mr. Grenville Clark of the Corporation. It was unequivocal and President Conant took care to back it up in a Commencement Week speech. But Mr. Conant made an exception: "card-holding members of the Communist party are out of bounds as members of the teaching profession." Presumably Harvard will not have them on its faculty, although Mr. Conant binds it not to inquire into the political views of its teachers and not to tolerate investigation of their loyalty or review of their private activities. No restriction of freedom but no Party members on the faculty.

THE reasoning is persuasive: Party members have not got free minds and so cannot share the free inquiry and the free exchange of ideas that are the essence of education. But the card is not likely to

fall out of its holder's pocket while he and the dean are preparing an answer to Congressman Wood. So just how is a college going to know whether Professor X holds a card? Ultimately there will be no way except to submit to, or conduct, precisely the loyalty investigations, reviews of private activities, and inquiries into political opinion that Mr. Conant has committed Harvard to oppose. If Professor X holds a card he is quite willing to lie, which makes President Conant's stand futile, but there is no way of determining whether he is lying except by making that same stand a formal lie. What can any college president do when the Un-American Activities Committee or anyone else, in or out of the government, phones him to say that Professor X is a card-holding member of the Party? He can say, "I'm not interested," and hang up. Or he can start out on a course that will eventually bring in the FBI. Already one leading university whose president has denounced the witch-hunt has been publicly accused of having consulted the FBI before making certain faculty appointments, and Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's denial fell short of convincing at least me. Is there any other way out? If a college is to protect the freedom by which alone it exists in the tradition of democratic education, it has got to run the risk. The full risk.

It is a risk: Communists on the faculty may indeed work to achieve their ends, which include the destruction of democratic education and all other freedoms. I think, the United States has always thought, that the risk is small if, in Jefferson's words, reason (with which the colleges are principally concerned) is left free to combat error. But the life of the mind has always been full of dangers, and even if this is a very great one, it must be accepted as the indispensable condition of free inquiry. The colleges cannot maintain anyone's freedom unless they insist on protecting everyone's. To except anyone is to loose on us evils and dangers incomparably worse than the one they are trying to avert. They have got to say: on this campus all books, all expression, all inquiry, all opinions are free. They have got to maintain that position against the government and everyone else. If they don't, they will presently have left nothing that is worth having.

The Indians of the Colorado River

A Story by Mario Prodan

IT IS astonishing how really personal a matter truth is. I remember when we were children there was a stereoscope in Father's study and a heavy box neatly filled with double photographs. One set of these was our favorite. It was progressive. A beautiful lady dressed in the style of a Gibson Girl is sitting in a drawing room brimful of furniture, potted plants, hangings, pictures, porcelain, and lamps. There is a little girl there too, dressed in white with long black stockings, reading a large book. A gentleman comes in, with mustaches. He shakes hands all round and is seated. The little girl is asked to leave. She leaves. The grown-up people talk and laugh. Then they stand up and, while the gentleman looks on, the lady begins to undress. One by one, photograph by photograph, she takes off her clothes until she is left in a voluminous chemise and no less voluminous bloomers. At this point the gentleman walks over to her and lifts the back of her chemise. There, on the small of the lady's back, is a perforated plaster about the size of a handkerchief. While the lady registers hilarious agony on her beautiful face the gentleman proceeds to pull away the plaster. The stereoscope adventure ends there. But this is what it did to me: it brought me the conviction that all ladies, for some obscure grown-up reason, wore perforated plasters on the small of their backs. It remained my personal truth right into my fourteenth year.

I possess personal truths at this very moment, certain truths that are almost exclusively my own. But who has not? And, are we who have them to be condemned? There is a very strong extenuating circumstance, if not indeed grounds for complete exoneration, that we can turn to. It is that the other truths, the so-called absolute truths, have received tremendous jolts of late.

I have a personal truth about the Indians of the Colorado River, and I wish to relate how I came upon it.

PEOPLE who travel from the Far East to Europe via America invariably say: "Oh, you must see the Grand Canyon," so, when I went to Europe via the United States, I went to see it.

We made the trip to the Canyon by special tourist train. On the way from Los Angeles, I became acquainted with three young men who, by an odd coincidence, were also from the Far East. One was an American mining engineer, the other an English student at Oxford, and the third a Dutch lieutenant of the Netherlands East Indies artillery. Our Oriental background made acquaintance easy, and the moment we began to talk politics and to take sides we found ourselves on excellent terms.

As the train pulled in and we descended, the pastel country that surrounded the station was bathed in a mist that hung in the air like silver powder. The open-air platform was deserted—except for three figures who were walking toward us from the head of the train. They were walking slowly and now, as they came nearer, we discovered what they were. They were Indians. Red Indians. The black glossiness of their hair, the severe but colorful decorations on the blankets, the honey-colored leather moccasins assured it. We gazed at them, enthralled. Red Indians as we had imagined them—somber, dignified, silent. They were carrying their arms crossed and high, so that their eyes and broad foreheads alone looked over that scaffolding of arms from which, austere, the heavy cloth hung down. They approached us and we made way for them to pass. The Indian in front acknowledged this attention with a dignified nod. As

he drew level we noticed that he was the only man of the party, for the Indian behind him was a woman, and the Indian behind her a boy.

They went by silently, the whole length of the platform. At the point where it dipped to the level of the rails they swung off, and then were gone from our sight.

They had made us feel very warm inside. They filled us with anticipation of drama, recalled to us a forgotten flavor from the books of our childhood.

We were taken by bus to the hotel, where an excellent breakfast awaited us. At 8:45, however, we were commanded to attend a sun worship ceremony by the Indians of the Colorado River.

EVEN though only three Indians performed it, it turned out to be very impressive. Two of them, encased in their woolen blankets, sat on the rock a little behind the third who, standing erect like a statue, attired in nothing but a loin cloth, his sinewy brown arms raised to the sky, emitted from time to time a succession of sounds. They were a low guttural murmur, followed, after a short interval, by a high-pitched yell. The trio was at a distance from us, up on a shelf of rock in that amazing terrain. All three faced the sun, now still hidden from them by a sharp boulder which, the guide pointed out, had the shape of an eagle crouching. But, as the sun rose up, up, and the rays began to cast their light on the face of the man, he began to tremble. It was fairly chilly as a matter of fact, and I remember wondering that he had not started shivering sooner. The succession of moans and yells became more immediate and went up into a crescendo until the sun was full on him, and on the two behind him. They stood up then and handed the standing Indian his blanket. After him, with surprising dignity under the circumstances, they climbed the sheer wall of rock to mount the flat terrain that overhung it. There, they formed in Indian file. I borrowed the Dutchman's binoculars. The three Indians were a man, a woman, and a boy. The boy was in the middle.

At 9:15 we were ordered to go through a little Indian hut where hand-wrought jewelry was on sale. It was attractive, turquoise and coral chips held together by a black paste,

made up into brooches, rings, and bracelets. A woman and a boy, Indians, wearing those handsome leather jackets with fringed edges, were selling them. The boy was an attractive youth, long-haired, with a diadem on his brow held there by a metal ring round his head. They did not speak a word; they only pointed to the jewelry and to the price-tags that were on it. But they knew how to add up sums quickly, on odd pieces of paper, and they wrote out the totals for you in an easy hand. At the end of the shop a door was ajar and from it came the sound of a small hammer beating metal. Some of the tourists went in. A man, an Indian, his back to the shop, was hammering strips of silver. You would have had to lie down in front of him in order to see his face, for he was sitting on the ground, bent double over his work.

At 10:10 we were summoned to the bus for the tour of the Grand Canyon's rim. Deep down in the yawning abyss, the Colorado River. . . . Heavens, I wish I could go on like this for a page at least. I know that the Colorado River, the Grand Canyon absolutely deserve it. They are stupendous. But to me the whole thing was a bore. We had the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River when we were children, in the stereoscope in my father's study, forty double-photographs of them. It was a bore then and it was a bore now. The Grand Canyon in the stereoscope is not much different from the Grand Canyon in reality. You can't jump into either one, safely—they're both at such a tremendous distance. I prefer the lady with the perforated plaster. The power of the human element is really very great. I wanted to see people, Indians, not monstrous geological formations. That is why I kept looking forward: we had been told that we were to visit another Indian hut and see the Indians weaving their blankets on their primitive looms.

The hut was low, completely made of stone. Outside the door were three earthenware vessels amazingly similar to the neolithic pottery of China. We went in, stooping. It was quite dark after the glare outside.

Three Indians were weaving, seated on the earth in front of their looms which were lined against the wall. Unless you had sandwiched yourself between the looms and the wall and then thrust your face through the warp at them, you could not have seen their faces. But

from behind you could tell their approximate size and their sex. They were a man, a woman, and a boy. We stayed and watched them for a time. Not once did those impassive Indians turn to look at us. One could not help feeling that it was noble of them to be so impervious to our inquisitive presence. But I would have liked to glean a spark from them. A look, a smile, a frown even: to let me know that they were molded as I was molded of sensitive human stuff. . . . But no. Instead we were led back to the bus and to the jokes of the guide. His humor was like Mark Twain's and as worn as the bed of the Colorado River.

12:45: We had lunch in a sort of stone observatory-cum-museum. 1:50: A young geologist dressed in uniform gave us a lecture. The guide told us that the young man's grandfather had come to the Canyon in a covered wagon. That cheered us somehow.

At 3:50, after a roll call, we were ordered once more to the bus and the peripatetic geological pilgrimage continued till 6:10, when we were suddenly back at the hotel again. We were allowed to rest for an hour. At 7:10 we were summoned to an Indian dance in front of the hotel.

IT WAS inspiring. A wood fire was burning in the center of the cleared space as we came out of the house. The fire was low, almost embers. The orange-ruby glow gave the settling blueness of the night a deeper velvet, a greater intensity. Quietly at first, out of the night, rose the rhythmic beat of a drum like the blood thrumming through your body. It grew louder, and then louder. Out of the darkness a man appeared. He was almost naked. Shuffling almost imperceptibly, he penetrated deeper into the splash of light around the dying fire. Over and behind him flashing out of the shadow of his own body, was a crest of snow-white feathers. They rose up and away from his temples, flowed down his sinewy loins to trail on the ground. As he shuffled along, the feathers made that noise that turkey feathers make when the bird is aroused. The man stood still. But his long and bony fingers, as though they had a life of their own, beat on and on in steady rhythm. The suspense was at a high pitch. Now it was fulfilled. From the darkness a woman came into the zone of light. She was

dressed. With measured steps she walked to the fire and, turning her back to it, stood still—but only for an instant. As if the rhythm of the drum were irresistible, she, too, began to shuffle her rather large feet back and forth, back and forth, until another dancer appeared out of the shadow. A boy, naked but for a breech clout and an eagle's feather in his hair. The woman stopped her shuffling, but the boy went on from where she left off. While he shuffled he moved, in a circle, around the fire. Soon he began to lift his head and to lower it, to lift his arms and to lower them, and then to ululate. At this the woman shuffled again. I thought there was a little too much shuffling; after all there is not much to it. But the spectacle was splendid. They shuffled, all three of them, for another fifteen minutes, and then the fire went out, and the dance was over.

We went in to dinner and had another excellent meal.

At 10:15 we were put on the bus and by 11:05 we were on the train. As it pulled slowly out of the station, we saw three Indians under a station light—a man, a woman, and a boy.

We arrived in New York and each went his own way. I stayed on in the city, and one day I went into a Trans-Lux. This was in 1940 and news theaters were interesting in those days. Whenever anything German came on, everybody hooted. A race developed to see who would hoot first. They showed a dog-show. It was won by a German police dog, and everybody hooted.

Then, heralded by martial music and a stentorian voice, airplanes—large, powerful, beautiful—flew diagonally across the screen. The voice was saying: "Uncle Sam's air force is making test flights of new types of bombers over the Grand Canyon!" and I saw the Grand Canyon again, yards and yards of it. And then I saw the three Indians gazing up at the planes under distended hands. They wore, two of them, feathers, many feathers. But the third did not, for she was a woman.

SOMETIMES I read a book, a pamphlet, an article, which tells me of the vast reservations, of the innumerable, romantic names of Indian tribes, and I am absorbed and interested. But as I turn the last page I smile and gently shake my head. I know the truth about the Colorado Indians. . . .

Overloaded Democracy

Gerald W. Johnson

A CONCEPT may be overloaded as certainly as a camel, and the concept of American democracy is obviously sagging under the weight piled upon it by the calamitously good. American democracy is a polity, that is to say, something more than a mere policy but a good deal less than a complete philosophy of life. As a polity it has been markedly, indeed spectacularly, successful; but that does not guarantee its capacity to carry the burden of ethics, morals, and aesthetics which certain enthusiasts seem bent upon making it carry. If it snaps under the strain, then the "either-or" boys—either communism or facism—will be justified in their prophecies; for democracy is the only middle course that has as yet been devised.

I am not suggesting that either William Z. Foster or some successor of the late Huey Long is likely to take over the United States government within the predictable future. I refer to a much larger and more lamentable process, in which the rise of the dictator will be a mere incident; I mean the erosion of popular understanding of democracy, which has already gone alarmingly far.

As evidence, I cite certain things that the enthusiasts regard not as an attack upon, but as the bulwarks of democracy—the curious odyssey of the Freedom Train, for example, and the pledge to the flag now exacted of public-school children, the loyalty oaths re-

quired of every spittoon-cleaner in a federal office building. These things are rank image-worship; and when iconolatry enters, the faith is dying.

Even more significant is the way Americans, especially on the upper intellectual levels, are abashed whenever Vishinsky howls and Molotov roars that democracy is a fraud because it doesn't repress the activities of the anthropoid element in our population. Whenever the lower type of New Yorker insults a Jew, or the same sort of Mississippian lynches a Negro, or B-grade Californians throw law-abiding Americans of Japanese descent into concentration camps, the Russians loudly demand, "What is your democracy worth?" From the standpoint of the Russians this requires no explanation; it is a good talking-point and they use it. The sinister fact is that intelligent Americans fumble for an answer.

The answer is, of course, that the question is completely irrelevant. They might as well ask, after a lynching, what is your boasted central-heating system worth? Democracy has no more to do with lynching than steam radiators have, or chewing gum, or be-bop, or anything else that is typically American. Democracy is not a system of law-enforcement; it is simply adhesion to the theory that the social order is best served by removal of artificial barriers from the path of character and ability.

Mr. Johnson's study of democratic ends and means is the by-product of research he has been doing for his most recent book, Our English Heritage, which was published last month.

It is, although it should not be, necessary to explain hastily that I do not commend complacency in the face of religious, racial, and national prejudice. Lynching, anti-Semitism, and the persecution of orientals should abash us, because they indicate a lack, not of democracy, but of common decency in this country. As long as the spirit behind them is allowed any expression in overt act, no man's life or property is quite safe under American law. But what has that to do with democracy? Heaven knows, no man's life or property is safe under Russian law, nor were they safe under Nazi or Fascist law, although all three legal systems were, and the survivor still is, untainted by American democracy.

Reformers are naturally desirous of linking anything that is highly successful to their pet ideas. Democracy has succeeded in this country; hence everyone is bent upon persuading the public that the particular reform in which he is interested is an essential part of the democratic system.

Perhaps they should not be blamed for this, but they should be opposed, because it is not true; and when lies become embedded in any political philosophy that philosophy is doomed. If democracy is identified with every form of righteousness, then whenever any form is defeated, democracy loses prestige. No system of government can make men moral, wise, or honest; and to expect the democratic system to do it is to doom that system to failure.

ABOVE all, American democracy is not, never was, and never can be a guarantor of equality. On the contrary, it is a guarantor of essential inequality, for its function is to release the talents with which men are endowed; and the moment talents are allowed full play men become unequal. Democracy can guarantee equality before the law, but that is a tiny part of the whole field of human relations; and to a limited extent it may guarantee equality of opportunity, although the founders of American democracy did not believe that that could or should be carried far. A superficial examination of Thomas Jefferson's ideal scheme of public education demonstrates that. At each successive level Jefferson favored a screening process that would eliminate the uneducable.

He believed it was to the interest of the state to give the poorest youth all the formal schooling he could take, but he could see nothing democratic in sending half-wits to his beloved university.

In short, Jefferson believed just as firmly as ever Hamilton did that there are superior and inferior men; he believed just as firmly as Hamilton that the superior men are a minority; and he believed that the welfare of the country requires that power should be wielded by that minority. Where they diverged was on Hamilton's theory—which was the ancient aristocratic theory—that there is a higher concentration of superior men in some classes than there is in others. This Jefferson energetically denied and on the denial he built his political career.

But of late we have exhibited a tendency to assume that because he denied that the "rich and well-born" are likely to be superior, he therefore denied that there are superior men. We have been confirmed in the error by the blatant fallacy in the opening lines of Alexis de Tocqueville's otherwise great book, *Democracy in America*. Tocqueville's introduction begins, "Among the novel objects that attracted my attention during my stay in the United States nothing struck me more forcibly than the general equality of conditions." A moment later he added, "I perceived that the equality of conditions is the fundamental fact from which all others seem to be derived, and the central point at which all my observations constantly terminated."

If this is sound, then democracy is sunk, for "equality of conditions," even the far from perfect equality that obtained in 1835, when Tocqueville wrote, no longer exists. *Tobacco Road* is not altogether a farce, nor *The Late George Apley* altogether a satire. There is a broad basis of fact under both. The gulf that separates Jeeter Lester from Mr. Apley is comparable in width to any social chasm that yawned in Europe in Tocqueville's day. It has been immensely widened by the heritage that each man received; but—and this is the fact that the egalitarians repudiate with violence—there is no convincing evidence that it was created by and entirely attributable to those heritages. The integrity that saved Apley from being a clown is not a common quality anywhere; but the

Jeffersonian theory of democracy holds that it is to be found along Tobacco Road in about the same frequency that it is found along Beacon Street.

What can democracy do about that? The answer is, nothing, except recognize it.

UNFORTUNATELY, it is next to impossible to advocate recognition of this fact without seeming to line up with the fascists. The most prodigious of lies is always a half-truth propounded as the whole truth. Nobody knew this better than Hitler, Mussolini, and their incredible following; so they seized upon the fallacy of egalitarianism and blared it abroad so loudly that even to hint at the fallacy today instantly identifies one with the brazen-lunged crew led by Goebbels.

As a matter of fact, the only genuine exponents of equality of conditions have always been despots, and true equality exists only under a despotism. It required a Louis XIII to take off the Duc de Montmorency's head as readily as he hanged the meanest French peasant. Only a Stalin could send Molotov to Siberia as easily as he could liquidate an obscure *kulak*. Montmorency and the peasant, Molotov and the *kulak*, actually represent equality of conditions, for life is the prime condition to which all others, even liberty, are ancillary.

For contrast, consider the difficulty that President Truman would have in getting Senator Taft, one of his leading opponents, hanged, or that King George of England would encounter if he undertook to liquidate Churchill. If we were unfortunate enough some time in the future to be afflicted with a President totally devoid of principle, it is conceivable that he might get me hanged with relatively little difficulty; but it would be enormously troublesome even for a thorough-paced villain to compass the destruction of a Senator with a long and distinguished record. Yet Stalin could do it.

The point is that Senator Taft and I live under American democracy, which recognizes inequalities in character and ability, and which permits the superior man to build up a relative invulnerability to attack which the less able cannot hope to attain. Well, what's wrong with that? There should be a reward for public service, a reward more stable than

either money or the favor of a despot. If it takes the form of general recognition of a superior man's quality which blunts the weapons of his enemies, that is only just.

It seems to me that the common people admit this much more readily than the intelligentsia. I have yet to encounter a skilled workman—a farmer, or a brickmason, or a carpenter—who actually considered himself the equal of the President of the United States, or even of a Governor or a Senator. At the ballot box, yes. Before a court of law, yes. But voting and litigation are tiny fractions of the total activity of a man with his living to make; and the honest workman wants a better man than he is in the great offices of state—better, that is to say, in brains, in ability, and perhaps in basic integrity. In other words, the common man is not such a fool as to believe in equality, when the experience of every day proves to him that there is no such thing.

Yet with people on all sides clamoring that every inequality in the American way of life proves that democracy is a fraud, the common man may be reduced to a state of confusion in which, not knowing what to believe, he will end by believing nothing. This erosion of the people's faith in their system, or any other system, of government has been the ruin of every democracy that has failed, from Athens to the Third French Republic. It has been the ruin of kingdoms and empires, too, but that is irrelevant to this discussion.

THE amelioration of social conditions has invariably attended democracy, but it is incidental, and to present it as the chief aim of that system is to misinterpret the spirit of the founders of this republic. Modern liberals, discussing Jefferson, find it embarrassing that this great archetype of democrats paid relatively little attention to Negro slavery. The truth is, as a democrat he paid no attention to it. He opposed slavery and made some vigorous efforts to provide for its elimination, but he did so as a humanitarian, not as a democrat.

Nobody understood better than Jefferson that his theory of democracy, to wit, that with the removal of artificial barriers natural superiority would rise to the top, was based on the assumption that the most effective of all artificial barriers, ignorance, would be re-

moved first. The slaves were ignorant, not merely in the sense of being illiterate, but also in the sense of having had no experience in the art of self-government—an art “so long to lerne” that Englishmen had mastered it very imperfectly in the five hundred years since Runnymede. Jefferson foresaw what experiment demonstrated three-quarters of a century later—that to load an immense mass of ignorance and inexperience upon the electorate would erect higher barriers than ever against genuine talent, that is to say, would be the negation of his theory of democracy.

Today every state in the Union requires its citizens, regardless of their color, to learn to read before they are permitted to vote. There is nothing undemocratic in this, but it is a tacit admission that there *are* inferior men. Under modern conditions it is so easy for any man of sound mind to learn to read that the literacy test is a handy method of screening out imbeciles. In no state is a man convicted of a felony allowed to vote (unless his disability has been removed by a pardon), which is another admission of inferiority—moral, this time, instead of intellectual. Finally, nowhere is a man allowed to vote unless he has taken the trouble to register. This is primarily a precaution against fraud, but it has the practical effect of screening out millions of the indifferent. Here is another brand of inferiority; if a man is too careless about public affairs to bother to register, he may have the intellectual equipment of a philosopher and the moral altitude of a bishop, but he is politically inferior.

Thus an admission of triple inequality—mental, moral, and political—is embedded in the very foundations of the American democratic system. Our reproach is not that we recognize the fact, but that we have so often lacked the wit to distinguish between the fact and the appearance. The progress of American democracy—and it has made progress, regardless of what cynics say—has been the measure of our increasing ability to distinguish a genuinely superior man from one who appears to be superior by means of some adventitious factor, such as money, or nepotism, or the favor of influential friends. True, we have a long way to go before approaching perfection in this matter; we are still too slow to perceive the difference between, say, a Hughes, who got into the Coolidge cabinet on

merit, and a Fall, who got there on favor. But we have been working toward that goal, not without success.

It is a rather bold assertion, but I believe that politicians, on the whole, have made more progress in that direction than business men. The laws of inheritance still make it possible for an able business man, whose energy and talent have created a great corporation, to bequeath along with his money his power over the business to a son so dim-witted that he is not competent to discharge the functions of a high-grade office-boy. Such an appalling specimen may become the head of the business, thereby barring out a shrewd and experienced vice-president, only less able than the founder himself; and he may easily wreck the concern to the ruin, not only of himself, which would be easily bearable, but also to that of twenty able men who assisted his father.

THAT sort of thing is a complete repudiation of the basic principle of democracy as Jefferson and his American colleagues envisaged it. The artificial barrier of inherited control has prevented character and ability from rising to the top; and the ensuing collapse is of the same type as the collapse of the French aristocracy under Louis XVI. It is gruesome, but probably salutary in the economic world, as the French Revolution was in the political world.

But we can hardly hope to improve our brand of democracy if we confuse its functions with those of philosophy, specifically with those of ethics and law. Democracy, to be sure, may express itself through ethics and law, but it is not to be identified with them. Here is where the more advanced liberals are treading on dangerous ground at this moment. A minimum wage law, for example, may be democratic in that it removes an artificial barrier to talent, that is, the power of wage-fixers to hold wage-earners to a bare subsistence level, with no chance to rise. But such a thing as the Fair Employment Practices Act is questionable democracy, because it postulates an equality that doesn't exist. Some men are rendered unfit for some employments by reason of their perfectly lawful beliefs and practices. Doubtless an orthodox Jew would hardly seek employment in a pork-packing plant, but a radical egalitarian cannot be

trusted never to seek employment in an establishment catering to the snob trade—an exclusive resort hotel, for instance, or a swank jeweler's, or furrier's, or cosmetic vendor's shop—and he could damage it tremendously. A law, therefore, that forbids an employer to refuse a job on account of the applicant's political or social theories ignores an inequality that does exist, as far as the employer is concerned. It forces him to employ men who are, for his purposes, inferior, although for other purposes they may rank among the saints and sages.

THAT isn't democracy. That is an attempt to establish by law a spurious equality, and it has no more relation to American democracy than has the spurious equality established and maintained by Stalin. Yet if we fail to keep this distinction in mind, the clamor of the enthusiasts may eventually be-

tray us into the belief that our system has failed when it has done nothing of the sort.

The worst of it is that the clamor is raised by worthy men, disinterested men, who command the respect of the fair-minded. They are not seeking profit or advantage for themselves. As a rule, they are sincerely interested in the welfare of the country. Their indignation against the villainies they see perpetrated every day is perfectly genuine moral indignation, the most powerful of forces in swaying the minds of men. They are the calamitously good, so intent upon ripping out the tares that they do not mind fetching the wheat along with them.

An alarmist I may be, but I am persuaded that they offer a greater threat to the permanence of the Republic than would be offered if someone named Ivan Ivanovitch landed in Moscow with a complete set of blueprints of the atomic bomb in his pocket.

The Darkness

WELDON KEES

I HAVE seen it in the green tree
For a long time now,
In the shapes on pavements, oiled

And streaked with rain, and where
Hands have touched at doors.
Over the roofs and streets,

On face after passing face
I have watched it spread,
At the edge of the sky at noon

Until it stains the dead
Weeds in some empty place
And saturates the sun.

—As though one had pulled a string
In an unfamiliar house,
Of a dim light, darkening.

Still Life with Red Herring

Emily Genauer

AN ART exhibition for the entertainment of the paraplegics at St. Alban's Naval Hospital on Long Island and what happened to it was a small incident, but it was real dynamite that blew the show apart.

The story is simple enough. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Aument (he is a painter and she a writer) decided that the bed-ridden veterans at the hospital might get some relaxation and pleasure out of looking at paintings. Mrs. Aument for several winters had spent a good deal of time at the hospital trying to give the patients a new interest in life. She had organized a weekly symposium on writing and had persuaded editors and writers from New York magazines and newspapers, men like Paul Gallico, John Hersey, Frederick Lewis Allen, and John Mason Brown, to come out to the hospital to talk about writing problems and criticize the work of the veterans who couldn't stir from their beds or wheelchairs. It was a short step from this to the plan to arouse their interest with art, and bring out artists to talk to the patients about their pictures.

Mr. and Mrs. Aument got a station wagon and went around from gallery to gallery borrowing pictures. There were all kinds—academic ones and abstract ones. They called it the "Gallery on Wheels" and more than seven hundred patients in the hospital saw the pictures which had been painted by nineteen artists. Seven of the artists represented went out to St. Alban's to answer questions about their work. Many of the patients who were

not totally incapacitated determined to try painting themselves. The commanding officer of the hospital, Captain William H. H. Turville, thought that the show not only gave his patients pleasure but had definite therapeutic value. Some of the men asked that more such shows be brought to them.

But that was not to happen. Congressman George A. Dondero, Republican, of Michigan, smelled a plot. The project was, he said, nothing less than a communist maneuver to control art in the United States. Who are these painters? he wanted to know, and he answered his own question: "radicals all . . . explaining their theories to an audience who could not get away from them. . . . They had a great opportunity not only to spread propaganda, but to engage in espionage." How much were they paid and by whom, the Congressman asked rhetorically on the floor of the Lower House, "to put across this propaganda undertaking in a government institution?"

Actually, Mr. and Mrs. Aument had done all the work themselves. They did get some help from the Red Cross in the form of a loan of a station wagon, and the movable screens on which the pictures were hung were built in a hospital workshop. None of the artists had asked for any compensation for going out to talk to the veterans any more than the writers and editors had several winters before. Congressman Dondero brushed aside the possibility that somebody might be trying to do something pleasant for the veterans and wasn't

Emily Genauer, art writer for the New York Herald Tribune, was the author of a famous Harper article, "The Fur-Lined Museum," which she reports (in P&O) still brings her mail.

going to make any cash out of it, or, more important, spread any subversive propaganda.

"I cannot for a minute believe," the Congressman said, "that they devoted all this time and energy as a pure philanthropy."

The Congressman's logic is interesting, and to understand it we have to go back to 1946 to an exhibit which had been put together by the State Department. Part of a postwar program to demonstrate our cultural activity to our former Allies was a show of what our more progressive painters were doing. Rather than borrow pictures for extended loan and pay high insurance rates for them, the State Department spent just under \$50,000 buying 117 pictures, and the exhibition was being successfully shown in what was then a free Czechoslovakia when suddenly it was attacked in appropriations hearings as being full of communist propaganda.

The ruckus had been started by the American Artists Professional League, composed almost entirely of academic painters and illustrators, whose noses were already very much out of joint because they weren't represented in the show. They had violently protested what they said was the government's sponsoring and the tax-payers' paying for a lot of radical and un-American art. Hearst papers all over the country joined in the protests, and reproduced some of the pictures with ridiculing captions. Exit the State Department's efforts to be an art patron. The pictures were later sold at sealed-bid auction as war-surplus property, and by the provisions of the surplus-property act educational institutions, notably a couple of conservative Southern colleges, bought them at ten cents on the dollar!

The connection between the State Department and the St. Alban's exhibition "on wheels" is simply this. Six of the artists represented in the St. Alban's show were also represented in the State Department show. Ergo, the St. Alban's show was subversive.

THE interesting point here is not so much just another example of calling citizens subversive by association, but that the Congressman believes and has been able to convince a good many others that all of what he calls modern art is communist-inspired and full of subtle and sinister meanings that threaten our democratic system. Two weeks after he had denounced the St. Alban's show,

he held forth again in the House on the dangers of modern art, and late May he issued a third and still more violent blast.

But let him tell you about art in his own words, taken here from the Congressional Record (he was referring specifically to paintings shown at the A.C.A. gallery in New York): "It signifies a caricature of art, art that is absortive, that is distorted, and that is repulsive . . . the art of the communist and the Marxist is the art of perversion."

It seemed to me that to understand what the Congressman really had in mind it would be a good idea to talk with him about his ideas about art, and I was granted an interview with him in Washington in June. "Modern art," he told me, "is communistic because it is distorted and ugly, because it does not glorify our beautiful country, our cheerful and smiling people, and our great material progress. Art which does not portray our beautiful country in plain, simple terms that everyone can understand breeds dissatisfaction. It is therefore opposed to our government, and those who create and promote it are our enemies."

There have been other politicians who have made strikingly similar observations about modern art, and they, too, are worth listening to. Here is one: "I cannot praise the works of expressionism, futurism, cubism, and other isms. . . . Why turn away from the really beautiful. Art must unite and uplift the people in their feelings, thoughts, and aspirations"

And here is another: "Art must forgo the higher aesthetics of modernism Art . . . has again been invested with the great ideas of patriotism."

The first of these politicians is Lenin, as quoted by his official biographer, Clara Zetkin. The second is Marshal Stalin, one of whose henchmen, the art critic Kemenev, writing in the official Soviet VOKS bulletin, referred to modern art as "hideous . . . revolting . . . distorted."

Congressman Dondero finds himself in rather uncongenial company.

IT is well known that when the Nazis came into power, they paid special attention to the arts. Afraid of their "poisoning influence upon public opinion," they rounded up all the modern paintings they could lay

their hands on ("degenerate" was their word for them) and staged an enormous exhibition in Munich. They wanted to show the people what they were being spared. Then they tossed most of them into a fine bonfire, sparing only those which officials thought had some sales value. Most of these were confiscated and sold abroad; a few found their way into the private collections of politicians.

It is also well known that the Russians consider "modern" art along with Einstein's theory of relativity as "bourgeois" and "capitalistic" and therefore dangerous. But their attitude toward art is no more negative than Congressman Dondero's. The Russians believe that art has a duty to serve the state, that it is a weapon of propaganda. The official Soviet line, as has been demonstrated again and again by their treatment of composers as well as painters, is that the freedom of the artist to experiment, to extend the horizons of creation, and to investigate new aesthetics, is not only unpatriotic but downright subversive.

Unwittingly, for it certainly must not be consciously, Congressman Dondero has taken a leaf out of the communist book, a leaf almost identical with that in the Nazi book. But the analogy goes further than this. It follows quite logically that Dondero should not only require that art should serve the state, but specify just how it should do it.

The burden of proof of loyalty, the Congressman said to me, lies with the artist, and if he paints pictures that are abstract or distorted he is under suspicion of being disloyal to America unless he can prove otherwise. Dondero carries this a step further. It is up to the art critics to police the painters. When I talked with the Congressman, I asked him how an art reviewer could be expected to keep tabs on the political ideas of the hundreds of artists who exhibit each year, even if it were part of the critic's job to judge the politics as well as the aesthetics of artists. The Congressman had a ready answer. The art critic should go to exhibitions equipped with a variety of lists, and render his judgments only after the lists have been consulted.

The first list is the names of all the artists who were included in the State Department show. Second there is the list of those who sent their works out to St. Alban's for the edification of the paraplegics. Third there

is the list of those who sponsored the notorious cultural conference at the Waldorf this spring, and finally, and most important, is a list published by the government and called "Citations." It is a booklet listing all organizations and publications that have been cited by any government agency or committee as "communist or communist front."

AN ORGANIZATION to which Congressman Dondero gives his special attention is the National Institute of Arts and Letters, a society founded in 1912 by Mark Twain, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Bret Harte, among others. The Institute limits its membership to two hundred and fifty American citizens elected for their eminence in art, music, or literature. At a meeting held about a year ago a majority of the Institute's members resolved to send a letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives protesting against the investigation methods used by its Committee on Un-American Activities. Among the signers were Maxwell Anderson, James Truslow Adams, Archibald MacLeish, Charles A. Beard, Eugene O'Neill, Glenway Westcott, and others hardly notorious for their sympathy with totalitarianism. Because they dared to question the methods of the Un-American Activities Committee they were cited as subversive and appear in "Citations."

Since fourteen hundred artists belong to a group named Artists Equity, reviewers would also have to ignore all of its members because a few of them are also members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. When Dondero called Artists Equity an organization of "soldiers of the revolution—in smocks," one of his fellow Republican Congressmen, Charles Plumley of Vermont, was so annoyed that he stood up in the House and gave Dondero the lie. He pointed out that according to his own information Artists Equity is a completely unpolitical organization comparable to the Authors League of America and Actors Equity.

This, of course, raises the question of whether or not the art reviewers ought to extend their functions to include working as an arm of the Un-American Activities Committee. Since they haven't up to now, Congressman Dondero has called the New York reviewers, "Marxist writers functioning in the art journals and on the pages of the Metro-

politan press as art critics." Specifically he cited those employed by the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *New York Sun*, the *New York World-Telegram*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *New Yorker* magazine, and the magazines *Art Digest*, *Art News*, and *Pictures on Exhibit*—in short, every critic covering the art world of New York. He demanded more "supervision" of them and insisted that their employers "start cleaning house."

WHAT lies behind the Congressman's attack on art is largely a matter of supposition. He does not pretend to be an art expert, and yet many of his statements have the flavor of someone who has either spent a good deal of time looking at pictures or has been carefully briefed. The Congressman admits that he rarely goes into a museum or an art gallery. He also admits that his interest in the whole question was aroused by groups of artists and by individuals who are fearful, or profess to be fearful, of the politically subversive quality of modern painting. He has been roundly praised for his stand by a group of illustrators and academic painters who represent the most reactionary wing of art, the American Artists Professional League. This same group was in the vanguard of the attack on the State Department exhibition.

On the other hand he flings the gauntlet in the teeth of such men as Nelson Rockefeller, John Hay Whitney, Henry Luce, William S. Paley, Beardsley Ruml, and others who are officers and trustees of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, which by Dondero's aesthetic standards must at the very least be a communist cell. If he extends his remarks, as he has promised he will, we are likely to find that every civic art museum in America and every college and university that has a museum (and there are many) is similarly a threat to our security, because museums and colleges have been buying "modern" art ever since the famous Armory Show of 1913. According to Dondero, that's where the trouble started, and one of the sources he has quoted is Paul Robeson, who said that the exhibition was "revolutionary."

It was revolutionary, all right, but not in

Dondero's terms. This was aesthetic revolution and not social revolution, and the Congressman to the contrary, there is a difference. Another Republican servant of the people, and one rather better known than Dondero, also thought the Armory show was revolutionary, and he sounded off in the press at the time. He wrote that he could take little pleasure in the extremists represented in the show, but ". . . nevertheless it has certainly helped any number of American artists to do work that is original and serious. Even the extreme things are entitled to be praised because they have helped break fetters. Probably in any reform movement, any progressive movement, in any field of life, the penalty for avoiding the commonplace is a liability to extravagance. It is vitally necessary to move forward and to shake off the dead hand, often the fossilized dead hand, of the reactionaries."

This Republican was Theodore Roosevelt, writing shortly after he had completed his service as President of the United States.

SO FAR there has been little lightning with Dondero's thunder, but the clouds seem to be gathering. There is no reason that I can see for questioning the Congressman's loyalty, though if one were to apply his own methods of disloyalty by association it would be interesting to hear his explanation. An article by him once appeared in a pro-Nazi propaganda magazine called *Fair Play*, along with contributions by a man later convicted as a Nazi agent and another indicted for subversive activities. Dondero's own remarks, entitled "U. S. Was Never a Democracy," were taken from a speech in Congress, and perfectly harmless. He may not even have known that they were being lifted. One wonders, though, what he would say of an artist caught in similar company.

It is the historical overtones of his attack that are disturbing, the repetition of a pattern which we have seen twice in the past two decades as part of the scheme of totalitarianism. It is a paradox, and a frightening one, to behold an elected representative of the people naïvely and inadvertently following the Moscow line about art, and demanding that the communist techniques of constraint be applied to American artists and critics.

Where is New England Going?

C. Hartley Grattan

Drawings by Sam Norkin

NEW ENGLANDERS, being traditionally "sot in their ways," are skeptical about visions of the future involving drastic changes, either millennial or catastrophic. They prefer to hope that they can, tomorrow as yesterday and today, plug along without either becoming a "depressed area" or going through the febrile excitements of a great boom. They hope, of course, that the cotton textile and shoe industries will shake down in due course, and so relieve them of painful worries; but granting these adjustments, they will be quite satisfied if the metal-working industries, on which today they rely so heavily, grow at a dignified pace indefinitely into the future. This is a sedate ideal, not without an element of complacency in it—in fact, a very New Englandish ideal, quite unlike anything acceptable to ebullient Californians or large-talking Texans.

The big question is whether or not the New Englanders have any reasonable grounds for their hopes. Is their very placidity deceiving them? Have they, in carefully limiting their hopes, succeeded in obscuring facts which may make their ideal harder to realize than they suppose? Are there *national* trends at work which, if not correctly assessed and skillfully countered, may undermine New England as a region?

They are being told as much in no uncertain terms. A pessimistic view of New Eng-

land's prospect has been given a comprehensive exposition by Professor Seymour Harris of Harvard, an outlander for thirty years resident in New England. Professor Harris, of course, takes a critical view of far more than the New England segment of the American economy. But he knows, as we all know, that in a feverishly mobile society like ours, some regional economies will be less dynamic than others and some will be slipping while others are still rising. He contends that New England is slipping.

Yet Harris' pessimism is not absolute. He does not believe, with a New England poet of an earlier day, "Oh, fearful Doom! now there's no room for hope or help at all." He says New England has been slipping for some time and will go on slipping unless its citizens face the facts about its position candidly and hammer out appropriate policies for meeting the difficulties. He thinks such policies can be found. It is perhaps not inaccurate to suggest that he believes New England needs a specially adapted dose of that "Fair Deal" he and his associates outlined for the nation in his book, *Saving American Capitalism*. Strangely, New Englanders appear to be rather skittish about being saved by this medicine!

Some of them are even skittish about the facts Professor Harris adduces to make his case for a change of outlook. But not all of

Mr. Grattan, who last month answered the question: "What Makes New England Go?" this month addresses himself to the choice of a destination for the region.

them are. Those who shy away most violently are pious optimists who feel that if nasty facts aren't mentioned in polite society they cease to exist. This is a variety of foolishness fairly common among human beings. But there are wiser folk as well, sturdily prepared to face the facts, who refuse to take Professor Harris' gloomy view of them and therefore refuse to accept his program for dealing with them. What are these portentous facts about New England?

THE center of the American population (and therefore of the American market) has shifted away from New England, leaving it with more people than formerly, but with a smaller percentage of the national total and with more old people. A look at the map of the United States will show how the shift of the population center westward has left New England at the "end of the line." This means that it is disadvantageously situated in relation to its potential national market, for the extra distance from customers raises transport costs and lengthens the time required to deliver merchandise. The nation has "grown away from" New England. But it does not strike me as momentarily important that New England has a smaller proportion of the total American population than at an earlier date. I know of no law that says any American region must retain a fixed proportion of our people. It does not strike me as vitally important, either, that the absorptive capacity of New England is less than, say, California, Texas, or Florida, as long as it has *some* absorptive capacity and, above all, suffers no striking net losses of population through migration elsewhere. I do not know, to be frank, what significance to attribute to the rising number of aged people in the New England population in view of the fact that the whole American population is also aging and California, where population is rapidly increasing, also has a heavy representation of the old. In short, the growth of population concentration (that is, the migration of the market far

from New England—on the Pacific and Gulf coasts—is at this moment the most important population "menace" to New England in the economic sense.

As the center of population has moved westward, so also has there been a shift of the center of American factory industry away from New England. This migration is still going on. The 1947 Census of Manufactures shows that only Massachusetts of the New England states is now among the first ten states in "terms of value added by manufacture"—it is eighth on the list. Since 1939, Massachusetts has fallen behind California, and Connecticut has lost tenth place to Wisconsin.

And while New England's national leadership in manufacturing has declined, its regional dependence upon manufactures is still greater than the average dependence of the nation as a whole. Thus New England is attempting a double trick: to keep a high proportion of its working people employed in factories, despite a national trend downward in factory employment and despite New England's own decline in comparison with the rest of the country.

Moreover, New England today receives a diminishing proportion of the nation's dollar income—which means both that the income-payments center of the nation is moving away and that the region is not sharing successfully in the general rise in national income. However, a good deal of consolation



"We must begin by admitting that New England has lost its natural competitive advantages. . . ."

is still to be drawn from the fact that "per capita income in New England has consistently exceeded the national average," and still does today. It is this fact, along with others similarly flattering, which allows even Professor Harris to say that New England is "still a rich area." But the question is how secure this advantage really is in the long view, how vulnerable or invulnerable the factors accounting for it really are.

Reflecting on these changes, we are led to wonder how New England can best earn its living in the future. Of themselves the facts do not *compel* one either to pessimism or optimism about that future. But they do make it perfectly clear, I think, that the New England region is challenged today by adverse national developments of a most portentous kind. If the New Englanders fail to rise to the challenge, then pessimism about the future is in order, for sooner or later it will go



"... New England's harbors may again become of first-class importance ..."

hard with them. But there is no precedent in the history of New England for such a failure. That history is full of instances of success in meeting "the challenge of the facts."

II

WE MUST begin by admitting that New England has lost its natural competitive advantages as a manufacturing region. To replace them will require brainpower beyond the call of ordinary duty. By far the most important of the problems to be solved, it seems to me, will be the prob-

lem of productivity. If productivity in New England's industries can equal, or preferably surpass, that of comparable industries in competitive regions, the disadvantage of distance from markets will diminish. This is a thorny matter indeed. Management on its part must be willing to make the fullest possible use of the numerous research laboratories located in the region. There is a good deal of evidence that many manufacturers are alive to this necessity, but I was startled to hear a highly placed business economist say that these facilities are nevertheless under-used by local firms—that altogether too great a proportion of the work is done for "outsiders"; and to hear another complain that New Englanders are not sufficiently aggressive in selling the new products they devise, or in "dressing up" old ones of high quality and great potential appeal. If industrialists don't ardently search out new methods and new products, and don't aggressively promote the sale of the valuable goods they produce, they hurt both themselves and the region at its most vulnerable point.

It is easy enough to emphasize productivity as *the* compensating factor in New England's position vis-à-vis the national market but very hard to demonstrate conclusively that New England is today substantially behind its competitors. What some observers (Professor Harris among them) consider danger signals are said to be flying. Unluckily no regional studies of productivity in the United States exist, and they would indeed be difficult to make on a comparative basis. Since New England has such a tremendous stake in a margin of superiority in productivity, it would be wise for it to promote such studies in one of the economic research organizations it supports.

As an old industrial region, New England has a heritage of managerial and labor practices which may contain highly embarrassing elements. The recent exchange of opinions between management and labor on the problems of the textile industry admirably illustrates this friction. The argument was over the "work loads" carried by New England operatives as compared with operatives in the Southern states. The Southern operatives are willing to take on greater loads. The union spokesmen made two points: that where management in New England took full advan-

tage of technological innovations—it was implied that not all of them did—then the worker's productivity was high; and that while “new assignments” involving larger work loads were perhaps necessary—that what the English are calling “redeployment” of labor is called for—management has been laggard in calling on the unions for help and hence has not gone as far or as fast as might be possible. Round-table discussions have revealed that the strength of New England's textile industry will depend upon management-labor co-operation in getting the best possible machines into the factories and seeing to it that the ratio of machinery to workers is the highest which is compatible with employee welfare.

Another condition resulting from the elderly state of New England's industry also has a significant bearing upon productivity: it has a good deal of vacant factory space in old buildings. As Dr. L. Rostas has made clear in his article, “International Comparisons of Productivity,” the amount of space, the age and condition of factory buildings, and the suitability of the factory for modern production determine the vitality of any region in comparison with others. The availability of plants has had much to do with the location of new industries in New England since the end of the war. In fact, for several years a good deal of energy has gone into filling up vacated space, especially space in cotton mills, with miscellaneous new industries; and success at this job has provoked much self-congratulation (and even some national applause). Perhaps the time has come, in the interests of high productive efficiency, to deflect some attention away from filling old factories to building new ones tailored to the industries to occupy them. After studying the reasons why new manufacturing establishments have located in New England in recent years, George H. Ellis advises closing down many of the old mill properties in favor of modern plants. Describing what is wrong with the outmoded buildings, he says:

The old textile mills were almost invariably built upon water courses to provide power. This factor is no longer of importance. In fact, the existence of a river flowing along one side of a plant severely restricts its approaches and limits its ability to provide necessary loading and parking facilities.

Further, the buildings are uniform in their structural characteristics. They are multi-storied, with large banks of windows on all open sides and frequently with supporting posts cutting the production area into narrow bays. The flow of materials must be accommodated to the capacity of the elevators. The large windows make heating and air conditioning a problem and upset plans to install modern lighting systems.

Although old factory buildings serve to incubate new firms, the thrifty attempts of new enterprises to “make do” with the buildings that happen to be available constitute a drag upon the efficiency of production. New England needs new plants to house its new enterprises if they are to achieve the efficiency necessary to hold their competitive position.

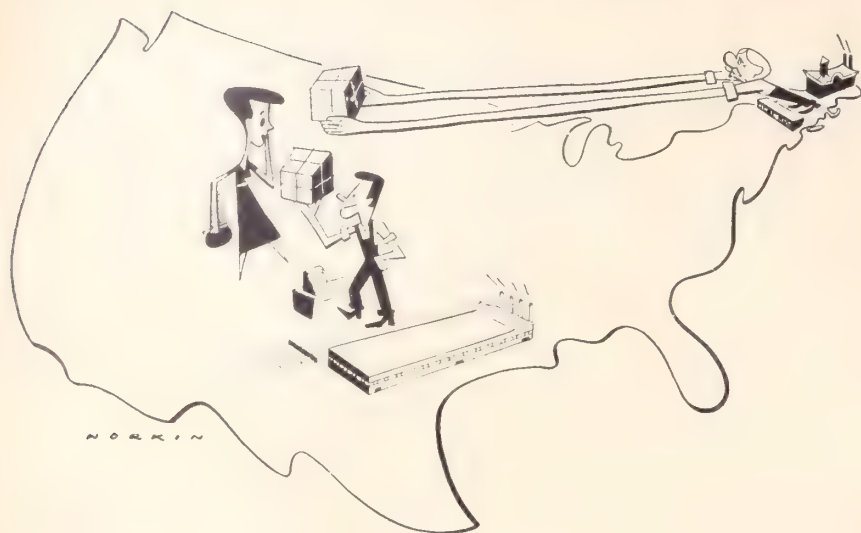
But even with productivity at a high pitch—
—with all the factors, including buildings,



“ . . . not sufficiently aggressive in selling the new products they devise”

under control—it will still be necessary to discover what types of industries will thrive best in New England. The region cannot fall back on a vested interest in any industry, least of all on the basis of history. It must assert and maintain its claim in a competitive world.

IT is the popular view today that New England's industrial future is to be found in the metal-processing lines. Greater precision than this is needed. Which of the many lines are best, exactly what categories of goods? Mr. Sidney Edwards of the Connecticut Development Commission narrowed the target considerably when he suggested to me



"... the shift of the population center westward has left New England at the 'end of the line.' ..."

that the most likely prospects were metal-working enterprises in which a lot of value is added to the raw materials through the exertion of great skill, with a product valuable enough and small enough to be delivered by air without its being priced out of a competitive market.

But can New England afford to bank entirely on metals? Probably not. It would be useful to know more about chances of getting in on industries creating or using new materials. New England has never had much luck in producing light metals like aluminum and magnesium, but it has done something with processing them. How about synthetics? I pointed out last month that of the three broad textile groups, synthetic fibers alone inspire confidence. Yet New England is not the leader here and seems to have captured a share of them more because she had textile machinery readily adaptable to them than for any other reason. More heartening, really, from the standpoint of a complete transfer of resources, is the role of artificial rubbers in the comeback of Fall River, Massachusetts, after the decline of textiles.

About the only revealing study of the pluses and minuses in the broad field of synthetics deals with plastics. From a report called "The Plastics Industry in New England" it appears that this has been a dynamic industry in the region—New England is "one of the country's foremost plastics centers," accounting for about 30 per cent of the output

of plastics products, from 15 to 20 per cent of plastics materials, leaving out protective coatings. New England's future in plastics is not in the producing of materials. Increasingly their manufacture requires large quantities of natural gas (which New England may get by pipeline, though probably not cheaply enough) and low-cost electricity in large amounts (which the region is not likely to get at all). The future in this line for New England lies in the making of goods out of plastics, and here we find, of course, that the competitive factors remarkably resemble those in the older fields.

Thus New England is bothered

by the faster growth of the plastics industry at points closer to the national market, as at Detroit. New England has no more hope of getting a strangle hold on any new industry than it has of retaining a strangle hold on any old industry. There is no ready escape into that utopia of all entrepreneurs in a competitive system—the Elysian fields of no competition.

Inevitably one is provoked to ask if New England can hope in the future to keep such a large proportion of its workers in factories as at present. The percentage so employed today exceeds the national average and has for some years. But this average is declining and New England is therefore bucking hard against a national trend. Is this a wise expenditure of energy? It is just possible that New England's ideal of "more of the same" indefinitely into the future will let her in for harder knocks than there is any need of her taking.

III

BEFORE we try to tell the Yankees how to mind their business, there are four imponderables in the situation, beyond those already mentioned, that must get attention. All of them can influence New England's capacity to go forward on traditional lines, or otherwise.

There is the power question. A highly efficient industrial region today must have

access to ample supplies of electric power at low cost. New Englanders disagree over whether power costs are so high that they damage the region's competitive position, but they do not deny that costs are higher than elsewhere in the country. Nor do they deny that the price of power to some extent determines what is produced and, when the margin of profit is narrow, the difference between profit and loss. In a region under heavy competitive pressure it is the refinements of the power question rather than general principles which matter. And in New England the problem is further muddled by the fact that it also involves the vexed matter of public versus private power. This brings into the picture both the St. Lawrence Seaway and the construction of multiple-purpose dams (flood control and electricity generation) on New England's own rivers. New England is angrily split on the issue of private versus public power, with powerful persons and groups on both sides. As always, the propagandists are vigorously at work. The arguments are as tangled—and often as irrelevant—as they always are in such situations. I return no verdict on the right and wrong involved, but I incline to the view that public power will come in New England sooner or later. It is in the cards, if only for political reasons. Ample power supplies available at lower rates than those of today will strengthen New England's competitive position. *How* these things will be achieved has now become, alas, a political question.

THEN there is the matter of steel production in New England. As recently as June 1948 a report made by the Econometric Institute of New York was so critical of the idea of an integrated steel plant for New England as to make the question seem highly academic. New England was recommended to go on with the three plants now making steel from scrap in the forms of wire and bars. Now optimism about prospects seems to be rising, chiefly because of the unexpectedly rapid development of the Labrador-Quebec iron deposits and the expectation that this ore will be reduced to sponge iron by electrical methods before it is exported. Using this sponge iron, which is less costly to transport than the materials needed to make pig iron—that is, ore and coal—New England

could develop its own integrated steel mill, especially if the latest technological methods were adopted. However, even the latest developments do not eliminate the fact that New England today uses steel of many different kinds, not just steel, which complicates the production problem. Watchful waiting is the order of the day on this question.

A fuller use of New England's harbors is another moot issue. Are they or are they not an asset which may favorably influence New England's economic future? Historically they have been all-important and even today they have considerable utility, even if the traffic in and out of Salem, say, is an insult to the memory of the great Far Eastern traders of the old days, and that in and out of New Bedford a far cry from the romantic whaling vessels. But the question now arises whether, with the tendency of the American economy to draw more raw materials from overseas, and perhaps also to export more if the trade channels of the world can be cleared, New England's harbors may not again become of first-class importance, drawing to them new industries



"... the fullest possible use of the numerous research laboratories . . ."

dependent upon overseas raw materials and markets? If the answer is "Yes," then New England's current heavy specialization in manufactures may be more readily sustained.

The question of taxes also crops up. There is a widespread feeling that the tax structure in New England—especially in Massachusetts—bears heavily on industry. As the same cry goes up nationally, it is difficult to know how far purely local tax peculiarities reduce New

England's competitive position or, conversely, how far changes in tax laws would improve it. Nevertheless, revision of the tax structure might wipe out some inequities and help industries now unjustly penalized to survive. Yet it must not be overlooked that in any careful discussion of this matter conflicting philosophies of taxation must be considered and that what a business man may want abolished on the ground of equity, a proponent of the welfare state may want retained to assist in redistributing income. An interesting and revelatory phase of the tax problem is the increasing feeling in New England that the region can no longer contribute more in taxes to the federal government than it gets back—an implicit confession that “something” is weakening in the region. As Joseph A. Erickson, President of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, has put it, “Federal spending will no doubt remain high for some time. If New England is to maintain or improve its economic position under such conditions, we shall need, more than we have ever needed in the past, either to obtain a larger share of the federal government's purchases or a larger share of federal expenditures on projects in New England. New England appears to have reached the limit of its capacity to contribute to the welfare of other sections of the country through the federal treasury.”

If New England should get more and cheaper electricity, a local steel works capable of supplying its needs, an influx of new import-export industries to locations on its harbors, and a more equitable tax system, then its ability to move into the future along established lines would be better assured than it is today. But the assurance would not be absolute. Some adverse factors would remain. It still would not be possible to become complacent about New England's prospect.

IV

IT IS ABC to think of the United States as a congeries of regions, and our understanding of the regions is well beyond the stage of folklore. But there is still a long way to go before we thoroughly understand the interactions of the regions one on another and each on the country as a whole.

Lately Professor Rutledge Vining of the University of Virginia has broken ground in studying the interrelations of the regions with special reference to their role in business cycles. According to his theory, the main connecting link between regions is provided by industries whose products sell in “external” markets and depend primarily upon income in those markets. By way of these industries, economic “disturbances” are conducted from region to region. Professor Vining estimates that typically about 30 per cent of the workers in a given region work on these “active” products. He says:

The picture is that of an interlacing set of economies each of which has a definite channel through which “disturbances” enter or leave. The magnitude and qualitative features of this channel determine for a given region its sensitivity to external shock or to cyclical forces in the national economy.

New England is not finally understandable until it is recognized as a region unusually dependent upon other parts of the country for its welfare. I strongly suspect that Professor Vining's “typical” figure of 30 per cent of all employment in export industries in American regions considerably understates New England's vulnerability. When external developments are unfavorable to New England's trade, the region seems to suffer through no fault of its own and there is an understandable impulse to declare sententiously that there is “nothing the matter with New England.”

Perhaps there isn't anything wrong with New England *qua* New England, but if its extraordinary virtues are to profit it in such circumstances, it will only be by a candid facing of the facts. The facts may dictate a policy of change, of adaptation—a conscious policy, actively pursued. Uncritical boosterism is, under current conditions, largely a form of defeatism, since it leads logically either to inaction or to pleas to others to join the New Englanders in the “soup” in which they currently wallow. A far more attractive argument, and one just as optimistic as boosterism, really, counsels confidence in New England's future based on New England's long record of adaptation to changed circumstances. When farming proved a weak reed,

adventurous spirits took to trading across the seas (even if in rum, slaves, and molasses), to deep-sea fishing, and whaling around the world; when these resources weakened, there was a migration of capital and labor into manufacturing—into textiles, shoes, brass working. What has been done before can be done again; and if adjustment is accepted as the basic policy, the flexibility of the regional economy will be increased as each move is made.

BUT where should New England now turn? If New England's exceptional dependence on manufacturing is a phase that is about to pass, what next? How will the workers no longer needed in factories be employed? I have pointed out that New England's percentage of workers in the services is today below the national average, which is anomalous in view of the high per capita income of the region. New England can, in all probability, easily absorb more people in the services on a long-term basis. This area may, because of its peculiar problems arising out of its greater maturity as an economic society, find it necessary to be the first American region seriously to explore the services as employment and income-creating resources. The services have largely “just grown” in this country. Now we need to examine this fairly luxuriant growth carefully. I can assure you this notion is not just an eccentricity of mine. Professor Arthur Burns of Columbia University and the National Bureau of Eco-

nomics Research has taken note of the possibility that an expansion in the services may serve to fill the “gap” between the employment needs of the commodity-producing industries and the total labor force. And then he asks some questions that New England will have to consider.

What is the cultural incidence of the changing character of the labor force? Are our institutions flexible enough to prevent a hierarchy of special privileges from being amassed by aggressive sections of the commodity-producing group?

Of course Professor Burns is speaking of the nation as a whole. But his remarks seem to me to apply with special force to a mature region like New England, with its unique dependence upon manufactures. I am sure it is significant that just lately, when employment in industry was dropping faster in New England than in the nation as a whole, employment in finance, insurance, real estate, and government continued to increase. This is a trend New Englanders should watch and appraise.

I CAME away from New England with the conviction that a policy of merely conserving what the region now has does not contain all the answers. New England today is at a time of decision. A policy which really squares with the facts will have to be far more adventurous than any yet inscribed in the official books.

“Sot in Their Ways”

AMONG the inhabitants of the United States, those from New England, called the Yankees, are regarded as the most knavish and capable of the most ingenious impositions. The large volume of business that they carry on in all the other states, and the tricks they resort to for profits, have fixed this conception on them. It is certain that to deal with such people one needs much sagacity and an exact knowledge of their laws of trade. But it seems to me unfair to extend this reputation, which may fit some individuals or even a whole class of people, to all the inhabitants of those states.

—from *Notizie varie sullo stato presente della repubblica degli Stati Uniti dell' America*, by G. A. Grassi, published in 1819.

After Hours

THE arts seem to get more attention these days for their political overtones than for what we are used to thinking of as their intrinsic qualities. In this issue of *Harper's* the resounding denunciations of Congressman Dondero, who believes that all modern art is communist propaganda, gets a going over. In the *Saturday Review of Literature* there has been an extended controversy over the fact that Ezra Pound was awarded the Bollingen Foundation prize for his *Pisan Cantos*. Robert Hillyer, who once won a Pulitzer Prize for his verse, lambasted in two articles the Fellows of the Library of Congress (T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, Allen Tate, and others) and Mr. Luther H. Evans, the librarian, for the award. *SRL* made it perfectly clear in an editorial that it was willing to stake its future on its stand in opposition to the award. This morning's paper says that in San Francisco the trustees of the War Memorial Opera House have "banned the scheduled fall appearances of Kirsten Flagstad, Wagnerian soprano . . . 'because of the controversial character of her public appearances elsewhere in the United States.'"

In my estimation the most interesting thing about these various attacks on artists is not so much the political head of steam that their opponents get up and which blows off with such violence, but that anybody should think that the arts and artists are worth making all this fuss about.

It certainly cannot be that San Franciscans think that Kirsten Flagstad is a threat to democracy. If our freedom is genuinely threatened by a Wagnerian soprano, then we had better issue ear-stoppers to the citizenry at large and prepare to go under.

The Bollingen Foundation Award to a notorious fascist and a man indicted for treason who is now in a sanitarium has built a bonfire under a muse whose bones have long

been cold. Having been for so many years all but disregarded by an indifferent public she must be astonished by the flames that now lick her skirts. She must find it especially curious because the people who attack the award say that Ezra Pound's *Pisan Cantos* are "unintelligible." If they are unintelligible to people who write for the *Saturday Review of Literature*, they certainly aren't going to put ideas in the heads of the millions of people to whom *SRL* must also be unintelligible . . . me, for example. I have no sympathy for Pound or his *Cantos*, but for double-talk give me the *SRL*'s reply to the Librarian of Congress, who was defending in its pages his position and the right of the Fellows of the Library of Congress to call it as they saw it. Mr. Harrison Smith and Mr. Norman Cousins of the *SRL* sound curiously like Congressman Dondero when they say, "We do not believe that poetry can convert words into maggots that eat at human dignity and still be good poetry." How, if they can't understand what Pound is saying, do they know that his words are maggots? Mr. Dondero doesn't know what an abstract painting means, therefore he says it is communist propaganda. I don't get it.

But anyway the muses of poetry and painting have been trotted out where everyone can see them and argue about them, and perhaps that's a good thing.

The importance ascribed to the arts in this back-handed way might have its constructive as well as its destructive aspects. On the one hand a good deal of hand-wringing goes on because the arts count for so little in America. and now, on the other, there seem to be a good many people frightened because the arts are so powerful . . . same people, too. And they are frightened not because they see marks of subversive activity in the arts, but because they see things they can't understand and suspect that if they can't be understood they must

be subversive. And to prove the point they poke around and find that a man who paints arrangements of squares and circles and cubes once did an illustration for *New Masses*, or a man (Mr. Eliot) who writes difficult poetry gave up his American citizenship to become an Englishman twenty years ago.

The issues are complicated, all right, and the political and the artistic and the moral do overlap. But the trend does not seem to be to sort out the issues but rather to make them into an omelette. Presumably Mr. Dondero, the San Francisco Opera, and the *Saturday Review of Literature* are all motivated by the idea that we must protect ourselves from the malignant influence of totalitarianism, or to put it another way to protect the freedom of the citizens of America from the perils of statism. Mr. Dondero promptly falls into the trap of using the Nazi-Soviet line about the decadence and dangers of modern painting. The *SRL* uses the Pound case to attack what it calls "incomprehensibility, on which poetry's new priesthood depends for its claims to omniscience," and then falls back on what it calls "the average established critic of poetry" as its authority. The San Francisco Opera merely says it wants to avoid a controversy.

When the arts become non-controversial, when the last word on them is to be said by the "average established critic," and they are drafted into the service of political ideas, then there is indeed cause for alarm. But Philistine pressures set up counter pressures. So long as no one group gets a corner on the arts, we can count on them to be capricious, and as long as they are capricious they are alive. Pressures and counter-pressures are more desirable than public indifference and official control, whether the officials be museum directors, or literary editors, or politicians. It will be the pressures that keep the arts from falling into the doldrums of academism.

Retrospect

LAST week I was presented with four bound volumes of *Harper's*, fat green books stamped in gold, and I have been looking back at some of the things that have appeared in this column during the twenty-eight months that it has been published. There were few predictions, fortunately, for where they were made by and large they have

never come to pass. There were, in addition, a number of items that might profitably be brought up to date.

The first note that appeared in "After Hours" was a rather snide comment on the Metropolitan Opera and the fact that it had a tiny profit for the year which was likely to do it more harm than good. It did. Last year, you'll remember, the Met threatened not to open at all because the union had heard it had a profit and asked for more money. It opened all right, and muttered its way through still another season. This fall it opens under a new directorship.

As a result of my comments on the Chinese restaurant Wah Kee's, I received a Christmas present. It came in a dress box and consisted of: forty little rice-paper tea bags, four quarter pound boxes of different kinds of China tea, a white silk scarf with long fringe, a tablecloth and four napkins with pagodas cross-stitched on them, and a necktie from Rogers Peet & Co. I was also invited for Chinese New Year's dinner and arrived late to find a sign on the door. It said, "CLOSED FOR REPAIRS" and under that in small letters, "MR. HARPER, PLEASE COME IN."

Shortly after the publication of my comments on the performance of Edith Sitwell's "Façade" at the Museum of Modern Art, Columbia issued a volume of records. Dr. Edith recorded "Façade" before she left for England, and the album comes with a complete text of the poems. I said in my comment, "*Façade* is not meant to be understood, merely enjoyed." The text helps, though. It makes the funny parts funnier and the lugubrious parts more lugubrious. It is an excellent recording.

Most recently, just a couple of months ago, there was a comment here on the Goethe festival at Aspen, Colorado. It twitted the Westerners for this cultural tent show, and it has evoked some angry and some hurt editorials in Colorado newspapers. Does the effete East, they want to know, have a corner on culture? Being unable to get to Aspen myself I wrote a friend and asked for a comment. He's a born and bred citizen of Denver, a staunch supporter of the West, and wears a Stetson. It was he who wrote that effete kidding of the Aspen festival.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Capitals and the House of Hemingway

Richard H. Rovere

AMONG those who have programs, remedies, and visions to impart, capital letters are in vogue. The prophets seem to see a difference between Man and man, between the Machine and the machine. Stringfellow Barr, the valued friend of the Great Books, which is a tonier, somewhat more exclusive collection than the great books, wants us to hurry along to the new Pilgrim City, which isn't as exalted an abode as St. Augustine's City of God but which is worth heading for, anyway. According to *The Pilgrimage of Western Man* (Harcourt Brace, \$4), we reach the new Pilgrim City by crossing national boundaries—by crossing them out, in fact, and bringing world government into being. In *Strategy for Liberals* (Harper, \$3), Irwin Ross, a liberal, gives road directions for getting to what he calls the Mixed Economy. Of course, a mixed economy is exactly what we've got right now, so we don't have to go anywhere to reach it, but Ross isn't talking about a mixed economy. He's talking about a Mixed Economy. The difference is the same as that between a bowl of salad prepared by a chef and Chef's Salad Bowl. Ross would agree that our economy is already mixed, if not scrambled, but he wants it Mixed according to his own recipe, which is, I should say, a pretty good one. In *Lead, Kindly Light* (Random House, \$3.75), Vincent Sheean, recently won for God by Mahatma Gandhi and the Bhagavad-Gita, doesn't go in for capital letters, but he does serve up a dismaying collection of italics: *darshan*, *ahinsa*, *satyagraha*, and many others. These are new elements in

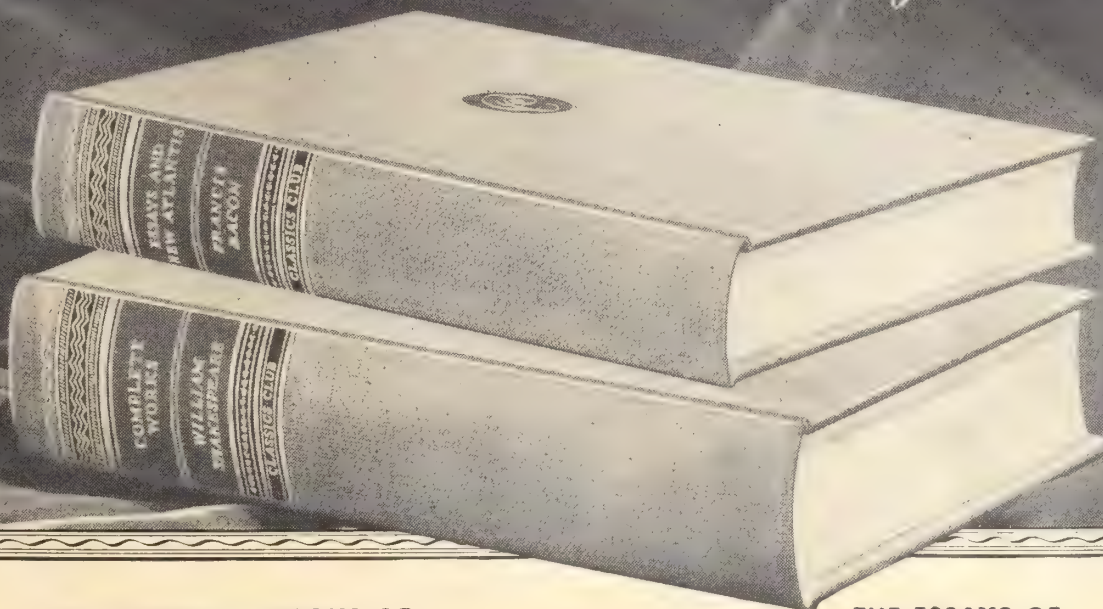
Sheean's thinking, and he is terribly eager to share them with us. He thinks salvation depends on them, just as Barr and Ross think that salvation, or at least survival, depends on World Federation and Mixed Economy.

Books are one thing, remedies quite another; the most satisfying book may house the least satisfying ideas. This is rare, but it does happen. In this pick-up trio, I settle on Stringfellow Barr as the most thoughtful and thought-provoking writer, despite the fact that I find myself, to my sorrow, unencouraged, though not unmoved, by the world-government idea. *The Pilgrimage of Western Man* is a rich and learned commentary on European thought and history since 1500. It is a work of great nobility and great sophistication. Barr combines urbanity with compassion, which is a rare thing today. Equally rare, he knows as much of art and literature as he does of history and philosophy. He writes, in short, as an educated man in the best and oldest meaning of the term. Where, for example, Irwin Ross writes his brief for a Mixed Economy as though he believed in a pure economic determinism, which I am sure he does not, Barr's frame of reference is all of human experience, or as much of it, that is, as one man may hope to grasp. Unlike Ross, at least so far as Ross lets on in this book, Barr is concerned with the quality of life as well as with the standard of living. The result is that, although Barr's vision and Ross's are drawn from the same springs of hope, Barr's seems poetic and clothed in moral grandeur while Ross's seems parochial and

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Personal & Otherwise

CAREY McWILLIAMS has written a good deal about California, one time or another, and his *Southern California Country* (1946) is one of the best regional studies ever written in this country. But there's always more to say about California. It is, by all odds, the damndest state in the union. Texas, of course, is bigger—and noisier; and Vermont, in its taciturn way, is probably even queerer. But both Texas and Vermont are in a sense peripheral. Both, after all, were once independent republics, and neither has ever quite forgotten it.

California, on the other hand, is not peripheral but focal. The main currents of American life have flowed irresistibly that way ever since those days in the eighteen-forties when, as Bernard DeVoto wrote in *The Year of Decision*, California was "a dream, vague but deep, in the minds of a westering people." And it is still a dream, strong enough to lure, as Mr. McWilliams tells us, three million people westward from other states in the past seven years alone.

For a century and more all the splendid and absurd diversities of American life have poured into California, and they're still pouring. Vermont is still stubbornly Vermont, and Texas is still blatantly Texas, but California is inclusively and conclusively America. That way American civilization has steadily flowed, from all the diversified well-springs of its origin, and there, at the continent's end, it is collecting in a vast reservoir of the national character.

The flood of people into California in recent years is surely one of the most dramatic episodes in our history, if only because it

has accelerated the development of a way of life which epitomizes and will ultimately affect all America. In a sense, waiting to see what California makes of itself—in architecture, in politics, in industry, in social organization—is like waiting to find out how the American story comes out.

In this sense Mr. McWilliams' article, "Look What's Happened to California" (p. 21), takes on special interest. A good deal has already been said about California architecture, politics, and industry, for example, but this is the first piece we've seen that calls attention to some of the significant social developments which the increase in population is causing.

Most interesting of all, it seems to P & O, is the description of the development of Westchester, near Los Angeles, from an improvised "camp" for middle-class war-workers to a full-fledged, permanent community of 30,000 people. And the key sentence in Mr. McWilliams' account is, I think, the one in which he observes that, "although its development was almost wholly unplanned, by some miracle Westchester has the appearance of a fairly well-planned community."

What happened in Westchester is the most heartening thing imaginable: a demonstration of the continuing flexibility and adaptability of family and community life. In old, long-settled regions, patterns of individual and group life are circumscribed by buildings, streets, and institutions which once grew organically in response to needs, but have no organic relation to contemporary living. In such communities nothing but an overall plan can clear away the obsolete struc-

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tures and provide the necessary facilities for modern life. You can't run a modern super-highway through a nineteenth-century city on land which individual owners just happen, of their own free will, to sell. And so accustomed have we become, in older communities, to the necessity for planning that we tend to forget that its function is primarily corrective, not creative.

One can, of course, "plan" the gardens of Versailles, or Central Park, or a World's Fair, as the creative genius can plan a novel or play. But the planner cannot "create" a community any more than he can create the lives of those who live in it. (Remember the fate of Greenbelt, Maryland.) The miracle of Westchester was simply that the people who went to live there were young, and that they started from scratch. If it gives the impression of "a fairly well-planned community" that simply means that—given space and chance—the lives of ordinary middle-class Americans fall into reasonably orderly and pleasant patterns. Perhaps that is a greater and more heartening achievement than Haussmann's Paris. For we may say of towns and cities, as Thoreau said of houses, that their beauty is not something imposed from the outside, but is a quality which grows outward from within, out of the necessities and character of those who dwell in them. God knows there are enough depressingly chaotic communities in America. Its good to be reminded that, granted freedom from a restrictive past, our way of life still takes agreeable form without the aid of a dictated pattern.

MR. MCWILLIAMS has lived in California ever since his family migrated there from Steamboat Springs, Colorado, in 1922. After graduating from the University of Southern California in 1927 he went into law, and he continued to practice until 1938, when he began a four-year term as State Commissioner of Housing. In 1939 he published *Factories in the Field*, and since then has written a number of books dealing with problems of agriculture, labor, and race relations, including *Brothers Under the Skin* (1943), *A Mask for Privilege* (1948), and *North From Mexico* (1949). Later this year A. A. Wyn will publish Mr. McWilliams' new book, *California: The Great Exception*.

The pictures of California's people and how they grew are the work of **Robert Osborn**, author of *War Is No Damn Good!* and

How to Play Golf. Mr. Osborn can make a golf ball, the business cycle, or a transcontinental airliner look alive, full of good cheer or misery. Mr. Osborn has at times been a teacher of Greek philosophy, trap shooting, art, and football, and he helped to teach survival for naval airmen during the war through his cartoons and posters. He is a painter as well as an illustrator for many magazines.

Transitory Affairs in California

IF THERE is still time, before that new book of Mr. McWilliams' goes to press, we hope he'll check up an item which appeared a few weeks ago in the *New York Daily News*. It was a U.P. dispatch from Washington, telling of a plea which came to the Department of the Interior from a group of widows living in Whittier, California—about twenty miles southeast of Los Angeles. The widows, all between the ages of thirty and sixty, wanted to know where in the nation there is an abundance of men. "The few men here in California that we have met," the ladies wrote, "are so spoiled that they do not value love and the devotion and a good home that a good wife can give them. All they want is transitory affairs, a thing which a decent woman cannot stoop to."

Some of the three million new Californians Mr. McWilliams writes about must be men who are looking for devotion and a good home. Or is this another respect in which California is "The Great Exception"?

Quips, and Cranks, and Sleepless Wylies

MY DOUBLE BED was a sea and I was its derelict. I read an article by a steelmaker that tish-pished those who are concerned over the possible exhaustion of American iron ore. . . . I read some poetry I could not understand in *Harper's* (Philip Wylie, *Opus 21*, pp. 302-3).

We don't know if that article on iron ore was the one we published in August 1947, as Mr. Wylie's sleepless night occurred a year later. But we were so eager to see what kind of poetry Mr. Wylie can't understand that we hunted up that issue. There was only one poem in it and that one was by Oscar Williams. It was called "Jeremiad"; and it contained the following lines:

Out of abstraction's bed we turn to meet
The gigantic sense of failure darkening
The many windowed framework of the skull.

Two-Way Migration

As William Zukerman recently said in the *Jewish Newsletter*, the question of double allegiance has been a frequent subject for discussion in the American-Jewish press since the founding of Israel as an independent state. But the question is of interest not only to Jews but to all Americans. For, as **Johan J. Smertenko** says, in "Have Jews a Divided Loyalty?" (p. 46), the relationship of Jewish Americans to Israel will be determined ultimately not by themselves, nor by the new Jewish state, but by the American people.

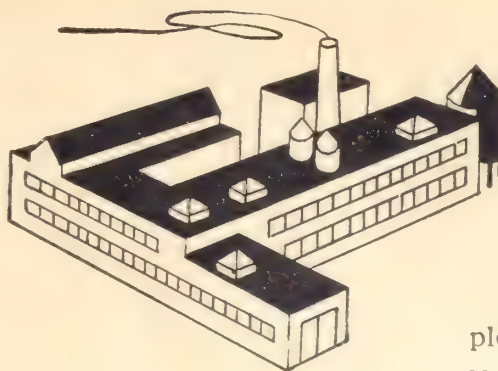
Incidentally, there is considerable evidence that any migration of American Jews to Palestine may be offset by a migration of Israeli Jews to the United States. The U. S. Consulate in Tel-Aviv has received ten thousand applications for emigration to this country, many from people who recently arrived from Europe or Asia, according to a report from the *Herald Tribune's* Israeli correspondent. And Gene Currivan, writing recently in the *New York Times*, gave a vivid picture of the resentment and dissatisfaction among the flood of immigrants for whom the Israeli government has thus far been unable to provide adequate shelter, food, or jobs.

Mr. Smertenko, born in Russia in 1896, came to the United States as a child, was educated in New York, at the University of Wisconsin, and at the Sorbonne. He began his journalistic career as a reporter and editor on Wisconsin newspapers; served in the U. S. Army from 1917 to 1919; has taught journalism and English literature at Grinnell College, Hunter, and Skidmore; and has contributed frequently to such magazines as the *American Mercury*, *Current History*, the *Nation*, and the *Herald Tribune's Books*. From 1941 to 1943 he was managing editor of *Free World*.

Mr. Smertenko has been actively associated with many Jewish and Zionist organizations. From 1943 to 1946 he was vice-chairman of the Emergency Committee to Save the Jewish People of Europe, and from 1945 to 1947 he was vice-president of the American League for a

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Free Palestine. "As for present activities," he writes, "I've holed up in a cottage on the shore of the Pomperung, writing (on the Underwood portable) a historical novel about Revolutionary America, and (on the Standard Remington) a historical biography or biographical history—guaranteed new form—of the Jewish people."

The earlier *Harper's* article Mr. Smertenko quotes in the current piece was "Hitlerism Comes to America," in the November 1933 issue. We published another article of his, "The Radicals' Betrayal," in July 1935. He is author of *Alexander Hamilton: Man of Action*.

Recap on DeVoto

We had it in mind this month to tell you all we know about **Bernard DeVoto**, whose regular appearance in the "Easy Chair" tends, like the regular appearance of the sun in the morning heavens, to make us take him for granted. One forgets, after fourteen years of habituation to his periodic effulgence, that there will be newcomers to the *Harper's* readership who do not automatically recognize the prototype of Milton's "bright essence of bright effluence increate."

Of course, the real hitch is that Mr. DeVoto gets his column in so late every month (on time, we hasten to add, but still so late) that P & O seldom gets a chance to read it till it is in print. So this month we had decided we would go ahead anyway, regardless of his subject, and give you an earful about "the man behind the column."

Then, of course, the column came in a day early, and we discovered that Horatio was on the bridge again, single-handedly taking on the FBI—a job, by the way, which no one is better equipped to do. And a job which needed doing. P & O hopes everyone who reads "Due Notice to the FBI" (p. 65) this month will line up with Mr. DeVoto and refuse, in the future, to answer the FBI's questions except in open court, under oath, and before witnesses.

But our admiration for Mr. DeVoto's refusal to gossip about his friends with Mr. Hoover's employees kind of takes the fun out of

our plan to tell tales out of school (out of Bread Loaf, that is) about him. All we can do, therefore, is to lay some of the published facts before you and let it go at that.

Mr. DeVoto is a historian, a novelist, a critic, a lecturer, a teacher, an essayist, an editor, and a member of that wonderful but unclassified group of Americans who know the best place to get coffee and a hamburger in almost any American community you care to name. Born in Utah, the grandson of Mormons on his mother's side and of Italian nobles on his father's, Mr. DeVoto got into all kinds of undergraduate rows at the University of Utah when three members of the faculty (including the Maine poet Wilbert Snow, who later became Governor of Connecticut) were fired for unorthodox opinions. Fed up with Utah, he transferred to Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1920, after a year out for service as a lieutenant in the Army. Thereafter he taught school in Ogden, worked on a ranch in Idaho, and taught at Northwestern and then later at Harvard.

Meanwhile he had been writing constantly, as he has ever since. (He has written a book a year for the past quarter century, if P & O's arithmetic is correct—to say nothing of hundreds of magazine articles.) His first published novel, *The Crooked Mile*, appeared in 1924. His first short story, "In Search of Bergamot," was published in *Harper's* in August 1927. And in 1932 he brought out his first book of social history and literary criticism, *Mark Twain's America*, one of the two or three best books (and the most difficult to get copies of) ever written about the nature of American life and of the creative spirit in America.

Meanwhile, under the pseudonym of John August, Mr. DeVoto had begun turning out a stream of short stories and novels for the slicks. And while John August raked in the folding money, DeVoto went on with the serious business of criticism, history, and novel writing.

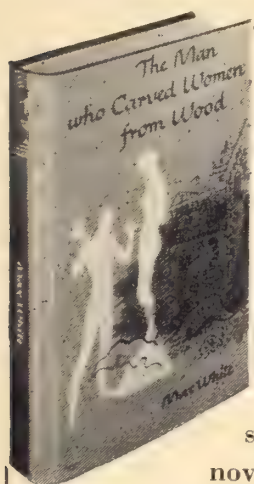
There's no need to compile a bibliography of his work here. Any public library can provide one. But it's worth jotting down a few items that the FBI won't know how to



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use. Mr. DeVoto was editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* for several years. He won the Pulitzer and Bancroft prizes for *Across the Wide Missouri* last year. He is a member of the U. S. Department of the Interior's Advisory Board on National Parks, Historic Sites, Buildings, and Monuments. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He has occupied the "Easy Chair" for the past fourteen years, and we hope he'll stay put for years to come.

A Bizarre Mistake

Well, we sure made a mess of that item about the confusion between *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Bazaar*, in the August P & O. What we tried to say was that, in the old days, that other magazine was called *Harper's Bazar*, with one *a* in the last syllable; but since Mr. Hearst bought it, the name has been changed to *Bazaar*, with two *a*'s. The version that got into type had the thing hind end to, and nobody caught it in time to make the correction. We lament the confusion doubly confounded.

Foreign and Domestic

... Joseph C. Harsch has long been a contributing writer for the *Christian Science Monitor*, and has recently become head of the *Monitor's* Washington bureau. In addition he is widely known as a news analyst for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and as a commentator for the British Broadcasting Corporation. Born in Ohio, and a graduate of Williams College and of Cambridge University, Mr. Harsch has been associated with the *Monitor* ever since he went to work for it in 1929. His apprentice years were spent in the Washington bureau which he now heads, but he soon gravitated toward the State Department beat and became increasingly interested in covering foreign affairs.

When war broke out in 1939 he was the *Monitor's* correspondent in Rome, and then in Berlin, where he remained until 1941, the year his book *Pattern of Conquest* was published. Shifted to the Pacific, he arrived in Pearl Harbor three days before the Japanese attacked. For

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a year thereafter he was in the far Pacific, Australia, and Java. In 1943 he began the regular broadcasting for CBS which so many people have counted upon for level-headed analysis of the news.

"The Curtain Isn't Iron" (p. 30) is the second piece Mr. Harsch has done for us on Eastern Europe. In December 1947 we printed "A European Traveler's Notebook," in which he set down the observations he made during his 1947 trip to Warsaw, Prague, Budapest, Belgrade, and other European capitals. Now, two years later, he reports his observations during another European trip.

•••**George McMillan**, author of "They Called It a Rest Camp" (p. 37), enlisted in the Marine Corps as a private in 1943, served in the Peleliu and Okinawa campaigns, came out as a technical sergeant. On November 10 of this year, the birthday of the Corps, the Infantry Journal Press will publish Mr. McMillan's history of the First Marine Division in World War II, to be called *The Old Breed*. Besides his war service Mr. McMillan had other experiences which equipped him to tell the story of which our article this month is a piece. Before enlisting he was in Washington as chief of the press section of the Office for Emergency Management and acting chief of the news bureau of the Office of War Information. He had had the kind of jobs known to Horatio Alger heroes and young men of the Depression years, among them that of bus boy. Once he tried to organize the Newspaper Guild on a newspaper and was fired. On the *Washington Daily News*, where he was known as "choke-point" because the news came through him, one of his best friends and tennis partners was Ernie Pyle. He has written for various periodicals, including the *Nation*, *Esquire*, and the *New York Times Magazine*.

Pursuing his interest in literary criticism, he spent this past summer at the Kenyon School of English in Gambier, Ohio. When he talked to us about the way he wrote this war history, which we consider to be remarkable for its vividness and human understanding, he said that he discovered while writing that

"the remembered war is very different from the fought war, and when I tried to recapture the fought war through a kind of deep interviewing, the tendency was for men to remember more pleasant things." Mr. McMillan was on Pavuvu himself but also used recorded interviews, with individuals and groups, letters sent home by the men, and diaries, though diaries were supposed to be illegal. In reading his work, one gets a layer-upon-layer effect probably because of the way in which the author gathered his material; we are close to the evidence, and the evidence is of various kinds. What comes out is not Tolstoi nor Ernie Pyle—the one a fiction, the other an eye-witness account—but something which uses its source like an open book.

Roland G. James, who made the drawings of Pavuvu, was in the Pacific with Mr. McMillan and the Marines. He now works with an advertising agency in New York.

•••"The Lady Walks" (p. 54) is the first published story by **Jean Powell**, the second she has submitted to any magazine. Nevertheless, she wrote a few stories when she was six years old, decided then to become a writer, and in various ways she has been working toward this profession ever since. She is now in her twenties.

Miss Powell grew up in Wisconsin, took a master's degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1942, and went back to the English department first as research assistant and then as teacher. In 1945, she worked westward across the country from Madison, graded papers in Minneapolis, clerked in a hospital PX and did social service work near Denver, clerked in a book store in San Francisco, and finally adopted Los Angeles. In that city she has taught English in a university and has been a hospital receptionist. For a few months this past year she was a student again, in a writing class under Wallace Stegner.

•••We cherish this story told us by a friend who heard it atop a bus in London. Mother and child shared a seat somewhat back in the bus, and an old gentleman occupied the front seat alone. "Mummy, I want to sit in the front seat," urged

the child in a clear tone. "Why can't I sit in the front seat with the man?" The man turned and addressed the child. "You have *all* the milk and *all* the bananas and *all* the orange juice," he said firmly, "but you can't sit in the front seat."

That seems to be more or less the way some Americans feel about what is happening in Britain. Some of them recently paid for a full page in the newspapers to advertise that SOCIALISM is bringing starvation to England, and to prove it they pointed to the relatively low quantities of food consumed by Britons as compared with the much larger amounts consumed by free-enterprise Americans. The logic of the old gentlemen and the American corporation seems to us of a piece, a rather ragged piece, but their intense feelings make us happy to be able to present them with evidence that *somebody* in Britain still gets his nourishment and his front seat too—except politically.

Virginia Cowles, Vermont-born journalist, gets her knowledge of England by living in Westminster, a stone's throw from the House of Commons, where her husband, Aidan Crawley, sits as a Labor M. P. "The British Rich Today" (p. 69) is based on her observations of life in England since her marriage in 1945, both in London and on the Crawleys' farm in their constituency of Buckingham.

Brought up in Boston, Miss Cowles began her globe-trotting as a child. Later she covered besieged Madrid with Ernest Hemingway and Martha Gellhorn. She saw the pre-war crises in Czechoslovakia, Nuremberg, Berlin (when Hitler marched into Poland), and Finland (when the Russians invaded). She was in Paris twenty-four hours before the occupation and in London for the Battle of Britain. From these experiences she wrote *Looking for Trouble*, which was published in 1941. More of what she has seen in Britain will appear when her new book, *No Cause for Alarm*, comes out this month.

Jon Nielsen made his first drawings for us last July to illustrate "Maine Was Never Like That," putting his sense of comedy into the line. It is here again to show off the British rich. He is a painter

and book illustrator and designer of theater sets. Of Danish descent, he was born in Yonkers, New York, lived as a child in Denmark, studied at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn and in Copenhagen. Like Miss Cowles he has traveled widely, but he has come home to settle down, in Dobbs Ferry.

•••A neighbor of ours used to spank her little boy in the morning, not to punish him but to get his attention. It is possible that the question—"Is Management Legitimate?" (p. 74)—may arouse the hostile spirits of some gentlemen whose will to sit tight has been forever symbolized by the news photograph of Sewell Avery in his armchair exit from the Montgomery Ward plant in Chicago back in 1944. But **Peter F. Drucker** poses the question merely to fix our attention on one of the most delicate relationships in our mass-production society. We think that a lot of people, the bystanders in union-management disputes—and that means most of us—are quite ready to look at this relationship with interest and detachment. For, oddly enough, the public, watching the annual struggles over contracts between the great industrial unions and management, has become a little more sophisticated than the embattled forces realize. It's our opinion that people in general don't take sides any more without trying to weigh the evidence, and if they can't make out the evidence, they don't take sides at all. To this extent, they are in ready condition to think about Mr. Drucker's analysis and to apply the principles he points out when next confronted in their papers by some painfully involved question of right and wrong in an industrial fight. What he says is not intended to relieve us of the responsibility of trying to make sense out of these big cases, which may ultimately affect how much we pay for a toaster or whether we can pay anything, but to give a background against which the details can be measured for size.

This article is the second of three which Mr. Drucker has written for us on the problems of our new system of industrial enterprise. Before he came to the United States, Mr. Drucker, who was educated in

Austria and Germany, was an economist for a London banking house. He is the author of several well-known books, including *The End of Economic Man* and *The Concept of the Corporation*. He is now working in Montclair, New Jersey, on a program of advanced management training and on a book which will explore further the ideas in this series of articles.

•••For the past three years we have offered our readers an annual round of **V. S. Pritchett's** stories including among them a gallery of figures from the lower middle class distinguished by their vivid oddity rather than by their vulgarity. Mr. Pritchett has said that a "dislocation of values is the usual source of vulgarity," but his affection for the people he puts on paper somehow frees them from this sin, which they might have in full bloom if one met them as real people in real life. This month we present "The Aristocrat" (p. 80), which makes a hero out of a hungry old man and sets all of the basic values straight.

Mr. Pritchett is literary editor of the London *New Statesman and Nation*, author of many stories, a volume of criticism called *The Living Novel*, and miscellaneous essays which have appeared in this country in the *New York Times Magazine* and *Book Review*, as well as in *Harper's*. He is at work on a novel.

Writing to us some time ago, Mr. Pritchett neatly by-passed our request for personal material by telling us an anecdote which we now give for your solution. "During the war," he writes, "I visited a Polish destroyer and I was asked, after a lot of drinks, to sign the visitors' book and to write a few poetical remarks in it. I decided to write something in admiration of the countrymen of Joseph Conrad. But it occurred to me that perhaps Joseph Conrad's works were unknown to the Poles. So I asked the First Officer, who asked the Chief Engineer, who asked the Captain; and he went stiff, pale, and angry, and curtly said: 'Joseph Comrade—that name is never mentioned on this ship and never will be while I am the Captain!'"

"However we smoothed it all out."

Mr. Pritchett has been earning



pected to do so."—Gene E. Levant, 116 West Ave., Los Angeles 28, Cal.

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his keep one way or another since he was fifteen; he has been a correspondent in France, Spain, Ireland, and the Mediterranean. He is now one of England's pre-eminent writers.

The sketches which accompany "The Aristocrat" are the work of *John Groth*, who gave us a notable series of drawings last month of a Chicago police lineup of criminals. Mr. Groth is known for his etchings and drawings of dogs, race horses, and sports, and he has done illustrations for Hemingway's and Steinbeck's books. He has been a foreign correspondent for many years and was the first American correspondent, along with a *Herald-Tribune* man, to get into Berlin. He teaches in New York at the Art Students League and the Workshop School of Advertising Art.

... "I happened to be downtown in Chicago one day while Fernwood was going on," *John Bartlow Martin* tells us apropos of his article, "Incident at Fernwood" (p. 86). "The daily paper hadn't yet mentioned the trouble, and the first I heard of it was from a Chicago taxi driver (white), who said that there was a race riot going on out on the South Side and that he was going out there and get into it as soon as he got rid of me." Since that moment, Mr. Martin has been paying attention to this touchy spot in Chicago; he began by checking with another taxi driver, a newspaper friend, and the policemen he knew. Before long he was collecting a file on the Commission on Human Relations, but he did not write the article until last winter, when it began to seem that calling public attention to the matter might do more good than harm. Still, he says, one authority in the field, "if asked what the prospects of serious trouble are, will reply that he doesn't know because he's been out of his office for a half hour." And in the recently lamented July-August heat wave, there were reports of trouble reaching him from the South Side.

Mr. Martin's long interest in race relations has resulted in a number of articles in *Harper's*, notably "A Gentleman from Indiana" (January 1947) and "The Hickman Story"

(August 1948). His study of the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana in the 1920's and similar work in Michigan contributed to books which he has published on those states. While no reader can doubt his passion for fair play and his sympathy with the victims of prejudice, his production in this field resembles his work on many subjects which has appeared in many magazines—all fact, no fiction. Even when he does detective reporting, it is all fact, whether published in detective magazines or in *Harper's*, for example "The McNear Murder" (July 1947). Except for being in the Army for two years, he has spent his professional life since 1938 tracking down his own reports and taking the rough and tumble of magazine editors' preferences. We are proud to have published (in March 1948) what we think of as his major work of reporting so far, "The Blast in Centralia No. 5," about the mine disaster in Illinois. Mr. Martin's work before he began free-lancing was as copyboy and wire puncher for the Associated Press and as reporter and rewrite man for the Indianapolis *Times*.

The street plan of the Fernwood area was made by our regular mapmen, *Carl T. Sigman* and *William J. Ward Jr.*, engineer and architect respectively, who specialize in technical drawings for books and magazines.

... With "Land's End" (p. 53) we continue the series of poems by *Weldon Kees* which we have published since August. Mr. Kees is the author of two volumes of poetry, *The Last Man* and *The Fall of the Magicians*, already out, and another to appear soon. He has written also on films and jazz, and is an artist as well as poet.

... "The Year in Poetry" by *Lloyd Frankenberg* (p. 112), stands in place of Katherine Gauss Jackson's regular column "Books in Brief" just for this month. Mr. Frankenberg has had a number of poems in *Harper's*, and this fall Houghton Mifflin is publishing his new book about modern poetry, *Pleasure Dome*, to be issued at the same time as Columbia's "Pleasure Dome Album" of recordings of poets.

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LETTERS

Most Modest Man—

To the Editors:

No one would know from Nelson Algren that "The Captain Is Impaled" [August 1949] was to be published in *Harper's*, but as a subscriber I couldn't have missed it.

The author is, I believe, the most modest man on earth, and unlike most people, has never been heard to say that he has had a hard day or that he was tired. To hear him tell it, all he does is sleep, read, cook up a stew occasionally (once—only once, I think—he kept the left-over portion cool by floating the pan in the bathtub), play a little poker, go to the races, and feed the stray animals, usually cats, that come to his back door. It is known that he writes; when do you suppose he does it?

He also goes to police show-ups, sometimes taking a friend with him, and he doesn't miss a thing. The characters in his story are right out of the line-up, and their sad, foolish words are right out of their mouths. I wouldn't know about the Captain's thoughts, but I suspect that Mr. Algren is impaled himself. He is no sob sister, and no preacher, but the evidences of miserable and apparently hopeless lives do not leave him cold.

Judging by John Groth's drawings, he doesn't miss much either.

MARGARET SCRIVEN
Chicago, Ill.

Down, Aroostook!—

To the Editors:

Perhaps C. Hartley Grattan ["What Makes New England Go?" August 1949] should be told about the Far West. He claims that Aroostook County, Maine, is the largest county, "bar none," in the United States. I find twenty-nine larger than Aroostook's 6,924 square miles. . . .

It is interesting to note that eight out of fourteen counties in Arizona

disprove his statement. The nation's largest county, San Bernardino in California, is about three times as large as Aroostook and nearly two-thirds the size of the state of Maine. . . .

SAMUEL C. MONSON
New York City

To the Editors:

Please do not think this is California braggadocio, but facts are facts, and I fear that Aroostook County would be lost in the 20,160 square miles of California's San Bernardino County, while too I must note that Kern County, our potato-growing county, has an area of 5,288,800 acres.

I wouldn't have minded so much if it had not been for that "bar none."

HARRIET S. DAVIDS, Librarian
Kings County Free Library
Hanford, Cal.

To the Editors:

My knuckles are rapped, my fingers burned, my cheeks are red. I am wrong about Aroostook County. I should not have listened to the boosters. . . .

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN
Katonah, N. Y.

East Wind—

To the Editors:

I found C. Hartley Grattan's article "What Makes New England Go?" as welcome and refreshing as the east wind which occasionally relieves us from a stretch of oppressive summer heat and I look forward to reading the article we are promised in which the same discerning writer will estimate the prospects of the region. . . .

I am grateful to *Harper's Magazine* for opening its distinguished pages to this timely and accurate appraisal of our part of the country.

PAUL A. DEVER, Governor
Boston, Mass.

Not One Solitary Ear—

To the Editors:

Perhaps Mr. Paul M. Angle, of Chicago ["Letters," August 1949] can tell me *where* in this Midwest I can purchase Country Gentleman corn.

In five years here in Kansas City, I have tried in vain to locate one solitary ear. The variety is unknown, so I live over my boyhood days in Boston—and hope and hope and hope for a big, fat, juicy ear.

E. B. ROWE
Kansas City, Mo.

For Art's Sake—

To the Editors:

It is no great wonder that Mr. Forster cannot discover order in the external world, both physical and social, when he takes as his basic premise, as he does in "Art for Art's Sake" [August 1949] the thesis that "order . . . is something evolved from within, not something imposed from without." This denial of any structural consistencies in the objective world, without which scientific prediction would be impossible, leads Mr. Forster directly out of the objectively given *discoverable* world into a subjectively *invented* universe of sub-cutaneous phenomena. From this belief that only that which transpires beneath one's skin has meaning and order, the next step, which Freud has aptly characterized as the belief in the "omnipotence of thought," follows easily enough. The natural, cosmological order of things is reversed; so that instead of interpreting man's consciousness in terms of the full richness of the socio-historical circumstances in which he finds himself, and to which he creatively responds, we are treated to the spectacle of the magician attempting to dominate nature by incantations and his force of will.

Mr. Forster's position, however, does not remain consistent, for a



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Foreword by Eric A. Johnston

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little later he admits that there have been historical periods such as "ancient Athens, Renaissance Italy, eighteenth-century France," etc., which were somewhat friendlier to the creative artist than is our own age. But does it not occur to Mr. Forster to ask why these particular periods provided such congenial aesthetic milieux?

Once it is recognized that the world of the artist is part of the larger social environment, and that it is in a functional interdependence with it, then it can be understood that the solution of the contemporary crisis in art is not to be found in altering man psychologically, but rather in reorganizing the social milieu so that it will again provide the dynamism necessary for not only a reawakened artistic creativity, but a more humanistically orientated science, philosophy, and politics as well. . . .

GERARD DEGRE
Bard College
Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

More over the Dams—

To the Editors:

Perhaps if Messrs. de Roos and Maass looked carefully *behind* "The Lobby That Can't Be Licked" [August 1949], they would find a large number of solid, sensible folk more inclined to accept the Army Engineers' theory of river management and control than to subscribe to the ridiculously impossible idea of multi-purpose dams.

The Congress probably did look behind the lobby, and was apparently more impressed with what it saw than it was with the Hoover Commission report!

It is interesting to read articles by writers who wish to enforce their social thinking on rivers, rocks, dirt, and people, regardless of engineering principles that are pretty generally understood; but when they impugn the motives of the Engineer Corps, talk about politics, pork barrel, selfishness, etc., they get tiresome.

As a member of this state's Flood Control Commission, I have had several years' opportunity to study

the Corps. I find it intelligent and earnest, and at least as morally sound as any other government agency! Why not assign your tandem writers to a study of the wickedly wasteful and dangerous things that have been done in the name of multi-purpose dams?

JOHN C. MELLETT
Indianapolis, Ind.

To the Editors:

I don't like the defeatism inherent in the title of the de Roos and Maass article, "The Lobby That Can't Be Licked," in the August *Harper's*. To the rest of the article I want to give a loud and approving Rebel yell.

That Army lobby *can* be licked. The American people are going to *have* to lick it and we might as well peel off our coats and roll up our sleeves. What it will take to lick the lobby is something else. It is powerful, as your authors indicated. It is apparently well financed. The same goes for the Reclamation lobby.

No need of taking on one without taking on both. That's an ambitious program, but it must be undertaken. And the first requirement is a rallying point, for those who are now working, and for those who don't know the score but who can or might be enlisted for the duration. Thereafter, it will take a planned and studied campaign just a little bit broader and more extensive than the campaign of the existing lobby.

The Izaak Walton League of America . . . might be induced to do its part toward readying the time, place, and people. While we are waiting for the proper signs and portents, we will continue boldly to take on both of them when and as we can. Maybe some of the things we do at times smack of tilting at windmills, but we never hesitate to "lay a crazy lance in rest" and drive forward. Sometimes we hit a vulnerable spot on something substantial, and help thus to prepare the way for the more powerful opposition that eventually is bound to lick the lobby.

WILLIAM VOIGT, JR.
Izaak Walton League of America
Chicago, Ill.



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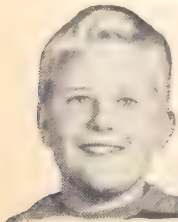
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Pro-Schacht—

To the Editors:

I was very favorably impressed with the article appearing in the August edition, "Cancer and the Atom," by Henry Schacht. Mr. Schacht has the unusual ability to write about a highly technical subject and still make it understandable and highly interesting to the layman reader.

I hope Mr. Schacht's articles will continue to appear in *Harper's*.

ROBERT A. WILSON
San Francisco, Cal.

Of a Feather—

To the Editors:

A few months ago I gave a talk on bird migration over WGY, Schenectady that was variously garbled and reported in the newspapers. This evidently led to the further dubious honor of being the butt of Mr. De Vries's "story" in the April *Harper's* ["We Don't Know," by Peter De Vries]. "His name was Ammidown" (p. 100). Since I supplied the inspiration for this piece, and have suffered from it ever since, am I not entitled to part of the proceeds?

DEAN AMADON, Assistant Curator
The American Museum of
Natural History
New York, N. Y.

Mr. De Vries' story concerned an airplane flight from Chicago in which the author fell into conversation with an ornithologist and a discussion of bird migrations ensued. The ornithologist's name was Ammidown. We sent Mr. Amadon's letter along to Mr. De Vries, who was astonished by the coincidence. Here is Mr. De Vries letter to Mr. Amadon:

Dear Mr. Amadon:

Your letter to the editors of *Harper's* convinces me that I had hold, in the story of migratory feats, of one of the lesser mysteries after all. What shuffles reality into such weird coincidences as that of your name and the one I chose for my bird man, is more baffling still. For choose it I did—for its phonetic felicity, you know, its suggestion of fluid drafts and of wings steadily applied—and not as a variation of the name of anybody I heard speak on migration.

Your talk was delivered a few months ago, and my story written, as the editors will confirm, many months ago. Nor is my cultural orbit wide enough for me ever to have run into you as Assistant Curator of the American Museum of Natural History. But now I'm watching the radio schedules and lecture announcement columns for Amadon, hoping to avail myself of an inspiration for something perhaps a bit more estimable than Ammidown.

PETER DE VRIES
Southport, Conn.

About J. Harold—

To the Editors:

It has been reported that the Reverend J. Harold Smith was somewhat displeased with James Rorty's article in your August issue. It is hard for me to believe that the article was unfair to the Reverend Mr. Smith. It is my conviction that several preachers who say they have heard God speaking to them have only been talking to themselves. Mr. Rorty made one small error: the name of the Chattanooga church is Woodland Park.

Preacher Smith is not one to let an unflattering word slow him down for long. He is still snorting fire and beating about with a big stick. He did offer to resign as pastor of the Woodland Park Church but the members said, "No!" To show his appreciation he flung out some brand-new names for the Federal Council of Churches and the liquor dealers. . . .

L. F. ACUFF
Chattanooga, Tenn.

To the Editors:

Your article by James Rorty, "J. Harold Smith and the Dogs of Sin," was an eye-opener for people of this area. No doubt twice as many pages could be written about that guy on his experiences from Greenville alone. My only regret is that your magazine is not so widely distributed here as it could be. I hope our local papers will seek permission to reprint the article or mention the fact that your publication has published an article exposing the leader of one of the unseemly movements in the South.

C. C. CAMPBELL
Greenville, S. C.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Look What's Happened to California

Carey McWilliams

Historical Comment by Robert Osborn

DURING the war and the ensuing years, Californians were vaguely aware of a phenomenal increase in population. But the full shock of recognition did not come until August 1947, when the Bureau of the Census released a report on population shifts for the period from April 1, 1940 to July 1, 1947. Then came amazing news. California had gained *three million new residents in seven years*—had absorbed, in less than a decade, about as many people as live in the whole state of Virginia, or the whole state of Iowa, or as lived in California itself at the time of the first world war. Thus the state had reached a total population of ten million—more people than there are in all of New England. California had passed Illinois and Ohio in population and had edged close to Pennsylvania, the second most populous state in the Union.

No other state has ever shown a volume of increase through migration even remotely approaching this; it is so large as to represent a substantial redistribution of the population of the United States. Historically we have learned to think of the westward movement of population, but what we do not realize is that for the past forty years the westward movement of population has been primarily a movement of people to California.

Nor has this movement stopped. California is still a very young state whose area is virtually limitless in comparison with its present population. California's present population density, per square mile of arable land (not counting mountains, desert, and forest), is still only one-eighth that of Massachusetts, the first state to be settled. If California continues to follow what population experts call the law of growth, it will expand at an almost

*Carey McWilliams is the author of *Factories in the Field*, *A Mask for Privilege*, and other books. His latest, *California: The Great Exception*, will appear later this year.*

constant, but gradually declining, rate for the next two or three decades. The experts now forecast that California will show an additional gain of 2,650,000 in the 1950's, that it has not yet reached the mid-point in its growth, and that 20,000,000 people will eventually reside within its boundaries.

Such population shifts have a dual significance: one region's gain must necessarily represent another region's loss. In the past eight years, nine states actually lost population: Arkansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, Oklahoma, West Virginia, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Idaho, and Montana. But one must also consider the *rates* of increase in the same period: 6.1 per cent for Pennsylvania, 5 per cent for New York, 6.3 per cent for Illinois, 10.7 per cent for Texas, 49.2 per cent for Oregon, 43.3 per cent for Washington, 45.2 per cent for California. Seven states in the West North Central Division—Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas—failed to keep pace with the average rate of growth for the nation, and the Southern states also fell below the national average. In point of fact, therefore, only the West Coast states were well above the national average rate of growth.

What does this shift of population mean in political terms? Since the number of representatives in Congress is fixed by law at 435, it is quite apparent that in 1950 some states will have to forfeit representation in order to accommodate the three West Coast states. This in turn will change the regional balance of power within the nation. California will probably be given a minimum of six additional seats in Congress, and one seat each will have to be allotted to Oregon and Washington, or a total of eight. But these eight seats will have to be deducted from the representation of other states. Even states which are increasing in population but have failed to keep pace with the leading states—Missouri is an example—will be affected by this redistribution. Thus New York, with forty-five seats in Congress, will probably have to yield three seats to the West Coast states. It should also be kept in mind that California's influence in the electoral college and in the national political conventions of the two major parties will be substantially increased. There can be little doubt, therefore, that as the *New York Times* recently

observed, "California can no longer be thought of merely as the Land of Sunshine. Politically and economically, she tips the national balance westward."

Economically, the growth of West Coast industrial power, particularly the upsurge of California, has profound national significance. For a new set of population dynamics have appeared on the West Coast.

In the past, almost every article produced in the Northwest had to be shipped eastward across the continent to the major national markets at freight rates which were always discriminatory and often prohibitive. Now the Northwest has discovered that it has a promising and ever-expanding new market at its doorstep. California, with 10,000,000 people, represents quite a market. "Whenever we examine in detail the shipment of Oregon products," writes Bernard Goldhammer, economist for the Bonneville Power Administration, "we inevitably discover that a preponderance goes to California. This applies to agricultural commodities, to lumber, to aluminum, to cheese, to nearly any item one can enumerate." Rubber and textile factories in California purchase the product of a new rayon plant in Eugene, Oregon, and the remarkable expansion of the furniture industry in Los Angeles nowadays provides an excellent market for Oregon timber. As automobile manufacturers establish assembly plants in California and experiment with plans to manufacture parts, the aluminum industry of the Northwest suddenly assumes a new significance. According to Van Beuren Stanberry, a special economist for the Department of Commerce, "Oregon once had to ship lumber and cheese two thousand miles to find a market of 10,000,000 consumers. Now such a market lies at the end of the seven-hundred-mile Shasta route of the Southern Pacific out of Portland." It is not by chance, therefore, that the volume of north-south train, bus, and airline passenger traffic on the West Coast has begun to exceed in importance the volume of the east-west traffic.

JUST what does it mean, in human terms, to dump 3,000,000 people into a state—even a state as large as California—in the brief period of seven years? Although the absorptive capacity of the state is still very great, the latest rush of people to Cal-

ifornia has produced an impact not unlike that of the gold rush a hundred years ago. (Actually thirty times as many people have come to California in the past eight years as came during the gold-rush decade.) The effect of this latest migration has been all the greater by reason of the fact that the war migrants surged into a limited number of already crowded cities, mainly San Francisco, Oakland, San Diego, and Los Angeles. Since most of the migrants came to Los Angeles, it is to this city that one must turn for illustrations of the new type of community that has come into being. Westchester, "the fastest growing community in the United States," is perhaps the most interesting of these.

In 1940, Westchester was merely a name on the map for a large, vacant area near the Los Angeles Municipal Airport, green in the rainy season, brown in the summer, of gently rolling slopes and level plains planted to lima beans. In 1941, there were only seventeen widely scattered homes in the entire area; today 30,000 people live in Westchester. Everything about Westchester is new and shiny: its streets, its homes, its growing shopping center, its schools. Only within the past year has it begun to emerge from its camp-like, squatter phase. In 1948, precisely 5,492 homes, most of which sold for about \$7,000, were built in Westchester, and eight thousand additional homes are planned or under construction at the present time. Here, on the plains, a good-sized city has come into being in the past eight years, trim and neat and painfully, incredibly new. Although its development was almost wholly unplanned, by some miracle Westchester has the appearance of a fairly well-planned community.

The settlers of Westchester were war workers who wanted homes near the aircraft factories. This seemed to be an ideal place to build them. At the onset, no one thought of Westchester as a community, much less as a city; it was just a wartime improvisation, a "camp," and many of the settlers were not sure that they intended to stay in California. But it was not long before people began to say that they "lived in Westchester." And at some point it began to occur to people that a new community had been born. This consciousness of community identity is indeed a strange thing. Six homes, a dozen homes, two dozen, do not make a community; even a

hundred homes will not always do so. Community consciousness is not necessarily a function of size: it is more closely related, perhaps, to such factors as time and place. In the case of Westchester, everyone arrived at about the same time, under approximately the same circumstances, and built or bought much the same kind of home; and the area was just sufficiently removed from other community-centered areas to set it apart, to give it an impetus toward self-recognition and a sense of identity. Whatever the cause, this collection of homes, bungalows, and cottages began to emerge as a community within a year after the first war migrants began to move in.

The population of Westchester is as young as the community is new. The adult population, for example, is highly concentrated in the thirty to thirty-four age bracket. About 75 per cent of the men are veterans of World War II. There are practically no old people. Most of the residents are in the middle of the middle class; the extremes of wealth and poverty are largely absent. For the most part, the men work in the skilled trades, the professions, civil service, and in manufacturing plants; few of the women work outside the home. Nine out of ten families own or are purchasing their homes. The school population, of course, is as young as the adult population: only 49 per cent of the children have yet reached the age of school enrollment, a circumstance which has created a great interest in kindergartens and nursery schools. Westchester is remarkably homogeneous, a fact which probably accounts for the rapid growth in community-consciousness. It is made up of people very similar in age, background, income, and interests; a community with an unusual interest in schools, playgrounds, and recreational centers because of the unusually large number of children. "Our children," as one Westchester housewife has said, "have not yet reached the age of delinquency, and we do not intend to have any delinquency in Westchester."

THIS statement throws a clear light on at least one aspect of the widespread postwar social ferment in California. The amount of lethargy in community attitudes probably increases in direct ratio to the age of the community. To change a pat-

tern—to change anything, in fact—seems to be more difficult than to establish a new pattern, and this is particularly true with Americans, a notoriously impatient and restive people. Thus, by a paradox, the lack of planning created in Westchester the challenge to plan; the newness of the community, the youth of its population, and its homogeneity provided the dynamics which made planning possible. It has been said that newcomers in California are reluctant to develop an interest in community affairs, but in Westchester the interest is unusually great.

This ferment of newness is shown in other matters. Not enough churches have yet been built to take care of the religious needs of the community. By necessity, therefore, the existing churches have had to share their facilities; the Jewish congregation uses the Baptist Church, and most of the churches exchange pastors. Inter-faith activities of all kinds have been stimulated, and the existing churches have come to occupy a new relationship to the community. In the absence of facilities, churches have become the equivalent of a town hall or city council. No one factor, of course, explains the absence of a warring sectarianism in Westchester; it has come about as a result of a peculiar combination of social circumstances.

Here, then, is an eight-year-old city of 30,000 inhabitants with no local fire or police stations and without emergency hospital facilities; with no direct telephone line to Los Angeles—though it is an integral part of the city—so that the residents must pay a toll charge on all calls; with a “city library” about as big as a box car; with a collection of hastily thrown together bungalows for its elementary schools; without even—at last

report—a barber shop. Never formally planned, the streets of Westchester are a jumble of unrelated numberings and sharp, criss-crossing turns; only the oldest inhabitants can find their way about with ease. Yet despite these omissions, inconveniences, and limitations, Westchester is going ahead, raising money to build a town hall, seeking by a variety of devices to improve community services. This is the 1949 California equivalent of the Poker Flats and Hangtowns of 1849—and how different it is!

ALTHOUGH the wartime migrants to California have been a mixed lot, coming from different places and backgrounds, this general heterogeneity is sometimes deceptive. For in many cases groups of migrants have come from the same place, from the same background, and have settled in the same areas. In this event, the similarity in background and origin have served as a temporary cement to hold the migrants together as a social group, and to assist in their adjustment. Hence the new California phenomenon of “group migration,” of community transplantation.

Back in 1936, two brothers, Raymond and Wendall Wall, left Malvern, Arkansas, to work in a West Coast lumber mill. A city of 10,000, Malvern lies sixty miles from Little Rock and sixteen miles from Hot Springs. Its residents, for the most part, are descendants of pioneer settlers from the Carolinas and Tennessee, the venturesome Scotch-Irish who poured through the Cumberland Gap in the wake of Daniel Boone. When the defense program got under way, the Walls left the lumber mill and got jobs in a Southern California shipyard. Pleased with their new



work, they wrote letters back home to Malvern about the wonders of Southern California and the fact that common labor jobs paid 88 cents an hour. Soon a great exodus of Malvernites to Southern California was under way. By midsummer 1944 almost the entire town of Malvern had moved to Long Beach, San Pedro, and Wilmington to work in the shipyards. One Malvernite prepared a list of 625 former Malvern residents all employed at the Consolidated shipyards, and groups of similar size were to be found in the other yards.

Among the Malvernites who came west was the Reverend H. A. F. Ault, who followed his congregation to San Pedro. Although Mr. Ault promptly got a job in the shipyards, he continued to function as a shepherd for his wandering flock, officiating at weddings, baptisms, and an occasional funeral, and, now and then, holding services at his home. "We have," he says, "what you call picnics and home gatherings, and then we have weekend get-togethers." Judge F. D. Goza, formerly Justice of the Peace in Malvern, likewise came west and got a job in the shipyards when he discovered that his courtroom was empty and that his clients had vanished.

During the war both Malvern men and women worked in the shipyards, saving a part of their earnings, making an occasional trip back home, and dreaming of the day when they would return to Malvern as they had come to California, *en masse*. Some of them, of course, have actually returned; but most of them stayed on. Among those who stayed is Silas Baker, eighty years old, who worked as a welder in the shipyards during the war. On returning to Malvern, which he had expected to find deserted, Baker dis-

covered that it was just as populous as it had been when he left. What, then, had happened in Malvern? While the Malvernites were working in Southern California, "the Yankees came in from the East to work the new mines which opened up during the war," so that many a former resident of Malvern, seeing how the town had changed, decided to stay on in Southern California. This is the one-way process which is known in the history books as "the westward movement of population."

CALIFORNIA, the giant adolescent, has been outgrowing its governmental clothes now for a hundred years. The first state constitution and scheme of government in California was itself an improvisation; and, from that time to the present, governmental services have lagged far behind population growth. Other states have gone through this same phase but California has never emerged from it. It is this fact which underlies the notorious lack of social and political equilibrium in California. The state is always off balance, stretching itself precariously, improvising, seeking to ride the crest of periodic tidal waves of migration. Right now it is trying to negotiate the latest and the most dangerous of these recurrent waves. The following varied facts may suggest how great is the present lag between government services and public needs:

There are not enough schools. Currently Los Angeles, with 260 births per day, needs thirty new schools and will have to add about thirty additional schools in the next five years. In 1948, 27,000 children were forced into part-time attendance in the Los Angeles schools because of the shortage of facilities;



in one year the enrollment shot up by 19,800. Since many of the wartime migrants were young people, birth rates have been rising rapidly and the state faces a real school crisis in 1955 or 1960. Needless to say, this situation has created a shortage of everything related to the schools, including teachers. If every man and woman graduating from every school of education in the state between now and 1955 were to get a job in the Los Angeles school system, there would still be a shortage of teachers. The pressure is greatest, of course, in the elementary schools, but it will soon be felt all along the line. In fact it is already being felt in the higher levels, for there are currently enrolled in the state colleges, in various branches of the University of California, and in the university itself, some 60,000 students.

Let me turn from schools to hospitals. Third in size, Los Angeles ranks eighteenth among American cities in the number of hospital beds per person. It must build fifty-two new hospitals in the next twenty years to come abreast of the national average. In the past twenty years, the population of Fresno has doubled but the number of hospital beds remains the same. The burden on correctional institutions and institutions for the mentally ill has been proportionately great. With a larger veteran population than any other city in the nation—some 715,000 veterans live in Los Angeles—the local Veterans Administration has been fighting desperately to keep abreast of the avalanche of new claims and new cases.

Library facilities have likewise lagged far

behind population growth. Traffic plans have become obsolete before they have emerged from the blueprints. Sewer facilities in one community after the other have been overtaxed to the point of creating grave public health hazards. And community chest drives have fallen far short of their stated goals.

Even at the limping pace at which facilities have been expanded—and they have never kept abreast of current needs—governmental costs have skyrocketed. For the average Californian, the expenses of state, city, county, and district government have increased four times since 1910. Pointing to the upward curve of governmental expenses, and comparing this rate with that of other states, misguided friends of economy try to confuse the voters and minimize the need for a rapid expansion of government facilities. The fact is, of course, that comparisons with other states are wholly misleading.

Governmental institutions, moreover, are badly distributed in California. Since San Francisco was for many years the largest, indeed the only, metropolis in California, it naturally came about that most of the state agencies had their headquarters there. San Francisco became known as the *de facto* capital of California, and the federal agencies, following this pattern, established headquarters there also. Today the situation has changed: these offices should be in Los Angeles, not San Francisco.

The vehicle in which California is attempting to ride the current flood is laughably ancient and obsolete. The state constitution is a monstrous patchwork of 340 pages, the



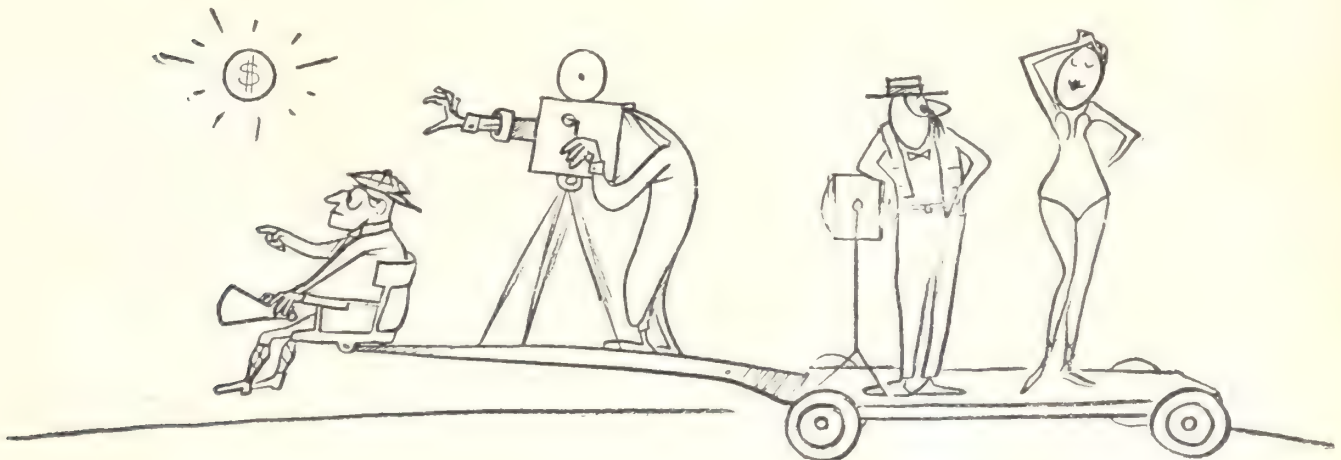
second longest state constitution; most of its provisions have long been utterly outdated. And the present charter of the city of Los Angeles, adopted only twenty years ago, is today almost as obsolete as the state constitution. It, too, is a ponderous document of 295 pages, containing 513 sections; and to know it well is a life's work. The county of Los Angeles, of course, is a governmental monstrosity. Within the county are forty-five independent municipal governments, varying in size from 1,000 population to 2,000,000 population; from a few square miles in area to 470 square miles (Los Angeles proper). Within the county 500,000 people live in unincorporated areas, and there are small "pockets" of county territory juxtaposed with incorporated areas. Within the city of Los Angeles are dozens of "conscious provinces," such as Hollywood and Eagle Rock, which continue to think of themselves as separate municipalities, with the consequence that there is literally nothing that the city does not need in the way of municipal services. Yet for the past fifteen years the city has shown the incompetence of an idiot giant in dealing with its affairs. The story of this vast city's bungling of such problems as traffic, transportation, spoiling of its beaches, the sewage, smog, and related items would make a monumental municipal comedy of errors.

CALIFORNIANS, of course, are fascinated by facts and figures showing the state's phenomenal growth. And yet, on another side of their minds, they are disturbed

and even repelled by these same figures. They want the state to grow and yet they don't want it to grow. Each wave of migration is regarded with fear and trembling and the wave next before the last invariably comes up with the idea that the latest arrivals are "inferior" to those who came at an earlier date.

One day after Japan surrendered, 417 cars loaded with furniture, bedsprings, mattresses, baggage, children, dogs, and goats passed through the Arizona border station on the backward swing to Oklahoma and Arkansas. For weeks the exodus continued, as the newspapers carried joyous stories that "the *Grapes of Wrath* folks have reversed their field with the sudden advent of peace and there is now an ever-growing exodus from Southern California." What a relief! One could almost hear the officials' sigh of pleasure as the migrants turned eastward.

But one year later, almost to the day, the border patrol reported that 130,000 people had entered California from Arizona in a single month, their noses and radiators pointed toward the promised land. Consternation immediately spread throughout California's officialdom. By September 1946, the Mayor of Los Angeles was urging that "steps" be taken to slow up, preferably to reverse, the influx of migrants into Los Angeles. As a matter of fact, the westward movement had started within three months after the exodus began: the Okies and Arkies had merely gone home for a vacation. By December 1945, the by-now-familiar returning movement was well under way and the headlines read: "State



Lures Record Influx of Visitors," and "Swelling Migrant Tide Poses Perplexing Issues." By mid-1946 one would have thought that California was being inundated with a swarm of locusts, not people, to judge from the howls of protest that came from California officials and the state's short-memoried press.

This astonishing ambivalence, so amusing to watch, consistently undercuts any attempt to plan for the well-being of the Californians, present and future. The unconscious rejection of the migrants paralyzes the need to plan for their assimilation and adjustment. The Californians never quite believe in their good fortune; it appears to be real enough, but then again it could be an illusion. Formerly Californians believed in attracting migrants, but the initiative has now changed hands. It is the migrants who are planning to come to California, not California that is planning to receive them.

WITH all these inhibitions of the planning function, how then does it happen that the influx of 3,000,000 people did not produce a state of sheer chaos? There are many answers to this question. For one thing, California has space to burn. The city of Los Angeles has a larger land area than any other city in America: 44 miles by 25 miles, enough land to support a population of between eight and ten million people. The county of Los Angeles, with 4,038 square miles, is about the size of the state of Connecticut. If Los Angeles had been a compact, centralized city, the migration of the past eight years would have had a devastating impact; as things are, the newcomers simply fill up the vacant spaces.

The spread-out character of Los Angeles,

plus the volume and velocity of migration, has resulted in a natural, and from many points of view a highly desirable, dispersion of population. Industries are widely scattered in Los Angeles. For the most part the wartime growth has taken place round the edges of the community, rather than at the center. By an accident, therefore, Los Angeles has become the first modern, widely decentralized industrial city in America. For, with the growth taking place in the peripheral areas, the city has found it more convenient to decentralize services and facilities than to attempt a new integration from the center. As fast as new areas have developed, the chain stores, the department stores, and the drive-in markets have chased after the people, setting up new shopping districts and establishing new neighborhood centers. With more automobiles per capita than any other city in America, and with the worst rapid-transit system, Los Angeles was almost ideally prepared for a decentralization which it did not plan but from which it will profit in the future.

One of the great problems in Los Angeles is that many of the city's institutions have not adjusted to the decentralized pattern of the city. The metropolitan daily newspapers have simply resigned from the task of multiple community reporting and have increasingly fallen back on county-wide, national, and international news. On the other hand, some 250 separate newspapers have sprung up all over Greater Los Angeles, to reflect the interest and news of particular neighborhoods and communities. The late Los Angeles *Independent*, formed by merging a number of neighborhood shopping papers, bravely attempted to get out twelve separate editions,



each of which would carry the news of a particular locality as well as city-wide and county-wide news and events of national and international interest.

But the *newness* of sections of Los Angeles has created opportunities of which planners have dreamed for many years. San Fernando Valley, not so many years ago a "rural section of Los Angeles County," today has a population of 350,000 and, by the end of the century, may well have 1,000,000 residents. In other parts of the world, planners look hopefully forward to the coming of the "satellite" city, the decentralized community of from 35,000 to 50,000, with its own services, residences, and industries. But Los Angeles is already made up of a series of "satellite" cities, all unplanned.

Another clue to the success with which California has assimilated, after a fashion, 3,000,000 new residents in seven years, is to be found in the character of the migrants. They represent a selection rather than a cross section of the American population. They are young people, active, in their best working years; 45 per cent, for example, are between fifteen and thirty-four years of age. On the whole, they are much younger than the resident population, the median age of which in 1940 was four years older than the average for the nation. Often referred to by the California press as "undesirable," the war migrants show a higher proportion of college graduates than is to be found in California, and a higher proportion of high-school graduates than is to be found in the states from which they have come. Three-fourths of them come from points west of the Mississippi River. Although many of them are "unskilled," there is a high percentage of

skilled workers included in the total of recent migrants to the state.

For the most part, then, the migration of the past eight years has been made up of people who have quickly and easily adjusted themselves to the conditions of their new life in California. The same characteristics of the total migrant group can be found, for example, in the large wartime influx of Negroes to California. Today Los Angeles County has the third largest concentration of Negroes outside the Southern states, with perhaps 350,000 Negroes now residing in the county.

There are, however, certain sections of the migrant population that present a special problem, particularly the "senior citizens." In 1940 there were 10,000,000 people in the United States over sixty-five years of age, of whom 750,000 lived in California; and of this group 325,000 lived in Los Angeles County. In the same year, 6.8 per cent of the nation's population was over sixty-five, but the percentage in Los Angeles was 8.5. It may now be close to 10 per cent. One-fourth of Los Angeles County's "senior citizens," those over sixty-five, are receiving some form of public assistance.

THIS, then, is California in 1949, a century after the gold rush: still growing rapidly, still the pace-setter, falling all over itself, stumbling pell-mell to greatness without knowing the way, bursting at its every seam. Today it has 10,000,000 residents; tomorrow it may have 20,000,000. California is not another American state: it is a revolution within the states. It is tipping the scales of the nation's interest and wealth and population to the West, toward the Pacific.



The Curtain Isn't Iron

Joseph C. Harsch

I LIKE Eastern Europe. After twenty years of reporting, I have acquired a strong taste for places which are changing, and where the change frequently fails to fit preconceived notions or intended patterns. Eastern Europe is such a place. Change is all over the lot. But the elements of the change and the tempo vary markedly from country to country and the results at this interim stage differ both from what we assume and expect them to be, and also presumably from what the men in the Kremlin intended them to be. The pattern is by no means uniform or consistent, nor do I think that the end result is going to fit Moscow's plans any more than it will fit our own prejudgments.

I visited the area in 1947 and found it interesting. I visited it again this year and found it even more interesting. I hope to visit it again in 1951, because a span of two years is an excellent device for detecting and measuring changes. But whether I shall be able to go back in 1951 is another matter, for the days when the self-styled "people's democracies" of Eastern Europe liked to show themselves off to visitors from the West are probably drawing to a close. Hungary gave me a visa in 1947 but refused one in 1949. The reason may have been personal, but I doubt it. I think rather it was because a regime which finds it necessary in 1949 to

purge a László Rajk, who had been the leader of the Communist underground during the war and then Minister of the Interior and police chief in 1947, must be going through internal strains so serious that it hardly wants visiting correspondents snooping around. And Poland and Czechoslovakia are getting stickier about visas. They used to be the easiest. The reason they allege for the change of policy is that America grants so few visas to their correspondents wishing to travel in our direction. It is a valid argument, since an America which preaches free access for its journalists to all parts of the world practices anything but such freedom for foreign correspondents wishing to visit America. However, I suspect that the chief reason lies deeper below the surface of Eastern Europe.

The whole truth about any one of the countries, if uncovered by an enterprising visitor, might embarrass more than one satellite government in its relations with Moscow. And even when one of those countries does make a break with Moscow, as Tito's Yugoslavia has done, it may still find American correspondents disconcerting. Yugoslavia is today in midstream of the most dangerous, difficult, and delicate operation in international affairs—a shift of political and economic relations from one orbit of power politics to another and rival orbit. If the details of such an operation, and more particularly the

Mr. Harsch's recent visit to Eastern Europe parallels the trip he described in "European Traveler's Notebook" (December 1947). He now heads the Christian Science Monitor's Washington bureau.

enormous problems involved, were to be publicized from day to day the way the American press publicizes a political story in New York City or Chicago, they would easily jeopardize its success.

To generalize: governments sure of their power over their people and sure of their general direction have little to conceal. But governments suffering from schizophrenia, from serious internal opposition, or from doubts as to the road they actually wish to travel may prefer to keep many things about themselves out of sight. This is a condition which is, I think, on the increase throughout Eastern Europe and which makes travel plans for that part of the world in the coming year or two highly speculative.

What made Eastern Europe so interesting to me this spring was that few of the pat assumptions about it quite seem to fit the conditions and the trends which one finds there. Almost anything could happen in a part of the world which has already seen Marshal Tito converted from the fair-haired darling of Moscow to the leader of the most dangerous heresy which has challenged Moscow's leadership of the world Communist movement since Trotsky—and a part of the world in which today a Communist regime in Poland is advertising in large newspaper spreads farm collectives which, so far as Western observers in Warsaw can determine, exist only in the newspapers. Is the Polish government pretending for Moscow's benefit to be marching down the road to communization faster than it actually is marching or wishes to march? That is possible; but certainly no visiting correspondent can pretend to know the true explanation. He can only know that there are many such intriguing mysteries to be unraveled behind what is so frequently called the iron curtain.

II

THAT phrase iron curtain is a misnomer, and its too frequent use has done much, I think, to becloud Western thinking and Western high strategy about Eastern Europe. Iron is impermeable to ideas. Iron is consistent in texture. The phrase creates a mental picture of something solid and consistent, which could be broken only by major external force. But Eastern Europe is cer-

tainly not impervious to outside ideas. It is certainly not of consistent texture. Its political and strategic complexion has already been altered drastically by the operation of its own internal forces and without the planned impact upon it of Western force. And if you think of the iron-curtain area in terms of a barrier with solid bastions at either end, then your thinking is even more out of focus, for during the past two years both the northern and southern bastions have passed from Moscow's control.

At the southern end, Yugoslavia has given birth to a communist heresy which—if the West continues to play its political and economic hand as carefully as it has up to this time—may turn the southern flank decisively and even permanently, in so far as anything is permanent in a constantly changing world. Finland, on the northern flank, never was consolidated and today rates as an iron-curtain country only in the sense that Moscow could conquer it in a matter of days if it were prepared to use the Red Army for the purpose—a condition equally true of most of central and western Europe. The Russians attempted a Czech-type coup in Finland in the spring of 1948, shortly after the successful coup in Czechoslovakia. The attempt failed so completely that it scarcely made the front page elsewhere at the time, with the result that the general Western public is not even aware that in that crisis the Finns beat off, easily and decisively, precisely what the Czechs submitted to.

Strategically, the curtain area is valuable to Russia either as a base from which offensive operations can be conducted against the West, or as an outer defensive position. But for either purpose its flanks must be secure. Today the flanks are gone and could be reclaimed only by military operations which would involve the Red Army and therefore might precipitate a general war. They are not available today as launching bases for a surprise attack. Such an attack would have to advertise itself in advance by preliminary operations to regain control of the flanks.

Politically, the curtain area is valuable to Russia as a base for the projection of Soviet ideas westward and as a barrier against the projection of contrary ideas eastward. But to serve that purpose it must be internally harmonious, co-ordinated, and under firm

Moscow control. Today the inner core of the area which still owes allegiance to the Kremlin is under attack not only from the West but also from Yugoslavia; and furthermore the countries of the loyal core are plagued by increasing conflicts of interest among themselves.

For example, Poland and Czechoslovakia are supposed to be co-ordinating their economies. Czechoslovakia has an automobile industry which is not good enough to put its product into competition with the rival industries of Western Europe. But it might do very well for itself if it could enjoy a monopoly throughout the iron-curtain area. Owing to Moscow's political policies, the Czech motor industry has already lost its Yugoslav market. Poland is its best remaining market. But the Poles, who have never had an automobile industry, think they would like to have one now. They are in fact building one. Their present announced plan is to keep it small and use it only for a few specialized types of motor vehicles—farm tractors and special-purpose trucks. But this trend does not make the planners of Prague happy.

Thus both strategically and politically the iron-curtain area of today falls far short of being what the Moscow planners must have expected it to be at this stage of events.

In passing it should be observed that the stories of the loss of Finland and Yugoslavia have only one element in common. Both Yugoslavs and Finns are relatively primitive people who are strongly nationalist and who are also free of that quality of defeatism which shows up sometimes in larger and older countries living at a safer distance from Moscow. In other respects the two are entirely different. Yugoslavia has a low standard of living and a Communist government which has gone so far with applied communism that in Belgrade a few bootblacks are the sole residual practitioners of private enterprise. Finland, on the other hand, has a high standard of living, a staunchly non-Communist government, and an economic system in which private enterprise and capitalism are so firmly entrenched that the Finnish Socialist party does not actively advocate nationalization of heavy industry, let alone light industry and retail trade. The rust which has eaten away the hinges at opposite ends of the curtain is communist at one end and capitalist at the other.

III

IN BETWEEN Yugoslavia and Finland lie Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary—the three most important remaining iron-curtain countries. The three have one thing in common. The machinery of their respective governments is controlled by Communists who purport to take their ideas and their instructions from Moscow—which some do avidly and others do with increasing amounts of disguised reluctance and occasional evasion. During the first three postwar years, when the tide of ideas was moving westward from Moscow, this control by Communists of the machinery of government was sufficient to Moscow's purpose. But the people and the social and economic structures of those three countries were not totally communized during those years. On the contrary, the process has gone less far in general than the West has tended to assume, much less far in these three countries than it has gone in Yugoslavia. What exists in them is communization and Moscow control at the top governmental level. And a degree of control which was adequate to Moscow's purposes in the offensive period of Soviet operations can become anything but adequate in the present defensive period.

How dependable for Moscow are these three countries? In the attempt to make that measurement we must begin with some ground-clearing.

Western thinking frequently has assumed that they can never be "liberated" except by another war. That theory has validity in some places, but a validity which depends heavily on one's definition of "liberation," and also on enormous differences among the three countries: differences in the natures and habits of the peoples, in the qualities of their leaders, and in the nature and pace of events since the war.

To get at a workable definition of the problem of "liberation," it must first be appreciated that the West dislikes three separate things about Eastern Europe today. One thing is the dominance of Moscow over the relations of the satellite countries with the outside world. The second is the emergence, or re-emergence, of the authoritarian police state. The third is a social revolution. If the West defines its purpose in Eastern Europe as being the removal of all three of these

conditions, then the task is formidable, if not utterly hopeless. It would require for its achievement not only a successful war, but also a long Western occupation of the most enlightened character plus a long period of political education and tutelage.

All these three conditions prevail in Eastern Europe today. They are all characteristic of the period of Russian power dominance in Eastern Europe. But they are not totally "made in Moscow," and the degree of tolerance for each element in each satellite country varies widely. The first of these three conditions—Russian dominance—has already been seriously weakened. It could, I think, be broken everywhere provided the West makes Russian dominance its primary political target in Eastern Europe. There are places where if Moscow control is once broken, the police state can be encouraged to relax, and there are places where the social revolution has gone well beyond the basic wishes of the people. But the most anomalous of all the anomalies of Eastern Europe is that to make all three the common target of Western policy could very easily lead to the frustration of that policy.

THE most graphic current illustration of this condition is provided by Yugoslavia. Marshal Tito is the leader of a revolutionary police state. But Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia is engaged in a cold war of its own with Moscow which is infinitely more acute and deadly than the greater cold war being waged between East and West. One misstep by Tito and his advisers and they go over the cliff to oblivion. The police state and the social revolution have become necessary implements for them in their own private cold war with Moscow. Since they broke with Moscow, they have had to tighten their police controls to make their state watertight against the Cominform agents who swarm about it, seeking every possible leak in the planking. And they have had to speed their social revolution to pacify the very Communist party they created in their rise to power. Extreme nationalization dates from after the break. And collectivization of the peasants began in earnest only this spring. The principal power-politics fact about Yugoslavia is that if the West makes the undoing of the police state and of the social

revolution a condition for American aid to Yugoslavia, the inevitable end result would be to deliver Yugoslavia back into the hands of the men in the Kremlin, for it is they who are most ready to take advantage of any weakening of Tito's power over his country, or of any dissatisfaction with his internal policies inside his Communist party.

Here is a country which has broken its ties with Moscow. Yet if the breach is to be made permanent with Western help—and it cannot be made permanent without substantial economic aid from the West—then the West must compromise with Tito's police methods and with his revolution. If the West elects this course it may even be necessary to stomach continued persecution of the Roman Catholic Church in Yugoslavia, for that church, having been established in the northern provinces of Croatia and Slovenia primarily by and under the Austrian Empire, is associated in many people's minds with the interests of the dispossessed Germanic upper class of those provinces and also with their separatist urges. Tito's effort to curb that church, along with all other churches in his kingdom, derives not only from his communism, but also from his efforts to unify and consolidate his country. For the same reasons, he is also at odds with the Serbian Orthodox Church, for that church was associated with the prewar Serbian regime and the concept of a Yugoslövia ruled primarily by Serbs.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA offers a totally different problem. Of the three elements of the postwar pattern in Eastern Europe, the only one which is profoundly distasteful to the mass of the Czech people is the imposition of the police state. The Czechs had voluntarily submitted themselves to Moscow control over their foreign policy before the 1948 coup and their anti-Russian inclinations are weaker than those of any other of the Eastern countries. Also about nine-tenths of their social revolution was framed, enacted, and put into practice before the coup by the very men who are for the most part in exile now. The bulk of Czechoslovakia's social revolution was not made in Moscow and no non-Communist government could hope to survive even after a successful war of liberation if it made the undoing of the revolution one of its cardinal policies. Some

parts could be undone. But the main difference between the pre- and post-coup revolutions in Czechoslovakia is that the first intended to compensate the dispossessed as they are compensated in Britain, whereas the second just doesn't bother to compensate. I think that this difference violates the Czech sense of justice and could be undone with the approval of the majority of the people. But it would seem that most other social changes enjoy the general approval of the community. It might be added that so far much retail trade and small business and industry remain un-nationalized. If they should be nationalized, the change would not, I think, be generally popular, and therefore it could be undone. But what is really unpopular is the police state.

That element was not an innovation in Yugoslavia, nor was it Moscow-imposed. But it *was* an innovation in Czechoslovakia, in the sense that, while the Czechs have in the past been bullied by foreign police, they have never been persecuted in modern times by Czech police. Now they are. They resent it so acutely that their resentment probably gives even some Communist members of the government food for anxious reflection. Western observers in Prague believe that the Prime Minister's office has been startled and disturbed to discover the extent to which the secret police act without clearing through higher authority. A liberation policy for Czechoslovakia would certainly make the undoing of the police state a major slogan.

But we should find it hard to win the Czechs over to the Western side, for reasons not present in any other Eastern country. One is a general Czech feeling that the West let them down badly, not only at Munich, but also when Patton's army turned away from Prague at the end of the war, and finally when Washington policy assumed that their country was lost to Moscow even before it was. Faith in the West has been shaken, and nothing has yet produced any sign of its effective revival. Second, the imposition of a foreign rule or a foreign system makes the Czechs sad, but it does not seem to inspire in them the sort of active resentment it does among such people as the Finns or Yugoslavs. There are many Czech voluntary exiles; few Finnish or Yugoslav. Third, the Czechs are so accustomed to being overrun by one set of foreigners and then liberated by another that the

habit of self-reliance is now at a minimum.

The cruel truth about Czechoslovakia today is that her soul is Western, but that like the mudfish she waits passively for a turn of the tide to restore her to her natural element, meanwhile casting shy and wistful glances toward sturdier Yugoslavia. In brief, Czechoslovakia is today what she has been ever since the Treaty of Westphalia—a dividend which falls to whatever power or power combination momentarily controls the surrounding area. She does not make her own history. She records, tardily, the ebb and flow of history made by others. She is unlikely to thrill the West by acts of daring resistance. On the other hand she is hardly a dependable satellite for Moscow. Her prime usefulness to Moscow is as a provider of industrial products, which is what she was to Germany in the days of the Nazi occupation.

HUNGARY (here I speak from information gathered in the surrounding countries and from my 1947 visit) is an example of the danger of underestimating the importance of the social revolution. Nowhere else has American diplomacy associated itself so openly and aggressively with the dispossessed elements, and nowhere else is American influence so ineffective. That is of course not the only reason why Hungary is farther behind the iron curtain today than it was two years ago. Another and perhaps more important reason is that like the Czechs, but as a result of a different characteristic, the Hungarians look to others to do their liberating for them. With the Czechs non-self-reliance springs from passiveness. The Hungarians are non-self-reliant because they are incurable romanticists, who look upon themselves as a sort of blonde princess imprisoned in a dark tower who will of course be rescued by her Prince Charming. The trouble with this idea is that the present anti-Communist people in Hungary aren't quite like a blonde princess, and that Uncle Sam is not a Prince Charming who goes around for romantic reasons rescuing imprisoned damsels in distress. If the anti-Communist Hungarians I met in Budapest in 1947 and again in Vienna this year are any guide to conditions in their country, then the place to look for signs of trouble for Moscow is not among them, but

behind the scenes of the Communist regime itself.

There certainly has been a social revolution in Hungary and one which was in some respects overdue and probably in some other respects enjoys the approval of a goodly section of the population. The avowed friends of the West are loyal friends; of that there can be no doubt. But building a policy dependent on them has proved spectacularly unsuccessful. And Hungary is a country where the police state is not exactly new. When Mátyás Rákosi sent Cardinal Mindszenty to jail for political reasons, he was doing precisely what had been done to himself under the Horthy regime before the war. Hungary is certainly a place where only war could bring total liberation from Moscow control, *and* from the police state, *and* from the social revolution. But it is also a place where there would appear to be as yet unexplored opportunities for separating the present regime from Moscow if the West should ever decide to try playing the hand that way. László Rajk was certainly not a romanticist. He was a hard-bitten underground leader who, like Tito, found when the test came that he was too much a Hungarian to be able to follow the Moscow line. And we don't even know what happened to him.

POLAND is entirely different from Czechoslovakia and Hungary, or any other country, and will, I think become by far the most interesting and important of the present so-called satellite countries. I believe myself that the Poles are profoundly nationalistic, truly devoted to their Roman Catholic Church, basically committed to the private enterprise system, and resentful of the police state and its methods. Yet today Poland is unique in having what can only be described as a partnership between a Communist regime and a non-Communist people. This contradiction is explained by a condition which has prevailed for four years but which is by nature temporary, and could end in surprises for all outsiders, including the men from Moscow.

The temporary condition is that Poland emerged from the war the most damaged and the most dislocated country of Europe. Its capital was a shambles. Its frontiers had been coolly moved westward by the great

powers; and, having lost its eastern plains but gained Silesia, Poland had to shift its economy from an agricultural to an industrial base. This presented prodigious problems, but problems which every Pole wished to solve out of his affection for Poland. During the past four years, Communist leaders and non-Communist people seem virtually to have entered into a tacit truce in order that they might first rebuild their country and their economy before deciding the issues of power between them.

The Communists have taken unfair advantage of that truce. While the people were performing prodigies of reconstruction the Communists have quietly gathered in the reins of power. They hold that power at the top level today. But Moscow too has paid a price for the technique of the truce. The Polish people are so anti-Russian and anti-Communist by nature that their Communist leaders preferred not to antagonize them by mass communization during the process of reconstruction. They did not antagonize the peasants with mass collectivization while the peasants were getting the fields into production again, did not antagonize the bourgeoisie with mass nationalization while the shopkeepers and merchants were getting trade operating again, did not move decisively against the Church while the village priest was helping his parishioners in the fields or on the scaffolds around the new buildings.

In short, Polish Communism dragged its heels while the country was being rebuilt. Until this spring, therefore, the social revolution was relatively mild and inobtrusive. The outward trappings of communism were avoided. The Polish eagle is still the symbol of the state, not the red star. Only in April of this year did the regime order replacement of the old square-topped cap of the Polish Army so long associated with Polish nationalism by an ordinary round-topped cap. When I was in Poland in April, the Army still marched to mass on Sunday morning in military formation as part of its regular exercises. And the secret police have been no more obtrusive in the daily life of the people than they were under Pilsudski.

Available evidence would suggest that the regime is less anxious to change this situation radically than is Moscow, and that Moscow has made known its desire for a speedy re-

sumption of the communization process. My own guess is that the significant story of postwar Polish-Russian relations is only now beginning to be written and that in it there will be some strenuous and perhaps exciting chapters. For certainly the Poles are not submissive like the Czechs or romantic like the Hungarians. They do have as strong a nationalism as the Finns and Yugoslavs. And they are the only people in Eastern Europe who owe their spiritual allegiance to a single Church and who give every evidence of being truly devout about that allegiance.

The real question about Poland is, I think, what the Poles will do when they discover what has been happening to them during the past four years and then make up their own minds what they think about it. At that time, the regime in Poland must also decide whether it will cast in its lot with the Polish people, or with the Kremlin. Since the Poles are self-reliant and can be expected to act for themselves, the only thing the West can wisely do is to wait and see what openings may develop—and whether the more promising ones will lie between the people and the regime or between the regime and Moscow.

Certainly the Polish people have not yet begun to speak for themselves and certainly it is too early to judge the inclinations of their present leaders when the people do speak. Gomulka was disciplined for his questioning of the Moscow line, but not purged. And Minc, the leader of Poland's reconstruction effort, is apparently in a similar uncertain position. It would almost seem as though the rest of the leadership is hesitating before taking the final plunge either for or against Moscow.

IV

TO SUMMARIZE: The iron curtain is not iron. The people living in it are as yet far from being communized or their interests effectively subordinated to the interests of Moscow. No single pattern applies to any two countries, let alone to the entire area, and no single formula would fit all of them. In Yugoslavia there is an extreme social revolution actually serving at this time the strategic and security interests of the West. In

Finland the absence of social revolution is also serving those same Western interests. In Czechoslovakia social revolution pre-dated the Communist coup and passivity dominates the mental attitude of the people. In Hungary Western diplomacy ignored a social revolution which undoubtedly enjoys more public approval than outsiders have yet been willing to take into their calculations. In Poland a non-Communist people and a Communist regime are just beginning to emerge from four years of intensive preoccupation with reconstruction and just beginning to look at each others' faces and question whether they are going to be friends or enemies.

Under these circumstances, it is not easy for Western statesmen to devise a formula for Western policy in Eastern Europe. Strategic and security interests call for concentrating on breaking the control of Moscow. But Western principles and ideals and economic practices call for a much more ambitious program which would in some places cut across the course of strategic and security interests. To compromise with the police state in Czechoslovakia would be to abandon the most promising approach the West has to the Czech people, but to challenge the police state in Yugoslavia today would be to deliver that country back to Moscow. The social revolution is not to be undone everywhere, with or without war; for in many places, while it came simultaneously with the imposition of Moscow control and communism, it also enjoys much public support, varying in each country. The only generalization which can be made with certainty about the area is that there is a natural inclination in each country toward certain specific theories of government and economic systems. Moscow control will survive longest where Moscow brings what accords most nearly with that natural inclination.

And conversely, Western policies will advance the furthest where they succeed in getting closer than Moscow does to that natural inclination. At the present moment I would say that the West is everywhere potentially nearer, but that in several cases it is far from exploiting its potential. In the meantime, it is clear that Moscow is still a long way from having consolidated the territories which have been so lightly assigned to her by the phrase "iron curtain."

They Called It a Rest Camp

The First Marine Division on Pavuvu

George McMillan

Drawings by Roland G. James

IT is a fruitless and unrewarding business, that of trying to tell a civilian, or a soldier who served in another theater of war, how rigorous and dispiriting were the periods not in, but between, combat in the Pacific. At the beginning of the war what had to be counteracted was the fabled beauty of the islands, a concept so long lodged in the civilian mind that it was not easily dispossessed. Civilian correspondents could not tell a contrary story, even if they wanted to. Their first concern was the battlefield, and so great were the obstacles of distance and communication in the Pacific that they had little time to spend in "rest camps."

With the end of the war there was a prickly rash of literature about life in the islands, most of which strikes the ordinary fighting man as counterfeit. There are the outlandish tales of adventures with native girls—fine perhaps as fiction but monstrously and unfairly exceptional as fact, distorting beyond repair the essential truth that unrelieved sexual frustration was one of the important psychological facts about the out-of-battle Pacific environment. And there are the tales of rock-happiness and of boredom, noticeably written either by, or about, men on the periphery of the Pacific war, the "rear echelon" men.

But "boredom" does not quite describe the feelings of a man who is standing in the shadow of his last battle and looking at the dark prospect of the one ahead. What is wanted by the fighting man is not an account of what life was like in the isolated rear garrisons, but a picture of life in the "rest camps" where combat troops were put down between battles, a true narrative that will show how little there was on the islands to help a man turn his back on the last meeting with the enemy and gird himself for the next.

The men of the First Marine Division, specifically, would like to have it explained why they remember more vividly the times they lived on a small island named Pavuvu than they do some of their most intense moments of combat. The First, which had landed on Guadalcanal on August 7, 1942, had spent its first period between campaigns (the first half of 1943) in Melbourne, Australia, a city which had received the Marines with an understanding hospitality they were not soon to forget. Thereafter, landing first at Cape Gloucester and then participating in a variety of smaller-unit actions, they had been assigned to the New Britain campaign, which was not entirely finished for them until May 4, 1944, when the last Marine left for Pavuvu. At Gloucester, the straight scoop had been that

Both Mr. McMillan and Mr. James were stationed at Pavuvu during the period this article describes. It will later form a part of a book on the First Marine Division, to be called The Old Breed.

they were going back to Melbourne, but when the transports were at sea the word was passed that they were bound for a hitherto unheard-of group of islands called the Russells.

PAVUVU is the second largest of the Russells, part of the Solomon chain, lying some sixty miles from Guadalcanal, ten miles wide at its widest, 1,500 feet high at its tallest. The only recorded item of the island's history appears in a pamphlet of the Smithsonian Institution which tells how the natives fought off the nearby Malaita-men with small, earth-filled bags which they believed had the supernatural power to kill; if you hit your enemy on the head with the bag he was supposed to fall dead. More lately, as in the other Solomons, the natives had turned to the peaceful pursuits of cultivating and harvesting the coconut trees in a grove which covered almost all the level land on the island.

As the transports carrying the First Division entered Macquitti Bay from the Pacific, the precise rows of palms, seen across the water, had their undeniable grace, especially if their fronds were being stirred by a fresh breeze. The shore was dotted with pencil-like piers that ran out from tiny copra-drying sheds, and a plantation house sat high on piles back in the grove behind them. Along the beach hung a few strands of rusty barbed wire, like dirty ribbons, marking the hasty and unnecessary defenses erected by a Raider battalion in 1943, when it had taken the island without opposition—and later left without regrets.

It was none of these views but rather a look from the air that had caused the First Marine Division to be sent to Pavuvu when it was relieved at Cape Gloucester. Staff officers of III Amphibious Corps had flown over the island and seen only the graceful shore line and the symmetrical rows of palms, which must have given them a feeling of tidiness about the place that a closer view would have betrayed.

Of course Corps had other considerations. Corps staff had already decided not to bring the Division to Guadalcanal (by summer 1944, a vast base and its own headquarters) for fear that what happened to the Third Marine Division might happen to the First. The Third had been ordered by Guadalcanal Island Command to furnish daily working parties of

a thousand men, and the debilitated First could ill afford such an oblique expenditure of manpower. Indeed the manpower of the First had been expended. Although the Guadalcanal and Cape Gloucester campaigns were different in almost every other way, they were alike in that the Division was spent, used, burned out, when both campaigns were finished. After Gloucester, as after Guadalcanal, what had to be done was rebuild from the bottom up, re-create a fighting unit. It was almost reaching the point (and it would reach that point before the war was over) where a generalization could be made about the First: that its losses in killed and wounded represented only one part of the deficit; undernourishment, malaria, jungle rot, dysentery—these all played an equally undermining role. After Guadalcanal, for example, the Division had reported 621 killed in action, 1,517 wounded, and 5,601 cases of malaria.

ONE disease passed the epidemic stage; it was universal at Pavuvu. The Marines diagnosed it as "Asiatic," pre-war parlance to describe the eccentric behavior of those who had been too long in Far East stations. Except for the slight geographical error, the expression had a sure application at Pavuvu. "You know yourself," one man said to me, in an interview after the war, "we were all a little queer then."

Several degrees of strangeness are illustrated in the following story told by a sergeant: "We'd put our tents up and were doing a lot of sacking out to avoid the ankle-deep mush. A sentry was posted along our row of tents, a fellow about eighteen or nineteen. This kid plodded stonily for four hours, lugging his M-1. Then, being relieved, he stopped by the last tent and put his rifle to his mouth and blew the top of his head off.

"It being wet and muddy and I being in my sack, I didn't get up and walk to the end of the row, but I could hear the switchboard operator in the next tent. And I remember this is what he said, to no one in particular: 'Now I gotta find the padre. It's getting so they won't even let a guy outa here *that way* without a pass.'"

Nor did anyone think strange the unlikely behavior of an Old Corps first sergeant who, forgetting his prerogative of remaining in bed at reveille, instead arose with the bugler and

strode up and down his company street, barking: "All right, let's hear ya beat 'em. Let's hear you people chip 'em!"

When some of the more bold of his men, speaking of course from the anonymity of their tents, cried back, "Go back to your sack, you old bastard!" he seemed happy.

"That's right," he exclaimed. "Beat 'em! Beat 'em till they hurt!" And having finally provoked an answer, having had confirmed the bitterness he himself felt, the Top would turn on his heel and return to his sack.

Another episode proves that not just a few men were Asiatic. One night, shortly after the Division came to Pavuvu, a man in the 5th Marines ripped off his mosquito net and ran screaming into his company street. His story was that somebody had tried to stab him while he was asleep, that he had seen a face and a knife leaning over him. That this might have been a hallucination apparently did not occur to anyone. Guards were posted that night throughout the regimental area. There was a second alarm, and a third. Soon the feeling of tension spread

to the 7th Marines. Guards were posted there. Not until a week had passed, with no one turning up with so much as a scratch, did the feeling of disquietude subside.

II

WHAT was wrong with Pavuvu? "What wasn't?" asks a man who did the Pavuvu tour. In that grove of trees which had looked so lovely from the air was a mat of rotted coconuts, unharvested because of the war. Between the nuts there was an exotic green carpet of ferns growing in a topsoil of decayed, non-absorbent coral. Hardly had the Division got ashore, hardly had the equipment-carrying trucks and jeeps pushed through the grove to their assigned areas, hardly had the men pitched their pyramidals, before the whole surface turned to deep, stinking mush.

Many men abandoned their shoes, finding the only sure-footed way to get about was barefoot. Large areas that had been set aside for bivouacs stood under water, and in these



"Hardly had the Division got ashore . . . hardly had the men pitched their pyramidals, before the whole surface turned to deep, stinking mush. . . ."

the men wearily unrolled and strung their jungle hammocks. Pyramidal tents, where they could be put up, were discovered to be rotted, and the men at first threw their ponchos over the top of the tents to cover the worst holes. Later they simply rearranged their cots, often every night, as new holes appeared. In many cases, the canvas cots were rotten, too.

Desperate efforts were made to get personal gear off the ground. Many men scavenged the island to find a packing case or simply a scrap or two of lumber to place beside their cots as a dry foot-rest, until "lumber discipline" became one of the primary problems on Pavuvu. A division order was issued to cover the matter, and guards were put over every pile of lumber. Six to eight men slept in a tent, and that tent community which had been able to find the lumber with which to build a crude table in the center, usually around the tent pole, was considered to live luxuriously.

Wooden decks for the tents, originally set as a minimum standard for Marine rest camps in the Pacific, were unthinkable at Pavuvu. What was sought was dry coral, which the Division engineers had begun to excavate in quarries. But coral for tent decks had to come after coral for roads, and, as at the lumber piles so at the quarries, guards had to be stationed to prevent impatient scavengers from carrying away coral in company jeeps and trailers.

NOBODY can say exactly how many man-hours were spent picking up rotted coconuts, the most frequent and least popular mission of Pavuvu working parties. All six hundred acres were clean of coconuts by the time the Division left. It was hard work, and when a man picked up one of the rotted nuts chances were good that it would fall apart in his hands, the putrid milk spilling over his dungarees.

There were no lights at Pavuvu, at first not even at Division command post. There never were lights in the tents, and the most resourceful men found bottles and cans, filled them with "borrowed" gasoline, and cut a piece of rope from the tent stays for a wick. By this light they wrote letters, but there was little else to do.

There were no messhalls nor recreation

buildings at Pavuvu. Conditions for eating were pretty much the same as at Gloucester, if not worse. Chow lines were outdoors, and messmen rested the large metal food pans on stumps. If it was raining, as it very often was, a man's mess gear might be a slop of food and water before he got through the line. And because it was nearly always muddy, the food had to be taken back to the tent to be eaten. It took a very agile man to balance mess gear and canteen cup as he walked through the coral mud back to his tent, and there were always men who slipped.

The quality of the food was something no one could do much about. No really adequate means of provisioning the Division had been set up in advance of its arrival at Pavuvu—a YP boat fitted with "reefers" (refrigerators) came over intermittently from Guadalcanal. But even if it had come often enough to insure occasional fresh meat for the Division, there were not enough reefers on Pavuvu to keep the meat overnight. The ration was something called B, which roughly speaking means hot C, and C is the minimum combat ration.

To keep clean was absurdly simple. Whenever the rains came at Pavuvu, men scrambled for their tents where they hastily slipped out of dungarees and shoes and hurried out into the rain naked, cake of soap in hand. The rains were so fickle that some were always caught fully lathered after the fall stopped.

Set on four tent pegs just outside every tent, each man had his helmet, every man's wash-bowl, usually kept filled by rainfall. Every morning there were lines of naked men along the company streets, splashing their faces, shaving by mirrors propped on the sides of tents or nailed to coconut trees.

Clothes were usually soaped and rinsed by hand, although a few enterprising men tied their garments together and strung them into the bay from a stake on the beach to let them soak. Later, as scrap lumber from crates became available, most tents had their own crude washing benches. Some companies found lumber enough to build communal washing tables where clothes were washed by being thrown into a tub of scalding water made of an oil drum cut in half. When this method was used, the men took turns stirring the tub and stoking the fire.

One good thing about washing clothes at

Pavuvu: you hardly got them on the line before they were bleached dry by the tropic sun.

THERE were those sides of life on Pavuvu which brought the strongest and bravest to near tears of fury and frustration. The Pavuvu rat was alone enough to provoke a man beyond endurance, to cause him to arise from his sack in the night screaming profane threats.

Where the rats went in the daytime no one seemed to know; some said they lived in the tops of the coconut trees. On this theory the Corpsmen once put poison at the foot of the trees at dusk. Next morning there were so many dead rats around the trunks that working parties were organized to pick them up. It made such a smelly mess that poison was not tried again. The doctors ruled that the rats were less of a health menace alive.

It was not hard to tell where the rats were at night: everywhere. They marched in armies on the tops of the tents, their feet rat-tat-tatting like drumbeats on the taut canvas. Bored with their drill, they would slide down the side of the tent, down the ropes to the ground, screeching in an annoyingly high static-like pitch. Then they would scamper through the tents, and if a man had not tucked in his mosquito net, or if he had made the mistake of taking food to bed with him, the rats would join him in bed, perhaps even gnaw through the net if there was food. A major in the engineers awoke one night to find a rat biting into his lip, a wound that soon infected and put the officer in the sick bay.

For human pride alone, something had to be done. Some men got five-pound coffee cans, buried them in the ground and hung above a tiny gallows-like frame from which they suspended bait. Then they contrived a collapsible catwalk out to the bait so that when the rats went after it they fell to the bottom of the can. Two or three inches of water in the bottom were enough to keep the rats from escaping. In the morning, the rats were burned to death with gasoline.

The men of a chemical company made booby traps with percussion caps placed in cartons of crackers. The trap's owner waited, awake, until a rat entered the box. "It made a very satisfying explosion," one of them recalls.

One company commander armed his men with flamethrowers and himself led an eve-

ning rat hunt. "We killed upward of four hundred that one night," says the captain, "but the next night I saw we hadn't even dented Pavuvu's rat population, and I got discouraged."

It was possible to admire the rats for their aggressiveness, but Pavuvu's passive and slimy land crabs were nothing but revolting. They too came out at night, and the longer the Division stayed at Pavuvu the more crabs there seemed to be. "You couldn't put your shoes on in the morning without shaking the crabs out first; sometimes you'd find one, sometimes two or three," says one man distastefully.

On a Sunday morning when there was nothing much else to do, the men in one tent determined to war upon the land crabs, and the determination spread from tent to tent as the men armed themselves with sticks, bayonets, rifle butts, routing the crabs from under cots, seabags, and boxes. The ground soon was covered with the sideways-running crabs, and there was a continual "squish, squish, squish," as the men smashed the crabs. In one tent 128 were counted. They shoveled the dead crabs into empty gasoline drums, poured gasoline in and lit it.

"It was the damndest, most sickening smell," says one of the leaders. "We couldn't come back to our sacks for the whole day, and it a Sunday, a sack day!"

Less annoying, but more dangerous than either rats or crabs, were falling coconuts. The mercy was that they fell straight down, and a man was not likely to be hit unless he was directly under a tree; but with the trees less than twenty-five feet apart it was not easy to keep clear. The heavy thud of one of the nuts hitting the ground was always enough to make a man jump, even if he was not hit, and there were some ten cases of severe concussion from this hazard. These cases got what were called "Pavuvu Purple Hearts"—medical treatment and little sympathy.

Morning sick call at Pavuvu was a lusty scene, naked buttocks stretching from here to there as men bent over to have themselves painted for ringworm with pink merthiolate. Because there were too many for the Corpsmen, the patients took turns daubing each other. Jungle-rotted feet and armpits were painted by the man himself. The Corpsmen

put bandages on the large number of men who were so eaten by jungle rot that they stood constantly in danger of infection, and the sight of men walking around Pavuvu with heavy wads of gauze adhesive-taped under their armpits was too common for notice. Many men were able to walk only when they cut their boondockers (Marine slang for combat shoes) away into sandals and lined the straps with cotton to protect their raw feet. Many others were bedridden, so cracked were their feet. The worst cases of rot were usually called *cellulitis*, a diagnosis that could get a man into the Division hospital if either he or the doctor could muster enthusiasm for the idea. They seldom could. A hospital, unless care is taken to make it otherwise, is a depressing place, and the one on Pavuvu was avoided. It was only another group of tents in which patients' cots rested on the ground.

Pavuvu was not the place to cure Gloucester's casualties. The doctor treating a staff sergeant who cut his foot on the fin of a dead fish while bathing at Gloucester was not particularly surprised when the wound did not heal there. But neither did the wound heal at Pavuvu. The sergeant was sent to Division hospital, where the wound seemed only to get worse. Doctors there sent him to the Navy mobile hospital at nearby Banika, where facilities were nearly State-side. The wound still festered. Finally the hospital doctors asked the Seabees to build a small thermal box for the man's foot. After two weeks of this dry heat, still there was no improvement. In the end, the staff sergeant was sent to the temperate States, where the foot quickly mended.

III

YOU could almost hear the noise that loneliness made as it came crashing through the grove at sunset, hard on the heels of the first freshening night breeze. The search for companionship was a rite, and the men made their plans for the unwelcome evening ahead with a formality that would have shamed a rising suburban matron. The man who wished to be alone at night on Pavuvu was recognized as sick. Pavuvu was like combat in one important respect: you had to have a buddy, you were

helpless without one, and changes in allegiance were noticed and commented upon. A simple question like, "Let's go to the movies?" was not only an invitation but a test of loyalty, for you were of course going to the movies. There was little else to do. It was a question only of whom you were going with. Laid out in rows before the screen, the rough, uncomfortable coconut logs could not hold all the men who came. So they began to appear earlier and earlier at the open amphitheaters, and, without any order being issued to govern uniform, began themselves to show pride in wearing clean, if unpressed, khaki, in leaving behind their dirty dungarees. They talked quietly, reading comics or magazines, some moving from one group to another, the low rumble of voices broken only occasionally by a new arrival who might stand on the edge of a group, poncho thrown over his shoulder, running his eyes along the rows of men, looking for his buddy. A quick cry of recognition and he would move into an aisle while everyone scrounged over to make room. It was a social hour as much, or more, enjoyed as the film itself.

A cross section of Hollywood's best and worst products brought an unvarying attendance. If any film was preferred above another, it was a feature with a well proportioned young actress. She would be greeted with endearing, if not always tender, cries. If she was particularly attractive, the audience demanded: "Back it up, back it up!" and the sympathetic projectionist stopped the movie, re-wound it, and showed the girl again. This was often done three or four times.

No cinema kiss nor embrace ever satisfied Pavuvu's patrons. Something more was articulately and impolitely demanded. When a hero turned loose his hold upon the heroine after a kiss pure enough to satisfy the Hays office, the men would either egg the hero on with specific pointers for further advances (some of which they could not reasonably have expected to see) or hurl profane contempt upon him.

At a showing of "Gaslight," a melodrama starring Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer, the audience at Division Headquarters Battalion grew so aroused at Boyer's scoundrelism that they first all stood screaming, and finally began to hurl coral stones at Boyer.



"The search for companionship was a rite, and the men made their plans . . . with a formality that would have shamed a rising suburban matron."

And when another hero's effort at dancing with a heroine dissatisfied two members of a Pavuvu audience, one of them yelled to the screen, "*This is the way to do it, knuckle-head!*" Amid the applause of their comrades, they arose and began waltzing back and forth in the aisle.

Screen law enforcement was scorned. Woe the policeman, or sheriff, or private detective who arrived on the scene as a battle royal was taking place. From Pavuvu's audience was certain to come the advice: "Leave 'em alone, copper!" And no screen tragedy ever seemed to evoke the complete sympathy of the men at Pavuvu. These mainly grew out of *civilian* problems, and who could take seriously the problems of civilians?

War movies fared even worse. They never showed war to be quite as unpleasant as the men at Pavuvu knew it was, and during scenes obviously intended to solicit the audience's regard for a harassed soldier, sailor, or even marine, the hero was often reminded of the central truth of the war: "Things are tough *all over!*"

EVERY man at Pavuvu was his own best philosopher, and there were nights when nothing seemed quite as fitting as an evening at home devoted to reflective

and nostalgic conversation. Within the dark tents a few men sprawled on cots with mosquito nets pulled down, a few others sat upright on the edges of their cots, and perhaps another one or two sat on crude hand-made stools or benches. More likely than not the subject was sex, the most superficially engrossing topic at all the bull sessions.

No statistics exist on the make-up of the First by age, but even the most casual observer at Pavuvu could have seen that they were young; at least 80 per cent were obviously between eighteen and twenty-five. Certainly, more than half had not reached their majority when they came overseas. Thus the vision of sex at Pavuvu was essentially adolescent, with all that this implies. When all the bold claims of sexual achievement were filtered, only a few drops of intimate experience remained. And because the last actual brush with women was in Melbourne (and how long ago that seemed!) the talk centered on Australian adventures. When these grew dull in the telling and retelling, adventures in the States were dusted off.

In the way that a child likes to have his favorite book read to him over and over again, so the men at Pavuvu would urge

the best story-tellers to repeat themselves. One company had a glib corporal whose account of the conquest of his landlady's daughter grew so famous that night after night men would turn up in his tent and ask to hear it. A tent-mate at last grew weary of the story and one night made the mistake of interrupting the corporal. "Ah, Jim," he asked, "she wasn't *really* that easy now, was she?" Whereupon an irate sergeant in the audience rose and cried, "Listen, wise guy, if you don't wanna hear the story, get out!"

The same adoration was given to the man with pornographic pictures, a highly prized and easily negotiable item circulated throughout the Pacific. So long deprived of it, every man had an intense, an acute, curiosity about the female image. Many wrote girl friends and wives asking for pictures taken in bathing suits, and most of the requests got Stateside compliance. It was not unusual for six or seven men in one platoon to have the same photograph, for if a man received a particularly luscious picture from his girl, his buddies would not hesitate to ask for her address, not only to ask for the picture itself, but perhaps as well to begin a correspondence. Thus the small mail boat which left Pavuvu every day, overloaded with canvas post-office sacks, carried away some of the most outlandish love letters ever written.

A young officer who censored an unusually large volume of outgoing mail has said: "Some of those letters, especially from the older fellows, really rocked me! I didn't know people put stuff like *that* in letters!" There were instances at Pavuvu, frequent enough to mention, when censors were so taken aback they turned letters over to the chaplains. "Every time I called in one of these ardent letter-writers," a chaplain said, "he seemed utterly surprised. 'Why, what's wrong with that, chaplain?' they'd ask. And I for one found it pretty hard to tell them."

IF SEX was the appetizer at Pavuvu round tables, Home and Stateside Life were the nourishing main courses. But talk about home took a somewhat different tone at Pavuvu than it had at Guadalcanal or Melbourne. Although Guadalcanal made men aware of the gap that stretched between

them and their friends and families in the States, the men at that time had at least made the effort to cross the expanse, to explain, crude and inarticulate though their letters may have been, some of the essential differences between war life, as they had learned it, and peace life, as they remembered it. What they got from home in response did not encourage further effort.

By the time they came to Pavuvu and were two years away from the States, it was not so much that they despaired of ever explaining what their life was like overseas; they no longer wanted to try, no longer seemed to care. Home was a fantasy, painted and repainted until the irritating paradoxes and hardships of civilian life disappeared, until each man emerged in his own recollection as the folk hero of his community. Whether this vision of home was a distortion did not matter; the important thing was that the fantasy not be disturbed. If their focus of Stateside realities was blurred, they did not want it sharpened. Not at Pavuvu.

Let the fantasy be questioned by a letter, for example, from a wife saying that she wondered whether it was all right . . . whether she had done the right thing in going to a movie with a fellow . . . The husband at Pavuvu would scribble a bitter answer to which the wife, perhaps genuinely hurt and surprised by her husband's anger, would react by writing a chaplain. These were an infrequent refuge, however, and the terms of that intimate bond, marriage, were badly negotiated by correspondence. Six men (in a section of sixteen) who had left behind them what had been apparently happy marriages became estranged from their wives through letters written at Pavuvu. And of these six, only two were able to patch up their marital differences after they returned home.

THE distance from immorality to immortality was short at Pavuvu's evening sessions. Not that anyone grew especially morbid and bemused himself with the construction of a life after death. It was more a matter of each man seeking, in the long interlude of war, while he was detached from the responsibilities and imperatives of civilian life, a balance wheel of belief on which he could run his postwar life.

In this sense, Pavuvu offered a special opportunity to chaplains. The men were perhaps more sincerely interested in abstract ideas than they had ever been, or would ever be again. It was an unexcelled chance to teach, to convince, to explain. The chapels were crowded on Sunday, and sermons were alertly followed. But whether the chaplains failed to sense their opportunity or whether they could not find a language into which they could translate the articles of faith, whether the reasons were these or others, many men did not seem to find the answers in Pavuvu's chapels to the questions they asked in Pavuvu's bull sessions.

"Words like salvation, words I used to think I understood back in the States, didn't mean much any more," said a Pfc. "I couldn't get anything to bite into out of the sermons. Maybe it was that I'd been through enough overseas to get a new pitch on how good it was to be alive. Life itself was something to think about. I wanted to know something about the *why* of it."

Chaplains seemed to sense their failure in many cases, for a Marine correspondent who talked with a number of them recalls that they were bitter and frustrated. One admitted: "The men come to me with everything but religious problems." Navy Chaplain Corps headquarters in Washington distributed a questionnaire to all ships and stations during the time the First was at Pavuvu asking, among other things, "Has the spiritual life of the personnel been deepened by combat experiences?" Two replies from Division chaplains are available. One tersely answered: "Not especially." The other wrote: "Yes and no. Some men are impressed, and at least more receptive after action. Some become more calloused."

IV

STORIES began to circulate on Pavuvu that nobody could be sent home, rotated, before the next campaign. While this rumor had its currency, Pavuvu was an unusually gloomy place, and officers tried to trace what might have been the smoke that started this fire of despair. It seemed to have begun after the visit of a III Corps personnel officer. When officers at Division headquarters asked him pointedly about sending some

of the twenty-four-monthers home, his reply was: "There just aren't enough men in the Marine Corps to do it. Your people have got to stick it out, at least for the next operation."

Fortunately, relief for the veterans had been sought on a higher level, and 260 officers and 4,600 enlisted men were marked for rotation. Some could not be spared: 264 officers and 5,750 enlisted men would have to go into the Division's third campaign (which was to be, though they did not know it then, an island called Peleliu); thirty per cent of the Division would have completed more than twelve months overseas and less than twenty-four. But for those who could not go home, replacement requisitions were ordered to cover all personnel who would complete twenty-four months by November 30, 1944, in preparation for another major rotation after the forthcoming campaign.

The effect of the news of rotation was immediate, not only upon the men who were to leave, but also upon the men who had to stay; those who remained had the assurance that they would be rotated, that they were serving a definite and limited tour of duty. But when the time came to pack there was a strange lack of jubilation among the men who were to go home. Although they were evidently pleased as they went about the routine of turning in their "782" gear—their canteen cups, their mess gear, their ponchos, bayonets, and the like—it simply was not fitting nor in good taste to gloat in front of the men who had to stay on. Those going were not glib at farewells. Instead of goodbys, the men going home went around to ask their buddies if there was any favor they could do; they filled their notebooks with addresses of sweethearts, wives, and families and promised to (and later did) call them.

Almost everyone came down to the pier to see them off, including the Division band; as the men went aboard they played "Mairzy Doats" and the "Maori Love Song" and "California, Here I Come," repeating the last over and over again until the ship had put out into Macquiti Bay. Then they broke into "From the Halls of Montezuma," the Marine hymn. This brought unmasked tears, even among the bandsmen, some of whom simply laid down their instruments and turned to watch the wake of the departing ship.

Have Jews a Divided Loyalty?

Johan J. Smertenko

FOR more than fifty years, an increasing number of Jews in America have been engaged in a foreign affair. With ever-growing interest and intensity they have participated in the effort to create a Jewish state in Palestine. Today, with the admission of Israel to the United Nations and the establishment of a minute and menaced country of indefinite boundaries and uncertain future, this effort—known as Zionism—has achieved a measure of success. But this has served rather to increase than to diminish the sense of responsibility and involvement of Jewish Americans in the new state. And it has brought to the point of decision a question which has vexed and perplexed them through all these years but which they were under no compulsion to answer so long as the Jewish state was a prophetic ideal rather than a political reality.

The essential part of the question is whether American Jews are now liable to a dual allegiance. But around this nub are layers of social and political issues, some hoary with age and others of recent formation, some affecting only the Jew and others touching basic American concepts of assimilation and nationality. Actually, the relationship of Jewish Americans to Israel will be determined neither by themselves nor by the new state, but by America. It is necessary, therefore, that all Americans understand the affiliation

of Jews outside Palestine to Israel, the difference in position and attitude between Jewish Americans and Jews elsewhere, the effect of an independent Jewish state on the national status of the Jew in the United States and in other countries, and, most important, the role and responsibility of the American people in determining the final decision of the American Jew.

II

TO MANY dispossessed and declassed Jews in Eastern Europe and in the Near East, to the Jews who lead an uncertain and uneasy existence in the anti-Semitic atmosphere of countries like South Africa where nationalist elements exploit prejudice against the Jew, Argentina where Nazi doctrines are still prevalent, or the Soviet Union where the Jew is persecuted as a "cosmopolitan," the land of Israel represents a hospitable haven for themselves and an inalienable home for their descendants. Their resolve to return to Palestine is motivated by a conscious and practical desire to escape the status of second-class citizenship and the stigma of alienness, to live unashamed and uninhibited by such characteristics of national peculiarity as accents, features, and gestures, to establish their own *mores* and determine their own destiny—in brief, to be equal, normal, and independent.

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But it is also actuated by what I call instinctive nationalism. This is not at all a political phenomenon. It is, rather, the subconscious urge of any people with an intrinsic and sustained tradition to survive as a distinct entity, developing and demonstrating its particular genius in its own particular way. This national longing, as Mazzini put it, "to elaborate and express their idea, to contribute their brick also to the pyramid of history," is intuitively associated by all expatriated peoples with a yearning for their homeland. It is a sound instinct. For only on the soil where the original pattern and rhythm of its life were evolved, where endemic factors and forces have molded its character, and where both tangible and intangible influences have engendered its culture, does a people's genius burgeon into fullest and finest flower. Though segregated in physical and psychological ghettos, the Jews of the Eastern Hemisphere have been nationally sterile throughout the two thousand years of their exile. The urge to express themselves now operates with tremendous albeit subconscious power.

Moreover, the cataclysm of the second world war and the recent Arab conflict have added an emotional compulsion to the rational and instinctive motives that impel the persecuted Jews to Palestine. The survivors of Nazi extermination camps, the hounded Jews of Moslem countries, and all their oppressed kith and kin were forged into a nation both by Hitler's furnaces and by the ardent defense of the Israelis against the Arabs. The Jews experienced the profound difference between the roles of helpless victims and heroic patriots. A sense of patriotism as well as of security makes them feel that in Israel they can offer effective resistance to the threat of extermination. With a fervor that is born of emotional conviction rather than intellectual certainty, they believe that their future is inseparably linked with their ancient past and that their only hope for happiness lies in their ancient land.

III

MOST of the Jews in the United States, however, do not share this conviction any more than they shared the martyrdom of European Jewry. They do not believe that life, liberty, and the pursuit of

happiness are attainable only in Israel; nor do they feel the urge to seek expression for their Jewish personality. On the contrary, from Colonial days on, the majority of Jews who came to America bent every conscious effort to suppress their instinctive nationalism and to conform to the *mores*, traditions, and attitudes of their adopted land.

This drive toward assimilation was given great impetus by the fact that in the middle of the nineteenth century Jewish immigration was welcomed. While Irish Catholics and, to a certain extent, German and Scandinavian immigrants were being attacked by the Know-Nothing party, Jewish immigrants found that the good-will and acceptance won by Colonial Jews had been extended to include them. Their appreciation of this welcome took the form of a phenomenally rapid adjustment to American life. They learned the language more readily and spoke it more fluently than other aliens. They adopted citizenship at the earliest opportunity. They discarded their traditional social customs and abandoned their cultural heritage as being out of tune with the young, materialistic civilization of which they so ardently desired to be a part. They even made fundamental changes in their religion to sanction the new mode of life.

If this process of assimilation had progressed unchecked to its natural consummation, there would be no question of Jewish allegiance today—nor even a "Jewish question." But two complementary factors arrested the process and created a situation that must be resolved before the question can be finally answered. The first is the growth of anti-Semitism in the United States; the second stems from it—the Jewish attitude toward America.

In this country, anti-Semitism is not a political movement like Nazism, but a prevalent attitude with wide social and economic ramifications. While the reasons for this phenomenon were many and various, the basic cause lay in the fact that the first world war brought an end to the American epoch of limitless resources and expanding frontiers. The postwar depression frightened old-stock Americans and centered their fears on the hordes of immigrants who had risen from their place as menials and laborers in undesirable fields to the rank of competitors in

all of the many phases of American economic life.

Now the fear-engendered antagonism was directed chiefly against the Jews. They were the latest and most numerous immigrants; they were the immemorial scapegoat of Christian society for the discontents and hatreds provoked by our competitive civilization. The average American was unconscious of these underlying causes and of the fact that his antagonism, rooted in the prejudice inherited from our medieval past, was being stimulated and exploited for mercenary gain and political advantage by anti-Semitic organizations. He declared that the Jew was a disagreeable and irritating fellow, objectionable as a competitor or a colleague or a neighbor. And he had his reasons. They were grounded as much in Jewish virtues as in Jewish vices; they were attributable no less to the temporary and superficial qualities of the Jewish immigrant's condition than to his inherent and unalterable traits.

IV

LIKE all mass migrations, the Jewish exodus to America at the turn of the century was composed chiefly of the lowest social and economic class but, unlike others, these immigrants immediately sought to rise to a higher level. For they brought with them that consciousness of persecution which has for centuries stimulated Jews to great achievement. Americans, though more aggressive and energetic than most peoples, could not feel that urge, compounded of physical necessity and psychic impulse. They quickened the tempo of their economic life to meet the competition, but they resented the additional effort and disliked the Jew for increasing the pace.

Similarly, Americans resented social intrusion on the part of the Jews. Sensitive to the point of an inferiority complex about their own social status, since with few exceptions they were of lower middle-class origin, they were provoked by the problem which the Jew presented. For the Jews rose unnaturally into the class of the socially eligible, as measured by standards of wealth, occupation, and education. Within one generation, the lowly peddler, tailor, junkman, or sweatshop worker wondrously won a place

among the leading merchants, lawyers, physicians, and manufacturers of his community. But though he, or his children, had acquired the knowledge and means to admit him to the highest ranks of our commercial and professional life, this strenuous effort left neither time nor energy for the acquisition of social graces. He retained the manners and concepts that characterize the lower classes the world over. He was plebeian, coarse, and aggressive.

Obviously, the difference between Jewish parvenus and others who sought—and received—admission to our upper classes was due to the difference in speed with which the Jews emerged from the lower depths. The children of English tradesmen, Scandinavian peasants, German artisans, or Irish navvies climbed more slowly the rungs of the social ladder and acquired the polish time puts on things and men.

The “successful” Jews leaped the entire distance and arrived bristling with rough edges. To be sure, the Jews had the normal immigrant quota of people of culture and good breeding. However, by and large these were neither financially successful nor socially ambitious, lacking the aggressive, competitive, and mercenary qualities that America demands from nine to five and deplores after office hours. But the arbiters of American “society” were not interested in the whys and the howevers. They decided that Jews were repugnant and undesirable, and their verdict was reflected in the popular attitude.

In the intellectual realm, too, there were grounds for antagonism. A temperamental difference irritated even those who are not normally susceptible to the prejudices of the masses. The American is liberal only in his traditions and principles; he is conservative in habits and attitudes. The immigrant Jew was orthodox in his traditions and beliefs; undisciplined in habits and attitudes. The American mind is the product of freedom, security, and contentment; the Jewish mind was the issue of persecution, insecurity, and unhappiness. The American is essentially pragmatic, interested solely in the specific issues that affect his well-being, and intolerant of general criticism; the Jew was a dialectician, concerned about everything that affects the social order, and neurotically critical.

I have dwelt on these irritating differences,

not because they are important in themselves but because they served to rationalize anti-Jewish prejudice in America and thus operated as a brake on the process of assimilation. Actually, due to the formative force of our environment, the second generation of white immigrants reaches the American norm in every social characteristic and motive habit. So, at the same time that this antagonism was being implemented in the social and economic life of the country, the very reasons adduced for it were vanishing from the American scene. Both relatively, by comparison with other nationalities, or absolutely, by drawing a balance sheet of vices and virtues, it could be proved that most of the Jews in the United States conformed to the manners and traits of the average American. Such proof, poured forth in interminable protests, apologies, and rebuttals, had no effect whatsoever on the growth of anti-Semitism. As the American historian Bancroft observed long ago, "The prejudices of ignorance are more easily removed than the prejudices of interest. The first are blindly adopted, the second willfully preferred."

Sixteen years ago, in an article on anti-Semitism published in this magazine, I traced the development and effects of this prejudice "of interest" up to that time. It will be seen from the following quotation that virtually the same situation exists today.

At first its manifestations were so trivial that it seemed absurd to take them seriously, much less to combat them. That some exclusion was practiced against the Jew was deemed a ridiculous and un-American bit of snobbery more derogatory to the institutions which indulged in it than to the Jews. But gradually the blot of discrimination spread into an ever-widening stain of ostracism—from society to the school, from schools to offices, to shops and factories. And there followed, as a matter of course, exclusion from common privileges and communal enterprises. Today, it is no secret that Jews have great difficulty in gaining admission to the institutions of higher learning and that their opportunities for legal and medical training are limited to a minimum. It is equally well known that the professions of banking, engineering, and teaching are closed to all but a few and that the quasi-public-service corporations rigorously exclude them. In

the mechanical trades the discrimination is almost as widespread as in the professions, and in clerical work it is worst of all.

Inevitably, these conditions influenced the Jewish attitude to America, and this reaction constitutes the second factor retarding assimilation.

V

THE apparent paradox that the more Americanized a Jew became, the more conscious he grew of his lower-caste status is no paradox at all. Native in our country for two or more generations, conditioned by our environment, taught in our schools the fundamental equality of citizenship, he was more sensitive to the discrepancy between American ideals and practices, more resentful of race discrimination, more jealous of his rights and dignity than the ghetto-timid Jew of the Old World.

Automatically, and without realizing all the implications of their action, Jewish Americans took steps to meet the challenge of prejudice. Jewish clubs, fraternities, veterans' groups, etc., were the obvious answer to exclusion; so was voluntary segregation at vacation resorts or in sections of town and city. Increasing emphasis on Jewish education—a striking instance of which is the study of Hebrew in such uncompromising citadels of assimilation as Reform temples—was a conscious effort to intensify the Jewishness of the younger generation as a form of defiance to those who branded such Jewishness inferior. The renaissance, through new members and fresh funds, of purely Jewish organizations, which had come into being to aid the immigrant and were dying as a result of his rapid Americanization, was a defense measure against the threat to Jewish civil rights.

But the most significant element in the Jewish reaction to anti-Semitism was the adherence of many Jewish native Americans to the Zionist movement. At the beginning of the century, Zionism in America was limited to the recent immigrants from Eastern Europe. It was at first ignored and later vituperously condemned and combated by the leaders of American Jewry who feared, even then, that an interest in Jewish nationalism would cast doubts on their loyalty and allegiance to the United States. Slowly and re-

luctantly, most of them were brought around to accept the philanthropic aspect of the movement, and this gave point to the sarcastic aphorism that the Zionist was a Jew who got money from another Jew to send a third Jew to Palestine.

However, the next generation of Jewish Americans, who returned from the first world war to see the Ku Klux Klan, the Dearborn *Independent*, and other anti-Semitic manifestations rampant in the land, found something besides a charitable institution in the Zionist movement. It became a compensatory substitute for the social activities from which they were excluded. Membership in Avukah (intercollegiate Zionist organization) offered some consolation to the youths who felt unwelcome in college societies; by joining Junior Hadassah, young Jewish matrons could engage in the same sort of ball-room charity as the members of the Junior League; and young and old found an outlet for communal enterprise in the annual drives for millions of dollars, with all the perquisites of organized philanthropy in the form of honors and offices, testimonial dinners, and pictures in the newspapers. Thus, although less than ten per cent of American Jewry was affiliated with the Zionist organization, it became the yeast-like nucleus of the Jewish community in almost every city and town.

Affiliation with Zionism, no matter how slight and superficial, established a pattern in Jewish-American life. By virtue of it, thousands found meaning and satisfaction in their daily experience. Its compensatory character strengthened its hold upon them. Almost imperceptibly, American Jews became involved in the problems and politics of the Zionist movement. Pride in the American contribution to the establishment of the Jewish state, both in funds and in political influence, added a sense of responsibility for the welfare of the persecuted Jew to what was once merely sympathy for his plight. Even without sharing the latter's nationalism, American Jews began to think of Palestine as the place where they had a particular interest and a personal stake. When Arab armies invaded Israel, thousands of Jewish Americans offered to enlist in the Israeli forces, and hundreds actually joined in the fighting at the risk of forfeiting their American citizenship and sacrificing their lives.

VI

TAKEN in the aggregate, these actions constitute a definite departure from the American Jews' earlier ardent efforts at assimilation. They indicate a tendency toward separateness in individual interests and communal activities. The Zionists have exploited this tendency for their own laudable purposes. But the temptation to perpetuate it has given rise to the idea that American Jewry can be developed and crystalized as a cultural minority in this country.

"We American Zionists glory in our citizenship in the American nation and in our fellowship in the Jewish nationality," states a pamphlet issued by the Zionist Organization of America six years ago. "As we develop in this country an essentially Jewish life, with Jewish spiritual and cultural values, we shall to that extent also fulfill our obligation as citizens of America. American democracy confers the right, imposes the duty, upon every nationality to be loyal to its own heritage, to be true to its own best and noblest self." This idea is extended to its maximum in a report submitted at the recent national convention of the organization by a commission which devoted an entire year to a study of the question:

The Jews of Israel and the Jews out of Israel are bound together as one people with a common heritage of religion and culture. Jews everywhere have therefore a special concern for the unimpeded flowering of Jewish civilization in Israel and for the tranquillity and happiness of the Jews in their ancient home. Moreover Jews everywhere anticipate the enrichment of their spiritual lives from the renaissance of Jewish culture in Israel.

Israel is a sovereign state. Only the citizens of Israel owe it allegiance. The establishment of Israel has in no-wise affected the citizenship of Jews of other lands. . . .

The existence and unity of the Jewish people have been and are basic postulates of the Zionist movement. An invariant aspect of the Jewish people, throughout its tri-millennial history, has been its attachment to the land of Israel. . . . The modern Zionist movement is an instrumentality fashioned by the Jewish people for the pres-

ervation of Jewish existence and the perpetuation of its unity by the re-creation of the Jewish state in Israel, the revival of Jewish culture, and the revivification of its creative forces. These aims are, in their very nature, as eternal as the Jewish people; and the responsibility for their pursuit and furtherance can never be finally discharged. . . .

(1) To safeguard the integrity and independence of the state of Israel as a free and democratic commonwealth by means consistent with the laws of the several countries whereof Zionists are nationals or inhabitants. . . .

(2) To assist in the organization of all Jewry for the above-stated purposes by means of local and general institutions in conformity with local law.

(3) To strengthen Jewish sentiment and consciousness as a people and promote its cultural creativity.

Now this bombastic definition of the relationship between world Jewry and Israel may be accepted as it stands, or may be interpreted simply as a desire to ensure a reservoir of money and manpower outside of Israel. In either case, the Zionist pronouncements are invalidated by two fundamental fallacies where they are intended to apply to America.

Unlike the ethnic states of Europe and the Near East, where national minorities are an accepted characteristic of the political structure, the United States has no place for even ethno-cultural minorities as distinct elements of the nation. The concept of cultural pluralism has been advocated in this country by such distinguished thinkers as Charles W. Eliot and John Dewey, but it is contrary to our traditions and incompatible with our way of life. Our formative concept is based on the principles that "all men are created equal," that we are a nation of many origins in which none has priority, that the new immigrant can and will merge with the old. "America has indicated her desire," wrote Woodrow Wilson, "to be made up of all the stocks and influenced by all the thoughts of the wide world. She has seemed to realize that she could be fertile only if every great impulse were planted among her. And she has set for herself . . . the problem of making disparate things live together in peace and accommodation and harmony."

Because this concept is also an ideal of human relationships, it remains an "unfin-

ished process" imperfectly realized. In practice, most old-stock Americans think that they fulfill their duty to the Melting Pot by heating it with occasional Americanization tracts and night-school interpretations of the Constitution. At the same time, they expect the Jew or Irishman, the Slav or German or Italian, to leap into the crucible and by mysterious alchemy get himself transmuted into the Anglo-Scot-Dutch-Huguenot hybrid whom they consider the proper American type. They fail to take their own proper place in the crucible, though they know that only the positive action—intermarriage—of both the group to be assimilated and the nation that wants to absorb it can achieve the complete transformation of racial traits which makes one type out of two or more.

YET notwithstanding these and other failings of the flesh and despite the relatively unsolved problems of the Negro, the Jew, the Nisei, the Mexican, and the Catholic, the fundamental idea has remained unimpaired. It is incorporated in our traditions, propagated in our schools, ineradicable from the American spirit. It is manifested every day and everywhere in myriad forms. It is stronger than ancient prejudices and temporary separatist tendencies. For it is a way of life that in itself demands a homologous and mutually interdependent relation between individual citizens.

Moreover, the Zionist conclusion that the stimulus derived from Israel and the tendencies I have discussed above would induce Jewish Americans to accept the abnormal status of a cultural minority is entirely erroneous. Already we have seen that the creation of a Jewish state has tended to normalize the position of the Jew everywhere. It has given him a place of reference, a place in which his right to live is taken for granted. For the first time in two thousand years he is like other men in this respect. He "belongs." He is thus a free agent whose deliberate choice of a land is in itself a token of his desire to belong to it. When Israel is fully established, it will free the Jew in another and more significant manner. He will no longer feel that in making his choice he may be deserting his people in the midst of their battle for existence. Like the Englishman, Frenchman, Italian, and others who leave their native soil

to plant their roots elsewhere, he will know that this personal action has no bearing on the survival of his people and their culture. This sense of freedom, both conscious and subconscious, may well be the determining factor in his complete assimilation.

As for anti-Semitism and the Jewish reaction to prejudice, these are but ephemeral digressions in an automatic and inexorable process. Against their influence, there is the far more powerful force of cultural assimilation which is proceeding at a constantly accelerated pace. In the United States, the Jew—no less than any other individual—is incessantly bombarded by the customs, habits, attitudes, and ideas that constitute the American environment. We have no ghetto here imposed by official decree. There is no limit on contacts with all types of Americans who together form a synthesis of the American type. In fact, like an atom in the cyclotron, the individual cannot avoid these contacts or escape the bombardment. Given the natural desire of the average man to be “normal”—that is, like the people who surround him—the effect of this bombardment is inevitable, fundamental, and permanent. It is the making of an American. The Jewish immigrant wanted this normalcy consciously and eagerly. His children and his children's children have been conditioned by it and molded in its form. They cannot change their behavior patterns now without violating their American personality, without destroying themselves.

VII

IT is only in the light of all these facts that the question of the Jewish American's loyalty to the United States can be seen clearly. The issue of dual allegiance has been raised many times here in connection with citizens of various nationalities. The Pilgrim Fathers protested against the Scotch and Scotch-Irish on the grounds that their corporate affiliation with institutions across the Atlantic constituted a menace to the new way of life that “may well prove fatal in the end.” Benjamin Franklin feared that if the influx of Germans into pre-Revolutionary Pennsylvania were not diverted to other colonies, the original settlers would “be not able to preserve our language, and even our government will become precarious.” One hundred and sixty

years later, Theodore Roosevelt called the Germans “hyphenated Americans” and charged that their presence threatened the security of our country. When Al Smith ran for the Presidency, there was serious as well as intemperate discussion on whether a Catholic's allegiance to the Pope disqualified him for this high office.

More analogous to the present situation are the instances that followed the first world war, when Czechoslovakia and Poland were reconstituted and Ireland won her freedom. It is undeniable that the independence of these states was in a great measure due to the political, financial, and even military support given to their mother countries by Americans of Irish, Czech, Polish, and Slovak descent. The Irish, especially, opened a front here in their war against England, and behind this front established their headquarters for propaganda and fund-raising, for economic boycott and political pressure through candid and concerted activity in Congress. Dire conclusions were drawn from these exhibitions of “divided loyalty.” But the prophecies proved as untrue as the charges. What actually happened when these states were re-established was that a substantial number of their people gave up American citizenship and went back. The rest remained here and retained a normal interest and concern in the affairs of their countries of origin, no more and no less than do Americans of English, Dutch, French, and every other stock.

Naturally, the first to raise the cry of “dual allegiance” against *all* Jewish Americans were the very anti-Semites who have persistently denied the Jew an equal place in our body politic. Zionist leaders promptly denied the charge and again proclaimed the loyalty of *all* Jewish citizens. Their denial was supplemented by the statement of Foreign Minister Sharett, on taking Israel's seat at the UN Assembly, that “the state of Israel claims no allegiance from Jews in other lands.” On the other hand, the anti-Semitic accusation was echoed by a small though vociferous group of self-styled “assimilated” Jews, who hastened to dissociate *all* such Jews from “the fanatic Zionists.” Haunted by the fear that the long-delayed establishment of a Jewish state will affect adversely their status as citizens, they rushed into print to testify to their 110 per cent patriotism and Americanism and to deny

sharing the sentiments and efforts in support of Israel.

No one can speak for *all* the Jews in the United States. At most, one can only predicate their ultimate action on the basis of known factors and conditions. The crisis, compounded of the tragedy of European Jewry and the conflict for survival and independence of Israel, evoked the interest and participation of a large number of Jewish Americans in a foreign affair. When the crisis has passed, Jewish Americans will make their decision. Israel, which is swamped today by the thousands who must go there or perish and which seeks no immigration from the United States except for a few highly skilled technicians, will invite all Jews to return. I believe that of the estimated six million Jews no more than 15 per cent—and no less than 10—will answer that call. Two classes will compose the bulk of this emigration: Zionists whose participation in the movement has been based on nationalist ideas rather than philanthropic activities; and strictly orthodox Jews who cannot reconcile their way of life with a dominantly Christian environment and who have held the belief through the ages that their hope of salvation lies in the Holy Land. There will be the usual small percentage of those who, having failed to make their way in

one country, are anxious to seek their fortune in another. And there will be a small but significant number of impatient souls who go not because they feel less American than those who remain, but because they will no longer suffer the petty indignities and profound injustice of prejudice and discrimination.

The vast majority will stay in the United States. It is here they are at home; alien in Israel. Here are the graves of their fathers, the uniforms of their husbands, brothers, and sons; the birthplaces of their children. Proud of their background, conscious of their Americanism, certain of their loyalty, they will not feel the need to swear allegiance every time a cur barks at their heels. Their very decision will be sufficient proof of it.

But America will have the last word. She will determine whether this is their own, their native land. For assimilation is a dual and reciprocal process. Each individual is incorporated and digested by the surrounding mass much in the same way that a particle of food is absorbed by the amoeba. At the end, both the individual and the environment are mutually changed. When the United States is 4 per cent Jewish—not in population statistics only, but in the warp and woof of her character—then she will make her Jews 100 per cent American.

Land's End

WELDON KEES

A DAY all blue and white, and we
Came out of woods to sand
And snow-capped waves. The sea
Rose with us as we walked, the land
Built dunes, a lighthouse, and a sky of gulls.

Here where I built my life ten years ago,
The day breaks gray and cold;
And brown surf, muddying the shore,
Deposits fish-heads, sewage, rusted tin.
Children and men break bottles on the stones.
Beyond the lighthouse, black against the sky,
Two gulls are circling where the woods begin.

The Lady Walks

A Story by Jean Powell

IT WAS early afternoon. The last hovering wisps of brown fog had scattered and dissolved, and as the two heavy glass doors of the clinic swung out and back they glittered, riddled with sunlight. Ravita gazed at them with a feeling which was almost exultation. She would pass through those doors once more and, after today, Time with the empty eyes would no longer stand still. Already he had begun to move swiftly past her. The eyes in the hollow sockets were fixed on her; the voice said, "A little while, now; a little while." And, because it was Ravita's nature to be proud and self-confident, she did not feel afraid or surprised, but only relieved, loosened, her own eyes already turned to the wind-filled space behind his head.

Walter, tall, fair-haired, with bluff features, got out of the car and stood beside her. "What are you staring at?" he asked. No you don't, thought Ravita. You don't guess my secret yet. Presently she would have to tell him, but not yet. Until confirmation came today from the doctor, she would guard her knowledge, like an encased jewel, for her own solitary glory.

"I'm not staring at anything," she said. "I'm only looking at the building."

"Davis Tumor Clinic," Walter said ironically, reading. "A nice building, too." It was, of course. Chiefly it was decorous. It was low and modernistic in design, sheathed in golden-gray stones, and skillfully blurred with variegated vines, small palms, and scarlet-starred poinsettias.

"Yes, very nice," she said.

Walter turned suddenly, his moccasins making a scrubbing sound on the black asphalt of the parking lot. "Why are you so stubborn?" he asked. "Why is it you haven't ever let me go in with you?"

Because I am alone, she answered without moving her lips. I have always been and now have most need to be and I am proud of that very need, do you not understand? "It would be stupid," she said aloud, not looking at him. "It would only take your time. If you came in with me now, you'd miss your class."

"The students would rejoice," Walter said, undeflected. "I've never even seen your doctor."

"Why should you? I'm the patient, after all."

"It seems other people don't agree with you. I notice most of them come here in twos and threes."

"Well, of course you're right," said Ravita. She was annoyed, partly because he was forcing her to protect him, chiefly because he did not understand her will to be alone and was by his persistence reducing them to an ordinary marital level. "Look, Walter. Day after day I've watched husbands bring their wives to this fantastic place, and wives bring their husbands too, for that matter. I've seen brothers and sisters tagging after other grown siblings, and aging children escorting their parents, and friends come all the way from Bakersfield or Diego—for what? To sit around and make everyone nervous, including themselves. Well, it's stupid."

She paused, and then added obliquely, "I

had not guessed, until this winter, how adolescent Americans are."

Walter nodded. A sharp and curious expression came into his face. "Who said that in Utopia people will still go to cafés, and the band will still play in the square, but there will be no families?" he asked.

"Silone," she said.

"Yes." Walter, the school-teacher, commended her memory with a glance. "He is an Italian," he reminded her.

"All right," said Ravita. "Human beings, then, are adolescent."

Walter's face became expressionless. "I give up," he said pleasantly. "Good-by, Suffragette. I'll see you at the tea at four." He turned and walked back toward the car, his briefcase shoulder, the left, drooping slightly.

Ravita smiled. Her annoyance vanished and she felt affection for Walter because he had let her win their argument. Ravita's dominance over her husband was a delicate, thin-stalked thing, which had grown because his original feeling for her had been larger than hers for him. Therefore she valued it highly and was inclined to be gentler with him than she might otherwise have been. Too much love, she well knew, lowered the bars around the spirit and left every wild thing free to enter and prey upon it and subdue it.

OF HER OWN spirit Ravita had always been a jealous guardian, and never so much as in these past months, when for the second time in her life it had been challenged and attacked. Each time, she remarked to herself now in surprise, as she began to cross the parking lot toward the clinic with long slow steps, it had been attacked through the flesh; and this time, as before, her surrender had been sudden and distasteful and she had been compelled to double her guard elsewhere. Of her flesh too she had always been proud; that was what made it difficult.

The first onslaught had been through love, and thinking of it Ravita stopped by the edge of the walk and touched a flaming poinsettia. How harsh the blossom was, she mused; its petals were not the petals of flowers but were leaflike and strong; there was no scent, only that shrieking color.

She had been an only child, reared with adoration, and conscious of her beauty from

an early age. For more than four years once, with all her pride, she had been reduced to the common flesh, as abjectly and despairingly, confidently and stupidly loving as a chargirl. Looking back, it seemed like madness. She had wanted marriage, which the man had refused to give; had tried like any craven trollop to trick him by having a child. When that failed, she had seen a doctor and learned that the physical fault was hers. Dismayed, she told the man, who became scrupulous with disapproval; he reversed his theories, clambered into a fine rejection, and left her. Ravita was twenty-five. She suffered horribly and denounced humanity. She resolved that never again would she strip herself naked for either wretchedness or joy; she concentrated upon the restoration and reassertion of her earlier proud spirit. She began deliberately to make a life of the in-between, of the complacent middle range, reserving the high and low registers for memory and for art. If she had believed in an after-life, she would have saved them for that, too.

Gradually she achieved a complete averment of her spirit's entity. Virginal, that reaffirmation had been, with the fine-cut arrogance of her youth; solitary, not fierce, but stony to the destroying touch. She succeeded also in her attempt to look back upon that unhappy period as a time of illness, if not of a delicate insanity, and began to deprecate the pangs it had caused her and to stress her capacities as a self-healer.

When she met Walter Anderson, Ravita was thus in one sense beyond the need of another human being. Nevertheless she was acutely aware of social stringencies. She was thirty. She wanted the fact and aura of marriage, and Walter was so dissimilar to her lover that it was easy to trust him. During the eight years she had been married, Time had placidly stood still, and not until this winter had she been reduced again to the terms of her own flesh.

SHE reached the clinic and went inside, the shining doors falling shut behind her. She saw that although it was not two o'clock, the reception room was cluttered with patients. The reception room was extremely large and beautiful, touched caressingly by hidden light, furnished with chairs and

couches of bright cheerful rose and green and blue. A huge mirror at one end reflected massed greenery at the other: stone pools, ferns, cactus, tiny palms.

Often the patients waited for two or three hours, for there were many of them and the four specialists were rushed. They sat with nervous pinching fingers and stiffened faces, the men who spoke through an aperture in the throat, the women whose eyes slid dark and quick with worry. The nurses came out and called them back one by one and then the long half hours converged acutely, drawn to meet this moment: their modesty laid bare, their fear unhooded. The doctors were truth wrapped close in gentleness but somewhere behind the doctors—where exactly, in the next examining room, behind the X-ray machine, in the pathology lab?—truth, keeping its more ancient guise, shone like an incorruptible sword, and smote with a clear, loud ring.

But Ravita, having already heard that sound, was here only for confirmation. She did not, she discovered, want to sit today on one of these raucous luxury couches. At the front desk she gave her name to a girl with red braids marching across the top of her round head and a constant personal-yet-generalized smile; like the doctors', that smile, a trick of environment, no doubt. She went toward the back of the building, past the examining rooms and dressing booths, until she reached the X-ray department, with its straight severe chairs along the walls and the swinging dark doors cut by peering squares of glass. Here she seated herself erectly on one of the straight chairs.

Across the hall and staring at Ravita with lonely eyes was, once more, the child with the distended belly. She was about seven and slight, with long straggly hair. Her pointed face was thinner than ever today and the tumor pushing against her woolen jumper gave her the look of a five-months pregnancy. Her eyes were lusterless; she rested her head tiredly against her mother's shoulder.

The girl's mother, a chatter, loosely-pretty brunette, met Ravita's gaze with recognition. She would begin to talk, Ravita knew, and wished to prevent it but could not. "She has to be tapped again," the mother said, sighing.

She should not speak in front of the child, thought Ravita. She replied stiffly, "How unfortunate."

"And how she hates it!" the mother went on. "I had to drag her out of the house. To look at her so quiet now, you'd never think how she was screaming a half hour ago." Almost proudly she glanced down at the girl, whose face held no expression at all.

"Well, it's no fun, is it, Pat?" asked a woman with a pinched gray face, who was sitting nearby in a wheel chair.

The child shook her head slightly in reply.

"It's less than two weeks since she was tapped the last time," continued the mother, tossing her hair to indicate amazement. "How that stuff collects so fast beats me. Three hundred c.c.'s they took out of her, can you imagine?"

"It feels better after it's out, doesn't it, Pat?" the woman in the wheel chair said sympathetically.

The child's eyes rolled toward her in terror, but she said nothing.

"Sometimes we have to have a lot of things done to us before we can get better," the woman explained in a gentle lying voice. "Look at my leg, now," and she held it out, great and swollen. "I can't even walk, Pat; think how that would be!"

"My soul," the child's mother said, "that leg certainly is something. Does it give you a lot of pain?"

"Some," replied the woman, "but most of it is here." She touched her abdomen. "What the connection is I haven't figured out."

"It certainly is something," the mother said again.

RAVITA turned her head away from them. She could not be drawn now into this taking and giving of sympathy. Let the child die, she thought dispassionately, taking with her her early and last full womb. There are enough still upon this earth; and not they even, not the healthy and well, can touch me now one half as deep and sure as the machine beyond the door. Yet the machine too had failed. I have not been touched, she thought.

After a few minutes, two men came in from the back entrance. One was middle-aged, and had grown a goatee to hide his scarred and twisted chin. The second was the little Chinese whom Ravita had seen the morning he first came to the clinic. It had been difficult to tell by the face that day if he were man or woman. His scanty hair had fallen long; the

right cheek and eye were wrinkled and puckered into the nothingness of extreme old age; the left cheek was greedily gnawed by the living cancer.

The girl behind the front desk, the one with the red braids, had come back to ask the old man some questions. Ravita, gripped with nausea and disgust twelve feet away, had observed how the girl's blue eyes had not once slipped down to the terrible cheek but had clung smiling to the old man's own eyes, as if she were determinedly reminding herself that there only was the part of him that mattered, the part which said that he too had a soul. The doctor, when he came, had no such scruples; he had looked eagerly at everything, even as he beckoned the old man into the examining room; and the nurse, who after the examination had been called in to do the dressing—Ravita did not know how she felt, but she had walked fast.

Today the old man was neatly bandaged; his puckered slanted eyes darted brightly from side to side as he made his way up to the front.

What was this, thought Ravita, a procession of the lame, the halt, and the blind? The unfit, whom we would forget, whom deep in our hearts we still carry to the bony mountain tops and leave there to die? And she, Ravita, would turn away, leaving them, but for this chain which dragged now, bitterly deriding against her proud will: was she not too in that sad parade, a makeshift thing like the others, since she sat here shorn of her right breast, a sponge rubber facsimile in its place? Radical mastectomy, the doctors called it, hiding under words the fact: one part of her womanhood stripped away, her perfection lost.

"But darling, if it's to save your life, it's such a little thing," Walter had said, bungling with his devotion. "Thousands of women have it done. It makes no difference. Surely you don't think it makes a difference to me?"

She had turned away despairing. Thousands of women—but she was not one of thousands. She was herself, Ravita, whose beauty had been authentic and irrefutable since childhood. As to the question of his loving her, she had not even thought to be concerned about that, they were not children discovering one another in a haymow; she understood love well enough to know that a defect in her would but increase Walter's tenderness.

No, it was ignominy that Ravita was fighting. It was that she had felt, for the first time, last September. Pain in her perfect breast; then, curiously, a swelling in the armpit. The doctor's hands had caressed her; his godlike, impersonal touch reminded her of her earliest ventures into petting twenty-odd years ago, when only a naïve, genuine desire to learn had prompted the touch and the allowing of the touch. So she had thought, sitting erect and amused in the small examining room that first day, the white clinic gown pushed back from her bare shoulders. She had been so amused that she smiled at the doctor, her charming, gay, social smile; the doctor's eyes lifted and met hers; they looked at her with profound gentleness; she was dimly shocked. This was something she had not known before.

Under the doctor's eyes, she had felt disgraced and reduced and she was filled with anger; the anger passed as she realized that here, for the second time in her life, was a challenge. It was in this manner that Ravita had gone on to meet the blood tests, the X-ray films, the biopsy, the surgery, the dressings, the X-ray treatments, and, two days ago, again the X-ray films; the whole endless ritual and she the least of the acolytes, and yet at the same time she higher than any of it, above and apart from it and never in any degree converted or persuaded. Nor would she be today, though it was for her final confirmation that she had come, and though she waited only for the doctor to move his hand in the shaping of a scrofulous cross, murmuring, "You too, my daughter."

THE child Pat and the woman in the wheel chair had been taken some time ago. Now a nurse Ravita had not seen today came swiftly down the hall, her brown curls jumping under the starched cap. She began to smile and talk when she was still several feet away.

"Hello, Mrs. Anderson," she said. "Want to get ready for your examination?"

"Thank you, yes," Ravita said quietly, waiting.

"After you're ready, you can go into room six." The nurse's light-colored smile began to slide on to the next patient.

"I know where it is," Ravita said. She rose quickly and went back into one of the

little dressing cubicles. She took off her coat and her shirred peach-toned blouse and hung them on a hanger; she stripped to her waist and put on one of the white cotton gowns which lay folded on a shelf. The gown was knee-length and it fastened by strings down the front. Before she left, she looked at herself in the mirror. Even in this hideous gown, she thought coolly, she was the most beautiful in the clinic. She would keep her beauty, moreover, until the end. The creamy skin and straight body might alter, as indeed the body already had; but the clear features, the dark eyes and hair, the glance of self-possession, would remain. She picked up her purse and walked rapidly and proudly down the hall to examining room six and went in.

There were two white metal chairs in the examining room; Ravita seated herself on one of them. After a moment the doctor came in and closed the door. Today it was not the clinic founder but the head of the radiology department, which was to be expected, since he dictated the film reports. He was tall, with the thin unexpected neck of an adolescent and mild greenish-colored eyes; and, perhaps because he was younger than the other three specialists, his manner was less suave and more diffident than theirs.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Anderson," he said quite formally. Then for a few minutes he said nothing more. He drew the second metal chair over to Ravita, lifted her gown aside and examined her, his eyes and fingers moving swiftly and perceptively.

When he had finished, he pushed his chair back. "Well, your wound certainly healed well," he said, as if the healing had been a special assignment.

Ravita ignored this remark. She hoped that she would not have to pull words out of him; she did not want to waste time. "What did the chest X-rays show?" she asked directly.

The doctor hesitated, fumbling with her chart, a bulky manila folder with her name on a green paper tab along the edge. He turned to the progress notes and read the last paragraph, as if he himself had not dictated it. "Well," he said, "I'd rather like to speak to your husband about them."

So that was it, Ravita thought in anger. They used the relatives as dummy shields to receive the bullets.

"Whatever you have to say to him, you can tell me," she said coldly.

"Yes, of course," the doctor said, and cleared his throat. Again his eyes moved to the last page of typing in her chart. "There seem to be one or two little indications of something here, Mrs. Anderson, and we are going to start you on a new series of treatments right away. Tomorrow morning, perhaps, if that is convenient with you."

Ravita leaned forward. "What do you mean, 'one or two little indications?'" she demanded, forcing his eyes to meet hers. "The cancer has gone to my lungs, isn't that what you mean?"

HE BLINKED, and put her folder down on the white sheet of the examining table. "As far as we can tell, yes," he said hesitantly. "But there is no cause for any alarm. As I said, we will start treatment tomorrow."

"Why don't you tell me it is hopeless?" Ravita asked. Her voice was still cold. "I know about the treatments and the new drugs, Dr. Harris; they may retard but they do not cure. There is no cure, is there?"

"If the disease is caught in time and the primary source completely taken care of," he began, using the words of his bible rhetoric.

"In my case," she cut in. "In *my* case."

He turned his eyes once more upon her folder. "At present, no cure, no."

"There!" said Ravita, and a thrill went through her.

But he had been too well taught how to gloss; he could not stop. "No reason for despair," he said quickly. "The treatments and drugs you mentioned are often very efficacious, and new and better ones may be perfected any day. If you come regularly—"

The wretched creature with his mumbling words. "My God," Ravita said contemptuously, "do you think I am afraid to die?"

"No, of course not," he said. He fell silent. He made a small pleat in the cuff of his white coat.

"Please read me the film report in the chart," said Ravita.

Nervously the doctor's long fingers picked up the folder; he glanced once more over the last page. "This is irregular," he said, "and I doubt if you will understand the terms."

"So it won't matter if it is irregular. Read it to me, please." She spoke commandingly. It was for this, after all, that she had come. She leaned forward tensely, not to miss a word.

"January 18, 1949. Both leaves of the diaphragm clear," he began. "Numerous diffuse, hazy infiltrations in both lung fields. Largest area measures about two centimeters in diameter. There is possible mediastinal involvement." He stopped, cleared his throat, and his greenish eyes looked almost timidly at Ravita. Her glance did not waver and he returned to the page. "Impression: extensive bilateral pulmonary metastases from carcinoma of the right breast."

A succession of thrills ran through Ravita. There was her accolade; there was nothing more to wait for. She had memorized the last sentence as he read and she repeated it slowly to herself and the sound of "carcinoma" and of some of the other words was beautiful. If the devil wrote poetry, she thought, he would use such words.

She rose, pulling the white gown together over her breast. "A couple of months?" she asked.

He looked at her and then looked away. "Perhaps more."

"Thank you," said Ravita. She held her head high as she left the room. When she reached the cubicle she dressed with care, for she had waited less than an hour and a half today for the doctor and thus had ample time to get to the tea. Now, she thought, half in anger, she could tell Walter; there was no longer any reason to keep it from him.

RAVITA walked along the street searching for the right house number. 102, 104, she read. The tea this afternoon was one in an endless series, given by a committee of students and amenable faculty wives. One or two professors were invited each week; staff members and friends of the college volunteered their homes. All the students were free to attend, but the teas were an old story and frequently there were no more than six or eight present.

This was Walter's week and as usual he wanted Ravita there with him. She did not mind teas; she always rather liked to attend college functions and be pointed out for her beauty. *So young, so fair . . .* But thirty-

eight was not young. She had got over being young a long time ago. For more than ten years she had had nothing to do with age at all, she had been herself, Ravita, standing still with Time. *Did you know that Mrs. Walter Anderson . . .* She would not have it. No clucking tongues or pitying eyes. Not for her. 112. Here was the house. She walked up the path and pushed the bell.

The door opened and a young man stood there: one of Walter's students, no doubt. Why did young men so love to open the doors of other people's houses? The young man was tall, with curly hair and reddish skin and a smiling face.

"Come in, come in!" said the young man exuberantly. "I'm John Emery!" And he looked at her with the smiling face.

Yes, I'm sure you are, Ravita thought. But, recognizing his appreciative glance, she allowed the obedient social expression to order her features. "How do you do, John?" she said. "I'm Mrs. Anderson."

"Oh, Mrs. Anderson!" he cried, letting her see that in his opinion Mr. Anderson had chosen well. "Come in, come in! The party is gathering."

Ravita walked past him into the hall. There was a narrow table with a silver dish on it and a mirror above the table. A Japanese girl in a white apron slid up to her and said, "I'll take your coat." The coat fell from Ravita's shoulders; she thanked the girl. Another student, or a full time maid? Probably a student, for the girl was not obsequious.

"The food is in here," said John Emery, hovering. He pointed to the dining room on the left. Five or six people, mostly young, stood round the table. Two graying faculty wives, priestesses of coffee and tea, sat at either end. The right hands of the young people reached down to the white tablecloth and back: the hands picked up small frill-edged paper napkins, spoons, miniscule round and square sandwiches with no tops, cupcakes with green frosting, salted nuts. The old familiar, the rarely considered, scene; and Ravita felt today as if she had never observed it before.

"Thank you," she said to John Emery. "I don't care for anything." Did that sound discourteous? "I'll wait for Mr. Anderson," she added.

She left John Emery and went down two steps into the living room. Again, as when

she had looked at the dining room, she felt as if her vision were sharpened, and she gazed with the greatest clarity and a certain strangeness at a room which, though large, and, she supposed, gracious, was no more so than a hundred other rooms she had entered. There were brocaded love seats, cream-colored chairs and couches, bookcases, a grand piano, a fireplace with a fire burning in it brightly, Dresden figurines on the mantel.

In the room were half a dozen people, all young; their youth gave the room a hectic yellow glow. There was no stability in them; they were all, figuratively, Ravita felt, on the edge of their chairs. They laughed, talked, and balanced their teacups on their knees. Ravita had never minded young people; they were too amorphous to envy; but today she did not want them to cluster around her and be polite. She nodded stiffly to the group, fending their approach before it was made. Plateless and cupless, she sat down on one of the love seats by the fire and folded her hands in her lap. After a moment the talk of the students, which had fallen to a simmer at her entrance—shouldn't they greet her, who was she, now?—started to bubble again and had soon climbed to its steady, eager, senseless roll.

"No, I always meant to take him, but here I am a first-semester senior with fifteen units of required staring me in the face. Oh, tragic fate!"

"I've heard he's getting reactionary, is that true?"

"Tim Duggan is going to run for senior class president next fall."

"Cripes, he'll get it, too."

"He won't. Who'd vote for him?"

"All the women." Laughter.

"He's going to let her direct the symphony, isn't that amazing?"

Ravita's hands, loosely folded in her lap, did not move. The young and healthy, putting food into themselves, could send it out in gesture and remark. But the food she ate no longer went straight to the benevolent tissue; the evil was drawing it now, slipping it into her lungs, transforming it into useless and breath-cutting fluid. The more she swallowed the thinner would she become, the shorter would grow her breath.

It was interesting to think of this. She looked down at her postured hands, still, for a time to come, soft and shapely; soon gaunt

and claw-like. No longer would eighty-five cent nail polish matter, or the pink and scented lotion smoothed each day upon the lying skin. For the cell, which we think so obedient, is lawless and feckless, and, disciplined for generations, may suddenly run amuck. For the flesh is truant; the pathologist squints through the lens and, like a judge determining moral intent rather than deed accomplished, pronounces malignant or benign.

SHE glanced about restlessly. Startled, she saw on the outthrust of the grand piano a bronze head of Nefertite, and her glance stopped there. How sensitive and clear the features were. She was always moved by the Egyptian's lonely gravity, her aspect of serene, self-acknowledged beauty. Very long ago, in a class of ancient history, Ravita had discovered and become akin to Nefertite. It was strange to find her in this room, an emblem surely of second-rate culture; yet she could never look at her too much. And gazing at that lovely, eternally ageless profile, she felt as though she were piercing through the skin to the flesh beneath. Flesh, Nefertite, made of cells? Dichotomized also by flesh and spirit? You too, lonely and proud one? Ravita was touched by an impersonal sadness. She turned her head to shake it off; and returned, reluctantly, to the room and the chattering students.

Two girls sat near her on low hassocks, their bright plaid skirts flowing onto the floor around them. Ravita had been distantly conscious of their babbling voices. Now a boy in a dark suit came up to one of the girls and looked piercingly down at her. He had a bullet-shaped head covered with kinky black hair, long thick brows which nearly met, and glowing, round brown eyes.

"I am sorry you did not think it necessary to come last night," he said. He spoke with a German accent and an intense and formal air. "We discussed the causes of fascism, as you may know."

The girl had a lively manner and was wearing glasses with red rims. "Well, I'm sorry too, Rudolph, I'll bet it was a good meeting," she said. "But I just couldn't make it."

"So I observed. I said to myself that of course it is foolish to expect a busy and popular young lady like Betty to keep all her

engagements." His posture was bad, Ravita saw. His bullet-like head jutted out from hunched shoulders.

"Oh, honestly, Rudolph!" the girl exclaimed. "I only said I'd come if I could, and then I found I could go somewhere else easier because somebody else had a car." She looked up and laughed merrily, obviously hoping that the boy would laugh too. Instead, he grew rigid.

"Now I see how you choose your friends," he said rapidly and intensely. "It is very nice to know that you choose them by whether they have cars. Thank you for explaining." He whirled around and returned to the center of the room.

Betty stared after him, poking at the bridge of her red glasses. "It's so funny," she said to the girl beside her. "I started going with Rudolph because he seemed so different and I wanted to prove he was just like anyone else. His father was killed in a gas chamber and Rudolph and his mother escaped to Holland. Well, I sure have proved it. He gets jealous like any fellow and makes me just as mad as any of them do."

The other girl laughed. "He's got a lot of brains, though," she said.

"I know it," Betty said, "but he still makes me mad."

What extreme banality, thought Ravita; and she could no longer concentrate on the students. At the same time, she was having difficulty in directing her own thoughts and could not help wondering if there were not something off-center about them. Then of course the question, what was center? What precisely should she be thinking about right now? The death of people she had known, of friends and relatives, did not tell her. For the most part they had died suddenly, in accident or war, or privately, beyond her knowledge. On the few occasions when she had been present, they had seemed to ignore the entire situation until the last moment and had then either passed into a coma or become maudlin. Her father, she remembered, had insisted that she pick out a good husband, and in his right mind he would not have given marriage that much importance.

No, the only people whose deaths had touched her profoundly were those whose final thoughts she had known; and these were not people at all, properly speaking, but

characters in literature. Only in art, perhaps, was it easy to die well. But even they, whose reputed thoughts she could recapture, were valueless to her now; for if a dramatic purpose had not been served by their taking off, most of them had at least regretted death and wished to live longer. As for herself, she continued to feel that although it was strange that she was going to die, she was not sorry; that just as she could continue to live tranquilly for fifty years, she could also live not at all. It is only the young who think they will live forever. With each year the acceptance of death increases, and she was thirty-eight.

AT THE same time, she wished to die well. That was not, she believed, a prevalent desire. Since she had been going to the clinic, she had seen many people, each absorbed in his own individual process of dying, and she had observed that they died as commonly as they lived. To do either with distinction was beyond their capacity. It was not beyond hers. She would hold to this present and make it proud. She would not, she promised herself (sitting here in the midst of youth with the fire dancing and Nefertite sure beyond any belief in the swelling outthrust of the grand piano), in her last extremity, turn usual, mouthing the large, shiftless, second-hand terms which despair makes ready in the lips of the custom-taught, the cloudy mediocre. When everything else had gone she would yet hold fast to discrimination and thus, as she had ever bridged it, to distinction.

Yet there were other problems too. There was Walter, who had given her always only kindness. What can you do with people like that, she thought with exasperation, when in the end you must hurt them? Leave them groveling, to stand erect again holding that kindness—diminished, spilled, a little of it—for someone else to warm his hands in. But could you ever be sure of that? Not ever, she answered herself. That was the bitter, untried olive of the questioner.

"What you want, Ravita."

"Oh, don't be silly. What *you* want."

"But that's it."

"You talk such bosh; be an individual."

Looking at her, smiling, no fear in his face. "I can leave that to you." And then she, with all her egotism, mysteriously strengthened and warmed and, thus confident,

often she changed what she wanted to what she thought he did, and he saw through it all—and that was their marriage.

HE started. He was coming. She heard his voice in the hall and would not turn to see. Then it was lower and she knew that he had gone into the dining room, wishing to gratify anyone who might possibly have made the tea, frosted the cakes, or poured nuts from a white paper bag into the crystal dish. But he would not stay long. She felt herself drawing him on a thin skein and half turned her head to break it off, to let him stay as long as he wished.

As she turned, she saw him coming across the hall and down the two wide polished steps, balancing the tea things in one hand, nearly striking the door molding with his tall blond head. He looked toward her, his face expressionless as he had long ago taught it to be. He was not good looking, she thought. Other people sometimes said he was but she had never seen it. At first he had been only different from the other one and then he had become Walter and then it had not particularly mattered, as nothing particularly mattered after the big things were over.

After that first expressionless, privately questioning glance, Walter smiled quickly at her. Then he went on to the students, made the complete round with greetings and remarks, even managing, somehow, to shake hands and to gesture with his free right hand while balancing the plate and cup in his left. He was really remarkably able in many ways, Ravita thought, watching him and smiling; and then suddenly, oddly, even as she smiled, she felt a slight, tentative tug at her heart. Again she wanted him not to hurry; to take his time.

But when the round of badinage and inquiry was over, Walter came to the love seat and sat beside her. He did not speak at once. Instead, intensely large and integrated, he picked up a sandwich and took it in a bite; he flung a handful of nuts into his mouth; he gulped tea. He put the plate down and chewed vigorously. Ravita sat with her head up-tilted, watching his face: the fair and well-known skin, the straight rough brows, the bluff features. She felt again that odd, tentative pull, and she could not bear it that he should be hurt. Yet, believing that his

defenses would be stronger here than at home, she reached out and took his hand.

His fingers closed around hers, he looked at her quickly. "How was it?" he asked her.

"The same," Ravita said, watching the fire.

"I'm going to have a talk with him," Walter said in a hardened voice. "This nonsense has gone far enough."

"There's no need for that," Ravita said.

He was staring at her. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I know." How the fire danced, she thought! The flames had blue hearts. She had not noticed them before.

"You know what?" demanded Walter, his voice coming rough.

"What there is to know."

"What's that?"

"I have a few months."

Walter said nothing and Ravita did not look at him. Although his fingers still clasped hers, there was no movement or pressure in them, they were like dead fingers. Be strong, she said to him in her mind. Be strong. Don't be hurt. And she thought that this had been the best place to tell it, here in locale, with the fire burning, tea being served, his students laughing and chattering, and the expanding, prismatic yellow of today touching book and figurine.

"We're going to see some other doctors," Walter said finally.

The protest period, she thought. "Why bother?" she asked quietly. "These four men are the best in Los Angeles, you know that. Perhaps they're the best in the country."

"There must be something," he began. "It seems impossible—"

"Well, there isn't anything. They'll fiddle around and use me as a guinea pig for some of their new drug injections, but that will be that."

"Maybe they'll get something right away," he said, rubbing her thumb quickly with his. "I was reading another article on it night before last."

Walter and Dr. Harris. "Cancer is as old as living matter," she said.

"They'll lick it someday." Walter sounded angry. "Why not now?"

At the word "someday," Ravita smiled. Were they indeed living on the precipice of tomorrow, she wondered idly, or was that an illusion like all others of its kind, apposite to

every highly self-conscious age, and was this rather another stretch of yesterday's ancient road? She suspected the latter, but it did not make any difference to her one way or another.

"Will it be hard?" Walter asked slowly.

"Not for a while," she said. "Toward the end, I expect, when the morphine stops taking."

"God." His hand came to life. It gripped hers so tightly her rings cut.

"No histrionics," she said. "I've always considered it quite a fluke that anyone is alive."

"I know you have. But that, Ravita!"

"And I have always said that whatever anyone else has done, I can do too. If not better." She had hoped that out of his identification with her, he would derive a confidence from hers. She looked at him now but she could not tell what he was thinking. His jaw was set firmly; under the rough brows his blue eyes looked ahead straight and expressionless. She began for the first time to grow nervous, although whether for his sake or her own she did not know. It was a strange nervousness, like a tiny beat in the pit of her stomach. If he had no confidence, it could be that her own was not real. But that was nonsense.

"Don't you believe that I can?" she asked. (*I will, whatever comes, remain a person, she said firmly to herself. I will stay me.*)

"Of course I do, darling."

"Very well, then." Ravita sat up straight, folded her hands once more in her lap, and gave Walter a smile. "Now shall we return to the party?" she asked.

"All right." They drew slightly apart. Walter worked his shoulders once or twice. Their faces assumed new expressions, and they turned from the fire, toward the living room.

BUT wherever fascism has grown it has been under the guise of nationalism," Rudolph was saying. He had apparently been speaking for some time. He looked very intense; the brown eyes glowed; his head shot out reptile-like from the hunched shoulders. He had forgotten Betty, Ravita observed. He had moved from one emotion to a second, and like many youthful intellectuals he would give completely of himself to each.

"What did they cry in Spain," Rudolph continued, "but Spain? And in Italy, but Italy? Germany is not the only one. It is always thus. And so in America." He waved his hands. He looked bitter, disappointed, tragic; he indicated that to him, more than to any man, it was given to comprehend the worst.

"What about Spain?" Walter asked, in the tone he used to draw out his best students. "I thought the story there was a little different."

"I was of course generalizing," Rudolph replied quickly. "You are right, Professor. There it was modified by the aspect of Catholicism." He nodded his kinky bullet head. "You must understand too that reaction is identified with nationalism only in the countries of greatest advancement. In countries which have not yet attained their independence, it is the progressive element which is nationalistic."

"So why be pessimistic?" cried Betty. Then, like a child, she clapped a hand over her mouth. "I was trying to think it was right because it worked out that way," she said. "How dopey of me."

"It must be appalling," Walter remarked in a light, guarded voice, "to be young in an age which doubts progress."

"Oh, Doctor Anderson, you're not that old!" one of the girls exclaimed. "Anyway, I sort of believe in progress. I think if you have had a happy childhood, you do."

"Spoken like a true psych major," John Emery said in a hearty voice.

There was a brief flash of laughter which faded rapidly. Rudolph, with his words, had become a center; and the others returned to him, stripped of their casual dogmatism, expressing only earnestness and curiosity.

"What do you think, Rudolph?" asked John Emery. "How does it look to you?"

Rudolph sighed, lifted his shoulders, and hunched them again. "Myself, I am pessimistic," he said. "I should like to think we are not too far on the wrong road; but the signs are bad."

Ravita, glancing about, saw that the faces of the listening students were grave. One or two looked actually frightened, as if Rudolph were not only a prophet but an announcer of doom, speaking into the microphone as the pictures shattered and the walls

crashed around him. Betty had forgotten her annoyance. He was no longer the boy she had quarreled with, but a voice. "Oh no!" she cried in a heartbroken, pleading tone.

Rudolph's thoughtful dark gaze met hers. "Little Betty," he said, amused and caressing. "I hope not, of course."

It was so entirely imbecilic that Ravita could stand it no longer. She pierced her aloofness for the first time and spoke. "What difference does it make anyway?" she asked in a clear cold voice.

They all looked at her then. The hydra head swung round and gazed. Ravita looked back at them. All right, she thought. If it was such a horrible thing to say, laugh.

But no one laughed. "It makes all the difference," said Rudolph, still feeling the spokesman. "Else why is anything? Is it not, after all, our world?"

Betty poked at her glasses. "Most of the time we do forget about it," she said, courteously pretending to touch Ravita's side, "and just work or have fun or something. But underneath—or anyhow when we stop to think—why then it really seems to mean everything."

"Yes," Rudolph said tensely, nodding his head. "Many times I have thought of suicide. Oh yes. Society is so filled with stupidity. But always I say to myself, this is my only chance to watch how it goes."

"Or to give it a push," John Emery remarked, jovial again.

"Well, I see I spoke out of turn," Ravita said with her automatic social smile. The students laughed and by degrees returned to themselves; their conversation circled as before, but she no longer listened, nor could she have uttered another word. Rigid, stricken into silence, she stared at the fire. The burning wood crackled and sparks went up with a hiss.

RAVITA sat stiff and alone and her aloneness filled her slowly with fear. Though Walter sat beside her, his hands were on his knees now and she no longer felt his nearness. The students spoke in low voices among themselves; she felt that they had closed themselves against her. She did not know why she cared about this, but for some reason it

seemed to matter. They were so young and foolish, she would have said; they knew nothing of life because they had not begun to mold it individually; like adolescents they worked, conversed, struggled, and played in groups. Yet their words rose from the blue hearts of the fire; their syllables revolved in the sparkling blue and gold flames of the proper grate.

Why is anything, they had said; and nothing had ever been why. *It is our world*, and, surrounding her unclaimed, it had not been hers. Time had had empty eyes and she had stood still with him and the pulp had drained from her sockets too and she had not cared; and now that he was moving she could not bring him back, no never. But he moved not from her alone, he moved from everyone. The dyings she had scrutinized in the clinic were common because they *were* common and hers was; and distinctive because they belonged to each. *Watch how it goes* and she could not, never again to see, to witness the debacle or the creation, to guess at the level or the climbing of the road—this was pain. It was pain she had never known. It seemed physical as a blow; it tore her with a juggler's cleaving knives. She sat alone in the room in a fog of agony and the words and gestures of the students, Walter beside her, Nefertite on the piano, the flames in the grate, twisted jerkily through the fog. She felt that she could not endure it; that she would have to bend double or cry out or fall to her knees.

She did not know what to do. Her aloneness in pain terrified her. She reached out and clutched Walter's hand. And this was not the end, she thought in horror, this was not the end but the beginning. The end could never be reached without help. "Distinction," oh mad word! What had she been prating about through this hollow afternoon? How could she say, what could she ever say to beg—

"Be with me," she said in a low voice. She had intended to say "bear," but the "be" came out.

Walter's large warm hand pressed hers. His kind blue eyes looked deep into her frightened ones. "Of course," Walter said. He understood, he had been there before her. But she—she had only begun to walk.

Due Notice to the FBI

Bernard DeVoto

THE quietly dressed man at your door shows you credentials that identify him as Mr. Charles Craig of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. He says he would like to ask you a few questions about one of your neighbors. The Harry S. Deweys are friends of yours, aren't they? Yes, you tell him. How long have you known them? Ever since they moved to Garden Acres eight or nine years ago—or was it seven?—no, thirteen. Mr. Craig says the Deweys moved into their house June 1, 1935, which makes it fourteen years. By the way, have they got a mortgage on it? Sure, you say, we all have. Harry didn't buy till about eight years ago. He is paying it off on a monthly basis; must be down to a couple of thousand by now.

Mr. Dewey's older son graduated from Yale this spring? Mr. Craig asks. Yes, you say. The daughter—she's at Vassar? Yes, she's a sophomore. And the other boy?—Exeter? Yes, first form. Mr. Dewey bought a new car last year, a Buick? Yes, he'd driven that Chevrolet for nine years. Who is his tailor? Gummidge? Pretty high-priced firm. Does Mrs. Dewey spend a lot on clothes? The trash barrels were on the curb when Mr. Craig came by and he noticed several empty Black and White bottles—do the Deweys drink a lot? Didn't they have Zimmerman, the caterer, for that big party last April?—Zimmerman comes high. Have you noticed their garbage—pretty rich stuff? What labels have you seen? Bellows & Co., maybe, or Charles & Co., Inc.? Do you happen to know what Mr. Dewey's income is?

By this time you are, I hope, plenty mad. You say, for God's sake, it's none of my business. Mr. Craig explains. Investigation by the Bureau of Internal Revenue does not

necessarily mean that the person being investigated is under suspicion. These checks are routine in certain kinds of cases. Orders to make them come from above; the local echelons do not initiate inquiries, they simply find out what they can. Then back in Washington the information thus gathered is evaluated. No improper use is made of anything and of course the evaluators know that most of the stuff sent in is mixed, idle, or untrue—they simply go through the vast chaff in order to find an occasional grain of wheat. The Bureau, Mr. Craig points out, is part of the United States government. It conducts its inquiries with entire legality and under rigid safeguards. The duty of a citizen is to assist his government when he is asked to.

So you say, look, Harry is district manager of the Interstate Gas Furnace Corporation and everybody knows that IGF pays district managers fifteen thousand a year. Yes, Mr. Craig says, IGF pays him fifteen thousand but one wonders whether he hasn't got other sources of income. How can he send three children to prep school and college, buy a house and a new Buick, and patronize Gummidge and Zimmerman on fifteen thousand? And he belongs to the City Club and the Garden Acres Country Club. He took Mrs. Dewey to Bermuda last winter. He has heavy insurance premiums to pay. He had a new roof put on the house last fall and this spring Mrs. Dewey had the whole second floor repainted and repapered. How come? Does it make sense? Where's he getting it from?

Does Harry S. Dewey belong to the Wine and Food Society? The Friends of Escoffier? Has he ever attended a meeting of either group? Does he associate with members of either? Has he ever been present at a meet-

ing of any kind, or at a party, at which a member of either was also present? Has he ever read Brillat-Savarin's *The Physiology of Taste*? Does he associate with people who have read it? Has he ever been present at a meeting or a party at which anyone who has read it was also present? Does he subscribe to or read *Daily Racing Form*? Has he ever made a bet on a horse race? A dog race? A football game? Does he play poker or shoot craps? Has he ever been present at a meeting or a party at which anyone who makes bets or plays poker was also present? Does he play the market? Do you know whether Harry puts any cash into diamonds? Does he associate with people who own diamonds? Does he know any millionaires, or people who own cabin cruisers, or people who have accounts in more than one bank? Has he ever attended meetings of such persons? Has he ever been present at a meeting or a party at which such persons were also present? Does he read the *Wall Street Journal*? Has he ever been present at a cocktail party at which anyone who does read it was present? Is it true that Harry gave his secretary half a dozen pairs of nylon stockings for Christmas? Could she be fronting or dummying for business deals that are really his? What kind of girl is she? Does she always leave the office at five o'clock? Whom does she associate with?

Where does Harry stand on the Bureau of Internal Revenue and the income tax laws? Have you ever heard him say that the income tax laws ought to be changed or the Bureau reorganized or abolished? Have you ever heard him damn the income tax? Does he associate with people who damn it? Has he ever been present at a meeting or a party where people who want to abolish the Bureau or revise the tax laws were also present?

Let us assume that you remember nothing which indicates that Harry S. Dewey is a tax-dodger or a crook. But Mr. Craig goes a few doors down the street and interviews Frances Perkins Green, who is a prohibitionist and has suffered from nervous indigestion for many years. She has seen truffles and artichokes and caviar in the Dewey garbage. The Deweys' maid has told Mrs. Green that they have porterhouses much oftener than frankforts, that they always have cocktails and frequently have wine, that sometimes cherries and peaches come all the way from Oregon by

mail. Mrs. Green has seen many suspicious-looking characters come to the Dewey house. She doesn't know who they are but it's striking that mostly they don't come till after dark, seven o'clock or later. Some of them, she says, are staggering when they leave at midnight. So Mr. Craig tries the next house and finds Henry Cabot White at home. Cabot is doing all right now but he had tough going for a couple of years after Harry Dewey fired him. Everyone in Garden Acres is familiar with the neighborhood feud and would tend to discount Cabot's revelation to Mr. Craig that Harry's secretary used to work as a cashier at a race track. He confirms the nylons but says there were a dozen pairs. Sure Harry is sleeping with her—Cabot has seen them lunching together several times. Matter of fact Harry only took Mrs. Dewey to Bermuda because she blew up about the girl. Yes, and do you know who was on that boat? Gooks McGonigle—you remember, he runs the numbers racket and they almost got him for wire-tapping. Cabot wouldn't like to say anything either way, but Harry took the same boat and Harry manages to lay his hands on money when he needs it.

I HAVE hung this fantasy on the Bureau of Internal Revenue precisely because it does NOT operate in this way. When it suspects that someone is making false tax-returns its investigators go to the suspect's books, his bank, the regular channels of his business, and similar focal points where factual evidence can be uncovered and made good. If Harry S. Dewey reads Brillat-Savarin or serves Stilton with the cocktails, the Bureau is not interested. It does not ask his friends or enemies to report on his wife's visits to the hairdresser as a patriotic duty.

But if it did, would you be surprised? In fact, would you be surprised if any government bureau sent round its Mr. Craig to ask you if Harry Dewey reads the *New Republic* or has ever gone swimming in the nude at Bay View? I think you wouldn't be surprised. What is worse, I think that for a moment Mr. Craig and his questions would seem quite natural to you. And this feeling that the interrogation of private citizens about other citizens is natural and justified is something new to American life. As little as ten years ago we would have considered it about on a

par with prohibition snooping, night-riding, and blackmail. A single decade has come close to making us a nation of common informers.

IT BEGAN with the war. Candidates for commission in the services or for jobs in non-military agencies had to be investigated. If enormous asinities resulted, if enormous injustice was done, they were inevitable, part of the cost of war. They are not inevitable now. But several branches of the government are acting as if they were. Several branches of the government and far too many of us private citizens are acting as if they didn't matter.

True, we have occasional qualms. The Committee on Un-American Activities blasts several score reputations by releasing a new batch of gossip. Or a senator emits some hearsay and officially unaccused persons lose their jobs without recourse. Or another senator blackens the name of a dead man and then rejoices in his good deed, though the people he claimed to be quoting announce that they didn't say what he said they did. Or some atrocious indignity inflicted on a government employee by a loyalty board comes to light. Or we find out that the FBI has put at the disposal of this or that body a hash of gossip, rumor, slander, backbiting, malice, and drunken invention which, when it makes the headlines, shatters the reputations of innocent and harmless people and of people who our laws say are innocent until someone proves them guilty in court. We are shocked. Sometimes we are scared. Sometimes we are sickened. We know that the thing stinks to heaven, that it is an avalanching danger to our society. But we don't do anything about it.

Do you think the questions I have put in Mr. Craig's mouth are absurd? They are exactly like the questions that are asked of every government employee about whom a casual derogatory remark has been unearthed, even if that remark was made twenty years ago, even if a fool or an aspirant to the employee's job made it. They are exactly like the questions asked of anyone who is presumed to know anything about him, whether casual acquaintance, grudgeholder, or habitual enemy. They are exactly like the questions asked about anyone outside the

government of whom anyone else has reported that he has radical sympathies. Have you (has he) ever studied Karl Marx? Have you (has he) ever been present at a meeting or a party where anyone sympathetic to Communism was also present? Did you (did he) belong to the Liberal Club in college? Did you (did he) escort to a dance a girl who has read Lenin or is interested in abstract painting? Have you (has he) recommended the *Progressive* to a friend? Those questions and scores like them, or worse, have been asked of and about millions of American citizens.

THE FBI—to name only one agency that asks such questions—tells us that everything is properly safeguarded. The investigators gather up what they can and send it in, but trained specialists evaluate it, and whatever is idle, untrue, false, malicious, or vicious is winnowed out. So the FBI says. But we are never told who does the evaluating and we have seen little evidence that anyone does it. Along comes the Coplon case, for instance, and we find out that a sack has simply been emptied on the table. The contents are obviously in great part idle and false, in great part gossip and rumor, in great part unverifiable—and unverified. Investigator K-7 reports that Witness S-17 (for we have to cover up for our agents and our spies) said that Harry S. Dewey is a member of the Party, or wants to make the revolution, or knows some fellow-travelers, or once advised someone to read Marx, or spent a weekend at a summer resort where there were members of an organization on the Attorney-General's list. If K-7 is only two degrees better than half-witted, if S-17 is a psychopath or a pathological liar or Harry's divorced wife, no matter. And also, no one can be held accountable. If the same sack has previously emptied for the loyalty board of any government department nobody can be held responsible for that act, either, and Harry Dewey has no recourse. He will never know and neither will you and I. We will never learn who K-7 or S-17 is, in what circumstance the information was given, whether or not it is true or deliberate falsehood, how far it has been spread or by whom.

In the Coplon trial the government did its utmost to keep from the public view certain information which it was using and which had

been gathered by the FBI. That was a sagacious effort. For when the judge ruled that it must be made public some of it turned out to be as irresponsible as the chatter of somewhat retarded children: it would have been farcical if it had not been vicious. For instance, some S-17 had given some K-7 a list of people whom he considered Communists or Communist-sympathizers. One of them was the president of a large university. In all candor, he is not continentally celebrated for intelligence but his economic and political ideas are a hundred miles to the right of Chester A. Arthur. He is a man of unquestionable patriotism, loyalty, integrity, and probity, incapable of any kind of behavior with which the FBI is authorized to concern itself. But it was the privilege of someone—perhaps a fool, a personal enemy, a boy who had flunked out, a maniac—to lodge in the FBI's files a declaration that he is a Red.

Well, the university president will not suffer in public esteem. But his university may be damaged in many ways, now, next week, ten years hence. And Senator Mundt or Congressman Dondero or any public official with the gleam of a headline in his eye can denounce the university, its students, and all who have acquired their guilt by contagion—on the basis of a remark which may have been made by an imbecile and for which no one can be held to account. And that remark remains permanently indexed in the FBI files. And what about humbler names on that list? How many people have been fired? How many are having their reading, their recreation, and their personal associations secretly investigated? Against how many of them are neighbors with grudges or senile dementia testifying to some Mr. Craig, hereafter and alias K-7? What redress have they got? What redress has anyone got whom anyone at all has named to the FBI or any other corps of investigators as a Communist, a Communist-sympathizer, a fellow-traveler, a bemused dupe, or just a person who happened to be in the bar at the New Willard when a subscriber to the *Nation* was buying a drink?

I SAY it has gone too far. We are dividing into the hunted and the hunters. There is loose in the United States today the same evil that once split Salem Village between the bewitched and the accused and

stole men's reason quite away. We are informers to the secret police. Honest men are spying on their neighbors for patriotism's sake. We may be sure that for every honest man two dishonest ones are spying for personal advancement today and ten will be spying for pay next year.

None of us can know how much of this inquiry into the private lives of American citizens and government employees is necessary. Some of it is necessary—but we have no way of knowing which, when, or where. We have seen enough to know for sure that a great deal of it is altogether irresponsible. Well, there is a way making it all responsible, of fixing responsibility. As one citizen of the United States, I intend to take that way, myself, from now on.

Representatives of the FBI and of other official investigating bodies have questioned me, in the past, about a number of people and I have answered their questions. That's over. From now on any representative of the government, properly identified, can count on a drink and perhaps informed talk about the Red (but non-Communist) Sox at my house. But if he wants information from me about anyone whomsoever, no soap. If it is my duty as citizen to tell what I know about someone, I will perform that duty under subpoena, in open court, before that person and his attorney. This notice is posted in the court-house square: I will not discuss anyone in private with any government investigator.

I like a country where it's nobody's damned business what magazines anyone reads, what he thinks, whom he has cocktails with. I like a country where we do not have to stuff the chimney against listening ears and where what we say does not go into the FBI files along with a note from S-17 that I may have another wife in California. I like a country where no college-trained flatfeet collect memoranda about us and ask judicial protection for them, a country where when someone makes statements about us to officials he can be held to account. We had that kind of country only a little while ago and I'm for getting it back. It was a lot less scared than the one we've got now. It slept sound no matter how many people joined Communist reading circles and it put common scolds to the ducking stool. Let's rip off the gingerbread and restore the original paneling.

The British Rich Today

Virginia Cowles

Drawings by Jon Nielsen

AFTER six years of total war and four years of a Socialist government, one might have expected that there would no longer be any rich people left in England. The astonishing fact is that despite terrific taxes and the termination of many of their former privileges and luxuries, English millionaires still manage to live on a more plentiful scale than the millionaires of almost any other country in the world. While the castles of Austria are abandoned and the chateaux of France in sad repair, while Italian palaces have been converted into flats and Polish mansions into burned-out ruins, the stately homes of England, which in 1940 were turned into schools and hospitals and government offices, are mostly once again occupied by their owners. Once again guests arrive from London, once again hounds meet and guns are assembled, once again the country house weekend is a stable institution.

The shadow of austerity, which so darkens the daily lives of most Englishmen, has fallen comparatively lightly on the really rich. For although the government bases its policy on the slogan, "Fair Shares for All," there are still a great many good things that money can buy, and buy legally. Flats and houses are always on the market for those who can pay the price, and luxury foods—caviar, pheasant, lobster, duck, partridge, plover's eggs, and so on—are unrationed. Most wealthy

Britishers also have their own farms which provide them with cream, butter, and eggs; they are allowed to kill two pigs a year, a calf every three months, and as many sheep as they can eat.

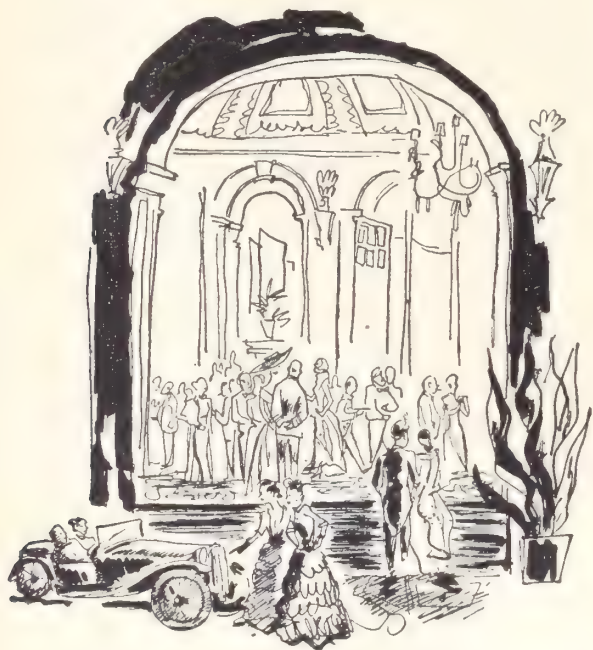
Petrol difficulties can be solved by "car-hire" services which operate in plenty, and by extra supplies granted for business purposes, which usually afford some scope for pleasure as well. (The fact that peers are given an extra allowance for putting in an appearance at the House of Lords has had a noticeable effect on the attendance.)

Currency restrictions have probably offered the rich their greatest annoyance. Those who travel for pleasure rather than business are not allowed to spend money freely in any country that lies outside the sterling area. In France and ten other European countries they are permitted a comparatively small allowance; in America and other dollar areas, none. However, the fact that the sterling area limits people to Ireland, the West Indies, Bermuda, Cyprus, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, and India cannot alone be deemed an overwhelming hardship.

It is not surprising that life moves more smoothly for the rich than the poor. What is startling is that there are any people left who can spend lavishly. For English millionaires pay an income tax of 19/6 on the pound—a tax of 97½ per cent—and Sir Staf-

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ford Cripps announces solemnly that only two hundred and fifty people in Britain have an income of over \$20,000 a year. To this there are several answers. The first is that the capital value of the millionaire is still very great and that he can live well, for a time at least, by going into his reserves. In 1937 it was estimated that 10,000 of the population owned 10 per cent of the national wealth; and although no surveys have been made since the war, even if property has spread to twice or even three times this number of people (which is highly unlikely), it is still concentrated in very few hands. While some of the millionaires are cutting into their capital, others manage to make money each year from capital gains, which are not taxable as they are in the United States. These men make enough money from speculations on the stock markets and from the buying and selling of businesses and properties outside the run of their ordinary business interests to maintain them without drawing on their reserves. They are the men who still live on a prewar scale, who keep up large establishments in London as well as the country, who entertain lavishly, and who spend



the winter on their yachts following the sun. But such men are not representative of the majority of English millionaires today; most rich men have closed their London houses and retired to their estates, where they live comfortably but exclusively on the land. And it is the land that has saved them.

IT MAY seem curious to Americans that so many Englishmen own land to which they can retreat. The fact is that in England the rich are more of an institution than a group of individuals. Whereas in America rich men differ widely in their tastes and demands, ranging all the way from Newport social leaders to Texas cattle kings, from Hollywood producers to Chicago business men, in England they fit into a traditional mold. No matter whether their money is inherited or earned, most rich men send their sons to public schools and most rich men die peers. The effect of Eton and the House of Lords is to give them a common background and a common culture, to shape their tastes and interests to a common pattern. This pattern has been laid down by the English aristocracy, whose roots have always been in the land and whose social life has always centered in their country seats. For this reason, the rich and ambitious who do not inherit country houses have a strong tendency to acquire them.

These houses are very different from the millionaire establishments of Long Island or Palm Beach, or the solemn row of palaces that stand side by side at Newport. English country houses are not in towns or suburbs but in the country; they are not isolated residences but each is part of an estate. Most rich Englishmen own farmland that ranges in extent anywhere from a hundred to a hundred thousand acres. Before the war, much of this land was let to tenants; today, with farm produce fetching higher prices than ever before, many landlords are taking an active interest in managing their own property. Although their incomes from investments are very severely reduced, the gap is considerably narrowed by the fact that they can write off part of the upkeep against farm accounts.

If the house is still too large to maintain under present conditions, the millionaire has another alternative. He can give it to the nation. This arrangement enables him to continue living in it with the National Trust paying the upkeep; when he dies, it passes to the public. In the past twenty-five years many great houses have been presented to the Trust. Among them are Hatfield, owned by Lord Salisbury; Knole, the great Elizabethan mansion of Lord Sackville; and Cliveden, the home of Lord Astor.

II

THE British millionaire, however, regards himself as having fallen on dark days, and compared with former times this is certainly true. No other Western country has offered such an attractive life to the rich through such an unbroken succession of centuries as England. And just as present-day millionaires sigh for the prewar world, the prewar world sighed for the splendor of the Edwardians, as the Edwardians, no doubt envied the Victorians, and the Victorians, the eighteenth-century nobleman who was innocently unaware of the approach of the income tax. Even in the years between the two world wars, when the United Kingdom as a whole was far from prosperous, Society in England lived on a far more magnificent scale than in New York or Chicago or Philadelphia. Rich men not only owned large estates in the country, but maintained big establishments in London as well. The brilliance of the London season, which lasted from May until August, attracted people from all over the world. Opulence was reflected by the number of Rolls Royces on the street, by the lighted windows and the sound of music in the leafy squares of Mayfair and Belgravia, by the jewels and the balls at Buckingham Palace, by Cowes and Ascot and Lords.

What I, as an American, found most impressive when I first went to England was the amount people ate. Lunch was not the hurried affair it is in America, but moved from entree to fish, from fish to meat with elaborate dignity. Three hours later there was tea, which usually included scones and cakes and buns, and three hours after that, dinner, which often kept people at the table until nearly midnight. Even this was not all; in any well-run house a tray with whisky and soda and sandwiches always awaited the master's return so that he might not have the uncomfortable sensation of feeling faint in the night. Still more unforgettable was the first sight of a country-house breakfast with the row of shining silver dishes containing porridge, bacon and eggs, and kedgeree; and next to the silver dishes the side of ham, the partridges, and sometimes even roast beef.

The next most impressive aspect of prewar British Society was the number of servants

the rich employed. Even though most of the houses were larger than New York houses, the servants required to run them seemed many times as numerous. They were as well drilled as an army and appeared to be organized on the same lines, with infinite gradations in rank. The secret of their success lay in the fact that they were not under the control of the mistress of the house, but of one another. The butler was in charge of the footman, the cook in charge of the kitchen maids, the nannie in charge of the nursery maids, the head-housemaid in charge of the under-maids. The whole household was divided into departments with highly specialized functions.

This had advantages in times of ease, but when war broke out and luxuries were severely curtailed it seemed to take the servants longer to re-adjust themselves than it did their masters and mistresses. During the blitz of 1940 I visited a friend who had moved from London to a small house in the country. Although there was not enough work for her staff to do, out of loyalty she took seven of them with her. But when I arrived I found the house in commotion. My friend moaned that she had just discovered that the seven she had picked were all "head-servants" and as a result nothing was being done. She had complained that the windows need washing and had called each one in turn to find out whose job it was; finally the butler had explained gently that in London a professional window cleaner had always been called in. The scene



ended with the lady getting a bucket and rag and doing it herself.

Under the British system the standard of service was high, but the amount English people seemed to require often struck an American as astounding. In prewar days it was not unusual for young men to take servants to Oxford with them; and the acme of luxury revealed itself in the sight of a valet cleaning his master's white pigskin hunting breeches with the whites of two dozen eggs.



Service was not merely confined to a man's home either; you could reserve tickets for the cinema over the telephone; you could summon a messenger by merely instructing the telephone operator; you could hand parcels to a train guard to be dropped at any station along the route; you could even ask the restaurant waiter to send someone to you to make your telephone calls while you ate your lunch in peace. As for shopping, life seemed to be organized exclusively for the rich, for no country in the world specialized more successfully in high-priced goods; from Rolls Royce motor cars to Crown Derby china, from Tip Tree jam to Heal beds, you could always be sure of getting the best.

Credit was extended on an astonishingly wide scale. One young Englishman asserted that London was the only great city in the world where it was possible to operate successfully all day long "without a bean in your pocket." Most expensive hotels and restau-

rants allowed even strangers to pay for meals by check and West End tailors waited for years for their accounts to be settled. Indeed, prompt payment was so rare that it was usual to reward it by deducting 10 per cent from the bill.

Even the banks extended wide credit. To have a check returned marked "insufficient funds" as it is in America is unknown in Britain. Almost all clients are allowed overdrafts; how high these are allowed to rise depends on the security behind them. Indeed, overdrafts are so much a part of life that someone once defined bankruptcy in Britain as the state arrived at when the interest on a man's overdraft exceeded the interest on his income.

But what made life so attractive for the British millionaire was not only the background of comfort but a common interest in the affairs of the day which bound the wealthy together. Society was a mixture of politicians, bankers, landowners, barristers, and writers, and the fact that so many of them had known each other since childhood gave it an intimacy which added rather than detracted from its variety. Conversation was witty and intelligent, and because people entertained in their houses rather than in restaurants or hotels it had a chance to flower to its fullest.

British society was also distinguished from the society of Paris, Rome, or New York by its function as a governing class. Rich men enjoyed both the luxury that money brought them and the comfortable feeling that this luxury was fully justified by their contribution to the nation. Today that comfortable feeling has gone.

III

WHAT measures has the Socialist government taken against the rich? Very few, for the simple reason that the wartime government had already raised taxation to a peak beyond which it would hardly have been possible to go. The income tax began to rise when rearmament became necessary in 1937, and continued to rise until 1941, when it reached its all-time peak of ten shillings on the pound, or 50 per cent of a man's income. Added to this, the surtax, which is payable on incomes of over £2,000 a year (or \$8,000), rose to 9/6 on the pound on incomes of over £20,000, which meant that all very

rich men were paying a total of 19/6 on the pound, thus leveling the highest incomes to about £5,000 a year.

During the past few years the Labor government has reduced the income tax a shilling and increased the supertax a shilling—which, incidentally, works out at a slight benefit for the millionaire. It has also introduced a profits tax, has increased the death duties, and has taken a small capital levy. But although these last three measures have touched the rich man's pocket, for the time being they have not necessarily affected his standard of living seriously.

What the rich man blames the Socialists for, in connection with his own wealth, is not so much what they have done as what they have left undone. He believes that if the government cut public expenditure it could drastically reduce the income tax. Instead it is continuing to impose on him sacrifices and penalties which he had hoped were only war-time measures. However, even though the Conservative party claims that high taxation is destroying incentive, it has been careful not to commit itself to any specific reductions, and many people doubt whether it could alter the scale sufficiently to make an appreciable difference to high incomes. What a Conservative government could do would be to give the rich sympathy.

Today most rich men are isolated from the political life of the country. Not only is their power broken, not only do they seldom meet cabinet ministers and Socialist M.P.'s, but even the prestige of being rich is diminishing. The fact that so many of them have inherited rather than earned their money is constantly brought to the attention of the public by Socialist propaganda. Instead of being honored for their wealth, many of them are now being regarded as parasites. Psychologically this has been disturbing; rich men no longer derive the same enjoyment from their possessions that they once did.

What is the future of the English millionaire? Death duties were first introduced in 1894 and in 1930 were as high as 30 per cent on estates valued at £1,000,000. Today they are nearly double that amount. If a man's property is worth £1,000,000, he pays £700,000; if it's worth £250,000 (\$1,000,000) he pays the equivalent of \$450,000. However, there is a loophole. There is no gift tax such

as exists in America. So long as a man gives away his property seven years before he dies it escapes taxation. Many fathers therefore turn their properties over to their sons and thus manage to keep their inheritance intact. But this is not always foolproof. Lord Derby, for example, assigned his vast estate to a son who died shortly afterward, which meant that the property became liable to death duties not once, but twice.



The millionaires of England will probably exist for many years to come. Today the great palace of Blenheim where Churchill was born is still occupied by the Duke of Marlborough; Chatsworth is still occupied by the Duke of Devonshire; Melbury by the Earl of Ilchester; Alnwick by the Duke of Northumberland; Drumlanrig Castle by the Duke of Buccleuch; Grimthorpe by the Earl of Ancaster; Belvoir by the Duke of Rutland; Donrobin by the Duke of Sutherland; Arundel by the Duke of Norfolk; Petworth by the Earl of Leconfield.

Recently someone complained that the slow but persistent decline of the rich man's fortunes would soon reduce the English millionaire to the same scale of living as the American millionaire; that, no doubt, is the change the next twenty years will bring, if they do not bring much more. For although country-house life still continues with much of its former splendor, the wealth which supports it is being gradually eaten away.

Is Management Legitimate?

The New Society, Part II

Peter F. Drucker

This series of three articles discusses the world revolution of our time which has been brought about by the mass-production principle in industry. Last month Mr. Drucker demonstrated how the industrial or business enterprise, which is the representative institution of modern society, has separated the workman from his product, disrupted the family, and introduced a new and decisive middle class. In turning to the "governmental" functions of that primary institution, he comes to the double question of the legitimate authority of management and union.—The Editors

IN THE new society emerging in our mass-production era, the industrial or business enterprise is necessarily a "governmental" or ruling institution, exercising vital authority over men. But the main function of the enterprise is the production of goods, not the governance of men. Its governmental authority must always be subordinated to its economic function and responsibility. It can never be an autonomous function, a purpose in itself. *Hence it can never be discharged primarily in the interest of those over whom the enterprise rules.* United States Steel exists not to provide a living for its employees but to make steel.

Any government, no matter how constituted—so political theorists have agreed for almost 2,500 years—must be legitimate or it will not survive. A legitimate government is a government that rules in the interest of its subjects. But the enterprise cannot possibly be legitimate in that sense. The first concern of the enterprise must be for profitability and productivity, not for the welfare of its members. The members are not the citizens for whose benefit the institution exists; they are a group of claimants—a very important group of claimants, but no more important than

other groups such as consumers. The claim of the girl at the switchboard or the man at the lathe must be subordinate to the claim of the enterprise itself—that is, to the claim of economic performance. Even if the governmental authority under which these people work is discharged entirely in the social interest, it is still, to them, an alien authority. The problem is this: the worker's interest as a member of the enterprise and as a subject of its governmental authority is not identical with society's interest in the economic performance of the enterprise.

The governmental authority of the enterprise does not result from legal, political, or economic factors outside of the enterprise but from the nature and the purpose of the enterprise itself. Management must exist, and it must manage, no matter how control and ownership are organized politically, how profit and loss are distributed, or how management is selected and appointed. Management has an objective function, which is grounded in the necessity of the enterprise and takes precedence over the interest of the employees.

The management of the industrial or business enterprise cannot be a "government for the people." Even if management were a

"government of the people" and "by the people," if all legal power, ownership, and control were, for instance, vested in the members of the plant community, management still would not be, could not possibly be, a "government for the people."

II

THERE is no way round the split. For one hundred years or more all attempts to find a way have failed. Fourier, the French "utopian socialist," proposed before 1820 to solve the problem through giving the ownership of the enterprise to the workers. Surely, it seemed, this would give the workers control and make the government of the enterprise responsible and legitimate. Almost a century and a half later, this solution still commands wide popular support and has a profound impact on our industrial organization. For it applies to the industrial sphere the very principle of political order which emerged victorious with nineteenth-century liberalism, the principle of modern representative democracy.

Yet wherever tried, worker-ownership has been found wanting. It failed in those by no means infrequent privately-owned companies that were given to the employees—like the Zeiss optical works in Germany, worker-owned for a half-century, or the even older worker-owned companies in France which go back to Fourier. The elimination of the "alien" owner and substitution of worker-ownership does not result in a "withering away of management" or in any substantial change in the behavior, character, or attributes of management. Though the profits go to the workers, the government of the enterprise is as little government for the worker as before. As one old employee at the most successful worker-owned company in this country, the American Cast Iron Pipe Company in Birmingham, Alabama, said when the workers were trying to organize a union against their own company and against their own management some years ago: "Sure, this is my plant, but somebody has to protect my rights as a down-trodden working stiff against my privileges as a bloated capitalist stockholder."

Nationalization of industry is the contemporary extension of this attempt to mend the split by worker-ownership. So far this experi-

ment has not solved the problem. The collapse of the nationalization drives in Central Europe after World War I was largely due to the employees' disillusionment at the failure of nationalization to change the basic nature of the enterprise and its governmental authority. Today the new socialist regimes in Europe are beginning to feel the same disappointment. While the rank and file of the trade-union membership in England presses for more and "real" worker-government to get rid of management, the Labor government itself now fights this demand and insists on "professional" management. In Czechoslovakia, the Communist government tells trade-union leaders that "now that capitalism has been conquered," trade unionists must assume the "managerial responsibility" for profitability and productivity. In the newly nationalized industries in France, government and workers have clashed head-on in the fight between the demands of economic performance and of security. The government's enforcement of sharp cuts in the labor force may well become the major issue in the struggle for survival of the Fourth Republic. In Germany, the new managers of the Ruhr industries—nominated almost entirely by the trade unions and composed of their men—have barely taken over, but already the men complain that they are just like the old bosses.

Two fallacies are inherent in the worker-ownership solution. In the first place, this theory applies to the industrial enterprise the concepts of a sovereign political body—that is, of a unit that is an end in itself. But only if the enterprise supplied substantially all of its members' wants would government by the members be government *for* the members. As Fourier himself saw, worker-ownership presupposes a utopian community such as his "phalanstery," which served as the model for so many of the utopian communities founded in the United States between 1820 and 1850. But utopias are by nature of fleeting endurance, and the industrial enterprise is not the whole of society but merely its economic organ—the best and most efficient means found so far for the production of economic goods for society as a whole and for all of the citizenry.

Another fallacy lies in the identification of "control" of the enterprise—that is, manage-

ment—with legal ownership. If “control” were indeed based on legal title of ownership, a shift of the legal title from the “capitalist” to the “worker” would shift control from “management” to the “worker.” But ownership and control are two separate things: one is grounded in law, the other in function; one is mobile and marketable, the other tied to the enterprise. Ownership is primarily a right; control is primarily a responsibility. The two are so different that their conjunction in one hand was possible only in a pre-industrial or mercantile society.

In non-socialist countries today the owner—that is, the shareholder—has largely abandoned control. A growing number of our large enterprises are run on the model which Owen D. Young proposed twenty years ago, when he was head of the General Electric Company: the stockholders are confined to a maximum return equivalent to a risk premium. The remaining profit stays in the enterprise, is paid out in higher wages, or is passed on to the consumer in the form of lower prices. Yet in none of these companies has the management function changed; in none has management become a government for the workers or been accepted by them as a legitimate authority.

In other words, regardless where the profits go, regardless who owns the legal title, regardless how the management is selected and to whom it is responsible, the management-worker relationship is bound to be the same. As far as the worker is concerned, the management in the government-owned enterprise of a socialist state is fully as much “management” as if the enterprise were personally owned by J. P. Morgan and operated for his exclusive benefit. The promise to workers that nationalization of industry will make the government of the enterprise “their” government—a dear belief for the past century—will lead to swift and cruel disappointment.

III

THE new paternalism currently fashionable in this country is another attempt to heal the split between the interests of labor and of the government of the enterprise. It too must fail. For its slogan—“Management has the workers’ best interests at heart”—implies that management can be

legitimate if only it tries. This approach to the problem seeks to apply to the political problems of the enterprise another traditional concept of the sovereign state, that of eighteenth-century enlightened despotism. But the fact is that management cannot live up to its maxim. However sincerely concerned it may be with the welfare of its employees, the enterprise must first carry out its economic function. At best, the maxim will work in fair weather; in hard times, management must put it aside. The experience of modern colonial paternalism demonstrates the inevitable failure of this policy in the long run. Till well into the nineteenth century, Britain overtly subordinated its governmental responsibility toward its colonies to their use as a source of raw materials and of trade. It was precisely against this concept, rather than any specific tax, that the American colonists revolted. But the new colonialism of the second half of the nineteenth century, which accepted the political responsibility of attempting to give a “government for the people,” immediately ran into conflict with the obligation to administer the colony in the economic or strategic interest of the home country. In this dilemma, Britain and the other colonial powers resorted to enlightened despotism, to the idea that colonial government has the natives’ best interest at heart. But the “white man’s burden” theory failed to gain the one thing that mattered: acceptance by the colonials as a legitimate government. The more the government did to lift the natives economically, socially, and culturally, the greater became the opposition. The leaders of colonial resistance were trained at Oxford or the Sorbonne. Moreover, this failure undermined trust in the very principles of responsible government in the name of which the colonial peoples were subjected to an alien authority.

Similarly, enlightened paternalism in the industrial enterprise may drag down with it into failure the principles on which it claims to be based: the principles of modern Human Relations policies. It would be disastrous if workers should conclude that Human Relations is a management trick to fool and control the employees. Human Relations is our major diagnostic device in understanding the enterprise as a social institution. On its intelligent use and on its acceptance by manage-

ment and workers largely depends our chance to solve the difficulties in the social sphere.

IV

THE only answer to the problem of the political duality of the industrial enterprise is the labor union. Management and its authority are an integral part of the structure, no matter what political, economic, or legal expedients are tried in order to obviate its rule. Since this authority can never be legitimate, the split must be institutionalized, must be built into the very government of the enterprise. The only way to legitimize the power—that is, make it responsible to its members—is through a counterpoise which both represents the members against their government and forms a part of the government. The union is thus the institutional expression of the basic political tension of the enterprise.

The labor union is not exclusively or even predominantly an economic pressure group. Undoubtedly it exercises some economic functions, but it is primarily a political organ. Even where the conflict is apparently over dollars and cents, the real fight is over power and control. The concept of the union as an economic pressure group had some currency in Europe—the non-socialist, white-collar unions of pre-Hitler Germany, for instance, subscribed to it. And in America it was the dominant view up to a dozen years ago. Samuel Gompers inherited it from Mark Hanna—who had developed it to bring labor into the Republican party—and built on it the American Federation of Labor.

The most consistent expression of this position we owe to John L. Lewis. In fact, his actions as the leader of the United Mine Workers Union during the past twenty-five years make no sense whatever except as an expression of the basic concept that unions are economic pressure groups exclusively concerned with the size of labor's share in the national income. They owe allegiance to their members, watching out only for the members' economic interest, and have neither political function nor social responsibility. John L. Lewis probably never said (when asked by the President of the United States to call off a coal strike because it endangered war production): "The President of the

United States is paid to look after the national interest; I am only paid to look after the economic interests of the coal miners." But even if the statement is a reporter's invention, it expresses Lewis' basic position.

A good deal more can be said for this view than most contemporary critics admit. But it is nevertheless untenable—not only because of its social consequences but because it completely misinterprets the function of the union. Even if a union were to confine itself entirely to the problems of cash income, it would inevitably have to oppose on principle the rationale of the enterprise. It would have to set against profitability and productivity the needs of the worker for a predictable wage and predictable employment. And that is not a fight over the division of the economic pie but one over what basic principles should govern the enterprise.

Every single area of union activity is inevitably also a management area, whether it be working hours or working conditions, job definitions, job assignments, hiring and firing policies, supervisory authority, or seniority provisions. These things are the very core of union concern and of union contracts. Every union must insist on a grievance procedure—that is, on recognition of the union's demand both to participate in management decisions and to fight against them. Above all, every union has to demand the right to strike. But even when the goals of a strike are economic—and the real goals rarely are—the strike itself is the supreme political weapon, it is the "right to rebellion" of classic political theory.

Whether the union admits it or not, it is a governmental organ exercising, controlling, or vetoing vital governmental functions. It may make sense for a union to deny this, as the Gompers-John L. Lewis position denies it. But it is shortsightedness to the point of folly for any management to deny that the union necessarily concerns itself with problems which are "properly management's prerogative." Every concern of the union is with matters which are properly management's prerogative; in fact, it is precisely because of this "prerogative" that the union exists.

MANAGEMENT today frequently explains the success of the union as the result of the sins of omission and commission of past "unenlightened" manage-

ments. This assertion denies the existence of a specifically political problem in the relationship between the enterprise and its members, and leads directly to enlightened industrial despotism. For its adherents conclude from the argument that the union is a reaction to improper management, that the union would have no purpose and function in a properly managed industrial system. It would quietly wither away, leaving complete control in the hands of one all-wise and benevolent management.

It is certainly true that the philosophy, deeds, and misdeeds of past managements account for the peculiar traits of union movements in particular countries or in particular industries. The distinct management types bred by the major industries are reflected in the personal characteristics of present-day union leaders. The unions are a *counter-force*, a reaction against management. The personality, philosophy, tactics, and even the rhetoric of John L. Lewis bear an interesting resemblance to those of that leader of the American coal industry in 1902 who intoned: "The rights and interests of the laboring men will be protected and cared for, not by the labor agitators but by the Christian men to whom God, in His infinite wisdom, has given control of the property interests of the country."

Similarly, Walter Reuther fits into the very different tradition of management in the early days of the American automobile industry. And Ernest Bevin could not be imagined except in the British labor movement. Management policies and behavior also explain a good deal about the timing of the union development—though other factors such as economic conditions, labor supply, and government policies have probably been more influential as releases or brakes on the growth of unionism.

In one important area, management's sins of omission and commission are indeed the actual cause of unionism. The policies which management adopts here decide whether the union has a function or not. This is the "twilight zone" of the industrial middle class, of supervision and middle-management. On the one hand these groups are employees like the rank and file; on the other hand they share in the managerial function to a considerable extent. They can identify themselves either

with the governmental authority of the enterprise, or with the rank and file against the governmental authority of the enterprise. Which way they will go depends partly on the willingness of top management to make their management functions real rather than nominal, and partly on management's ability to establish a constructive relationship with the union representing the rank and file. Supervision—and probably also middle-management—will be almost forced to unionize in self-defense if the management-union relationship remains one of latent or open civil war. They cannot survive in the no man's land between without the protection of a union of their own.

Yet, in general, the assertion that the "union is the result of management's sins of omission and commission" is false. Management's policies and personalities have a real influence on the attributes and accidents of any given union movement, any given union leadership. But the cause, the driving force, the purpose and function of unionism are all independent of the policies of management and rooted in the one thing over which management has absolutely no control whatever: the very existence and function of management itself.

THE suggestion has been made that the political problem of the enterprise can be resolved by entrusting management to the union. Because of the objective nature of the management function, this proposal is doomed. For as soon as a union assumes the functions of management it can no longer represent the worker against the enterprise. This holds good whether the economy is a free-enterprise or a socialist economy. Nor can the problem be solved by action of the union outside the enterprise, popular as this belief has been that by "taking over the government" the union movement could take the power in the enterprise away from management and put it in the hands of the workers. This belief—the stock-in-trade of the German union tradition and widely held by union leaders everywhere—completely mistakes the nature of the problem as well as the nature of management. It is also destructive of unionism itself. It shifts the center of attention away from the enterprise. If the life of the union does not center on the rep-

resentation of the workers of one particular enterprise against the particular management of the same enterprise, it abandons its function, ossifies, and loses the allegiance of the workers—as the example of the German trade unions before Hitler abundantly proves. The function of the union is within the enterprise. It is to be an opposition, a counterweight to the governmental authority of the enterprise. The union cannot circumvent or take over management authority.

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IN ALL recorded history I know of only one parallel to the labor union. In Republican Rome there was a split—comparable to that of the enterprise—between the ritual and religious responsibilities of the chiefs of the old clans, the Senators, and the interests of their subjects, the Plebs, the new immigrant population. In this situation—which was brought to a head by the first general strike recorded in history—the solution was to build into the government of Rome a special organ, the Tribune, representing the Plebs against its own rulers. But the emergence of the Tribune created as many new problems as it solved old ones. Eventually it was abolished by being “nationalized,” and the Emperor became the Tribune; but the Senate too lost all independence.

The union likewise sows new problems as fast as it eradicates old ones. It provides the only way of resolving the political dilemma of the enterprise, but that solution is precarious and vexing. The problems of the union—its place and function in industrial society, its relationship with the enterprise, and its internal organization and cohesion—are so difficult that we are bound to ask whether the contribution which unionism makes is worth the price. The question arises in every industrial country—and it is not posed by “union busters” alone.

THERE is always the danger that society will attempt to solve the political problem of the enterprise by suppressing the union. This suppression will not take the form of outlawing the union but of nationalizing it—a much more subtle and much greater threat to unionism than open attack. Getting rid of the union is not inconceivably

difficult, for the union is not essential to the enterprise in the same way as management is. The Nazis actually abolished unions through nationalization, and in the Soviet Union they exist in name only. An industrial system without management is impossible, but the union is not the original, the dynamic force of the industrial economy. Just as the light of the moon is only a reflection, the union's function derives from that of management. Hence the industrial system will not stop if the union movement is suppressed, as it would surely stop if government tried to run industry without management.

Nevertheless, the need to make the government of the industrial system legitimate will persist no matter how society is organized; and in that need resides the function of the union. The tension which the union expresses is inherent in the enterprise. Neither tension, nor function, nor need can be eliminated by suppressing the union or by destroying its reality as under the Soviet system. Suppressing the unions may at a particular moment give relief from what may appear to be unbearable social stress, but the relief will be obtained at the price of making the disease incurable. What is even more important: suppression of the union in an industrial society presupposes a totalitarian government. Only such a government would have the peculiar power required to break the union movement. The only way, other than through the union, to provide relief from the tension caused by the “split personality” of the industrial enterprise is through permanent mass hysteria, which only totalitarianism can provoke and keep alive.

The problems of the union are such that they can be solved only by rather drastic changes in its policies and organization. But the aim of whatever policies will have to be adopted must not be “anti-union”; on the contrary, their purpose must be to make it possible for the union to function effectively and constructively—in its own interest, in the interest of the enterprise, and in the interest of society. To make the union function is one of the biggest tasks confronting our society; on our success may depend our hopes to retain our free institutions. As management is essential to the economic and social functioning of our society, the union is essential to its free spirit.

The Aristocrat

A Story by V. S. Pritchett

Drawings by John Groth



IT WAS at two o'clock and after a good lunch that Mr. Murgatroyd went into The Prince of Denmark and took his stand four-square and defensive against the bar. The time was seven minutes past two by the clock above the bottles, but by his gold watch, which he slipped out of its chamois case, it was two. He remarked upon this to Mrs. Pierce, the publican, who was leaning with her fat forearms on the bar, musing like a cat; and she croaked out a long story about her husband winding up the clock on Saturday nights.

The usual people were on the bench in the small bar, crowded, cheerful, and comfortable. Mr. Sanders with a red carnation in his buttonhole, squeezing his little legs together with glee, like a house-fly in the sun, in the midst of three women and not sitting next to his wife. They all heard the conversation with Mrs. Pierce and they heard her say:

"Bit of an 'eat wave isn't it, Mr. Murgatroyd?" nodding to the first flakes of March snow in the street.

To this Mr. Sanders added his news:

"Couple of cases of sunstroke in the Theobald's Road they tell me."

The presence of Mr. Murgatroyd brought out Mr. Sanders's wit. He was a dogged little

man with a waxed mustache and tobacco-stained fingers, one to nudge the ladies in the ribs with his sharp elbows, a jumping cracker at three-ten a week in the provision trade. And bald.

Mr. Murgatroyd was wearing a smart, new gray flannel suit. A pair of yellow gloves dropped in one hand like the most elegant banana skins. He was a shy and important man. His eloquence was in the breadth of his shoulders, in the thick pink of his face after the first drink, in the full-moon expansion of his stomach under the smooth waistcoat and in the polish of his shoes.

Mrs. Sanders, a woman pushed to the outskirts of everything and sitting on the extreme edge of the bench, was ashamed of her wriggling husband when Mr. Murgatroyd, blue-eyed, shy, and impressive, stood with his lids lowered, gazing at the floor, secure and silent in his substance.

The young actress who was always there on Saturday afternoon got up and opened her fur coat when Mr. Murgatroyd came in. She rested one hand on her hip, gave a long look into the mirror and began walking up and down, almost touching Mr. Murgatroyd when she turned. Mr. Murgatroyd lowered his eyes when she came, rolling her lips, humming, and laughing toward him.

IT WAS Mr. Sanders's round. Mr. Murgatroyd took a deep drink, faced the eyes of the dancing actress for a second, and then, as the beer sank down in him, grew heavy in the head, solid in his silence, and vague in his vision.

It was at this moment when they were busy with their glasses, all talking at once, when Mr. Murgatroyd unbuttoned his new coat and was easing out his disclaiming stomach and when the actress gave it a tap on the fourth button, with the words, "What you got in there Mr. Murgatroyd?"—it was at this moment that a stranger came into the bar. He was a tall, white-haired man and was among them just as Mr. Sanders was pulling the money out of his pocket. Mr. Sanders was bobbing about, standing in his way. "Jim," whispered Mrs. Sanders, anxiously leaning across to pull her husband's coattails. "There's a gentleman wants to get past."

"Excuse me, mister," said Mr. Sanders, holding a full glass in each hand and abashed by the height of the stranger. A quiet, slightly wavering voice replied, and the stranger walked past them to the bar.

"A beer if you please," he said. He turned round and all talk stopped. They saw the old man looking at them, counting them, giving each one of them a fine, quick calculating stab of his eyes. There were wet points of thawed snow on his long shabby green overcoat. Without a word he took his glass and walked slowly over to the mirror and put it down on the shelf. They watched him. His clothes were worn but they were carefully kept.

ONE hand was fidgiting in his overcoat pocket as he stood. He was an old man; he might have been seventy, even seventy-five. He was thin, rigid, and austere, a soldierly old man with quick crafty eyes. His lips were pared away to two thin, stiff lines, he carried his chin high like a sentry. His nose was lean and aquiline, and he wore a long, carefully clipped mustache which curled with a military flourish. It was the alertness of the gray threadbare eyes of the old man and something supple and gentle in him that silenced everyone.

Mr. Murgatroyd lowered his eyes and studied the old man's clothes. They were old and respectable. Mr. Sanders was silenced

by the aristocratic curve, the disciplined richness of that white mustache. Mrs. Tagg jostled her various selves together within her corsets and stared. Mrs. Sanders timidly admired. The actress stood yielding, softening her gaiety before his white age.

"Cold day," said the old man to them all. They were all surprised. Only the actress and Mrs. Tagg murmured a reply.

Although he stood still, he was a restless old man. He moved his feet a little as he stood and one of his hands was continually fingering something hidden in his pocket. Everybody noted this. Then his eyes moved in soft, darting glances at them all, so that they shifted their eyes. By those razor-cut glances he seemed to observe not their faces but things on their persons. Mr. Sanders straightened his carnation after one of these looks and Mrs. Tagg felt for her black beads. When he turned to Mr. Murgatroyd he looked straight into the middle of Mr. Murgatroyd's fine gray flannel stomach. Mr. Murgatroyd leaned back rather more defensively against the bar; then he relented; being a very shy man he could not resist the chance of a conversation when someone had got over the first difficulties.

"Was it snowing still?" Mr. Murgatroyd asked.

"It was," said the old man.

Mr. Murgatroyd wagged his head.

"This wind finds out all your weak spots," said the old man. There was a movement of sympathy; he drew himself up with dignity to repel it.

Then the old man, with some deliberation, opened his overcoat and he was seen to be even thinner than he had first appeared. His long hand went into the pocket of his carefully darned jacket and he drew out something which amazed them all.

It was a very large green silk handkerchief with a brilliant pattern of red and yellow suns on it, rich, exotic, and expensive. Mrs. Tagg reckoned out the price at once. He let the handkerchief fall to its full length and caught it with his other hand. He gave it a small shake and gathered it up, clutching it tightly and watching it spring out and open like a gorgeous flower. Mr. Sanders had expected to see it lifted straight to the beads of foam on the old man's fine mustache; but now he was playing with it, showing

it off, conjuring with its brilliant lightness in the snow darkness of the bar. Would it fall to the dirty floor?

But the old man did not let it fall. He lightly touched his mustache with it and put it not into the inner pocket, but into the outside pocket of his overcoat. It hung out and Mr. Murgatroyd looked down his own chest and gave a touch to his own handkerchief in his breast pocket. The old man took one of his economical drinks and then smiled a friendly, faintly triumphant smile.

Mrs. Tagg smiled back at him. She was gazing at the handkerchief hanging far out of the pocket.

"Mind you don't drop that handkerchief of yours," said Mr. Murgatroyd with great difficulty.

The old man, still smiling, drew back before this friendliness and straightened himself.

"**Y**ou don't want to lose a nice one like that," said Mrs. Tagg. The old man surveyed them all and murmured something impatiently as if resenting interference. Rebuked, they watched. Presently, eyeing them all, he drew out of his other pocket the thing he had been fingering for so long. It was a short smooth stick about a foot long, like a wooden whistle.

It was not a whistle, but merely a stick. He took it out and ran it through his hands, smoothing it and stroking it, and with every touch his thin, stiff hands seemed to become lighter and softer and more pliable. He passed the stick from one hand to the other, sometimes holding it only between the tips of his two forefingers. The actress came forward to watch this.

"Nice bit of wood," said Mr. Murgatroyd inquiringly.

"Uh," grinned the old man and then with a severe look put the stick back in his pocket. There was disappointment in the wondering eyes of Mrs. Sanders. But the old man was fumbling and muttering:

"Yes, yes," and went on fumbling.

"Your handkerchief is in the other pocket," said Mr. Sanders eagerly. The actress looked admiringly at Mr. Sanders for being so quick to read her thoughts.

"I know," said the old man, giving him a severe glance, and still fumbling and frowning now with irritation.

Mr. Murgatroyd expanded and said with amusement:

"Lost something?"

The old man looked round sharply.

"Have you got a sixpence?" he jerked.

Mr. Murgatroyd's smile died in his soul but remained fixed on his face. He colored. He moved his lips. He concealed a swallow. He leaned further back against the counter. Everyone was watching the crisis in Mr. Murgatroyd.

"I want a sixpence," said the old man and appealed to the others. "A sixpence," he said quickly. And at the same time he drew out the brilliant handkerchief and caught it with the other hand.

"I'll show you something. I'll show you what I can do with this handkerchief."

His whole manner had changed. He had become sharp and assertive.

The actress saw it at once. Her eyes woke up.

"You are going to do a trick," she said.

He looked at her with contempt and a smile on the tail of it.

"A conjuring trick?" asked Mr. Murgatroyd widening his eyes. "What are you going to do? Sixpence and a handkerchief?" he said deprecatingly.

"You know it?" said the old man.

"Everyone knows it. Everyone sees it. The vanishing sixpence."

"There's nothing new in that," laughed Mr. Sanders. "Eh, ma?" he said.

They all laughed. God, the old man was a conjurer. Mrs. Pierce without unfolding her arms, slid them further down the bar.

The old man's eyes glittered.

"I'll bet you a tanner," said the old man, "you don't see it." And he stared full and unanswerably at Mr. Murgatroyd. Mr. Murgatroyd stared back with all his might. He entrenched himself against the counter. Mrs. Pierce stepped nearer on her side and he entrenched himself against the support of Mrs. Pierce and the bar. He went very red and a mist came into his eyes.

"You want my sixpence," he said in a stupor, strenuously defending himself.

"No, I'll make a bet," the old man said, "with anyone." He snapped his fingers at them all. "You'll get it back," he said softly, smiling. They were ashamed of their suspicions. They gazed with command at Mr.

Murgatroyd hemmed in against the bar. He was obliged to hand the old man a sixpence.

The old man looked at the sixpence on the pink palm of Mr. Murgatroyd's hand. Very reluctantly he took it and held it in his fingers.

"It's a funny thing," he said, "but you see all kinds of handkerchief tricks, but no one sees this."

"Let's see it," interrupted Mr. Murgatroyd and was frowned on for interrupting.

"Some of these men you see on the halls are quick." He chattered away and he told them of ways of doing the trick, ways of folding the handkerchief and of concealing the coin.

"There, hold it a minute," he said, giving the sixpence back to Mr. Murgatroyd to the astonishment of all. And his fingers captivated them with the play of his handkerchief as he illustrated his points.

They all leaned forward.

"Well, let's see it," said Mr. Murgatroyd from his defense. But the old man went on talking. And then he insisted on Mr. Murgatroyd holding the handkerchief. The actress came forward and wanted to hold it too.

"Now watch," said the old man. And he took back the sixpence and placed it in the handkerchief and began to knot it in. Mr. Murgatroyd held one end of the handkerchief while the old man got to work with both his nimble hands. He folded and knotted. He stopped to explain.

"Get on with it," said Mr. Sanders.

"Shut up. You watch," said Mrs. Tagg, sitting vast in nervous judgment.

"Well, there you are," said the old man. "The sixpence is in there, isn't it? You saw me put it in."

"I saw it," said Mr. Murgatroyd very hot.

"It was his sixpence, he ought to know," said Mr. Sanders.

The old man smiled along his lips. Mrs. Sanders gazed sadly at her husband. The actress watched like a jackdaw for brightness.

"Feel it," said the old man.

Reluctantly, ashamed of suspicion, Mr. Murgatroyd put out his hand. He could feel the hard round coin.

"It's there," he said to the others.

"Oh!" said the old man coldly, whipping the handkerchief open.



IT WAS empty. There was no sixpence. The beautiful rich, green handkerchief with the yellow suns on it waved. Mrs. Sanders was glad the poor old gentleman had a beautiful silk handkerchief.

"There!" said Mrs. Pierce gloomily from the bar.

"That's done it," said Mr. Sanders, screwing up his legs.

Mrs. Tagg made more room for herself on the bench and then breathed deeply.

"A man who can do that," she frowned, "is a clever man."

"He had it in his hand all the time," said the actress.

The old man showed her his empty hands.

"Eh?" said the old man, faintly smiling. He began absently to fold up the handkerchief with his rippling hands which never ceased in their movements.

"Yes," said Mr. Murgatroyd, rather proud of himself. "Yes," he said, shaking his head.

The handkerchief was whipped open again and there was the sixpence in it.

"You see!" Mrs. Pierce murmured miserably.

They all began to talk at once.

The old man put his handkerchief back into his pocket and reached for his drink. He listened to the arguments and explanations.

"Oh, I must give you your sixpence," he said to Mr. Murgatroyd. But Mr. Murgatroyd recoiled. He was shamed by the sight of his coin. He thickened with generosity, his skin gleamed with admiration and the flush of his second pint. He felt he was the leader of a delegation, the master of ceremonies, the mayor of a town; but too much of a man of the world to show it crudely. He condescended in a knowing, intimate, chatty way with the sparse of speech old man.

"No, that's your sixpence," said Mr. Murgatroyd casually. "You won it."

"Oh—" the old man hesitated.

"Yes go on. You take it. Go on," said Mrs. Tagg firmly, shaking her head. Mrs. Tagg was proud of being out for justice.

The old man drew the stick from his pocket and began sliding it to and from and shyly pocketed the sixpence. Mrs. Sanders smiled wistfully and gladly at him when he did this.

"There's nothing in it," said the old man. "It's all a swindle. The quickness of the hand

deceiving the eye. And human nature," he said. "Take the stick and tumbler trick." He picked up an empty glass and rammed the stick several times at the bottom of it.

The third or fourth time it appeared to go through.

"Gawd," said Mr. Sanders with admiration.

"That's clever. See how he done that? Do it again! There now."

"Dear me." "Look at that," said Mrs. Tagg.

They all saw it. They all felt warm and intimate.

"There's a trick in everything," said the old man.

"A man with a brain can diddle anyone," said Mr. Sanders nodding intimately to the old man, whose eye faintly fluttered and then ignored him.

Somehow a ring had come into the old man's hand. The actress was the first to notice it. "A ring and a stick," said the old man. "Get it off without moving your hands." He slid the ring up and down the stick and then slipped it off. It was the maddening way of this old man to start a trick and then stop and talk and begin all over again.

Now he was off again and he got Mr. Murgatroyd to hold one end of the stick, while he took out this handkerchief again. He covered the stick up. The ring was on it. The handkerchief in all its colors covered the stick and Mr. Murgatroyd's hand was resting pressed against his waistcoat. The old man kept altering the position of Mr. Murgatroyd's hand, pulling the stick away to show the ring was still on it, and then giving it back again.

"The chair trick now," he was saying. "They tie a man up to a chair with his arms behind his back. You can go up and see he's properly knotted, and yet he just steps out of it. What's the explanation? Trick knots."

"They're not real knots, then?" accused Mr. Sanders.

"He's knotted up," said the old man.

"But not with real knots," said the actress.

"They're knots all right," said the old man.

"He's got a couple of tapes up his sleeve coming out in slits in his coat."

They exclaimed. He was fidgeting all the time, straightening out his handkerchief. He even gave Mr. Murgatroyd a tap in the ribs and said he was sorry. Mr. Murgatroyd smiled pityingly at the poor fussy old conjurer with all his tricks. Suddenly the old man

said "Look!" and whipped off the handkerchief. There was no ring on the stick.

"What are you drinking?" said Mr. Murgatroyd with embarrassment.

The old man hesitated. "No, thank you," he said. "Not before my dinner. I haven't had my dinner yet."

"Oh I see," murmured Mr. Murgatroyd with embarrassment.

No dinner! What did he mean, no dinner. Did he mean he was earning his dinner? They were all very comfortable people with full stomachs. It was embarrassing to sit there full of food while an old man going on seventy-five stood there empty, a fine old man like that. An aristocratic old man and nothing inside him. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, they had had a stew. Mrs. Tagg had had a nice bit of crab and a Guinness. Crab didn't agree with the actress. "It isn't that it repeats, but, you know, I know I've had it." So she had had spaghetti. As for Mr. Murgatroyd, he had been built up on steak and two vegetables and raisin roll. They were diffusing their goodness in him.

ALL were touched when the old man gave a short bow and murmured in his quavering dignified voice that an old soldier would be grateful for a copper or two. His quick eyes watched their hands. A handsome old man like that doing this for a living! Mrs. Sanders signaled to her husband. The actress opened her handbag.

"An old soldier, did you say?" asked Mrs. Tagg on behalf of everyone.

"The East Kents," said the old man, straightening.

"The Buffs!" she smiled with sudden reminiscent warmth, imperiousness vanishing in a glitter of long-forgotten gaiety.

"Yes, that's it. The Buffs," the old man repeated mechanically. His thin, long, clever, hungry hands!

"Steady, the Buffs!" exclaimed Mrs. Tagg, with a shake of her head and tears of pleasure in her eyes.

"Oh, ah—" murmured the old man.

"Chatham?" said Mr. Sanders. "Nice place. The Bells, Chatham. Know that?"

"Twenty-five years' service," said the old man. "Not so young now."

"I could tell you was an old soldier," said Mrs. Tagg with pride.

He stood there talking to them as he put the few coppers in his pocket. Mr. Sanders began to remember the good old days at Chatham during the War.

"I was talking about the Boer War," said the old man.

Mrs. Sanders raised her head high in shame for her husband. She was proud of the heroic old man.

"Well," he said, after a while. "I suppose I'd better be moving along to my dinner."

They were sad. But they understood. They realized he was a hungry old man.

"Good day, and I thank you," he said.

Mr. Murgatroyd put out his hand. The old man was surprised by this handshake. It was the only time he had been taken aback. Raising his hat he went slowly out of the bar.

The swing door bumped after him and Mrs. Pierce raised herself from the counter and went to the window to see the tall, upright figure walk away. When she came back she said: "It's snowing hard now."

They all sat in silence staring into the tops of their glasses. Except the actress, who took off her hat and combed her hair by the mirror. There on the mantelpiece was the froth-laced glass the old man used.

"Well, well," said Mr. Murgatroyd uncomfortably. He relaxed from the slanting position into which he had recoiled before the old man. "He gets a living," said Mr. Murgatroyd.

THERE was a long silence. The bar seemed to be much darker now that the old man had gone. They were thinking about Mr. Murgatroyd's words. Mr. Murgatroyd was all right, he had a new suit of clothes, gloves in his hand, a fountain pen in his pocket, a car outside, and a new Trilby hat. But everyone had to get a living.

Mrs. Sanders moved at the end of the bench and pulled up the collar of her coat with a shiver.

"Hunger," said Mrs. Sanders in her timid voice, "That's the worst thing."

They all looked at her with curiosity and reproof for speaking that word.

And that uncomfortable word reminded Mr. Murgatroyd of something. His shyness and importance were moving inside him. It was his round.

Incident at Fernwood

John Bartlow Martin

ABOUT dusk on the second night of the trouble at the Fernwood Housing Project a crowd began to gather. It gathered at the park adjoining the dreary collection of surplus army barracks. Several Negro veterans had just moved their families into this Chicago Housing Authority project in the face of opposition from the neighborhood. The neighborhood was white, the crowd was white. Soon the crowd moved around to Halsted Street, which borders the project. The police detail, about forty men, established a line in the thin strip of prairie between Halsted and the project. They kept the crowd on the Halsted Street sidewalk. The crowd began stopping cars on Halsted Street. Traffic became snarled. Sixty more police arrived and got the traffic moving.

The crowd surged toward the project. It started fires in the dry grass. The police put them out. The chief of uniformed police arrived and called for more officers and squad cars. The squad cars threw their spotlights on the strip of prairie and on the milling crowd. This attracted passing motorists; some stopped; traffic jammed. The crowd again pressed onto the prairie strip toward the project. The police, led by the chief, stopped the crowd, forcing it back to the Halsted Street sidewalk. The crowd resisted. Two police lieutenants were hit by rocks. The

police rushed the crowd, swinging clubs. They arrested an eighteen-year-old youth and one of sixteen. But the crowd did not disperse.

Its leaders egged it on. Another crowd tried to force its way into the project from the north. Police blocked it. The main crowd moved out into Halsted Street. An agitator yelled to it, told it to stop traffic to distract the cops. The crowd surged north to 103rd and Halsted, a main intersection with a stop-and-go sign. Men and boys lined the streets, slowing cars almost to a stop. A boy in the line spotted some Negroes in one car. A rock smashed the car window. Several more cars bearing Negroes were stoned. Then, when temporarily no more Negro cars came along to run the gantlet, the crowd attacked cars driven by whites. Thus, for the first time in Chicago since 1919, large-scale rioting with racial roots became general rioting. An observer called it "insane bloody hysteria . . . destruction," and at this point even the restrained report of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations begins referring to the crowd as a "mob."

THIS happened in August 1947. City officials had known for weeks it might happen and the city Commission on Human Relations had been laboring to avert

John Bartlow Martin, who wrote in "The Hickman Story" (August 1948) of the racial tension implicit in Chicago's housing shortage, tells how some of that city's citizens "solved" the problem—by violence.

it. The Fernwood trouble was the most serious challenge the Commission ever faced and it affords an opportunity to study the way a race riot works, as well as to study the Commission itself, its methods, its accomplishments, and its failures.

The Commission is not a pressure group, not an uplift outfit, but a municipal agency of the city of Chicago. Its purpose is to implement the city's announced policy that no person will be discriminated against because of his race, creed, color, or national origin. The Commission was the first official body of its kind in the United States. At least a dozen other large cities have copied it. Chicago, like most big northern cities in America, has had a "race problem" for many years. The recent war crammed perhaps a hundred thousand more Negroes into Chicago. Tension mounted. When in 1943 the same conditions exploded at Detroit, a group of about two hundred alarmed Chicago citizens—leaders of labor unions, civic organizations, churches, agencies trying to aid minorities—met to see what could be done.

At their suggestion Mayor Edward J. Kelly appointed five Negroes and five whites to a "Mayor's Committee on Race Relations," later renamed the Commission on Human Relations. The chairman was Edwin Embree, who was then president of the Julius Rosenwald Foundation. The Commission held a series of public conferences in the City Council Chamber in 1944 that aired racial problems openly. In its first year and a half it accomplished little more. Conservatives attacked it for stirring up trouble and the Communists and extremist Negroes, for going too slowly. It had only two full-time workers and a stenographer. By the end of 1944, as Embree later recalled, "We hadn't performed any miracles and the initial enthusiasm and glamor were gone." The full-time executive director resigned. The Commission lay dormant and, many thought, dying.

To revive it, Embree hired as the new executive director Thomas H. Wright, a short, stocky, high-strung man with a double chin. Educated for the ministry, Wright had preached briefly, taught philosophy, and come to Chicago in 1934 as an employee of New America, which he describes as "an economic educational activity dedicated to an

analysis of the economic forces and the anti-democratic forces that were developing."

Wright spent his first year at the Commission on Human Relations establishing a base to operate from. He solicited, successfully, the support of labor unions, the Protestant church federation, the Catholic archdiocese, and, in fact, nearly every city-wide citizens' group. Thus fortified, Wright asked the City Council to triple his \$25,000 budget for 1946 and, with Mayor Kelly's backing, got \$58,000. Wright promptly spent most of it hiring a new full-time staff of six experts plus several clerks. (The Commissioners themselves simply make policy, serving part-time without salary.)

The atmosphere of the Commission is quite different from that found in most municipal offices. The staff members work at cluttered desks in one big, high-ceilinged room. They walk freely in and out of Wright's office and call him "Tom." At the weekly staff meeting, they are likely to argue with him, and if they do, he pushes his agenda aside and says, "All right, let's discuss it," more like a professor leading a seminar than a city department head. They view their work with wry wit. Awhile back they were greatly amused when a woman inquired whether they handled human relations and, upon being told they did, said she wanted a divorce. But about their wit is a strained quality. They are people dedicated. One staffer, William Gremley, has said, "It's a nerve-racking vocation. You begin to feel guilty for the sins of all."

THE Commission possesses no enforcement power. It can only press for prosecution under the ordinary civil code. It even lacks the power to subpoena and to issue cease-and-desist orders. The Commission, therefore, relies mainly on persuasion and education. Wright spends most of his time consulting with city officials, politicians, and the heads of various civic groups.

A glance at a monthly report provides some idea of the problems the staffers handle in an ordinary month: "Four cases of unprovoked attacks upon individuals," "an incident of arson," "discrimination in vocational training," "employment—Chicago Transit Authority," "eight cases of vandalism," "a building was smeared with . . . a sign saying . . . 'sold to niggers,'" "a window was scratched

on Diversey Street with the word 'JEW.'" (Although the Commission has investigated the defacement of synagogues and cemeteries and attacks upon Jews, it leaves most anti-Semitism cases to Jewish organizations and concentrates on the more dangerous anti-Negro disturbances.) Staff members maintain a card index file filled with notations like "Squads alerted to move-in on August 13," "rear fence burned," "bottle thrown." On a wall hangs a large "tension map" of Chicago into which staff members stick colored pins locating attacks on individuals or property, demonstrations dispersed by the police, and housing project sites. They have built up a network of "listening posts," individuals scattered about the city who watch for signs of trouble and warn the Commission.

When a community crisis threatens the peace of the city, Wright and all staff members drop everything else. Not surprisingly, the two most serious crises in the Commission's history, the Airport Homes and Fernwood Homes disorders, grew out of the housing shortage. Race tensions tend to break out at weak spots in the economy—during a depression Negroes compete for scarce jobs; today for scarce housing. Chicago's housing shortage grows steadily worse. Each year since the war more housing has burned down, fallen down, or been razed than was built. Only one permanent public housing project has been opened since the war. (Low-cost permanent apartments *total* only 7,894.) Late in 1945 the city frantically began erecting temporary housing for veterans—converted military barracks, prefabs, Quonset huts, government surplus trailers, anything with a roof. They were set up on land owned by the city. To date, twenty-two such projects have been opened, providing housing for 3,345 families. Only real emergency cases could be accommodated, since nearly 200,000 families applied for the 3,345 units.

Now it happened that the parcels of land suitable for these projects were scattered about Chicago, all but one in neighborhoods inhabited by white people. In the first projects the Chicago Housing Authority (CHA) gave preference to local veterans—that is, veterans that had lived in the neighborhood of the project before the war. This produced all-white or all-Negro projects, contrary to CHA's announced policy of non-discrimination.

(CHA's chairman, a Negro, was also a Commissioner of the Commission on Human Relations.) CHA began selecting tenants on a basis of need alone (plus the order in which applications were made) and without regard to race, color, or creed. This meant, in effect, that the city was helping Negroes move into white neighborhoods, and soon CHA was in trouble. It told the Commission as early as August 1946 that people on the southwest side were protesting the establishment of the Airport Homes project, scheduled to be opened in November to about fifty veterans, including several Negroes. Serious trouble was narrowly averted and, despite the Commission's work and a strong policy statement by Mayor Kelly, today Negroes have been driven from Airport Homes.

New tension arose over yet another proposed project, Fernwood Park Homes. On April 8, 1947, Russell Babcock, a Commission staffer, addressing the Lions Club of Roseland near Fernwood, discovered strong opposition to Negroes' moving into the community. The project, eighty-seven family units at 104th and Union, was to be opened late in May. On April 15 Wright, Babcock, and two other staffers, Miss Joy Schultz and Ralph Metcalfe (the former Olympic trackman), met with the city officials concerned. Librarians agreed to disseminate pamphlets on veterans' housing; schools agreed to teach housing and human relations. And a district school superintendent agreed to ask the Fernwood PTA to set up a welcoming committee to provide a canteen for move-in day. Although such committees and canteens had worked well at the projects opened earlier, this time the suggestion boomeranged: the Fernwood PTA told him it would gladly participate in a canteen—for *white* veterans only. So the Commission knew it faced trouble.

ON APRIL 30 Wright and Babcock, with Miss Elizabeth Wood of CHA, turned next to the local alderman, Reginald DuBois of the Ninth Ward. DuBois, according to the Commission report, argued that other CHA veterans' temporaries were all-white or all-Negro (thus CHA's original practice arose to plague it) and "stated several times that if [CHA] would stop trying to prove its ideological contentions and would just furnish housing *where* it is needed,

everything would be all right. . . . He assumed no responsibility for the maintenance of law and order if Negro veterans' families entered the project."

Rebuffed by the PTA and the alderman, the Commission sought out the clergy. A churchman invited eighteen ministers from the Fernwood area to a meeting on May 3 to discuss the project and "try to make our religious principles and insight relevant. . . ." Only one of the eighteen showed up.

Now, by this time, Chicago had a new Mayor, Martin H. Kennelly, an honest business man. On April 24, when he had been in office only about two weeks—his first public office, incidentally—Wright and Miss Wood of CHA had gone to him, seeking his support of the city's non-discrimination policy. Kennelly promised it. On May 7 W. D. Thomas, president of the Fernwood-Bellevue Civic Association, wrote to Mayor Kennelly, in part: "I have been delegated . . . to inform you of an alarming situation . . . impending crisis . . . fraught with *real danger*, unless proper and forthright action is taken by the Chicago Housing Authority. . . ." He accused Miss Wood of evading his inquiries and of attempting "ideological experiments" which were "absurd and uncalled for." He wrote, "The 'Drums of Fear' are again beating in gradually increasing tempo throughout this entire neighborhood." He said that "the Greater Roseland-Pullman District of the Ninth Ward, of which our community is a vital part, is at present virtually surrounded by 'colored communities.' . . . Need it be said that here, then is a veritable 'tinderbox,' involving a possible repetition of 'Airport Homes,' and perhaps even the 'setting' for a race riot itself." Thomas concluded: "We do not wish [this letter] to be misconstrued in any manner as a direct or veiled threat. . . ."

On May 13 Thomas' Civic Association invited Miss Wood to address it at the Fernwood Park fieldhouse. She did so. Alderman DuBois spoke too. DuBois said, in part, "The building of a home is the most important investment a family ever makes. For the returned veterans the matter of securing a home is of number one importance. We also appreciate there are many Negro veterans and they too are in need of homes. In this community there are many veterans who are seeking homes. . . . I believe that Negroes would

not ask to be assigned to this project if they were not being pushed to do so. . . . Wherever we have had a degree of segregation . . . we have had peace. . . . Before you, I ask that the people of this community follow a peaceful course of action. If there is a spark of decency in the Chicago Housing Authority an agreement can be reached, trouble can be averted. . . . An angered people can start trouble that none of us wants to be a part of." A general discussion occurred. A woman on the verge of tears (reported the community newspaper, the *Calumet Index*) arose and said, "I was born and raised on the near North Side. My father had to sell his home at a big loss when the Negroes moved into the neighborhood. Now are we going to have the same thing happen here?" Another woman arose and shouted that the project would be burned down. (The chairman ruled her out of order and people near her pulled her back into her seat.) Only one person in the audience, Mrs. W. R. Sassaman, came to CHA's defense and offered to serve on a welcoming committee. She was booed. A few days later seven local people, nearly all trade unionists, formed the Community Good Will Council. Mrs. Sassaman became its secretary and chairman of its Canteen Committee.

ON JUNE 9 the *Calumet Index* carried an editorial titled "Protect Your Homes" and saying, in part, "Negro interests in the state have again seen fit to try to force themselves upon the white population by having bills introduced in the state legislature which would wipe out all property restrictions. Unless these bills are defeated, every white neighborhood in the city and state will find itself defenseless against the wanton destruction of property values by a Negro minority intent upon forcing itself upon white neighborhoods. In short, it would allow Negroes to buy the house next door to you. . . ."

In letters to the editor Mrs. Sassaman's Good Will Council protested, but a man signing himself "A Chicago Policeman" applauded the editorial, writing, "[Negroes have] pushed the whites around plenty these last five or six years and because we ignore them they have you bluffed and get bolder as the years roll by. If we have to have a showdown with them to protect our homes and families, I'm in favor of it. God knows I

wouldn't want one alongside of me. . . . You can't argue a point with a Negro because he's going to have his way whether he's right or wrong and he'll back himself up with a knife or other deadly weapon. I hope the whites some day soon will organize and stop this menace to our way of living and the sooner they do it the better. I'm not prejudiced . . . but"

THE Commission on Human Relations demanded that, if this man was indeed a policeman, he be suspended. The Police Commissioner reported he couldn't find out. The controversy swirled on in the letters-to-the-editor columns, with Mrs. Sassaman almost alone. Her husband was a CIO leader and she was attacked as a troublemaker. On June 10 Joy Schultz, the Commission staffer, attended a meeting of the Civic Association. She has since described it as "hysterical." The president, Thomas, said he knew that the two Negro families who had entered Airport Homes had been paid to do so. He described an Ohio community where Negroes and whites lived together and intermarried ("and the audience responded with gasps," Miss Schultz recalls). A man in the audience said "niggers" already were moving into a house in the neighborhood. Thomas identified Miss Schultz by name. She had been sitting unannounced, near the rear. "Two or three women sitting a few rows ahead spat at me," she recalls. She tried to leave. "A man shook his fist in my face and said he'd thought I was the kind they had exterminated in the war. Mr. Thomas had quit trying to keep order. People shouted imprecations at me, everybody was yelling at once. I've never had such a feeling of hostility. I couldn't realize I was in the city of Chicago."

At about the same time, early June, after a City Council meeting, Wright and Alderman Archibald Carey, a Negro, talked for two hours with Alderman DuBois, fruitlessly. On June 17 Ralph Metcalfe visited Captain John Ryan, the district police commander. Ryan said he felt DuBois voiced accurately the opinion of residents, but he promised the police would meet violence firmly.

Move-in day was postponed because of construction delays. On July 1 Wright invited Thomas to his office. Thomas brought Alderman DuBois along. Wright also invited Chief

Raymond Crañe of the uniformed city police and Chief Roger Shanahan of the Park District police. Wright asked Thomas to try to keep people away from the project on move-in day. Thomas said he couldn't. He and DuBois said they'd be out of town that day. The conference became acrimonious. Wright appealed to the police chiefs. They said only that the peace would be kept. The conference broke up.

During the month that followed, the Commission, still hoping to develop an antidote like the earlier welcoming committees, nurtured the Good Will Council carefully. It met frequently. One meeting is described by Wright: "Most of this meeting was spent outlining the form the permanent organization should take, and the scope and function it should have. A broad-gauge educational committee was set up. . . ."

The Good Will Council even began its "educational series," showing a film and bringing in a university lecturer on "Common Sense in Race Relations" almost on the eve of the rioting; and it spent much time getting permission to use the park fieldhouse for its canteen, a project to which the Commission itself devoted considerable time. But the Good Will Council never had more than thirty members. Looking back, Joy Schultz said recently, "We couldn't think of anything else to do. And I still can't see anything."

Delegations from the community were calling on Mayor Kennelly. They tried to persuade him to abrogate the city's non-segregation policy. Wright wanted him to tell them flatly that anyone who opposed non-segregation with violence on move-in day would be arrested. Kennelly did neither. He attempted to appease the delegations and persuade them to act peaceably. They left smiling, feeling he was a reasonable man. And some even felt, mistakenly it turned out, that Kennelly was sympathetic to their stand.

As late as August 5, a week before move-in day, Captain Ryan told a Commission staffer he expected to have only two policemen at the project on move-in day. He thought that "much of the hostile talk . . . was mere idle conversation," and no doubt Mayor Kennelly and Wright agreed to some extent. After all, though violence had occurred at Airport Homes, it hadn't at more recently opened projects. And uneasy though all the officials

were, they must have found it hard to believe that what did happen would happen, for riot is almost unimaginable.

On August 9 the veterans went to the CHA office to sign leases. Among them were eight Negroes. Mrs. Sassaman welcomed all. Then representatives of the Fernwood-Bellevue Civic Association and the Calumet Civic Council arose and, as Miss Schultz later reported, "proclaimed that [Mrs. Sassaman] did not represent the community but that they did, and that they . . . welcomed the white veterans into their neighborhood, but that they did *not* welcome the Negro veterans." A white veteran told them to shut up and a Negro veteran wanted to beat them up. The CHA man restored order and got the leases signed. The veterans departed. This was a Saturday. The move-in was set for Tuesday.

II

AND this brings us to Jesse Cross, one of the Negro veterans scheduled to move in. He is a strong, slow-moving laborer of dark color, twenty-nine years old at the time, Memphis-born, Chicago-reared. When in 1944 he was drafted, his wife and two children stayed on in their apartment. The landlord tried to evict them. After Cross was discharged the wrangle with the landlord continued. "It wasn't much of a place anyway," Cross recalls. "One room for four of us. It was a fire trap. They cut the water off. Try to keep warm in that place, it was damp and drafty. They shut off the furnace. All of us got together and bought a ton of coal and got steam up. Rats walked around, they might let you walk around a little at daytime but at night was their time." The Crosses paid \$6.50 a week for the room. Finally, in March 1946, the landlord succeeded in evicting them. They were homeless seventeen months. They put their furniture in storage and lived temporarily in Cross's mother's flat. "We just stayed there you might say," Cross said recently, in his slow deep voice. "It wasn't what you call livin'. My mother had about ten or eleven in her family. Two bedrooms." So they went househunting. "Every day. The majority of places we would go they didn't have anything. Or if they had anything it wasn't nothing, just ratholes, each building resting on the other one trying to hold it up.

And if you did find something, no children they'd holler, no, no children, nothin' for you."

He listed his name with CHA and began going to real-estate agencies which charged a "Johnny fee," maybe a dollar, "to join up." He walked, looking, encountering the barrier streets beyond which Negroes may not go. A year passed. "Then we got notified," that is, CHA said they had been accepted for the Fernwood project. "We came here and looked at it. It didn't look like a rathole."

Of course it wasn't fancy. On one side of the project is Fernwood Park, on two sides are good residences, and in the other direction are a four-lane highway (Halsted Street) and a prairie dotted with widely-scattered houses, for this is far out on the southwest edge of Chicago. The project units, row on row, of wood and corrugated metal, were low, rectangular, boxlike. The ground around them was bare clay, the streets were stony. The veterans were reminded strongly of Army life (the parking places, even, were bounded by creosoted logs). Some buildings housed two families, some three. Each family had two bedrooms, a living room, and a kitchen, and paid \$37.50 a month. A home.

The Crosses got a notice to sign a lease. "That's when we began to hear something of the little shouts." The Crosses decided that on Tuesday they had better leave the children, boys of six and four years, with Cross's mother. About 9 A.M. they arrived with their first load of furniture, driving a friend's old car. Others were moving in. Police were on hand. "They had told us that they didn't know what would happen," Cross recalls. "We just moved in. Some woman walked up and peeked in this house. We didn't know who it was. There were peoples all around, children ridin' back and forth on their bicycles, looking around, as if it was a put-up job to see which houses the colored was moving into." They felt trouble was coming.

IT WAS, serious trouble. Wright and his staffers had spent the uneasy day before talking with Alderman Carey, Mayor Kennelly, Chief Crane, Police Commissioner John Prendergast (who had drawn riot-control plans after the Airport Homes disturbance). Early Tuesday morning Wright found only "about four" policemen at the project. By

9 A.M. a small crowd had gathered. Police reserves were called.

Suddenly, as the Crosses and other Negro families began to arrive, one of those preposterous things happened that seem to happen in so many large events. A woman in the Good Will Council arrived with supplies for the canteen, accompanied by Mrs. Sassaman in a starched, flaring wash dress, and Miss Schultz jumped on the running board of the car to direct her; the woman (who, as was later discovered, was just learning to drive) headed for the fieldhouse in the park, but she stepped on the accelerator instead of the brake and her car hit an elderly onlooker. For a moment Miss Schultz feared the worst. But the accident diverted the crowd's hostility to the Good Will Council and the park, and the Negro families moved in safely.

The daylight hours passed with nothing but mutterings. CHA installed an emergency telephone. Wright, reporting to the Mayor, suggested closing the project to traffic for the night. At 4 P.M. police did so. Police details were established along Halsted Street, the main street nearby. About dusk some fifty persons gathered in the park and stood staring at the project. An observer for the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination, mingling with the crowd, heard, he said, these things: "You know, these niggers are being paid to move in here." "I know this straight from my husband. The niggers driving trucks during the war were the biggest crooks of the war." "There was a Catholic priest and a communist woman making the

rounds of all the houses in the neighborhood this morning." By this time the story of the auto accident was being told with variations—that Miss Wood of CHA had been the driver; that "some University of Chicago Communist was the driver and got out and laughed at the man"; that, finally, the driver had been a Negro who deliberately had run the elderly white man down, then laughed at him. Plans were proposed—to catch the Negroes outside the project and stone them; to wait until the police left, then drive the Negroes out or shoot them; or, if the police stayed indefinitely, to watch silently night after night to frighten the Negroes away. This observer also reported hearing one policeman tell onlookers that "we can't get 'em out till they call off the force, but as soon as they do we can all come down here and run 'em out." About 11 P.M. some persons walked through the project, though quietly. Some cars stopped. But presently all was quiet.

The second day, Wednesday, August 13, also was peaceful. At 4 P.M. the police again closed the project. Miss Schultz felt uneasy and telephoned Wright and told him it was too quiet, he'd better come out tonight. That day Mr. and Mrs. Cross brought their children out. But in the afternoon they didn't like the looks of things either and took them, with police escort, back to their grandmother's house. Cross went to work every night that week under a police guard. "There'd be a crowd gather on the corner. Botherin' the people." His wife, a tall quiet woman, stayed at the project. She didn't sleep much. Neither



A bird's eye view of the street plan, near the project (shaded area) on the southern outskirts of Chicago, as seen from the southwest.

did the other Negro veterans and their families. Miss Schultz recalls, "The white veterans would come out of their huts with their kids in their hands. They were pretty scared, but they stood outside and waited. The colored veterans, you couldn't see them at all, they turned out their lights and stayed inside. Those people sat there in the dark for a week of riot. I used to go around about dusk and chat with them a little bit. I felt utterly helpless, there wasn't anything I could say except, 'Well, we're here and we'll do anything we can.' I guess I didn't even say that, just said 'Hi, how are you.'"

About dark a crowd gathered, and soon, as we have seen, it was wrecking cars at Halsted and 103rd Street. An observer stationed there telephoned Wright and the police officials inside the project who, busy with another assault, had been unaware of the car-smashing. The police called for reserves and blocked Halsted Street, diverting traffic to Green Street, a narrower street one block west. The crowd moved there and stopped and smashed more cars driven by Negroes and whites. One man was hurt so seriously he could not drive on; police rescued him and took him to the project, which by then resembled a fortress. Traffic again snarled. The police untangled it, rerouted it. The same thing happened yet again. By this time several surrounding square blocks were involved. Some of the crowd's leaders had come from miles away. At midnight more police reserves arrived. Finally, about 1:30 A.M., they dispersed the crowd. Wright and Miss Schultz left about 2. Wright called on the newspapers. He checked hospitals and found that twelve persons had been treated. Wright got home about 4 A.M.

AT 9:15 next morning, Thursday, Wright and Miss Wood of CHA conferred with Mayor Kennelly. Wright, after reporting, recommended that Kennelly talk personally with the editor of the *Chicago Defender*, the Negro newspaper (Wright feared that Negroes, if inflamed, would retaliate); that Kennelly "greatly" augment the police and order them to close Halsted Street from 103rd to 107th and to arrest people who refused to go home; and that Kennelly issue a public statement reaffirming CHA's and the city's non-discriminatory policy, as Mayor Kelly had done during the Airport Homes

disorders. Kennelly did everything Wright suggested except issue a statement. Kennelly said he "preferred to act rather than issue statements." That afternoon Wright went back to the citizens' groups with which he long had worked—CIO, Anti-Defamation League, NAACP, other church and race groups. They wired Mayor Kennelly urging firmer action.

During the day Ralph Metcalfe, who, being a Negro, had been unable to go near the project, attended hearings in the cases of two youths arrested the night before; they were continued, although one youth admitted having an eight-inch pipe which "he had intended using . . . against Negroes." That day too came the first warnings of Negro revenge. From its "listening posts" in the Black Belt the Commission heard that cars damaged the night before had attracted large crowds of Negroes and "that tension was very high," especially in Morgan Park.

The Fernwood project itself was quiet during the day. Wright and Miss Schultz arrived about 6 P.M. and found the police detail increased to three hundred men; they were busy establishing a headquarters, installing two more telephones, posting guards, rerouting traffic off Halsted Street, and stringing emergency lights. By 9 o'clock a crowd had formed on Halsted Street. The police concentration in the bright-lit strip of prairie was too strong for it to attempt a frontal assault. It "kept up a tumult of shouting." Another crowd gathered at the southwest corner of Fernwood Park, shouting. After a time the police crossed Halsted Street and forced the crowd north toward 103rd Street. It surged east on 104th, then descended into Fernwood Park, massed. A small detail of Park District police was helpless. Wright called for reinforcements. The crowd lined up against the fence and, screaming, threw rocks at the project. The rocks broke windows in three white veterans' units. The park police dared not attack; they would have been cut off. City police came upon the crowd from the rear. Park police reinforcements cleared the park. But the crowd circled back onto 104th and massed at an alley leading into the project. The police formed a line in the dark. The crowd hurled stones and bricks at the police. And at this, the police, swinging clubs, rushed them, dispersed them, and arrested several. The crowd re-

treated, confused and frustrated. It could not get at the Negroes in the project. It moved to 103rd and Halsted where last night it had stoned cars. It did so again. It stoned at least a dozen. The story of the driver of one car was told later in the *Chicago Defender*: A brick knocked out five of his teeth and he "appealed to two policemen at the corner, who simply turned away." Another (a woman): "... struck in breast by stone thrown through windshield of her car at 103rd and Halsted. Two policemen looked on passively as the mob hurled stones and cursed her." Six Negroes in a convertible stopped for the traffic light and a gang said, "There are some niggers," and stoned them, hitting the driver and a woman. Finally the police stopped the melee. Chief Crane, with reinforcements, split the crowd and drove it east and west along 103rd.

The night was hot and still, dead of August. Though split, the crowd did not go home. It formed into smaller groups and these roved the neighborhood, spreading. They attacked cars bearing Negroes all along 103rd as far east as Michigan Avenue and as far west as Vincennes, a distance of nearly two miles. They attacked buses carrying Negroes. Motorcycle police sped along, reporting gangs as they formed, and flying squads and patrol wagons went out to mop up. Every time a crowd was broken up some of its members escaped and re-grouped elsewhere. Squad cars were stoned, policemen hurt. The assaults spread farther and farther. But though this endangered new areas it also spread the rioters too thin; and by 2 A.M. only sporadic assaults were reported. All told, twenty-two were arrested, including three boys under sixteen years, nine more under twenty-one, and ten adults. The juveniles were released to their parents till Saturday; the youths and adults were charged with disorderly conduct and released in \$100 cash bond each. The situation was in hand for another night.

Or so Wright thought when, about 3 A.M., he went to bed in his clothes. A half hour later he was telephoned by one of his "listening posts," a Negro who lived in the Black Belt. He had been watching a hangout for Negro taxicab drivers, a big all-night gasoline station at 63rd and South Parkway, the main Black Belt thoroughfare, and about ten minutes before two automobiles had arrived, by

chance almost simultaneously. One, a new Chrysler, bore a Negro and his wife and three children, who, returning from a vacation in Iowa, had been attacked at 103rd and Halsted; the car was partly wrecked and the woman and children bloody. The other car, a taxi, had been attacked at the same spot as its driver returned from taking a fare to a suburb. The taxicab drivers that had chanced to be in the gasoline station had heard these stories. They had recruited other drivers. Now all were going home to get their guns and crankshafts and knives; they were going out to Fernwood in a body, seeking revenge upon the whites.

And so now, also for the first time since 1919, the other side of the coin of general race riot appeared in Chicago—organized mass Negro retaliation.

WRIGHT, realizing he could not get to the South Side fast enough and, being white, might fail, telephoned Alderman Carey, a Negro, and asked him to tell the taxidivers that he had just come from Fernwood, that all was quiet there, that the crowd had been dispersed and twenty-five arrested, that the police were determined to arrest troublemakers, white or black, and that if the taxidivers went there "they'd be fighting cops and they'd set the city afire." Carey did so. He persuaded the drivers, who had gathered bearing weapons, to go home and to promise never to go on any retaliatory mission without first checking with Carey.

At 9 A.M. next day Wright and Metcalfe, together with Alderman Carey, again talked with Mayor Kennelly. Reporting that police work had improved, Wright nonetheless recommended tripling the police and arming them with "full anti-riot equipment" (which they had not had heretofore). He again asked Kennelly to issue a statement, arguing that it would not only discourage white rioters but would reassure Negroes. Kennelly agreed to use the police fully. He still refused a statement. That afternoon Wright again convened his "emergency citizens' group." Metcalfe visited the riot victims, assuring them the police were not idle, and Wright asked newspaper city editors to cover the disorders fully (they didn't, yet).

And now at 8 P.M. on the fourth day, Wright and the others went to the Fernwood project. Police Commissioner Prendergast was

there, together with Chief Crane and a personal representative of Mayor Kennelly, and by 9 P.M. a thousand policemen were on hand, probably the largest detail ever assembled in Chicago except to guard a President or on other state occasions. District stations all over town had been stripped of men, from captains to patrolmen. At Fernwood they established headquarters and radio communication and took up anti-riot equipment. But the forces in opposition were not deterred. By 8 P.M. the crowd had begun to gather on the prairie along Halsted Street. The police moved them north to 103rd Street where a police strong-point had been established around patrol wagons. The crowd talked back, but did little more. It skirted the strong-point, drifted east along 103rd above the project. More people joined it as it moved. Milling to and fro they converged around 103rd and Wallace. And by 10 P.M. the number of persons there was estimated at between 1,500 and two thousand. Police reinforcements were rushed there and "the howling screaming mob" moved south along Wallace to 105th Street. Here they turned west and surged over 105th toward the project. The gates of the Park adjoining had been locked at dark, and park police now guarded them against the oncoming crowd, which filled the street and brimmed onto the sidewalks. More police reinforcements, and the police stood firm, and the crowd stopped, and the police advanced against it, pushing it back to Wallace, and here patrol wagons were waiting and the first arrests of the evening were made.

The police dispersed those they did not arrest. But the people, scattering through areas and alleys and side streets, re-formed once more at 103rd and Wallace; and now on this main cross street, 103rd, they began stoning passing cars and buses. The police hurried here and drove them farther east, to State Street, not far from a large Negro settlement; and here the crowd re-formed again and took up its stoning; and one of the Negroes it stoned lost control of his car, which plunged over the curb into the crowd, injuring two white boys; and some of Wright's informants telephoned him that elements of the crowd were heading even farther east, which might mean they were bent on invading the main Negro districts of Chicago. Commissioner Prendergast threw his men into strong-points

along 103rd, and although they made arrests all along 103rd, they could not immediately prevent rioting at 103rd and Michigan, and when they did break up the crowd there, it scattered up and down Michigan Avenue a mile south and nearly a mile north, rioting as it went.

To the south, at 111th and Indiana Avenue, stands the district police station, to which many of those arrested had been taken. And now a crowd gathered around the station. Police reinforcements arrived, thrust among the crowd, and transferred the prisoners to another station; but though the crowd broke and ran, the people in it still did not go home; they went to Michigan Avenue and stoned streetcars carrying Negro passengers. It was now 1:30 A.M. The police kept walking or driving into the crowds, making a few arrests, and scattering the remainder; the remainder kept re-forming, as they had for hours; but the dogged perseverance of the police was wearing them down; and by 2:30 A.M. only a few scattered small gangs were still operating. In strong roving patrols the police worked throughout the night. Not till near dawn did they answer the last alarm. All together ninety-eight persons had been arrested that night, nine of them juveniles, thirty-three young boys and girls, fifty-one adult men and women (and five of unreported age). All were charged with disorderly conduct and released in \$100 bond. Thus the fourth day ended.

NEXT morning, Saturday, a newspaper story hinted and a City Hall rumor said that Mayor Kennelly was considering, or was under great pressure to consider, removing the Negroes from the Fernwood project. Kennelly denies he ever entertained the idea. It is pretty certain that had he withdrawn the Negroes the Commission staff and Commissioners and the CHA staff and officers would have resigned. That afternoon Wright's emergency citizens' group "strongly" commended CHA and the Commission for their "firm stand," saying: "It is our considered judgment that any weakening of the city's position . . . will not only fail to remove the dangers of racial violence on a large scale, but will carry with it a very real threat of racial violence on a much wider scale in other projects throughout the city and

perhaps a city-wide race riot. . . ." Some of these civic leaders again called on Mayor Kennelly, who, one of them reported, said "he would not waver" and "probably" would issue a public statement Monday. The juveniles who had been arrested were released to the parents and the other criminal cases were continued (one judge told the defendants that he personally considered CHA wrong).

At the project, Saturday was quiet. Police Commissioner Prendergast had ordered nearby taverns closed. At dusk a thousand policemen arrived. But nothing happened all night. Wright wondered whether the sudden calm was owing to the firm police measures. But although Fernwood was quiet, in two other areas of the city violence broke out. A Negro home in Park Manor, a tension area, was attacked by a crowd of two hundred, and in the Negro section of Morgan Park a Negro and his wife were shot by whites. By 3:30 A.M. Wright and Metcalfe realized the shooting had raised tension almost to the flash point in Morgan Park, where several Negroes attacked at Fernwood had lived. They enlisted the aid of Negro clergymen and others in opposing Negro retaliation. But even as they were working, a Negro crowd at 111th and Ashland stoned passing white motorists until police arrested several and dispersed the rest, and not far away one Negro gang stoned a woman and another stoned a streetcar carrying whites.

On Sunday Metcalfe and Police Commissioner Prendergast made plans to have Morgan Park blocked to traffic and patrolled by mixed Negro and white details. Corneff Taylor, a Negro Commission staffer, spent all day checking the community temper, looking for trouble spots, setting up listening posts. Miss Schultz checked beaches and found them quiet. Two Negro protest rallies were held, one in Morgan Park, and Commission staffers attended, and prominent Negroes—Alderman Carey, a Negro CIO leader, others—counseled restraint. That afternoon, too, white youths attacked a mixed group in a South Side park. But over at Fernwood only one incident occurred: white youths attacked a car carrying Negroes. Police chased them away. That ended large disorders.

On August 19, when Thomas of the Fernwood-Bellevue Civic Association, Alderman DuBois, and about thirty-five others urged Kennelly to remove the Negroes and the

police, Kennelly flatly refused. Newspapers began denouncing "a small hoodlum element," supporting non-discrimination, and commending Mayor Kennelly. In mid-September Miss Schultz arranged to get the children of the eight Negro veterans at Fernwood into school. They went, and police watched over them. Two were set upon by white children but not seriously hurt.

The cases of those arrested during the disorders came to trial. The first defendant was convicted in a bench trial and fined the maximum for disorderly conduct, \$200. His co-defendants asked separate jury trials. Juries acquitted the first three, two men and a woman. One juror told Wright that the jurors thought most cops made arrests to improve their records and were probably liars to boot. The cases against several defendants collapsed. The prosecution, fearful of losing the rest, offered to drop the charges if the defendants would attend a study course in race relations; about ninety defendants agreed. The course was given by professors. The only discernible result was a body of data interesting to the professors.

Two nights after the course ended and the court discharged the defendants, somebody threw a stick of dynamite against one of the units in the Fernwood project, buckling the aluminum wall, breaking windows and dishes, and blowing people inside across the room. Nobody was hurt. The police shanty was less than a hundred feet away. A sergeant and a patrolman were suspended. It happened that the dynamite had been thrown against a unit housing two white families, and for the first time the solidarity of the tenants was destroyed, for the whites believed the presence of Negroes endangered their own families. And community opposition outside the project to the Negroes' presence never has ceased.

III

WRIGHT is proud that the Fernwood disorder was smothered. But the cost was great. Many storm signals appeared long before move-in day, yet little effective action was taken. Second-guessing, of course, is easy. It does seem clear, however, that when trouble threatens, and efforts to find effective counteracting agents within the community itself fail, the failure must be

recognized quickly and the mayor must act. What he will do depends upon his character. Mayor Kennelly's methods are those of appeasement and persuasion, since, as he has said, "I represent all of the people." Some civic leaders believe, however, that threats should be met with threats, that Kennelly should have told the opposition before move-in day that the city's policy was non-segregation and non-peaceable objectors to it would be arrested. This never has been tried, so no one knows whether it would work.

Once disorder began, some civic leaders think, Kennelly should have denounced the disorderly persons promptly and reaffirmed the city's non-segregation policy. They think his silence encouraged the Fernwood opposition. On the other hand, Mayor Kelly's strong public utterance did not stop the Airport Homes disorders. And it is also true that Negroes still are living at Fernwood but not at Airport. Six months after the Fernwood rioting Kennelly did issue a statement, and while it did not explicitly affirm the right of all persons to live anywhere in Chicago (as Kelly's had), it called the bomb-throwing at Fernwood "despicable" and promised that "the full force of government will be used to see that all people alike are protected."

And aside from the role of the mayor, once rioting begins not only the police but the prosecutors and judges too must act firmly. In the Fernwood cases, some judges took a tolerant view of riot. And so, later, did jurors—that is, plain citizens.

IN SUM, how does the Commission's work stack up? Well, the Commission has failed on several occasions to persuade employers to hire Negroes. Although it has improved public health service for Negroes, it has been able to do almost nothing about sanitation or about discrimination at hospitals. It has improved school facilities for Negroes little and its attempts to get the schools to teach non-discrimination have been only partially successful. But in 1945 the Commission, backed up strongly by the Mayor, the Board of Education, the police, and the newspapers, broke the back of a school strike opposing non-segregation that had spread from Gary, Indiana. Restaurants and taverns still frequently refuse to serve Negroes, hotels to house them, in violation of an Illinois Civil Rights law.

The Commission's adult education program has reached few people who didn't already agree.

In general, the Commission's failures grow out of its limitations, not out of fumbling. It has no control over the causes of its problems—*e.g.*, the housing shortage. It lacks police power; it must depend upon other city departments, not all of which always co-operate with it. Recently the Commission sponsored a city ordinance prohibiting segregation in city-aided permanent housing projects, a complex question; after the City Council had grappled with the ordinance for weeks, Mayor Kennelly announced he opposed it because, he said, it would hinder slum clearance, and it was defeated. Thus the city seems to have abrogated its policy of non-segregation, or at least to have said: "We oppose segregation, but—" What this will do to the Commission's effectiveness remains to be seen.

Under Wright, the Commission has been pretty much a one-man show. Wright impresses even opponents as a reasonable man. His optimism is both strength and weakness. He has too many ideas and plans; he has never been able to decide whether to concentrate upon other city departments or upon the public. All in all, however, Wright has done a good job. The Commission persuaded one of the most militant "improvement associations" to abandon its restrictive covenant (before the Supreme Court decision) and to work out with Negroes who had entered the neighborhood a joint "community conservation agreement" which may have far-reaching consequences. It has improved newspapers' handling of news about Negroes. It helped work out an excellent racial training course for Park District policemen. It failed to get the same course given to city policemen but has nonetheless greatly improved their work in race disturbances. It helped end the practice of transferring children from one school to another for purposes of segregation. It stopped discrimination at a number of city institutions and departments (though not all). It has forced scores of roller rinks, hotels, restaurants, other places to cease discriminating, each victory small, all big in sum. Today nearly every city-wide civic group is on record supporting its goals.

The Commission has come a long way. At the outset it was considered just another im-

practical, noisy pressure group. Shortly after the Fernwood crisis the City Council passed unanimously an ordinance making the Commission a permanent municipal agency. The Commission has been effective among Negroes. Negroes aggrieved now go to the Commission, not to protest meetings conducted by rabble-rousers. The Commission's prestige among Negroes was so great during Fernwood that it was able to restrain them from major retaliation. Thus it may have averted a general race riot (something for which it disclaims credit) and that alone would justify its existence.

The Commission expects its progress to be slow and unspectacular. Race tension may not be measurably less in Chicago today than in 1943; Negroes who move into white neighborhoods still suffer attack, Airport and Fernwood *did* occur—despite several years' labor by the Commission—and in such crises it has had to rely on force, not on good-will. Not everybody favors discrimination. But most people, probably, do. Here lies the explanation for many Commission failures, a fundamental weakness—it was created to implement a policy that lacked the support of the majority of the people. (The majority, of course, is white.) The roots of no other public issue go deeper into the American social fabric and the American private conscience. What is to be done? Nobody knows, with certainty. Chicago was the first city to face the problem.

AND what of the Negro veterans who stuck it out at Fernwood? One night awhile back, light snow falling outside, the streetlights swaying in a wind above the project huts and the desolate prairie, Jesse Cross and his wife said they had thought it advisable to have few visitors and had not attempted to make any new friends in the neighborhood. "There's not a colored fellow I know come out here to be next door with nobody," Cross said, his voice unusually forceful. "We don't meddle or try to get in any of their affairs. You just look for you place to live and you got you place and that's what you lookin' for, you didn't come out here to visit." Paper boys threw their papers into the mud but put papers in white veterans' mailboxes, so the Crosses stopped the papers. Mrs. Cross had voted in the neighborhood without trouble.

Cross was sprawled on a davenport, a husky man in his undershirt, wearing GI boots. His children were running to and fro, and his wife, on a sofa opposite, shushed them. Lights were dim. The Crosses have seeded a small grass plot and put up a picket fence. Mrs. Cross said, "I think these places are real nice. Kinda bad on the outside, but you can fix 'em up the way you want on the inside." She had papered the walls and draped and curtained the windows. They had hoped that a Tenants' Council would be formed "to fix trees and grass and even decorate the insides," as Cross explained. "To do it would mean everyone would work together, when they have days off pitch in. But they decided they didn't want that; they wanted a Tenants' Council, but wanted to bar the Negroes."

When the bomb was thrown they had been at a movie, their children with another of the Negro families, and as they walked home they heard rumors of the bombing. They hurried. The children were safe. The police guard had been increased again. Cross said, "I believe the neighborhood would be just like before if the policemen slacked down. We don't know what to expect. You notice when you knocked tonight, I looked through the window and asked what you wanted before I let you in."

Did they plan to stay? "If I could find a reasonable place I'd be just as glad. It's nothin' but the same old story, rental service, rental service, nothin' for you. You come up with your little measly rent and a houseful of children, you ain't going get in no ways. They talk about building apartments. But what you see going up?—a garage, a factory, a church. I imagine you find peoples haven't had any place and they find a place, they'll stay," Cross said. "I don't see how they can say you can't stay here. You here, you supposed to be here, you consider yourself a citizen, you should have a right to live anywhere you can find a place. And pay that rent. And conduct yourself accordin' to how the community say you supposed conduct yourself." Cross works nights, his wife stays alone with the children. She isn't afraid, not any more. "It isn't so bad in the winter-time," Cross said. "But when it gets warm, and people in the streets, and it gets hot and people got nothing to think about—" He didn't finish.

After Hours

ONE morning during the fierce weather that plagued early August, I overheard one of Harper & Brothers book editors muttering to himself between gulps at the drinking fountain. "That's the last time . . . never again."

"Matter, George?" I asked.

"Matter!" he snorted, "My legs wouldn't work. I knew what they ought to do. They just wouldn't work . . . like blocks of cement." He thought a moment. "You're too old, too," he said with finality and a fierce stare.

"Too old for what?" I asked.

"Three sets of singles, what do you think I meant?" And he turned on his cement legs and walked off.

"Poor old George," I said to myself as I buried my face in the stream from the electric cooler. "Poor old . . ." and then I remembered that George and I are about of an age.

For several years now I have had a theory that tennis is the perfect game for the grown man, because as men approach their middle years the good players slow down and the mediocre players who have long substituted doggedness for smooth strokes and canniness for accuracy somehow hang on. The result is that they all can play together without embarrassment and with a good deal of pleasure. Doubles is a companionable way to spend an hour, the more expert carrying the less expert, and nobody caring too much who wins. George's remark shook me somewhat, as George was, until this year, good enough to win the singles tournament at his suburban country club. But I was due for a greater shaking.

A short time later I spent a weekend in the country and was wakened on Saturday morning by a phone call from a friend who with scarcely any difficulty talked me into playing in the local tournament. I rationalized that I had nothing to lose. I'd as soon

play a couple of sets of tennis as mow the lawn. One match and I could retire in a good sweat with my honor intact and be back to the lawn before lunch. I arrived at the club with my eleven-year-old son, and paid two dollars, and the chairman of the tournament committee said, "Here, you play this young fellow." This was not a very formal tournament as you can see. The young fellow, who was just out of college, and I retired to a court and started to rally. Bing! The balls came back at me across the net. Bing! Bing! Sharp and flat and deep. "Good," I thought, "No disgrace being beaten by this youngster." And then we started in earnest. My opponent served doubles a couple of times, and then I got a few back to him which he whammed into the top of the net, and I won the first game. As a matter of fact, I won the first four games, then dropped one, and won the next two. And then I won the next set, which meant I wasn't going to get the lawn mowed that afternoon. I was exhausted, dripping, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and I was worried. This wasn't what I had intended at all.

I had to play again in the afternoon. This time my opponent was a shade older than I and a get-'em-all-back player, and it went three sets; and not only were my legs cement but so were my lungs. I wished I could sprain my back, or have a sunstroke, or have to consult an analyst—anything to get me off that court. Instead of which *he* weakened. By this time, my theory that middle-aged tennis is a good game had vanished. This was fatuous; this was inviting imminent heart attack; but I couldn't quit now without disappointing my son, who had decided that perhaps writers aren't too inferior a breed to ball-players after all. "You're not doing so bad," he said to me.

What could I do? All of the good players unfortunately were on the other half of the

tournament ladder, and I eventually wound up in the finals against a long, spare young man I would have done better to meet in the first round. He beat me with about as much ease as I can beat my eleven-year-old. He was very polite and encouraging without being patronizing and had me tied up in a neat package in a matter of minutes. There was no question of real competition; I couldn't give him any, but I played as well as I could—for fun. I had a fine time, and if he was bored he was too polite to show it.

George was right, of course. Too old. Not for singles, though, just for tournament singles where the convention says that you can't stop when you feel like it. I was reminded of an experience a friend of mine with high blood pressure had recently. He too was an ardent tennis player, but his physician told him he would have to quit it for good, though he could play golf if he felt like it. He was sunk. "I walked for blocks," he told me later, "feeling terribly depressed at the thought of playing golf. Suddenly it dawned on me. Hey! the doc didn't tell me I *had* to play golf. Then I felt fine."

Hey! I don't have to play in another tournament either. And I won't.

Rossellini Film Four

IF THERE is an artistic reputation left clean and shining anywhere in the film business, it ought to be that of Roberto Rossellini, the Italian director who produced a pair of such admirable movies in "Paisan" and "Open City" that he could even be forgiven his brief courtship of the hydra-headed goddess of Publicity. Two things remain to be seen, however: (1) whether his next picture will be patronized by the enormous audience that now knows him not as an artist but as the possessor of irresistible charm, and (2) whether his reputation will suffer artistically if his next picture is weaker than his earlier ones. My guess would be *no* to both counts, on the grounds that (1) rumors of romance with Joan of Arc are not enough to make a mere *director* famous, and that (2) foreign movies are today automatically artistic successes no matter how bad they are. Although they still have to be advertised to the sizable movie public in New York as though

they were one step removed from a stag show, they have become so highly regarded among the confirmed consumers of minority taste that it is worth your title as a connoisseur to slur them. A bad state of affairs for criticism, and an even worse one in which to greet Rossellini's latest, "Germany Year Zero."

It is the latest to arrive in this country, that is, for the film is now two years old. It was made in Germany in 1947, in the ruins of Berlin, with a cast drawn partly from that city's inhabitants; it has already been shown in Europe and has there received a prize. For the American version, an introductory monologue by Quentin Reynolds has been dubbed in to replace the usual screen credits, and certain sections having to do with homosexuality have been so reduced by the censor that they are now both unobjectionable and incomprehensible. There is somber music by Rossellini's brother and a dedication to his son. The film has to do—like "The Quiet One," to which it compares unfavorably—with a boy in adverse surroundings and the terrible effect the environment exacts upon him. It is the rubble and wreckage of what used to be Berlin, therefore, that dominates the screen, and Rossellini has photographed the ruins with a nice eye for the natural antiquity of broken columns and crumbling cornices. Already, even in 1947, the shattered walls and clogged-up streets were beginning to sprout greenery, a Piranesi note accentuated by the director's decision to photograph them most often in bright sunlight. There is nothing shadowy or menacing about the ruins; they are simply there, a background in the documentary manner intended to suggest that the events further forward on the stage are real ones.

"Germany Year Zero" confronts the audience with a chain of hideous circumstances by which—so we are to believe—a boy of twelve is led to poison his father and subsequently to commit suicide. Various symbolic figures, foremost among them the boy's Nazi schoolteacher, are unable to help him judge the morality of crime which, in the old Fatherland, would have been inconceivably shocking. So he wanders through the city, in the film's most successful sequence, expressing in a child's solitary hop-scotch games his grotesque, adult dilemma. This combination of simple story and stark detail produces a

curiously vague result: many people who see "Germany Year Zero" are divided as to whether it is pro- or anti-German (in itself, a curious way to judge the film). Rossellini has said that he did not expect the Germans to like it, since it represented to him "the hopeless future of Germany" and showed that "the seed of evil propaganda which carried them to war and destruction is still alive in the German people." He was right (they didn't like it), but I am not sure that he was right about their reasons. A lady who directs documentary films of her own—"Why," she asked, as we were leaving the theater, "did they have to get *him* to do *that* for *them*?"—was indignant not only because she thought the film was technically incompetent but also because she took it to be *pro*-German, or at least so focused on the sufferings of that baffling and obsessive people as to sentimentalize their distress. It is strange enough that this should show through even the director's determination to say exactly the opposite, but stranger still that Rossellini should not realize how and where he lost control of his medium. "Like many other Italians of the new film school," wrote Hans Habe for the *New York Aufbau*, "Rossellini puts realism on a par with pessimism. . . . The world may not be half as lovely as Hollywood would have it, but neither is it half so bad as Rossellini makes it." So it is not surprising that excess melodrama should be resented by the Germans themselves, to whom its substantiating details are the dreadful commonplaces of daily life. Do they have to see a screen littered with corpses before they get the idea that life in their fractured society is demoralizing? Do we?

Apparently we do, or so it would appear from the heavy-handed foreign films that have appeared since the Europeans set out to capture the American market several years ago—so it would appear, especially, from the American reaction to them. John McCarten, of the *New Yorker*, has observed that the British "have lately been sending us quite a few pictures that are under their satisfactory par," which leads me to hope that my suspicion is neither unique nor confined to the French films which first provoked it, films like "Symphonie Pastorale" and "Devil in the Flesh" that smell to me of maudlin adolescence but have been reviewed as though they

were mature tragedies. Beginning with the film of the Sartre scenario, "The Chips Are Down," there has seemed to me to be more and more that is inept and pointless in these imported vehicles of pathos. The three French films, together with "Germany Year Zero," have in common a set of unhappy principals for whom the audience is asked to feel some form of pity. All four try to arouse such a feeling by means comparable to dragging a fingernail backward across a blackboard, and it is time someone slapped them down for it.

Consider the Sartre film. In it, two adults previously unknown to one another meet in the Hereafter and discover that they had been destined to a Great Love. They are allowed twenty-four hours more of life in which to sustain this Passion, but they naturally discover—the man having been a Resistance leader and the woman, wife of the chief of the fascist police—that their previous commitments get in the way. All things considered, they deal heroically with a sticky situation, but not heroically enough to satisfy M. Sartre, who dooms them to second death and an eternity of dissatisfaction with their common failure. This tale may be illuminated by a profound pessimism I have missed, but it seems to me that the ending is M. Sartre's whim, as artificially tacked on as any Hollywood "happy" ending. And in the false arrivals of the cuckold husband in "Devil in the Flesh," in the communal sleepless night around the dining-room table in "Symphonie Pastorale," in the disemboweling of a dead horse or the boy's suicide in "Germany Year Zero" you can see at work the same device by which sentimentality masquerades as toughness, the contemporary equivalents of the death of Little Nell.

What the poor critics need most of all is a new definition of "realism" in films. As it is, they are at the mercy of Mr. Reynolds, who says in his introduction that "the camera is objective, impersonal"—as though either "Open City" or "Paisan" were objective about the Nazis or had not shown that the camera, while appearing to be at its most impartial, can be the instrument of passionate bias. Rossellini's story about postwar Germany is a fiction like any other story, no more "realistic" for being photographed on the spot than Hollywood's "A Foreign Affair"—in

which Millard Mitchel's characterization of Colonel Plummer at least defined the conquerors as well as the conquered. Rossellini's story, however, presumes to tell us that the children are the last hope of Germany but are themselves without hope, and we are asked to take this one judgment as a "documentary" description of Germany under Allied jurisdiction. No wonder it seems sentimental. Comparing it with "The Quiet One," if you can possibly see both, should sharpen the distinction for you between forced construction and tragic inevitability. Both are "documentaries" in the sense that they try to say, "This and nothing else could happen here," but of the two it is only the American film that achieves the one kind of tragedy suited to realistic photography, the tragedy of the ordinary.

"Who is 'Hello'?"

A FAVORITE method of passing on a morsel of propaganda to those who will read anything is to put it on the back of a blotter, where it sits shouting up from the surface of the desk, insistent and inescapable. For several weeks now I have been staring at a message from the New York Telephone Company on a blotter which bears the picture of a well-fed executive in a black mask. The title is "Who is 'Hello'?" and the prose content, as follows:

"Hello" means very little over the telephone. It gives no information except that someone has answered. A grunt, while not so polite, would serve the same purpose.

Think of the time that would be saved if all telephones were answered: "Mr. Smith" or simply, "Smith." Or in the case of a departmental telephone: "Treasurer's Office, Miss Jones."

Answers like this give all necessary information in a nutshell, save time, and help clear your line for other important calls.

Now, generally speaking, I like to co-operate with the Telephone Company. I can say "fi-yuv" and "ni-yun" with the best of them and, except for an occasional frivolous "d as in dichotomy" or other pleasantry, I try to make myself clear without wasting the Company's time. But this agreeable relationship must now end, for I am flatly not going to accept their latest suggestion. I say "hello"

when I answer the telephone, and I am going to continue to do so.

Apparently the Telephone Company doesn't realize how much information this greeting can actually contain. "Hello," spoken by a practiced user, can tell whoever is calling a great deal more than the obvious fact that someone has answered. It can indicate a complete range of receptivity or the lack of it. It can indicate bad temper, lack of sleep, or mild irritation in a fashion that is immediately perceptible and useful to the caller. It can indicate—as my constant effort is to make my "Hello" indicate—that the answerer is an amiable fellow but can be pushed too far.

One of my favorite legends of the war, in this case the Anzio Beachhead, concerns the answering of telephones by name and office. A captain in VI Corps headquarters, whatever phone he answered, would always say, "Officers' Latrine, Captain Scott." This opening served the additional purpose, which the Telephone Company neglects to mention, of so confusing the caller that Captain Scott was always at an advantage in the conversation that followed. My own solution, using "hello" instead, involves the same principle and reveals the Company's basic error. They make the assumption that I want my callers to know to whom they are talking. Nothing could be further from the truth.

If the Telephone Company really wants to cut down on the time wasted by their instrument then they have got to go back to fundamentals. The fact is that the telephone is the greatest weapon ever placed in the hands of the bores of this world since the development of human speech. It has undermined the polite institutions of Western Society by making it impossible to avoid social invitations except by lying—"I'm so sorry, we'll be tied up Saturday." It has stepped up the tempo of business life to such a fever-pitch that a whole new class of telephone-answerers has come into existence merely to protect callers from one another. The only answer, the last line of defense against complete subjection, is to prevent the Great Universal Caller-Up from knowing who is at his mercy. "Hello" is all he's ever going to get out of me.

—Mr. Harper

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Personal & Otherwise

ORDINARILY P & O leaves the arts and kindred matters to Mr. Harper, who dispenses wit and wisdom on such subjects over at the other end of the magazine in "After Hours" (p. 100). But there are two artistic events this fall which serve to call attention to a basic fact of American culture, and we'd like to mention them here.

One is the placing of two fourteen-foot polished aluminum nudes over the entrance to the new building of the Parke-Bernet Galleries on Madison Avenue, New York. Parke-Bernet, doing business as auctioneers of paintings, prints, furniture and such, are naturally interested in fostering public interest in the arts. According to newspaper reports, the statuary group was designed by the sculptor, Wheeler Williams, at the suggestion of the architects, Walker and Poore, "to relieve the flat, thin façade" of the new building. But it does more than that. It symbolizes a cultural attitude.

One of the aluminum nudes is a recumbent male, representing Manhattan, just awakening from sleep. The other is Venus, floating above him, holding aloft a torch. And if you wonder what's going on here, we can tell you authoritatively. In the sculptor's own words, the design represents Venus (the goddess of beauty) "awakening Manhattan to the importance of *art from overseas*." (Italics ours.) As if the art dealers, the museums, poets and novelists, schools and colleges hadn't been awakening Manhattan and the rest of America to exactly that for years and years.

At the same time, out in Detroit, Michigan, there is currently an exhibition, "For Modern Living," at the Institute of Arts, which represents a contrasting point of view. The Detroit show, planned and organized by architect and designer Alexander Girard, is the largest and most comprehensive exhibition of modern design ever assembled. But it is not another attempt to awaken Americans to the importance of "art from overseas." To be sure, a number of foreign designers are represented in the show. But, as Mr. Girard's original prospectus of the exhibition made clear, here for the first time is a display which asserts the fundamentally American character of modern design.

In his introduction to the exhibition catalogue E. P. Richardson, the Director of the Detroit Institute, suggests that those who see the show approach it with this question in mind: "Have we, after a century, reached the point where American designers can again begin to create a reunion of art and life, using modern technology, solving the problems of modern living, and finding in the doing a new form of beauty for our age?"

P & O went out to Detroit to see the show (which remains until November 20), and it seems to us the answer is yes, and that the designers whose work is exhibited there do indeed have something to offer which is important to all Americans. Something much more important than any aluminum Venus is likely to awaken them to.

And there is reason to hope that, if enough

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people see the "For Modern Living" exhibition, it may prove to be, like the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, a turning point in the history of American taste; though this time it will be a turn toward the future rather than toward the past.

The exposition in Chicago fifty-six years ago succeeded in establishing a sterile revival of classicism as the ruling taste in America. But it did so not because the public could not appreciate the contemporary democratic architecture of Louis Sullivan and his peers, but simply because, while Sullivan was represented by a single building, unrelated to the others, the rest of the exhibition was a superbly homogeneous group of structures, carefully inter-related to create a vast, self-consistent, and therefore impressive unity of effect. Had it been possible for Sullivan and those who shared his vision to erect anything like so large and harmonious a group, the history of American taste might have been very different.

Similarly, it is the large scale (12,000 square feet of space), and the imaginative grasp of over-all relationships that went into the planning, which make the Detroit show so impressive. There have been many exhibits of modern design, showing groups of objects, specimens of furniture, even whole rooms. But here for the first time the thing has been done grandly. Once you get past the Institute's grandiose façade (in direct lineal descent from the Chicago fair's classicism), you find yourself in a world where everything is (wondrously) congruous with everything else. For a while you know what it is like to live in a world wholly designed for our time, for us, and not partly for our grandfathers and great grandfathers. It's quite an experience.

A Fishbein out of Water

THE man who, for a generation, has been the voice of the American Medical Association, has been told he must "retire" as soon as others can be trained to take his place, and meanwhile must not speak, write, or be interviewed on controversial subjects. The doctors have apparently decided that they want to speak for themselves—something which they could not very well do when they were choking on a Fishbein.

Not that they want to say anything very different from what he has been saying for them; but, as *Milton Mayer* says in "The Rise and Fall of Dr. Fishbein" (p. 76), they're persuaded that talking quietly—at this stage of the campaign—will be more effective than shouting.

Next month Mr. Mayer will have a go at the ideas and programs involved in the ruckus about medical insurance, and will try to clarify the A.M.A.'s attitudes on the issues. But this month, on the principle of first things first, he deals with the man who is, almost single-handedly, responsible for the fact that it matters what the A.M.A. thinks.

Mr. Mayer, as regular readers of this magazine will remember, is the Chicago newspaperman and writer who last April supplied us with one hundred and twelve footnotes calculated to show "How to Read the Chicago Tribune." He was formerly on the faculty at the University of Chicago, and is now visiting lecturer in social studies at Cleveland College, Western Reserve University, as well as special representative of the Great Books Foundation. He also lectures for the Fellowship of Reconciliation and has had articles published in many magazines, including the *Christian Century*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Yale Law Journal*.

A Matter of Corpse

IT takes an industrious fellow to serve up thirteen cadavers on a single platter. But if the job is easy for anyone, it ought to be easy for *John Bartlow Martin*, the author of "Butcher's Dozen" (p. 55) and of a whole series of true crime stories which have appeared in *Harper's* in the past six years.

Mr. Martin is what is called a "free lance." That is to say, he has no regular employer, but makes his living by writing what he wants to write and what he can sell (which are not necessarily the same thing). To the average student in college writing courses, nothing appears more glamorous and enviable than the status of free lance, and in some ways they are right. The free lance, more than any staff-writer or columnist (or English teacher), can call his body and soul his own. The only problem is how to keep them together without losing his self-respect in the process.

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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

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Back in 1938, after having worked for a few years as a newspaperman in Indiana, Mr. Martin was in Chicago, writing fact-detective stories for *Official Detective* and *Actual Detective Stories*, and living at the Milner Hotel: "\$1 a day, laundry free, we pay cab fare from the railroad station, \$5 a week on a monthly basis." For five years he wrote for those and other detective-story magazines, occasionally doing a piece for *Ken* and *Esquire*, and carrying on an advice-to-the-lovelorn column. He wrote and sold an average of somewhere around three quarters of a million words a year. But if you average half a cent a word in that racket, you're lucky.

After five years of that grind he tried his first "serious" article, the story of Herbert Haupt, a Chicago boy who became a German agent, was caught by the FBI, tried, and executed. Significantly, the title of that piece, which appeared in *Harper's* April 1943 issue, was "The Making of a Nazi Saboteur"; for the emphasis in that article, as in all the crime stories Mr. Martin has done for us since, was on the background out of which the crime emerged—its social and political context—rather than on the crime itself.

Since then Mr. Martin has written a number of articles for us, ranging from sociological stories of crime like "The Ring and the Conscience" (September 1945) to that classic of disaster-reporting, "The Blast in Centralia No. 5" (March 1948). But he goes right along turning out the fact-detective stories which provide a relatively steady source of income, and in his spare time does occasional pieces for *McCall's*, *Collier's*, and other "slicks," or writes a review of the latest Kafka novel for the *Herald Tribune's* "Books."

It sounds easy, doesn't it? But his wife sees it in a perspective which makes it look different. As she wrote to P & O a while back, her husband works on a rigorous schedule: from 9 to 12 in the morning, from 1 to 5 in the afternoon, five days a week; almost every evening; and afternoons and evenings on Sunday. Saturday he takes off, and works in the yard or listens to phonograph records (Kid Orey, Haydn, Louie Armstrong, Mahler). Then there are the days, and sometimes weeks, when

he's off doing leg-work on a story. (The Centralia story took six weeks of leg-work, covering 1,600 miles, and interviews with more than eighty-five people. His notes and documentary sources filled two filing cases.)

He takes three to four days to write a fact-detective story, and usually sends it in first-draft. For a *Harper's* piece (which grosses him less money) he takes anywhere from three to six weeks. As his wife tells it, "The first draft usually runs over a hundred pages. I read it aloud to him and we talk about it, and he goes back to his room to cut it and rewrite it. He rewrites until the first draft is unreadable. Then I type a fresh copy for him, and after it has taken a beating for three or four days, I type the final, clean copy." From then on the cutting—if any—is up to the editors (who bleed at every stroke of the blue pencil).

The Martins have a seven-year-old-daughter, Cindy, who likes ballet and is a better carpenter than her father; which isn't saying a great deal. They live in a Chicago suburb, get brief vacations in Northern Michigan (about which Mr. Martin wrote a book, *Call It North Country*, published by Knopf in 1944). His most recent book is *Indiana: An Interpretation* (1947), which deserved to sell better than it did. Next spring Harper & Brothers will bring out a collection of his crime-in-context pieces to be called, like the present article, *Butcher's Dozen*.

Broadsides and Meditations

●●●A quiet piece on "The Catholic Controversy" (p. 25) is a novelty among the broadsides we have read in recent months. The writer of our contribution is a Catholic layman whose public service has acquainted him with many areas of thought and action where disagreement about religion can stall social progress. As his article demonstrates, a sense of humor in the right place at the right time is a magic balm.

George Nauman Shuster, president of New York City's Hunter College, was born in Wisconsin fifty-five years ago, and was educated at St. Lawrence College and at the University of Notre Dame. For post-graduate work he went to the Université de Poitiers, the Hochschule für Politik,

and Columbia University (from which he received his Ph.D.). During World War I he was a sergeant, Intelligence Section, G.H.Q., and during World War II was civilian chairman of the War Department's Historical Commission.

Before becoming president of Hunter in 1940, Mr. Shuster had been chairman of the English department at Notre Dame, managing editor of *The Commonwealth*, and a fellow of the Social Science Research Council. At present he serves as an officer or member of many educational, charitable, and religious organizations. He is a member of the U. S. National Commission for UNESCO and chairman of its committee on Educational Reconstruction; chairman of the board of the Institute of International Education; president of the World Student Service Fund; chairman of the National Committee on Segregation in the Nation's Capital; and a member of many other groups. He is the author of a number of books, including *The Catholic Spirit in America* (1927), *The Germans* (1932), and *Look Away* (1939).

...Any time, it would seem, is a good time to take up the question of woman. Is she lost, or is she durable? To be pitied, or censured? And by what road has she arrived at her present pass? "What Should Colleges Teach Women?" (p. 33) is a peculiarly contemporary version of the eternal woman question, since within the memory of your grandmother, the query would have been phrased instead, "Should Colleges Permit Women to Enter?"

Mirra Komarovsky, associate professor of sociology at Barnard College, writes us about the origin of her article: "My interest in women's education has been of long standing, but it came to the fore recently in connection with curricular revisions at Barnard. At the recommendation of Dean Millicent C. McIntosh the Barnard faculty has appointed a curriculum committee which has submitted its recommendations. While I was a member of that committee, the opinions expressed in this article are, of course, my own. I might say, however, that among the 'high-brow' colleges Barnard is one of those that bid fair to make the



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Dr. Komarovsky is a Barnard alumna, and received her Ph.D. at Columbia University. She has taught and done research at Skidmore College, the Yale Institute of Human Relations, and Columbia. As the result of research which she did in Westchester County, New York, and with Newark relief recipients in 1934, she published two books, *The Unemployed Man and His Family* and, with George A. Lundberg, *Leisure, a Suburban Study*.

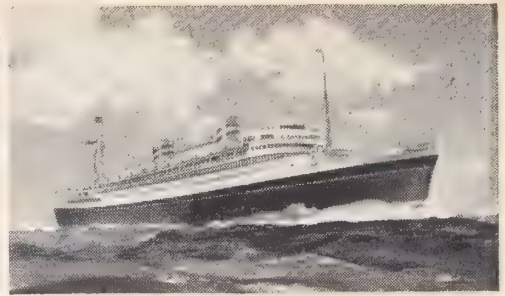
●●●"It would be futile for me even to bluff an explanation of how I came to write 'A Long Farewell,'" (p. 38) we are informed by *Neil S. Boardman*. "I don't know—it just came out of my head. But the setting is real; I had the First National Bank Building in St. Paul in mind, and there is a Davine's Lunch across the street, heavily patronized each noon by office workers, shoe-shiners, newspaper reporters, artists, book clerks, an occasional librarian, and others seeking food at reasonable prices. But any resemblance between Mr. Cutter, etc. . . ."

We accept our author's word that there is no Mr. Cutter in real life, but we have no trouble in placing him in the truthful, entertaining, and sad world created in the fiction of Mr. Boardman. He has done one novel about life in Minnesota, published last year, *The Long Home*, and several stories which have appeared in this magazine. "Anna and the Emperor Waltz" (January 1948) was one of the most poignant.

Born in Stillwater, Minnesota, and educated in the St. Paul public schools and at the University of Minnesota, Mr. Boardman spent most of his life in his home state, working as a librarian there, until his recent move to Bloomington, Indiana. He is now circulation librarian for Indiana University. He says: "My family and I have a forty-acre place about ten miles north of Bloomington; about two-thirds of these acres are more or less vertical, and are heavily wooded. We live in two houses, both small, and set about fifty feet apart.

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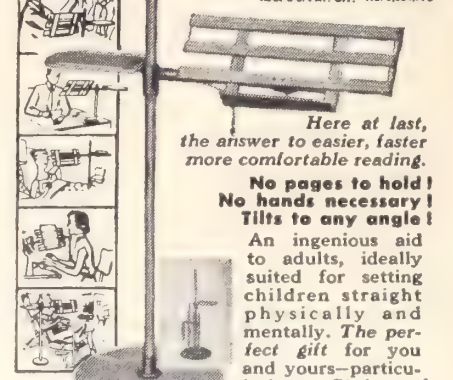
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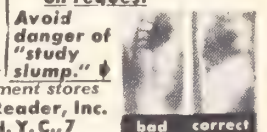
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News and Views of the NEW BOOKS

will be found in the "New Books" Section of this issue—see Page 103

P & O

wills, and genuine Hoosier hill-folk."

Bernarda Bryson, who made the drawings for "A Long Farewell," has worked frequently for *Harper's*, varying her style to suit the subject—as you can see by comparing these pictures with the revealing satire evident in her caricatures of Messrs. Dewey, Warren, Truman, Vandenberg, and Taft in the campaign race a year ago, or the affectionate comedy in her drawings for "To the Country" last July. Miss Bryson is married to Ben Shahn, the painter.

...In the June issue of *Harper's*, **James P. Warburg** went on record as opposed to the United States' program to rearm Western Europe. "No matter what might be the intentions of our Department of State," he wrote then, "rearmament would not only take precedence over recovery but would delay recovery for years." Meanwhile Congress has gone on record in favor of the military-aid program. Mr. Warburg comes back this month with "Bargain-Basement Diplomacy" (p. 50) and, assuming that the policy decided upon is sound, attacks the niggardly manner in which we Americans, through our government, have attempted to achieve our ends. The desire to get what we want without paying the price is so deep an urge in all human beings that it is easy to see our private sins in Mr. Warburg's portrayal of our public failure.

Also since that June article, Mr. Warburg has published a new book on the whole problem of our current foreign policy, *Last Call for Common Sense*, of which Carl Sandburg said: "If it should be that World War III comes, James P. Warburg is already shriven of all guilt. Warburg comes as a reporter and historian of the present world scene. *Last Call for Common Sense* is perhaps the greatest 'pamphlet' of our time—amazingly clean of malice, anger, and hate not required for this hour. He reminds one of Lincoln's 'House Divided' speech and its opening line: 'If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it.'"

Mr. Warburg served in the first World War as a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U.S. Naval Flying Corps and in the second as Deputy Director of



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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

the OWI in charge of psychological warfare policy in the European theater. Between wars he was a banker, financial adviser to the U.S. Delegation to the World Economic Conference in London in 1933, and a writer of many books on many subjects, including finance, politics, and foreign policy. Since the war he has twice visited Europe, and last summer he made a speaking trip in Northwestern Canada and the United States, sponsored by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and the American Friends Service Committee.

"Bargain-Basement Diplomacy" is illuminated by the drawings of **John Groth**, whose work you have seen often in *Harper's*, most recently illustrating stories by V. S. Pritchett and Nelson Algren. Mr. Groth's painting has been shown at the Library of Congress and the Smithsonian, as well as in New York, and he has recently made a collection of drawings for Tolstoi's *War and Peace*.

•••**Niccolò Tucci** reports on the evolution of his story, "Tronco" (p. 70), as follows:

"'Tronco' is the reconstruction, pieced together from fragments, of a lost story which first 'came to pen' in 1926 and was hurriedly marked down on the back of an envelope I carried in my pocket for eight years. Sheer necessity made me work on it again. After eight years the first note had become illegible, and in the process of re-copying it on clean paper, I added a few phrases to it. Then, as the years went by, notes, notes, and notes, propitiations, suggestions, but the story wasn't there as yet. Then I began telling friends about Tronco's thick file and the story that was to be born of it. In 1945, Tronco himself, with his last visit to my house after my father's death, gave me, unknowingly, of course, the ending to his story. But the story was far from there even then.

"In 1946, necessity made me work on Tronco again, when a *Reader's Digest* editor asked me to make of Tronco a 'most unforgettable character.' This was promptly done, promptly rejected with suggestions that I add a little color to the story with two or three samples of Tronco's poetry. This was promptly

done, too, but the *Digest* editor never saw the story again. Tronco was sent back to his file and ordered to wait there for the right moment. Then, a year ago, in the Metropolitan Museum Tronco suddenly came to life as a beautiful story told to a friend. It was all I had wanted it to be: a story of this medieval character, and a real portrait of my ancient Tuscan people. Had I pinned it down that same day, I would still have it. But I didn't. Later attempts, including this one, were all sadly inadequate."

Mr. Tucci is now finishing a novel for Doubleday and writing as a roving editor of Italy's largest weekly, *L'Europeo*. He has just finished a play in French, to be produced next year in Paris. "Tronco" is his fourth story in *Harper's*. Next spring New Directions will bring out a volume of his essays under the title, *Today Comes After Tomorrow*.

The illustrations for "Tronco" are the first drawings to be published in this country by the Italian painter, **Orlando di Collalto**, who lives now in Florence. Last summer he was in New York during an exhibit of his painting. Though he and Mr. Tucci were schoolmates, the artist never knew Tronco.

•••"The Insecurity of Labor Unions" (p. 86) winds up the series of articles on the mass-production era by **Peter F. Drucker** which we have titled *The New Society*. Some time in 1950 the substance of these pieces, developed with a good deal of new material, will appear in book form; meanwhile we think that what we have given here serves better than anything else in print today to place the supercharged current issues in labor-management relations in a comprehensible perspective. As we go to press, steel and coal are threatened by strikes, and it seems safe to imagine that by the time you read Mr. Drucker's article, some big union somewhere in the U.S.A. will be pressing against some big industrial enterprise because, according to his analysis, "it feels its existence in constant jeopardy."

Mr. Drucker pointed out in the first of these articles that the basic problems of the mass-production organization are alike, whatever the "system," whether capitalist, social-

1st, communist, or fascist. The real revolution of our times, brought about by the assembly-line method of production, has struck into the family, has separated worker from product, and has built a new middle class which may turn out to be the decisive social development of the present and future. In his second piece, published last month, the author queried the legitimacy of management as the ruling body in the industrial enterprise and defined the role of the union as the necessary representative of the workers' interest. This month he rounds out his argument by demonstrating that the survival of the union depends upon the proper interpretation of the working man's loyalty to his job and to his union.

Mr. Drucker is author of several books; has been an editor in Europe, a correspondent at the League of Nations, economist for a London bank, a teacher at Bennington College, and a management consultant. He lives in Montclair, New Jersey.

...Not everyone who knows *Ignazio Silone* as Italy's great novelist, the author of *Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine* and other books, knows that he was in the late 1920's a leader of the Communist party in his country and a delegate to important international conferences in Moscow. Though he left the party in 1930, he stayed with it through the period of its militant anti-fascism under Mussolini, and for many years he gave his major energies to the cause. "Farewell to Moscow" (p. 93) is his narrative of matters leading to his separation from communism.

He was born in 1900 at Pescina, a small town whose population was decimated by an earthquake when Ignazio Silone was fifteen. The son of a small landowner, he went to school at Pescina and completed his education in Catholic institutions in various towns in Italy; he did not go to the university, partly for reasons of health, partly because by the time he was seventeen he had become involved in political activity in the Peasant League of Pescina and in a group of anti-war socialists. When the Mussolini regime clamped down, his life as an editor of leftist newspapers in Rome and Trieste and his

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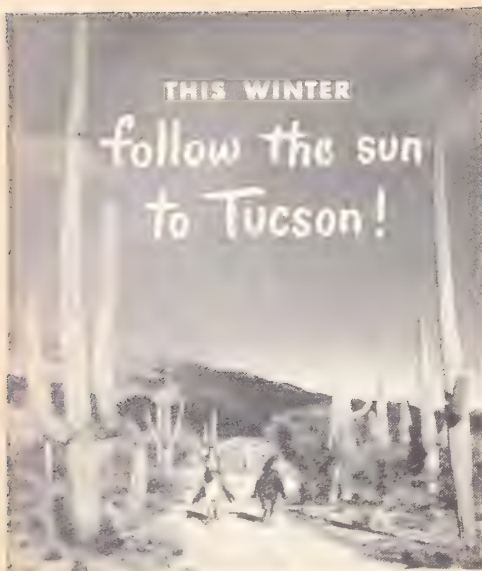
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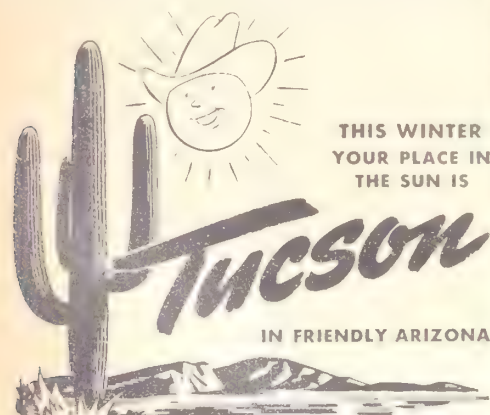
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illegal work in opposition to the Duce kept him in constant danger; he spent brief periods in prison both in Italy and in Spain under the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera. The story of his disillusionment with communism, though not with socialism, is the story of many of the great men of his generation in Europe, and it will make a part of an anthology, *The God That Failed*, to be published next year.

In recent years Mr. Silone lived in Switzerland, writing and studying. He returned to Italy shortly after the Allied occupation of Rome and associated himself with the moderate elements of the left-wing parties.

Each month a piece of *Harper's*, as it were, is left in cuttings on various editorial desks. Often, we think sorrowfully that, like Tennyson's best poems which went up the chimney, the cuttings were the cream of the issue. A little scrap from the youth of Mr. Silone, for which there was no room in his article as we trimmed it for magazine publication, comes back to haunt us so persistently that we have tucked it in here close to the facts of his biography. The question of what is truth was part of the fabric of his boyhood at school, at church, and at home. This is the story he tells:

I remember a lively discussion one day in my catechism class between the boys who were being prepared for confirmation and the parish priest. The subject was a marionette show at which we boys had been present with the priest the day before. It was about the dramatic adventures of a child who was persecuted by the devil. At one point the child-marionette had appeared on the stage trembling with fear and, to escape the devil who was searching for him, had hidden under a bed in a corner of the stage; shortly afterwards the devil-marionette arrived and looked for him in vain. "But he *must* be here," said the devil-marionette. "I can smell him. Now I'll ask these good people in the audience." And he turned to us and asked: "My dear children, have you by any chance seen that naughty child I'm looking for, hiding anywhere?" "No, no, no," we all chorused at once, as energetically as possible. "Where is he then? I can't see him," the devil insisted. "He's left, he's gone away," we all shouted. "He's gone to Lisbon." (In our part of Italy, Lisbon is still the furthestmost

point of the globe, even today.) I should add that none of us, when we went to the theater, had expected to be questioned by a devil-marionette; our behavior was therefore entirely instinctive and spontaneous. And I imagine that children in any other part of the world would have reacted in the same way. But our parish priest, a most worthy, cultured, and pious person, was not altogether pleased. We had told a lie, he warned us with a worried look. We had told it for good ends, of course, but still it remained a lie. One must never tell lies. "Not even to the devil?" we asked in surprise. "A lie is always a sin," the priest replied. "Even to the magistrate?" asked one of the boys. The priest rebuked him severely. "I'm here to teach you Christian doctrine and not to talk nonsense. What happens outside the Church is no concern of mine." And he began to explain the doctrine about truth and lies in general in the most eloquent language. But that day the question of lies in *general* was of no interest to us children; we wanted to know, "Ought we to have told the devil where the child was hiding, yes or no?" "That's not the point," the poor priest kept repeating to us rather uneasily. "A lie is always a lie. It might be a big sin, a medium sin, an average sort of sin, or a little tiny sin, but it's always a sin. Truth must be honored."

"The truth is," we said, "that there was the devil on one side and the child on the other. We wanted to help the child, that's the real truth." "But you've told a lie," the parish priest kept on repeating. "For good ends, I know, but still a lie." To end it, I put forward an objection of unheard-of perfidy, and, considering my age, considerable precocity: "If it'd been a priest instead of a child," I asked, "what ought we to have replied to the devil?" The parish priest blushed, avoided a reply, and, as a punishment for my impertinence, made me spend the rest of the lesson on my knees beside him. "Are you sorry?" he asked me at the end of the lesson. "Of course," I replied. "If the devil asks me for your address, I'll give it to him at once."

...Stephen Dunn ("Sonnet in Free Rhythm," p. 99), the one newcomer among the poets, studies at Columbia. **Babette Deutsch, Robert Brittain, and Lloyd Frankenberg** are known as critics as well as poets. Miss Deutsch is preparing a book about modern poetry and giving a course on that topic at Columbia.

LETTERS

Red Herring—

To the Editors:

I am devoted to your "Mr. Harper" and his "After Hours" section, so much so that it is usually the first thing I read when the magazine arrives.

But this month I am surprised at his attitude toward the Ezra Pound affair. It seems to me he misses the point entirely. No one has kept the public from reading the *Pisan Cantos*, so the case is not comparable to the canceling of Kirsten Flagstad's engagements in California. The point is that the award should not have gone out in the name of the Library of Congress.

AMELIA MUIR BALDWIN
Boston, Mass.

To the Editors:

... I've just read the "After Hours" piece on *l'affaire Pound et al.* Tying it up with Congressman Dondero was really inspired—the connection is so real, and at the same time so tenuous. I wouldn't have thought it possible to make it bind. It certainly does and so does the surgical dissection of the *Saturday Review of Literature's* double-talk. May I congratulate Mr. Harper? . . .

LLOYD FRANKENBERG
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

In your September issue articles by Miss Emily Genauer and Mr. Bernard DeVoto ["Still Life with Red Herring" and "The Easy Chair"] point out the danger which lies, not in Communism but in an almost paranoid fear of Communism . . .

Fear of guilt by association is working some peculiar hardships on our fellow citizens, as I learned last summer in a pretty outdoor New England tea-room run by two charming lady bandits whose well-bred effrontery in the matter of prices would have made a New York restaurateur pale with envy. The only choice on the menu was between several kinds of hot and cold soup,

including cold *bořscht*. Into the face of the elderly woman in front of me (we were permitted the fun of serving ourselves) that word brought a faintly adventurous gleam.

"Is that something French?" she asked hopefully.

The lady bandit in charge of the buffet was a trifle embarrassed. "Why, no," she said. "No, as a matter of fact," she lowered her voice slightly, "it's—Russian."

The elderly woman gave the same shocked laugh she'd probably have given if, in her presence, a female dog had been referred to as a bitch.

"Good gracious, I don't see how *you*—a person like *you*—" she fluttered politely. And ordered a nice hot bowl of non-subversive chowder.

Thank you for publishing the best written, most interesting, and least stodgy monthly magazine in the country.

ALICE FRANKFORTER
New York, N. Y.

You're being watched—

To the Editors:

Man! Man! from my propped-up pillow on the bed at an hour or so past midnight, I rush to my typewriter to acclaim the man—that man Eiseley. He's not just an anthropologist, a scientist. He's an artist. But then what true scientist isn't also an artist?

Down the cultural corridors of time. He's served his purpose; he's done his stint. He's destroyed a civilization. Let the next squirrel take over if he can. I bend the knee and retire to the nearest bush, there to curl my quivering tail beneath me. I'm scared to death.

I've just read "The Fire Apes" by Dr. Eiseley [September 1949].

A dog howls in the distance. And another. A dog? How do I know? No, not a dog. I detect a furtive undertone of derision in that howl in the night. Prophetic wisdom?

I dare not go back to bed.

GEORGE H. ABEL
Huntington Valley, Penna.

Johnson's Democracy—

To the Editors:

Upon reading Gerald W. Johnson's article "Overloaded Democracy" [September 1949] I was reminded that the late Carl Becker once called democracy a sort of "conceptual Gladstone bag" into which almost anything could be packed. By defining democracy as "simply adhesion to the theory that the social order is best served by removal of artificial barriers from the path of character and ability," Mr. Johnson seems to have created a sort of conceptual steamer trunk capacious enough to include the ideology of our Russian friends, not to mention the sturdy citizens of the Third Reich. . . .

RICHARD F. SCHIER
Los Angeles, Calif.

... As to Mr. Johnson's idea of F.E.P.C. refusing to employ the right to reject job applicants with undesirable political or social theories, I simply don't know what legislation or proposed legislation he is talking about. Perhaps he can enlighten me. If there are such laws or if such laws are proposed I am against them. The F.E.P.C. law in New York State, and as far as I know all other F.E.P.C. laws, merely forbid employers to discriminate in hiring and firing and downgrading and upgrading on a basis of race, religion, or national ancestry. Some proposed laws add sex. Furthermore, no F.E.P.C. law which I know of requires an employer to hire any specific individual. F.E.P.C. merely requires him not to discriminate against any *qualified* person because of race, color, or religion.

Surely, if American democracy is to survive, it must broaden to include the most basic of all rights beyond that of life itself, the right to work for which one is qualified without discrimination as to race, color, religion, or national origin.

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LETTERS

Pooh to Popkin—

To the Editors:

After reading Mrs. Popkin's article ["Widows and the Perilous Years," September 1949] I want to protest against the too broad generalizations she has drawn from her own, her friends' observations and from insurance statistics.

I have been a widow for a good many years. I have a good observation post for I belong to a large group of workers whom I've known well for a long time. . . .

These are some of the facts I've noted about unmarried women, widows, and spinsters. Not only do most of them become workers, but they prove to be dependable, better than average workers, whether they scrub offices at night (and care for their children and homes during the day) or become trained workers. . . .

Widowhood does not necessarily change a mother into an emotional, neurotic woman, a selfish demanding woman. It does demand of her an adjustment to a lonelier and more independent outlook on life. While selfishness is often found among these middle-aged, single women, there are many more instances of their being exploited by their adult children and being *made* dependent: mother's loving services (dish-washing, baby-sitting), her small financial reserves accepted casually and without appreciation or due return of her unselfish love.

Mrs. Popkin's view seems warped by certain cases of emotional, neurotic widows who seek to dominate their children by selfish dramatics. . . . On the whole such unsound conclusions are too superficial and inaccurate to find a place in *Harper's*.

F. S. M.
Illinois

Pooh to F. S. M.—

To the Editors:

. . . I am going to try to order reprints of the article. I think they may do a lot of women I know more good than thousands of dollars worth of psychiatry.

HARRIET F. PILPEL
New York, N. Y.

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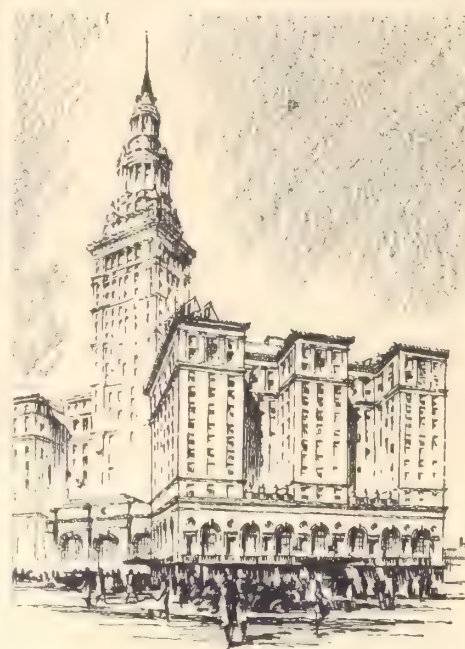
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MAGAZINE

The Catholic Controversy

George N. Shuster

YOU may recall that after Al Smith had been chosen to head the Democratic ticket he was challenged to show why his allegiance to the Pope did not make him a dangerous character and a tool of foreign interests. Once asked, the question traveled around like the offspring of the original Japanese beetle, "tolerance" disappeared, and a scar was left on the American social landscape which one can still see with the naked eye. But what is more surprising in retrospect is that the challenge was originally considered a godsend and an omen of Democratic victory. For some seasons prior to election year the Klan had held a record number of torchlight parades, only to wilt completely when the heat of publicity was turned on. Did this not mean that most Americans disapproved so strongly of religious bickering that anyone who invested in it would be hooted out of court? Not a few reasonably hard-headed people thought so. We know now they were mistaken. When that kind of fire is started, somebody has to run for his life.

What if some day the blaze just kept on burning? There has been slowly shaping up a Catholic-Protestant controversy which may, if it develops, scorch the roots of American democracy. The sources from which it derives are many.

Current comment on Catholics may be summarized tersely. Here are some of the views held by many non-Catholics, including some who regard themselves as judicial and reasonable people:

The strength of the Catholic Church can inspire uneasiness and fear. On a trip up the Hudson, one passes rows of former estates now chock-full of priests, nuns, and brothers working diligently to make America Catholic. They take their orders from their own brand of Comintern—that is, the Vatican.

Were they to succeed, what would be the lot of dissenters? Does not the Church teach that once Catholics have gained control of the state they must abolish the civil rights of those outside the fold? Do they not do so wherever they can?

Meanwhile the clergy drop hints as to what to

George Nauman Shuster, president of Hunter College (a public institution), a Catholic who has written extensively on such subjects as The Catholic Spirit in America, is well fitted to serve as an interpreter between his fellow-churchmen and other citizens.

expect when their power in America is secure. They enter politics, for example, and prevent non-Catholics who want birth-control advice from getting it. And in a dozen ways they curb freedom of speech.

Catholics operate a school system which erects barriers between Americans and therefore makes the realization of true democracy impossible. They have the effrontery to suggest that this system be supported from public funds.

Finally, Catholics are intellectually grubby, socially smudgy, given to conniving with foreign Fascists, and sickeningly bourgeois. They talk a special brand of English, noted for mauve patches and rasping epithets, and they play bingo.

The Catholic counter-attack is not without zest and flavor. Here are some of the views held by many on the other side of the controversy:

Protestantism is in a state of decomposition. It believes in nothing, not even the Divinity of Christ, and cannot agree to support any ethical principle. This sorry condition is the consequence of having been in error since the Reformation.

Having traditionally looked down on Catholics, snubbed them when possible, and at regular intervals created Know-Nothing or Klan movements, Protestants now regretfully realize that the day for such antics has passed. Therefore they stand ready to make an anti-Catholic pact with anybody, even Communists.

In the political arena, Protestantism came to grief over Prohibition. Now its principal platform plank has become the iniquitous legalization of contraceptives, counted on to reduce the number of Catholics, who prevailingly inhabit urban areas.

Having blindly relied upon the public school as the great American educational agency, Protestants now see that they have created a wholly secularist teaching profession, able to concede the existence of everybody and everything except God.

Finally, Protestants are unimaginative, staid, stubborn, blue-nosed, and addicted to innocuous public prayers on insignificant occasions.

This kind of pot will bubble if the fire is fed. When one bears in mind that the majority of Americans are to be found in neither camp, but that there is abroad in the land a notably wistful hope that religion might help us all to find a path across the

dreary landscape modern man is fated to inhabit, the spectacle of two great Confessions locked in mutually destructive battle is disheartening.

II

THE paradox of Catholicism is that while it is outwardly strong and at least since the Renaissance given to a cult of splendor, its holy secret is its consciousness of human weakness. And the paradox of Protestantism is that, while outwardly disparate, weak in its collective expression, and austere in its ecclesiastical forms, it feels blessed by a consciousness of strength. I think this is the fundamental divergence, and that only when it is surmounted can there be unity or at least cordial friendship.

A Catholic comes to his Church with the conviction that here, in a mystical but real sense, is the Bride of Christ to whom have been given the beatitudes and the Eucharistic Feast, the eternal creed and the immutable moral law. But he is from the beginning aware also of his own weakness and of human debility. It is expected that at the close of each day he will take stock of his defections, and that periodically he will make a clean breast of them to his confessor. To him it remains the greatest of mysteries that although a quite incredible Divine affection has been lavished on man he is nevertheless a sorry mess. No matter how often this oddly fork-like animal turns the hose on his body, it will be dirty during some hours of the day. Can a human being say more of his mind and spirit? In a very real and not at all jocose way the Church is a bath-house and a doctor's office.

Accordingly, if someone stands outside and points a finger at the foibles of which he and his fellows are guilty, the Catholic is not disturbed because he knows worse things already. He is aware that history speaks of despicable individuals seated on the Papal throne itself. He knows that nowhere are there more brothels than in some Catholic lands. Told of what celibacy has done to some, he must reply that marriage has done even worse to others. Nothing one could say to him would, I think, surpass his realization that when a priest prepares for the Mass he must follow, at the risk of incurring dire spiritual pen-

alties, a series of minute regulations akin to those prescribed for soldiers on the eve of inspection. And the reason? Priests have been known to be slovenly even when going to their highest and most sacred office. The Catholic, in short, is what he is precisely because the Church is holy and he is not. A Saint—and there are not a few—is merely somebody whose life reflects in a feeble measure the sanctity of his Church.

THE Protestant, on the other hand—I say it tentatively and with affection—seems cast in a different mold. What is the Church save a sacred fellowship in which one has parity by reason of election? The Protestant often has a profound and humble respect for leadership, and will follow an able guide as resolutely as a Benedictine walks in the footsteps of his Abbot. But he is bound by no indissoluble ties. The time may come when he will sense the need of other guidance; and in that case he must cut himself adrift and look elsewhere. Quest is therefore the first characteristic of Protestantism, whether the individual be Kierkegaard or Wesley. One must have struck no permanent bargain, because only in the continuing incorruptibility of oneself is salvation made manifest. Thus there lies about the heads of steadfast and beleaguered Protestants a glory which commands respect. When one has known them at their best, as in the German Confessional Church which said *no* to Nazism at such dire cost, one has known humanity at near its noblest.

Yet is it not true that this individualism, whether mystical or rationalistic, is a lonely creed, and that when its confessor looks about him it is difficult to find living comradeship out of which a human community might arise? May it not be, in short, that some of the fear of the Catholic Church as currently voiced is rooted in nostalgic desire for the unity so evident in that Church? These questions are asked in no querulous mood. Undoubtedly a Catholic makes a very considerable sacrifice of individual bent and desire. He does so when he is sincere because he believes he must, for his soul's sake. The Protestant is convinced that one can bring no such offering and remain honest. But he must as a consequence bear his own burden and it, too, is a heavy one.

If, as more judicious men than I have said, this dichotomy could be resolved, fortune would smile again on Christendom. But this seems a remote goal, and the day belongs to those who foster that emancipation from religious ties to which the name of secularism has been given. Its seal is on nearly everything under the sun. Authority it has dubbed authoritarianism, and freedom is what anybody thinks it is. Superficially the Catholic is less of an obstacle to secularism than is the Protestant. For example, his mores frown less sternly on wine, gaming, and the dance. Yet when one looks at all deeply one sees that secularism has its implacable foe in the church of Rome. The Papal claim to speak authoritatively to individuals of the most disparate character in the name of unchanging truth tempts Protestantism to consider the secularist its ally. And so, no doubt, one of the most crucial long-run questions of our time is whether the Protestant will succumb to that temptation. But what matters now is that the Catholic often most unwisely fails to discern his fateful brotherhood with the Protestants.

THIS is the setting of the debate. And it is intensified by various emotional factors. Much about the outer spectacle of Catholic life ruffles the aesthetic nerves of those who lack native sympathy with it. Only an exacerbated anti-Papist would, I surmise, resent a Corpus Christi procession outside a town in Lombardy. Such an event seems to fit into an Italian landscape, and of course the connoisseur knows that each has a distinguished classical pedigree. But the Church in America is the common people decked out in a heap of European regalia, and the effect on the outsider is often fascinating, funny, or annoying, depending on his mood. It is said that St. Patrick's in New York is what it is because somebody saw a postcard picture of Regensburg Cathedral. When one reflects that this structure was paid for by poor Irish newcomers to these shores at a time when between them and their German neighbors a feud was in progress which subsided only when the young in the two groups cannily began to intermarry, the humor of this Teutonic art victory is obvious. But is the fun more uproarious than one can enjoy at Yale or Princeton?

Sometimes the Catholic immigrant's homesickness has expressed itself with vigorous authenticity. If one stands on the campus of St. Mary's College and looks across a fringe of trees toward Notre Dame University, all one sees is an elongated gilded dome thrust up into the sky. It is a rough copy of the Hôtel des Invalides, of course; and I often think that the French priest who caused that rocket of gold to explode there, in the wilderness, was truly a great, wild poet.

Yet there is about many Catholic churches, in town and country, a fearful quantity of ten-cent-store arabesque—inane statuary, painted glass dripping sentimentality, vestments made for thin people on fat people, and music designed to make one wish the singers would join the angelic choir without delay. And if, as may well happen, all this is topped with a sermon combining a curiously ungrammatical orthodoxy, pot-shots at the rest of the world, and invitations to participate in varied gambling events, it can easily be that what is suggested is Coney Island on a religious binge. Candidly, I used to worry about it a good deal when I was young, but it has come to seem dear and even in a sense glorious. For where else shall the common people find a center round which they can rally their lives, or something that sets all they do in immortal perspective? But I know there are many who, fearing this may be the tide destined to engulf American culture all the way from the cobbler's bench and the hobnail decanter to Dartmouth's Great Issues Course, see in their dreams four frowsy Catholic horsemen moving in on civilization.

Little need be said about cultural prejudices which gnaw at Catholic composure because they can easily be imagined. (The Protestant clergyman's religion, one hears from many Catholics, has petered out. On Sunday mornings he attracts a few victims of insomnia by discussing the United Nations and Stalin's more hopeful intentions. His congregation consists of people who secretly yearn to be Catholics but cannot because rich grandmothers would disown them, or because they have never studied logic. What really keeps Protestantism going is arrogant disapproval of the Pope.) That such unrealistic generalizations should be in vogue is deplorable. But for the moment they are fairly damp dynamite.

III

Now let us look at some of the issues. The first crucial question is: Does the Catholic Church teach that when a state is under Catholic control the civil rights of others may, or must, be abrogated? If the answer is *yes*, non-Catholic Americans will of necessity consider the Church a threat to their basic liberties. Nor can the query be dismissed as purely theoretical. If population statistics show even a slight increase in the relative number of Catholics, a time may be envisioned when they will constitute a majority of American citizens. One may observe at this point that although existing statistical studies are inconclusive, there is some evidence of a net Catholic gain. Naturally it is also possible that, should a marked drift away from both confessions set in, Catholics may some day outnumber Protestants.

Under such circumstances, a statement by the late Monsignor John A. Ryan, widely respected for his liberal views, that the pronouncements of Pope Leo XIII made it necessary to hold that the rights of dissenters were not recognized in principle by the Catholic Church was hardly soothing syrup. It deeply shocked American Catholics, too, because it made them, ethically, first cousins of the Communists, prone to claim democratic privileges until strong enough to deny them to others. Soon a group of moral theologians, led by eminent Jesuits, was at work studying the problem. There were conferences with representative Protestant scholars. Essays on the subject were circulated. Finally, during the summer of 1949, a notable body of Catholic intellectuals met in St. Louis for earnest and searching debate. The conclusions reached were of necessity tentative. But I think that while Monsignor Ryan's views are now given little if any support, one must add that Catholic moral teaching on the major issues has not been made sufficiently explicit. Until further clarity has been achieved, there may well be some further groping and contentiousness. On the other hand, reports from nearly all countries in Europe and Latin America indicate that Catholic thinkers are overwhelmingly opposed to Monsignor Ryan's position.

The pertinence of drab pages of history

may be discounted. The contemporary mind is, however, greatly impressed by current practice. And so it is often said that whereas Catholics are free to practice their religion in the Scandinavian countries, where Protestantism is the established creed, they do not in Spain, for example, accord comparable liberty to Protestants. The conclusion drawn is what might be expected, namely that while Catholics may declare themselves in favor of civil liberties, what they do about them when they have a chance is another matter.

Franco's Spain has been hotly debated ever since the fateful day when his Moors left Africa, and I have seen no reason to change my own mind about it since 1937, when, as one of the editors of the *Commonweal*, I said that tying the American Catholic kite to such a regime was a naïve blunder and a moral disaster, no matter how deeply and justly one might resent Spanish anti-clericalism. Whatever attraction it may present as an asset in the tussle with the Soviets, Franco's government has as many crimes in its record as one can find on a police blotter. It is a tightly controlled little experiment in unimaginative nationalism. Franco does not persecute Protestants, but he certainly hobbles them. Catholics are also hobbled. Some of their ablest leaders are in exile, the treatment of the Basques remains scandalous, education is not free, and a Catholic publicist who spoke his mind would get thirty days on bread and water. The difference is that whereas Catholics who keep mum are accepted socially, it is deemed impossible that Protestants can really behave. The distinction may be subtle but it is important, and no one can be blamed for thinking so.

IV

IT is often said that on such issues the clergy lines up on one side and the laity on the other. In my experience, the percentage of priests who could not stomach Franco was as large as the percentage of laymen. At any rate, we may now cast a glance at "clericalism," by which is meant the class-consciousness of the priestly caste, given to lording it over the faithful. Undoubtedly the clergy, apart from its hieratic functions, resembles the secular academic profession in feeling that the rest of the race is immature, that its own scholarly

prerogatives are important, and that the student (or sinner) should be kept in his place. There are academic or clerical virtues and foibles, as any bishop or college president can tell you. In the United States the situation may be a little complicated by a form of hero worship which often compels the priest to seem a blend of Frank Sinatra and the Chief of Police. But the "conspiracies" are really not very impressive in either case. I may be able to illustrate the texture of the thing with a few anecdotes.

Once I translated a novel which the late Bishop Kelley read and told me he liked. A few days later he came round to say that a certain doughty and thunderous Monsignor was in a dither about the book and planned a broadside. "I will review it before he lets off steam," he said, and promptly sat down to write a notice which saved the day.

Not long ago, just before a dinner meeting, I met the head of a Catholic institution, who proffered his sympathy to me as an educator. He thought it particularly distressing that I had to deal with Negro students. It so happened that the Archbishop of the city in question also spoke that night. He related that the morning before he had, while driving along, seen two Negro Sisters on their way to a convention. He had invited them to luncheon and asked them where they were staying. "It was a wretched place," he added. "I said to them, Sisters, tonight you will stay at . . ." mentioning the self-same institution over which my interlocutor presided.

Finally I recall that as formidable a martinet as the American hierarchy has ever known intervened to make a campaign against Catholic participation in the Berlin Olympics a failure. Twelve years later, he remarked, "Remember the Berlin Olympics? Well, I was wrong."

You will gather that there is such a thing as "clericalism," but it is not all of one piece. Were the Catholic laity of America as upright, intelligent, human, and individualistic as their clergy, we should have little to worry about.

THE priest does wield extraordinary power in shaping the response of millions of people to certain basic life questions. What, for example, is a man to think about sex, marriage, and divorce? Be-

cause the priest sponsors views on these vital themes which differ from those entertained by what is now doubtless the vast majority of non-Catholics, he provokes discussion and resentment. For him the noblest human action is not the satisfaction of sexual desire but its sublimation. Matrimony to his mind implies the fidelity of man and wife, and also their resolute desire to bring children into the world. He is the foe of trial marriage and premarital promiscuity. He is also opposed to what is called "birth control."

Doctrine on this last controversial topic is the outcome of ethical reflection rather than of dogmatic teaching. The Catholic pattern of relations between man and woman is, to be sure, the elaboration in terms of daily living of what the Christian repudiation of hardness of heart implies. Shall we not say that it is a variation on the great New Testament themes of love and duty and self-sanctification, and that therefore it is intelligible only to those for whom these themes retain their primal meaning? But in it all there is no note more dissonant to human nature than the mandate that sexual intercourse must not be divorced from the risk of begetting a child. To be sure, there is no commandment ordering a number of children; and Catholic ethics prescribe that parents must be able to assume responsibility for the needs of those they bring into the world. Abstention from intercourse may be legitimate, and advantage may be taken of fluctuations in the fertility cycle. But the use of contraceptives is forbidden. Psychologists, physicians, and sociologists may object strenuously, but the Church is adamant. Thus a mighty barrier is thrown across the stream of that desire which runs deepest and strongest in human life and history. It is a hard doctrine, perhaps indeed the most daring prescription of asceticism made in the modern time.

Should non-Catholics be forced to submit to secular laws designed to enforce such Catholic teaching? The question has ceased to be relevant in this country except in Connecticut and Massachusetts, where laws prohibiting the dissemination of birth control information are kept on the statute books as a result of Catholic pressure on the legislature. In Connecticut, efforts to repeal the law have been made regularly since 1923, and Protestants have been virtually unani-

mous in supporting these efforts. What comment is suggested by American tradition? It seems to me that so long as Catholics are scrupulously careful to defend the law on the ground that it is beneficial to human society, and so long as they suggest that the issue be settled by referendum, they are being good citizens, willing to accept the will of the majority. But it is also clear that they must avoid every attempt to impose Catholic teaching on others, as well as all temptations to determine the outcome through reprehensible backstage political manipulation.

There is a broader problem. What attitude should be taken toward any legislation the import of which is moral rather than utilitarian? Unlimited divorce, pornography, abortion, sterilization of the unfit, pederasty—at what point do these become practices which the common will accepts as permissible? The reply necessarily depends on one's definitions of rights and of freedom; and it is precisely about these that liberal opinions differ. We have drifted along, crediting the benevolence of man and his enlightenment, until we have now found that no nine people can agree about even any legal principle or precedent. A society which thus rids itself of fences and landmarks fills the Catholic with consternation. For he can surmise that some time, because the vacuum created by moral ambivalence demands it, the state will acquire a moral code like that of the Communists or Fascists. And so he feels that he may be doomed to become the inevitable bulwark of freedom, possibly its martyr, even though under prevailing conditions he no longer quite knows what freedom is. This sense of desperate uncertainty, reinforced by the constant stark news coming from abroad these past twenty years, he shares with Protestants. But he does not know it. To some extent this is his deplorable fault, and for it he unwittingly atones. Yet the guilt is by no means his alone.

V

WHAT is at stake may be seen more clearly if thought of in terms of education. His school system is in several ways the American Catholic's greatest achievement. Offering instruction at all

levels from the nursery school to the university, it serves in round figures 3,000,000 young people. There are other forms of organized religious education in the United States—Jewish, Lutheran, Quaker, Adventist, for example—but none rivals the Catholic system in complexity or extensiveness, even though a very large number of Catholic children still attend the public schools. The cost has been staggeringly heavy in terms both of money and of sacrifice. Thousands, many thousands, of the Church's noblest women have given their lives to teaching children, often under adverse conditions and usually for no material rewards beyond the bare necessities of life. Theirs has been a genuinely heroic enterprise. Because economic resources have been so limited, the Catholic school has been entrusted to religious orders and the clergy to an extent unrivaled elsewhere, save possibly in Eastern Europe. It has therefore acquired a strikingly deep, sometimes almost mystical religious character, but it is also prevaillingly an unworldly school, in the sense that transition from it to the dominant cultural moods and interests of the country is difficult.

The public school, on the other hand, has become increasingly "secular." Religious teaching was originally banned from it not because of some "law" implicit in the Constitution, but because of a desire to safeguard children against indoctrination. Gradually such religious instruction as the children in attendance received outside the school became quite peripheral, regardless of family background. The public school, profiting by compulsory attendance, relatively good teaching, and mighty resources, moved to the center of the cultural stage. It also became a community center, serving adults and young people alike, and often overshadowing the church or unintentionally sapping its vitality. Sunday Schools and similar institutions were frequently reduced to the status of poor relations.

It cannot therefore be denied that a marked "separateness" between secular and religious education became a notable characteristic of American life. And as soon as this was apparent an urge to bridge the gap manifested itself. The Catholic school in particular badly needs a strong infusion of lay teachers and far more intimate and cordial parent-

teacher relations. Would it not be possible to secure these and other things as well if a measure of public assistance could be obtained? On the other hand, religious leaders and others began to seek ways and means for assuring the religious education of public school children. For example, "release time" was advocated. Supported primarily by Protestant groups but with Catholic and Jewish co-operation, the release-time movement made considerable progress. If one puts the two parts of the puzzle together, one sees that what was at work was a desire to bring about at least a measure of unity in American education. But so strongly was the secularism of the public school established by this time that what might have been taken for granted in 1890 was hotly contested in 1940. Separating children for religious instruction would, it was argued, divide the American community, while state aid for parochial schools was deemed unethical. Pressure groups began to line up, and as so often happens one such group begot another.

THE *Nation* controversy will illustrate. This magazine was ordered stricken from the list of periodicals purchased for New York City school libraries because it had published a series of articles considered hostile to the Catholic Church. When the matter was first brought up, it was suggested that in order to enable young people to familiarize themselves with all sides of the questions the *Nation* was discussing, certain well-known Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish magazines be added to the list. This very sensible recommendation was not endorsed, however, on the ground that doing so would mean admitting religion into the public school. The *Nation* was thereupon banned for having sinned against the doctrine that good-will must be fostered among all members of the American school community. Immediately thereafter a committee of notable citizens was mustered to defend the principle of free speech, held to have been violated. But what reason was there for assuming that the same principle had not been ignored when magazines like *Commentary* and *America* were ostracized? Or had church and state grown so "separate" that while institutions controlled by the one might be

used to attack the other, no kind of intelligent co-operation was any longer permissible? When the debate had reached this stage, powerful Catholic pressure organizations emerged to support the caveat against the *Nation* while equally energetic groups on the other side rallied their faithful. The muddle of presupposition and practice, of freedom and the denial of freedom, could hardly have been more complete.

AS IF this demonstration of nebulosity did not suffice, the Supreme Court added another. A taxpayer had brought suit to prevent the school authorities of Champaign, Illinois, from permitting a friendly association of Catholics, Protestants, and Jews to conduct religious classes in school buildings after hours. Like many another city, Champaign had apparently reasoned that since the schools when not in use were made available to reputable groups of citizens, there was no valid argument for excluding an amicable religious organization. But a majority of the Court held that the American doctrine of separation between church and state forbade "instruction in and teaching of religious education" on public school premises. Evidence to support the contention was found in the writings of the Founding Fathers. The value of that evidence is not under discussion here. But what was a public-school administrator to make of the verdict? Presumably the *Nation* was doing religious education in its way, as this issue of *Harper's* may also be. Could a Psalm be read or a Christmas Carol sung? In short, the Court banned something it did not define. How can the American school, desperately in need of the good-will of the whole community, prosper under such weird and cloudy formulations of educational philosophy?

That it cannot was demonstrated by the discussion of Representative Barden's proposal that Congress set aside a little money for public school purposes. While it is possible to contend that the proposal should have been worded differently, one may observe that whereas a substantial grant of federal aid to general education would be a major innovation, a similar grant to religious education would be a major revolution. Some Catholic bishops considered it unwise to mount any such barricade. Their counsel did not prevail, and I fancy that the reason was that the impact of preceding events was too strong to be resisted emotionally. The question, however many veils might still be thrown around it, had become this: if the public school is as "secular" as the Supreme Court says it is, why should a citizen with deep religious convictions be interested in supporting it?

STATED thus bluntly, the issue is as ominous a one as the nation could formulate. Anybody who knows the existing situation realizes that the plight of American education is so desperate that unless all citizens put their shoulders to the wheel their children will suffer appallingly. It is to be hoped that having come to this bleak point in our discussion, we shall quickly turn up another road toward a solution of this national problem. The task of American educational engineering is to find that road, and I sincerely hope it will.

Concluding, I am conscious of having stalked many deer and shot none. We have discussed an important side of the life of Americans. What is neither very pleasant nor inspiring in the picture can be altered only by our people as a whole. I have just one bit of advice to offer: it will not help to play ostrich one minute and firebrand the next.

What Should Colleges Teach Women?

Mirra Komarovsky

DOES a college education unfit women for their role as wives and mothers? A good many people seem to think so. Last winter, at a convention of educators in San Francisco, women's colleges were flatly accused of having "deprecated marriage as an absorbing vocation," and a number of people in high places are now urging that colleges specifically prepare their female students for family life. Dr. Mildred McAfee Horton, retiring president of Wellesley, said in a recent address: "College failed to teach these women that . . . the family is entirely respectable as a sphere of activity." And in a recent article the president of Mills College, Lynn White, attacked women's colleges for treating their students as if they were "men in disguise."

Dr. White charged that educators have disregarded the biological differences between men and women and erroneously assumed that the path to equality with men lies in giving both sexes the same education. The result, he claimed, has been "to develop . . . in millions of women a sense of frustration, of failure, a loss of self-respect"; and the crying need today is "to shake off this subservience to masculine values" and design a "distinctively feminine college curriculum."

Such a curriculum would reflect the greater interest of women in human relations, their comparatively smaller enthusiasm for "lofty and abstract structures of ideas," their greater concern with the practical and the applied in the arts, and, perhaps above all, their concern with the family and domesticity. Indeed, Dr. White even suggested that it might be possible to present a beginning college course in foods which would be "as exciting—and as difficult to work up after college—as a course in post-Kantian philosophy." "Why not study," he continued, "the theory and preparation of a Basque *paella*, of a well-marinated shishkebab . . . an authoritative curry; even such simple sophistication as serving cold artichokes with fresh milk?"

CRITICISM of a liberal-arts education for women is not new. Eighty-four years ago, in words that were echoed last winter at San Francisco, Harriet Beecher Stowe declared that there was "a too-great tendency of the age to make the education of women anti-domestic." But the fact that modern critics are reiterating what was said in 1865 does not necessarily mean that there is nothing valid in what they say. Some of the criticism can, of course, be passed off as special

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pleading by educational theorists, but there is stubborn evidence that a good deal of it comes from people who cannot be ignored: the women who have themselves been through the mill and who are not satisfied with what they got.

For example, there are the responses of seven hundred recent graduates of Barnard, one of the outstanding Eastern colleges for women. Last summer a committee of the faculty sent out 4,300 questionnaires to alumnae of the classes of 1930 to 1948 asking, "What changes in your opinion would make the college more useful to its graduates as (a) citizens, (b) workers, (c) members of families? You may wish to suggest new courses, new counseling agencies, changes in existing courses, or in the general climate of opinion."

Seven hundred alumnae answered. There is no way of knowing whether or not they were representative. Possibly it is the dissatisfied graduates who are most apt to respond to such a questionnaire. But it is worth noting that 40 per cent of those who did answer asked for better preparation for family life; 20 per cent for more vocational training. All that some asked was that the college give the students greater assurance of their value as housewives and mothers. "When faced with a messy kitchen and a batch of diapers to be washed, after having been taught for four years about the higher values of life and her own importance and responsibility as a human being, the graduate cannot help feeling that she is too good for that sort of thing," one wrote. Others wanted specific domestic training, in everything from baby care to cooking. "No one would hire a stenographer who cannot type, but we expect men to marry us whether or not we can cook, no matter how little we know about children. It is appalling," was another of the comments.

These views, however typical or atypical of Barnard's recent graduates they may be, reflect an attitude toward college education which one frequently encounters these days among the graduates of the traditional women's colleges. As another graduate of another college put it, in a survey conducted by the *New York Times*: "College prepared me . . . for something I am not, and left me woefully lacking in knowledge I now need; it seems to me college prepared me to be another female college professor."

THE critics have a case. Higher education for women emerged out of a social struggle. Its advocates in the nineteenth century, when Mt. Holyoke, Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr, and Barnard were founded, were fighting for the recognition of women's intellectual and professional interests. Understandably they stressed these interests rather than the already accepted family roles, and some of them tended to deprecate housekeeping, if only by their silence about it.

In so far as such an attitude still persists in women's colleges, it is a bad thing. Domestic life is still basic to society and there is still no practical alternative to it for thousands of women graduates. Furthermore, the conservative college (and this is equally true of men's colleges) has traditionally been aloof from the living needs of its students in college and afterward. It is, perhaps, unfair to say that colleges are indifferent to their graduates' effectiveness in later life, but it is true that many assume too complacently that the education they give ensures effectiveness. With a naïve rationalism, colleges often believe that book learning is automatically carried over into practice.

But to admit all this is not to say, as a good many critics of women's education do say, that the education of women should be radically different from the education of men, or that the liberal-arts curricula of the leading women's colleges should be discarded. The strength of the critics lies in their pointing out of the problem, not in the solutions they propose.

NEITHER the innate differences between men and women nor their different social roles call for any radical differentiation in their education. The liberal-arts college addresses itself to both men and women as human beings, and a curriculum devised to develop each student's intellectual, artistic, and social potentialities serves both equally well.

To be sure, psychological tests have revealed some intellectual differences between the sexes; for example, women do better in verbal and worse in mathematical tests. Let us assume, although this is far from certain, that these tests really reflect innate differences and not merely the effects of early training. Does

this call for a "distinctively feminine curriculum?" Must we bewail with the recent best seller, *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex*, the "disastrous mistake of forcing women into the masculine pattern?" I do not think so.

The critics have uniformly overlooked one fact of paramount importance: the psychological tests show much greater differences within each sex than between them. In every tested mental quality there is a great deal of overlapping between men and women; many a co-ed could probably outshine her boy friend in mathematics (though it may be the better part of valor to be discreet about it). Similarly, there are boys on any college campus who can outdo the girls in verbal examinations. This means that what is needed is a rich and diversified curriculum to bring out the special talents of the individual student regardless of sex. When the critics say that woman's nature is violated if she is forced to "imitate men," they are ignoring the scores of women with special interests and abilities whose nature would be equally violated by being pressed into a special "feminine curriculum."

There are no "unfeminine" talents, whether they are in mathematics or medicine, engineering or politics. We can use them all. During the recent war the Navy readily engaged a gifted woman mathematician to train midshipmen. And even in peacetime we are not so rich in human resources that we can squander potential leadership because of outmoded notions about sex differences.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that the college boy will normally become a family provider while his sister will be a mother and a housekeeper. Therefore, the critics insist, since a woman's primary concern is with the family, her education should put greater emphasis on such subjects as sociology, psychology, and anthropology, which deal with human relations.

Now I have no quarrel with anyone who wants to give sociology a more important place in college curricula, and I am completely in favor of training women for family life.

But why stop with women? Reforms in this area are equally needed in men's colleges, and whatever special problems women have (and they do have them) may be met within the framework of a similar curriculum. In

fact, as a witty colleague remarked: "If it is true that women are already endowed by nature with intuition and skill in handling people, then, for mercy's sake, let us hurry up and educate the men for their own protection!"

WE HAVE already gone too far in making women the sole "experts" in family relations. At the meeting of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers held last May, a number of speakers urged parenthood study for boys. "We have all been doing too good a job with the girls and not enough with the boys," said one speaker. "That means that the girls want to treat their children the way the child psychologists say they should, and the boys want to treat them the way their parents did. And that makes for conflict in many young marriages."

At the same meeting it was reported that when a State School of Home Economics set up a course in child development for young mothers, the class met only once. The women declared: "Oh, we know all that, tell it to our husbands." So the mothers stayed home and watched the babies while the fathers went to class.

Or take another illustration: When the population of a residential suburb of New York City was up in arms about its school's progressive policies a year or so ago, the two important women's and men's clubs of the community found themselves on the opposite sides of the barricades.

Every member of the family suffers when education for family living is limited to women alone. A child needs *two* understanding parents; a father should be something more in the family than the person who pays the bills, and a mother should not be expected to take all the responsibility for family relationships. If she is—as a distinguished sociologist, the late Willard W. Waller, once pointed out—she will be the one to make *all* the adjustments, often at the cost of her own personality. Attuned to the personalities of her husband and children, she alone will have to forego the luxury of spontaneity, of being angry or tired, loving or resentful, sociable or withdrawn, when her own needs dictate it. If education can provide any answers to the problems of marriage and parenthood, we had better let the men in on it, too!

WHAT about the other arguments for special education for women? Is it true that liberal-arts studies "are even more important for a woman than for a man?" Not necessarily. It can just as easily be argued that it is the future career-driven, middle-class male who most needs to acquire a broad cultural background in college; the woman will have more leisure in adult life to pursue such studies. Actually, both men and women need the humanities—as the growing pleas of the legal, medical, and engineering professions for a more liberal and less specialized education in the pre-professional college years are making more and more clear. And equally, both sexes require as much vocational counseling and preparation for life as a liberal-arts college can give.

II

HIGHER education of women does present more complex problems than higher education of men because women's status in modern society is still full of inconsistencies. Any girl graduate's future is uncertain and may follow not only different but contradictory patterns which will require conflicting skills and attitudes of mind. No one can be sure during her college years of just what a girl's life path will be: whether she will marry or remain single; whether it is worth while to invest time and money for her professional training. A college girl hell-bent on a career may find herself spending the years after college in a round of cleaning, cooking, washing, and mending. Another who announced in college that all she wanted was "lots and lots of children" may later be forced to help support her family. And there is the still more complicated problem of the woman who must be prepared for the transition from a vocation to full-time family life, and perhaps later for a return to a career. What should the philosophy of women's education be in the face of all these uncertain roles?

It is easy to agree on certain elements. Whatever the woman's life, a solid liberal-arts education is a valuable asset. Whatever her life, critical judgment, refinement of perception, a broadening of outlook, will stand her in good stead. And anything the college can contribute to her personal adjustment

through wise counseling is all to the good.

Beyond these, a women's college should provide an atmosphere favorable to a girl's future role as wife and mother. As far as the students themselves are concerned, this is already the case. In a study done on one of our most "highbrow" campuses, the vast majority of students were looking forward to marriage and motherhood as the center of their lives. Sixty per cent expressed no desire whatever to continue with a job after they had children, and they anticipated the career of housewife without the slightest misgiving. Another large group—some 30 per cent—voted less enthusiastically for full-time domestic life, expressing the hope that they would be able to return to some outside occupation when their children had grown up. Only 10 per cent were uncompromising "career girls" who intended to combine family and career without any interruptions. Thus, if any changes of attitude are required, they are among the faculty and not among the students.

But the proper climate of opinion alone is not enough. Preparation for family life should go further. A number of more or less new sciences—psychology, anthropology, sociology—are beginning to tell us more and more about human nature, child development, and family relations; and this knowledge should be effectively placed at the student's service.

AND now, what about domestic skills such as cooking, interior decorating, purchasing, etc.? No one would deny that a vast majority of women would do well to acquire them. The only question is when and where. And if I take issue with the view of one college alumna that "college training in home decoration is just as desirable as the ability to recite the causes of a war," it is not because I believe that these practical skills are unimportant or even less important. But just as a mature individual recognizes that life often involves choices between equally desirable ends, so an institution must recognize its special function vis-à-vis other agencies in the community. There are certain ends a liberal-arts college can best serve, and it must reconcile itself to the fact that it will not be equally useful to the student in all of her various capacities. Colleges differ in this respect, but any college may legitimately exclude

the teaching of practical skills and limit itself to courses of broader intellectual scope.

In preparation for citizenship, women's colleges perhaps do have a unique function. College women often find a peculiarly suitable channel for service and self-fulfillment in community and public affairs, because these are usually more compatible with family life than a paid occupation is. The best colleges already offer rigorous academic training in the social sciences. What is needed is more field work to help the student span the gap between the printed word and experience.

OF COURSE, none of the educational reforms outlined here will accomplish what the critics of women's colleges demand—they will not allay modern women's discontent. But, contrary to the popular view, the root of this discontent lies outside the campus. Too often colleges are held responsible for what is in reality society's problem; too often the critics assume that the values set by the women's colleges are the cause of all the current dissatisfaction with homemaking.

The fact is that society today frustrates the legitimate interests of women and fails to give

them a real choice in the matter of their lives. Some women who would make excellent mothers are not temperamentally suited to full-time housekeeping and would be happier combining family life and a career. Others, quite content to be housewives, chafe against constant and almost exclusive association with young children, lack of privacy, absence of large blocks of free time, the seven-day week and fifty-two-week year without vacations. One college graduate defeated by the unrelieved monotony of housework blamed her college for having made her feel "too good for that sort of thing." Well, it is just possible that she *is* too good for it.

We can, of course, try to soothe these discontented women by passionately extolling the duties and glories of the housewife. But it won't work. It will only increase their sense of guilt. "What is wrong with me that home and family are not enough?" Here is where there is a universal need for imagination in social reconstruction—new ways of co-operation among mothers, new measures in the community. But the colleges cannot be blamed. They cannot take responsibility for what is really society's unfinished business.

How to Get on in the World; or, Shake That Dust from Your Coat

A LONG train was running at moderate speed over a Wisconsin railroad. Among the passengers was a stout, gentlemanly-looking boy, who looked much more than sixteen, although he had not yet reached that age. On the seat beside him was a carpet-bag, which contained all the clothing he carried with him. As the conductor passed through the car, the boy asked:

"Are we near Benton?"

"It is the next station."

"Is that the place to take the stage for Portville?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me how far I shall have to ride in the stage?"

"A matter of ten miles or thereabouts."

"Thank you."

The conductor passed on, and the boy began to shake the dust from his coat, and opening his carpet-bag deposited therein a copy of *Harper's Magazine*, which he had been reading. I may as well introduce him at once to the reader as Walter Conrad"

—the opening paragraphs of *Strive and Succeed*, by Horatio Alger, Jr., 1872.



A Long Farewell

ENTERING the arcade of the First National Bank Building, Mr. Cutter hesitated at the doorway of the Coffee Shop. For the first time in his thirty years of married life, he had not touched breakfast at home. While driving downtown he had thought about the omission, and had put it down to a luxury of temperament he could ill afford. A boiled egg with toast and coffee was what he ought to have, even if he had to go to the Coffee Shop to get it. But as he stepped inside the doorway and surveyed the line of painted tables, he caught sight of Kenneth Perry. Mr. Perry, dressed in a new pin-stripe suit, sat smoking a cigarette and gazing indolently into an empty orange juice glass. With a curt nod in the direction of the red-haired cashier, Mr. Cutter swung round and moved briskly out of the door and across the polished marble floor to the elevators.

"Morning, Mr. Cutter," said the starter. "Nice morning."

"Indeed it is," answered Mr. Cutter.

Sometimes the starter said "Hot today," or "Cold," or "Wet"; but his inflection was always the same, as was Mr. Cutter's reply. Mr. Cutter liked it that way; clichés, he often

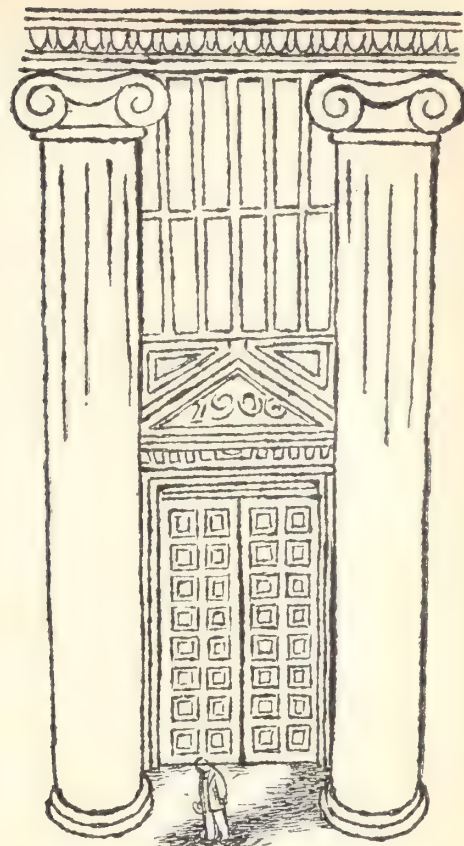
explained to his attentive wife, were the means to economy in trivial relationships.

Since the great and distant day when he had become office manager, Mr. Cutter had given no further thought as to how he should look or act upon entering the Company's doors. The pattern he had set that day, he had adhered to ever since. But this morning, as he stepped out of the car on the eleventh floor, he walked without his accustomed buoyancy to the familiar East End, asking himself the question *How shall I act?*—and found himself inside the office door with the question still unanswered.

The office looked the same: so much the same, that Mr. Cutter was taken aback, and proceeded past the desks with less self-consciousness than he had counted on. He nodded curtly to those who forsook their work long enough to glance up, and said "Good morning" to Miss Willis, who was smiling wistfully at him from her place beyond the large filing cabinet. As he removed his hat and topcoat and hung them on the hall tree beside his desk, he kept his back to the long, rectangular room. He felt that, despite appearances, every eye was on him,

Story by

Neil S. Boardman



Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

and that even the vague smile of Miss Willis had meant something. He turned around slowly, in order to give everyone a chance to get to work again, and then sat down at his desk.

Yesterday he had arranged things so that he'd have a good morning's work today. For he wanted to be busy; and though his kind of work—the pulse and heartbeat of the commercial world—could never be brought to a finish, he wanted at least to be caught up, to leave his desk in order. He found classifying papers, and columns, and figures, and assignments for his unenterprising assistants, restful occupation. It all helped him to forget what he did not wish to remember. And the physical motion involved served to keep him awake. For Mr. Cutter had had an unfortunate night—so unfortunate that his wife, always a great one for drugs, had tried to induce him to take one of her yellow sleeping pills. His acid comments on the imbecility of yielding to such old-woman weaknesses had reduced her to penitent silence, and given him some emotional satisfaction, if not relaxation.

Today, the office force called for surpris-

ingly little attention. Miss Elfry took no more than her allotted fifteen minutes for "relief"; the quarrelsome Robinson sisters raised their voices only once, and then hardly enough to require a reprimand; even Freddie Walker suppressed his inane impulse to whistle, thus saving Mr. Cutter the trouble of lecturing him on the wide difference between true musical performance and idle whistling. Yes, they were working as one big team this morning; by twelve o'clock Mr. Cutter's desk was cleared, and the clerks and stenographers and typists filed out to lunch with an orderliness that reflected their manager's years of indefatigable, though never (he assured himself) harsh discipline.

RETURNING to the first floor in the crowded elevator car, he toyed with the idea of splurging by having lunch at Carling's or the Covered Wagon. After all, he *had* gone without breakfast. But once his feet, shod in respectable high-top shoes, touched the sidewalk, they turned without hesitation in the direction of Davine's Lunch.

Mr. Cutter yielded to the dictates of his feet, which for so long had kept themselves,

and Mr. Cutter, on a high and economical way. At Davine's, he had begun to eat his noontime meal years ago, when he could afford nothing better; and he had continued his patronage from habit, as well as from a native desire for privacy. Not that Davine's, where you could have a bowl of soup for ten cents and a butterless cheese sandwich for seven, was devoid of patronage: it was a long line that Mr. Cutter joined, waiting for a place at the serving table. But neither his superiors nor his subordinates were likely to be there. Mr. Cutter prided himself on his attitude toward Davine's; its patronage was ninety per cent masculine, cutting across the levels of society as surely as did that of a drugstore counter.

Seating himself at one of the small round soda tables, Mr. Cutter ate slowly and carefully. He declined to dwell on the thought that this meal might well be his last at Davine's, for he held himself aloof from sentimentality. Long familiar sights—the nimble fingers of the man who made the sandwiches; the wooden face of the bus-girl; the four reporters from the *Dispatch* sprawled in their booth; the old retired music teacher, half deaf, who came to Davine's every day to drink tea with a Jewish social worker—these sights did not become suddenly strange and exciting to him, as they well might have, viewed by a less self-possessed person.

Mr. Cutter invariably had an orange for dessert, "for his stomach's sake." Removing the peeling with his pocket knife, he methodically consumed the fruit, small section by small section; then, wiping his hands on one of Davine's paper napkins, he examined his watch. Twenty minutes of his lunch hour left: he would have just enough time to walk to the book store and see what might be available on the remainders counter.

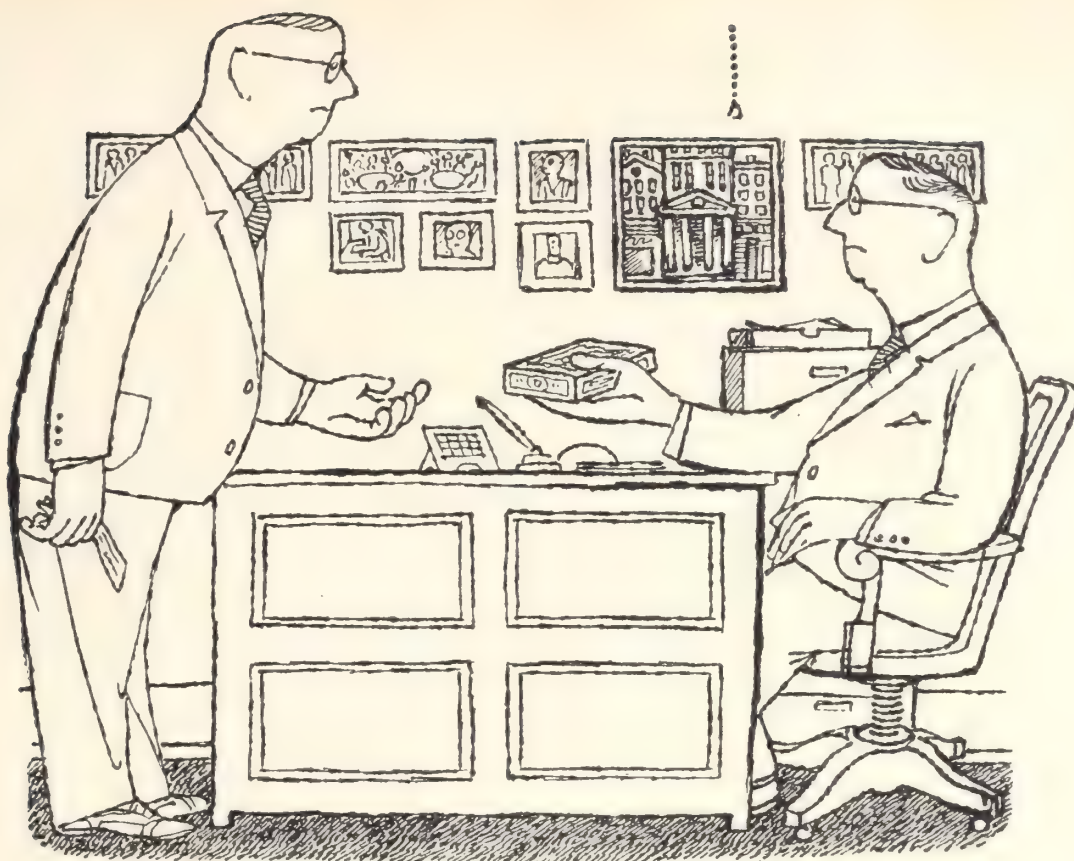
The book store was a block-and-a-half away, and Mr. Cutter spent his time on the way over reflecting on his interest in books and good reading. In his youth he had regarded all reading as beneficial; but time and the popular trend had brought him to realize that all reading was *not* good, and that with books, as with everything else, discrimination must be the rule. Self-help books and accounts of man's triumph over his environment were Mr. Cutter's favorites; and novels that taught something—inspiration novels, such as *The*

Magnificent Obsession and *The Robe*. He was fond of Shakespeare, too, and had a complete set of Shakespeare's plays at home. Shakespeare and the Bible were the foundation of literature, he always said—though he wasn't much of a Bible reader himself. The quotation, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," had for many years been exhibited in boldface letters behind Mr. Cutter's desk. He often urged his clerks to read, and thus better themselves; and occasionally he bought twenty-five cent, paper-bound reprints of worthwhile books, which he routed among his staff.

At the book store he found only the new Winston Churchill title to excite him, and that was priced at five dollars. Just for an instant did he allow himself to depart from reality, and imagine how delightful such a volume would be as a gift from the office force—*To Mr. Cutter, with Kindest Regards*. He left the book store without making a purchase, and reflecting, as usual, on the slovenly way in which the place was run. Were *he* in charge (and Mr. Cutter often fancied himself as a bookman), the clerks would not stand idly around, rubbing their elbows with their hands.

AT PRECISELY one o'clock he was back in the office, and was gratified to see everyone in his place. A second check revealed that Freddie Walker was missing. With lips pressed tightly together, Mr. Cutter walked to his desk and seated himself behind the expanse of mahogany and green blotter. One of the inflexible rules of the office was that everyone must be in his place, ready to work, at 8:30 A. M. and 1 P. M. Even during the war, Mr. Cutter had managed to keep the bobby-soxers in line. Freddie, too, could be made to toe the mark. Two factors had always operated in Mr. Cutter's favor: his own dogged persistence, and the unqualified backing of the Inner Office. "As long as you work here . . ." were familiar words to all. They were becoming especially familiar to Freddie.

Nevertheless, as the young man ducked in through the doorway at the far end of the room, Mr. Cutter felt a disturbing flutter in his stomach. He had never felt this way before in the presence of the help. But the



visceral reaction did not register externally: he sat immobile, his elbows on the desk, his hands together, forefingers extended upward, touching his lips. Freddie approached, not boldly, but not humbly, either—Freddie was never humble—and said:

"Sorry, Mr. Cutter. I couldn't make it this noon."

"Make what?" said Mr. Cutter.

"I mean—get back on time. I was—detained."

Studying him intently, Mr. Cutter said nothing. The two stenographers nearest at hand ceased typing. Mr. Cutter's reddish-brown eyes moved slowly from Freddie's florid, puzzled face to the interested faces of the stenographers. The typing was resumed, and the brown eyes returned to Freddie.

"Well," said the young man; "I'm sorry, Mr. Cutter; really I am."

"As long as you work here . . .," Mr. Cutter began, while Freddie ducked his head, and stood as one receiving penance, patiently awaiting absolution. When he had finished, Mr. Cutter let the culprit stand a moment longer while he reached into his drawer and took out a panatella cigar. Clipping off the end with his pocket knife, he put the cigar

in his mouth. Then, before striking a match on the oblong strip of sandpaper he had ingeniously attached to the corner of his desk, he said rather indifferently:

"There's an envelope for us down on nine. Get it and bring it up to Miss Willis."

"Yes, sir," said Freddie. The inevitable sir, as Mr. Cutter knew, was a holdover from Freddie's Army days; nevertheless, it fell pleasantly on the ear.

Now came the temporal void Mr. Cutter had anticipated and dreaded. The merging of office noises, the hum of its routine, became to him merely an audible silence. His work was finished, and nothing more might be started. Mr. Perry would plan differently: that fact had been made clear to him. "The—ah—methods you learned—ah—1907. . . ." Mr. Davison's warm, embarrassed, but merciless voice came to his ears again out of the silence. Mr. Perry and his drummer's pin-stripe suit. Class of 1942. The hand that lighted Mr. Cutter's cigar trembled faintly: the visceral reaction was become overt.

Motionless, erect, he sat smoking his cigar, contemplating the activity before him; the precision machinery of figures and data. Not once did he glance at the electric clock, just

above his line of vision. But when his cigar was gone, transformed into agreeable smoke and a small mound of ash in the tray on his desk, he knew what time had passed: that it was two o'clock, and in fifty-five minute's time he had not even drummed with his fingertips on the green blotter.

At two—exactly, by the clock—Miss Rooney stepped out of the Inner Office, a smile on her broad, frank face. Miss Rooney's smile was a frequent one, but inwardly Mr. Cutter took exception to it today. He felt there was more to it than Irish geniality; and he did not return the smile.

"Oh, Mr. Cutter," said Miss Rooney, speaking with what he considered unnecessary loudness; "Mr. Davison would like to see you now."

Now.

MR. CUTTER rose, brushed from his coat lapels whatever flecks of cigar ash might have fallen on them. He imagined—or afterward imagined he imagined—that all the typewriters in the office stopped clicking. At least, there was a new kind of silence, and not the familiar silence of endless routine. Miss Rooney stepped back, letting him go in ahead of her. He did not hesitate in her cubicle, but seeing the door to Mr. Davison's quarters open, passed quickly through.

Mr. Davison was seated at his desk, which was no larger than Mr. Cutter's desk, and had on it a blotter no greener. There was a sealed cigar box on one corner, and in the center of the blotter, a long, pink company check. Mr. Davison, smoking a cigarette in a stubby black holder, greeted Mr. Cutter with a nod and a familiar "Mmmph!" and, as usual, did not think to ask him to sit down.

"Well, Cutter, the last day—eh?" said Mr. Davison in a matter-of-fact tone, as if he were the elevator starter recording the weather.

Though he managed a smile, Mr. Cutter felt a congestion in his chest. It *was*, then, his last day. A realist to the core (Mr. Cutter had so designated himself to his mooning little wife a thousand times), he had yet permitted himself this one romance: on the last day, the Inner Office might change its mind. "We have perhaps been hasty," Mr. Davison would say. But Mr. Davison said nothing of the kind. The cards had been laid on

the table a month ago. A complete new setup: everything changed. Not that Mr. Cutter's long service was not appreciated But methods learned and put into use at the beginning of the century were no longer adequate. Mr. Perry, a graduate of the University Business School New approaches, new outlooks, the bright face of the late 1940's Mr. Cutter had understood perfectly; only he had not wholly believed.

He stood now, feeling one hundred years old, and listened to Mr. Davison's short, cordial speech. It ended with the double presentation of the box of cigars and the check. The cigars were a personal token from Mr. Davison himself. The check was from the firm. Holding it in his slender, amazingly steady fingers, Mr. Cutter noted the amount. The check was made out for the equivalent of two week's salary. Taking his billfold out of his pocket, Mr. Cutter folded the check lengthways and tucked it away. Then he and Mr. Davison shook hands across the desk; after which he turned and walked out of the Inner Office, past Miss Rooney, and into the domain that had been his so long.

Perhaps, somewhere in his subconscious self, there was an urge to put on his hat and coat and go home. If so, it never reached the surface; for he had been hired to work until five o'clock. Placing the box of cigars on his desk, he opened a side drawer and pulled out the duplicate copy of his report for the previous fiscal year, and began to read.

He became sensitive, in time, to certain subtle changes that had taken place in the room. Those who had to talk, talked a trifle louder; the typists were perhaps running off a few less words per minute; and though Freddie Walker was not whistling, his lips were puckered up, as if he were thinking a whistle. The Robinson sisters glared at each other. Mr. Cutter shifted in his chair, and went on to page two. His practiced eye did not fail to detect the departure of Miss Elfry, purse in hand, for her "relief." She was accompanied by Gretchen Wayne, the new girl. Mr. Cutter noted the time, and went on with his reading.

As the minutes went by, he became aware—he couldn't have said how—that not only he, but everyone in the office, was clocking

Miss Elfry and Miss Wayne. Once, Mrs. Trudeau started toward his desk with a pack of filing cards in her hand. Half way she stopped short, looked at him with an expression that seemed to say, *Oh, I forgot*, and turned to Miss Willis, of whom she asked a question. Miss Willis glanced up at Mr. Cutter with her innocent, cow's eyes full of appeal. There was only one proper thing for Mr. Cutter to do, and that was to rise from his desk, go to Mrs. Trudeau, and inform her that he, Mr. Cutter, was here in the office for the express purpose of answering such questions as she could not answer herself. Miss Willis—alone, apparently, of all in the office—expected him to do just that thing. But Mr. Cutter remained at his desk. He was even greatly curious to know what it could be that Mrs. Trudeau, an old-timer, did not know about filing. Nevertheless, he remained at his desk.

EXACTLY twenty-three minutes passed before Miss Elfry and Miss Wayne returned. Without a doubt, they had spent the time at the Coffee Shop, drinking cokes and smoking cigarettes. In the mean-

time, the Robinson girls had gotten into a violent argument over who was to take care of delinquent notices, and the two stenographers nearest Mr. Cutter's desk had actually stopped typing and were discussing God knew what in low tones. Freddie Walker was murdering "A Tree in the Meadow" (if, indeed, such a piece of rubbish *could* be murdered, thought the trembling Mr. Cutter), while Miss Willis sat rubbing her hands together in a despair which Mr. Cutter recognized as sympathy. Flipping the report back to its first page, he sat erect, his fingers clapping the edge of his desk, the knuckles of his hand showing a yellowish white. A slight let-up he might permit; but open rebellion, never!

He rose uncertainly to his feet. In the first place, he was determined not to lose his temper. Mr. Cutter never ruled by temper—the cold attack, the acid rebuke, and the weight of the Inner Office behind him: such were his weapons. Or had been. He wondered about them now; and suddenly he felt naked of arms—naked, and quite ashamed. To make matters worse, he found himself looking directly at Freddie, and Freddie looking di-



rectly at him, and smiling. Not confused, or on the defensive, or even belligerent: just smiling. He looked like a vacant-faced idiot. He *was* an idiot—no one with an ounce of brains would hire out for the wages Freddie Walker got. As a favor to the Firm, Mr. Cutter might perform this one last act: fire the fool. But *could* he fire him? Mr. Cutter glanced apprehensively at the clock. Would the order stick? Maybe the fool would only laugh, and go on whistling.

The door of the Inner Office opened, and Mr. Davison stepped out. Mr. Davison nodded cordially to Mr. Cutter, and then glanced round the office. He appeared unperturbed by what Mr. Cutter had considered a state of mass insubordination. Behind Mr. Davison came Kenneth Perry, who must have sneaked into the Inner Office (*sneaked* was the word that came to Mr. Cutter's mind) through Mr. Davison's private entrance. Mr. Perry gave Mr. Cutter a broad grin, waved his arm, and said, "Hello, there." This greeting affected Mr. Cutter more profoundly than did the idiotic, insolent grin of Freddie Walker; nevertheless, he managed a cordial nod that was very much like Mr. Davison's cordial nod. Then he dropped back into his chair and plunged once more into last year's report.

Mr. Davison took Kenneth Perry around the office, introducing him to everyone. The girls were sprucing themselves up as fast as they could, and Freddie Walker was making a great show of filing letters. Mr. Perry would soon learn, Mr. Cutter reflected, that Freddie wasn't sure of the alphabet beyond the letter K. The office was buzzing with the sound of voices; there was laughter, and once Mr. Cutter glanced up to see his successor nonchalantly seated on Elizabeth Robinson's desk, engaged in conversation with the little minx Small fevers and little chills followed one another in rapid succession through Mr. Cutter's spare frame, while he clung tenaciously to his desk, his green blotter, and his report, none of which he had any intention of giving up until five o'clock, post meridiem

There was a great deal of crowding in the elevator on the way down. "Back in the car, way back in the car!" the elevator girl barked at him. In the lobby, the starter did not speak to him at all. "Goodnight," Mr.

Cutter murmured, and did not wait for a reply. As he left the arcade of the building and stepped out into the street, he passed Miss Elfry and Miss Wayne, who had left the office at six minutes before five, immediately following the departure of Mr. Perry. Seeing him, they quickly turned their heads away. He gripped his cigar box all the more tightly, and pushed his way through the hostile crowds to his parking lot.

"You didn't eat breakfast, and now you're not touching supper!" said his wife as he sat nibbling at the pork roast she had prepared for him.

"Dinner," he corrected her. His wife had been country bred, and in all their years together, despite his efforts to set her right, she could never remember to call the evening meal *dinner*. But it rather startled him tonight, and roused him from his lethargy, when she answered pettishly:

"What difference does it make? We called it supper at home, and that's good enough for me."

SEATING himself in his own corner and in his own chair in the living room, Mr. Cutter opened his box of cigars. They were not panatellas. Removing one of the fat stogies, he clipped off its end. When he struck a match his wife, clearing the dishes in the dining room, called to him:

"I'll bet you smoke too much. That's what's happened to your appetite."

Mr. Cutter paused a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and lighted his cigar. He hadn't said a word to her about his "bonus." They had their little nest egg, they didn't really need the money; and she might not understand how it happened the Firm could afford to give him only half-a-month's pay. When she asked him about it, he would tell her; there was no need to mention it now.

Smoking his cigar, which was a good one—probably worth seventeen cents, sold singly—he watched the sharp, steel-blue smoke rise to the ceiling. After a time Mrs. Cutter came in and sat down in her corner, next to the tier table. She had brought in a basket of his socks to mend, and placed the basket at her feet. For a long while he watched her, idly, while her chubby fingers manipulated the darning needles. Then, running his eye over his little library of choice books, Mr.

Cutter pulled down a volume of Shakespeare. It was the histories. Slowly, and with a kind of desperation, he turned the pages to *The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII*. Act III, Scene 2. The Cardinal's speech, which he had heard Forbes Robertson—or was it Sir Henry Beerbohm-Tree?—render so magnificently at the old Metropolitan in the hopeful, sunny days of his youth.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness! . . .

"You shouldn't read so much, and such fine print," said his wife. He really was not reading at all; his eyes were half closed, and his head ached a little. He looked round at her, and saw that she had finished darning his socks, and was putting them in order in the basket again.

"It's almost bed-time," she said.

Mr. Cutter studied his wife's face closely: it was the first time he had done so in years. It was a pleasant enough face, but not at all what you would call handsome; tonight, he thought her quite unattractive. As he put up his book, slipping it into its place on the shelf, he got to his feet and muttered,

"Don't bully me. I'll not be bullied."

Then he went upstairs, undressed, and sat down on the edge of his bed. He sat with his face between his hands, studying his ugly, crooked toes. He regretted having spoken so

abruptly to his wife, who had only been trying to say and do the right thing. It was all a matter of no sleep, he thought; a good night's sleep, and everything would be fine. He heard the lights clicked off below, and the sound of his wife coming upstairs. She went into the bathroom, but instead of staying there for an endlessly long time, as she usually did, she came right out and into their bedroom. In one hand she carried a glass of water, and in the other, one of her little yellow pills.

"You can't go another night without sleeping," she said. "Here. Take this."

He looked at her, at her round, plain face and mousy gray hair; and at her hands, not gnarled, but not soft, either.

"Take it," she said, handing him the pill.

It had a bitter taste, but the water washed it down easily, and the taste did not remain. Mrs. Cutter turned back the covers, and Mr. Cutter lifted his feet off the floor and plunged them down between the sheets. He stretched back onto the pillow, and lay quietly wondering whether the pill worked physiologically, or by power of suggestion. He did not know whether his wife pulled the covers up over him, or whether he had done so himself, mechanically without thinking.

He heard her go into the bathroom and shut the door. He knew that, long before she reappeared, he would be sound asleep.

Ballade for Braque

B A B E T T E D E U T S C H

THOUGH all's in pieces, how it holds.
Though all is flat, how still the eye
Goes round and round until it molds
The lifeless lines to something wry
But motionable, that must fly
Or fall, the mind rejoicing in
Deceivers we cannot deny:
Apples, cards, and a mandolin.

This is our world. Without the golds
Spilled heavenwise out of the sky
On valleys, pavements, waters, wolds.
Without the darkness we defy
Night after night. Skew shapes that cry
With voiceless lips and lipless grin

Can yet delight us, so we try
Apples, cards, and a mandolin.

Here are such simple manifolds,
Order so chanced it seems a lie,
No heartfelt warmth, no thrilling colds—
Collage like sherry, pale and dry.
Why does it tell us we shall die?
Or is it here that we begin,
Playing with things that say good-by:
Apples, cards, and a mandolin?

Painter, your abstracts magnify
What is not shown. We are Adam's kin
And we must pluck, not knowing why,
Apples, cards, and a mandolin.

The Easy Chair

The Spectral Evidence *by Bernard DeVoto*

“AS FOR Salem Village—bitten by the dogs of Hell, it went mad for a season, and to commemorate its future ages shall raise a madhouse there. There shall be a specific in the air tending to addle the wits of all who breathe it.” So speaks the Devil in Miss Shirley Barker’s novel, *Peace, My Daughters*. And he tells the villagers, “You have let me into your hearts—a little—and I shall not go from there.” In a charming prefatory note Miss Barker says that she had felt the specific in the Essex County air so tangibly that she had to exorcise it and now she has done so with her novel. And Miss Marion Starkey bears her testimony in the preface to her history of the witchcraft delusion, *The Devil in Massachusetts*. On the day when she began her research, she says, a storm blew through her study window and wrecked the room and went on to overturn a steeple in East Saugus. And on the evening of the day when she mailed her manuscript to the publisher there came “a plague of lightning, continuous and directly overhead.”

Well, one night my doppelgänger rode the whole width of Salem Village beside me in the front seat of my car. It spoke no word but it directed at me and all my works a baleful and despicable contempt such as I hope not to encounter again. A good many times I have pulled off Essex County roads at midnight or later and sat looking at fog-filled hollows, tatters of fire drifting above the marshes, or misshapen trees that a wind which came from no compass-point twisted still more hideously. It would not take much fatigue or anxiety about the morrow to make one feel one’s loneliness invaded there at such an hour by a maleficence not born of this world, though walking to and fro in it. Essex County has a

strange sky at midnight and one’s ear is alert to catch the sound of trumpets and church-bells, of shrieking and laughter, that came down out of it two hundred and fifty-seven years ago. There are moments when one might believe that another odor was mingling with the sea-smell which the wind carries, when the skip of an artery might reveal creatures riding that wind to the dreariest sabbat ever held. I am sure that Miss Barker and Miss Starkey are right, that the Devil has not given up his residence in Essex County. I say so in explanation to a goodwife of Ipswich at whose dinner table, early last spring, I was astonished. We know that the Devil was fenced out of Ipswich but I crossed a corner of Salem Village on my way to her dinner—and I was thinking of the book I had once intended to write about the witchcraft.

THESE are excellent books and this is a proper time to be reminded of the madness that seared Salem Village (Danvers on a modern map). One is fiction and the other history but they are written from the same understanding and imply startlingly similar judgments. Miss Barker, a poet as well as a novelist, uses her license to the full. She can let the Devil take the shape of a tall man out of Boston that he had for some of the sick children who brought twenty people to their deaths, whereas Miss Starkey cannot personify the *grande hystérie* she deals with. The novelist can give us the Reverend Samuel Parris signing the Devil’s book in actual blood, not in the matted conflicts of his diseased and arrogant heart. She can make the ministers and magistrates formally conspire to seize their hour and regain the dominance they had been losing, whereas the only conspiracy was

one of circumstance—the increasing failure of righteousness to get an answer when it cried out in the street, the blow struck at the pride of holiness by the recent withdrawal of the Charter, the fear that the godly felt as they sensed a new era coming to Massachusetts Bay.

All this helps Miss Barker in her drama, which is economical and muted but therefore the more powerful when its high moments come. She is helped still more by her freedom to attribute confidently to historical characters motives we can only guess at in history, and to create imaginary characters who can move among them in her service. I am at a loss to say whether she does better with, for instance, Rebecca Nurse, who was actually hanged on Gallows Hill and so became a dark symbol in our inheritance, or with Remember Winster, who was never cast into Salem Harbor till Miss Barker's book was published. The awful realities of her subject made the effort with both kinds of characters unusually precarious but she comes through triumphantly. Her imagined horror has to compete with a real horror so powerful that it still troubles us after the centuries, but it abides the competition and adds a compassion that a historian cannot afford. Her extension of the record is wrought truly and the fantasy into which any modern novel about Salem witchcraft must venture ceases to be fantasy, becoming the true experience of terrified and spellbound men.

Peace, My Daughters is an uncommonly fine imaginative realization of our past, with its mixed, groping motives of men in terror of the unknown and the supernatural. It has truth and deep feeling; one reads it with a conviction that the thing as it was experienced has been given the seal of art. And since the same hellishness that struck Essex County is loose in the United States today, it may be well to ponder Miss Barker's final pages. Two children begotten by the Devil remain after him when he has gone elsewhere, having failed, though not completely, in Salem Village. One of them is his true son and the future of this one is self-evident. But the other is the child of Remember Winster, who was beloved of the Devil but whose goodness resisted him, though his necromancy succeeded in seducing her after he failed in his own person. This child will inherit goodness and not evil, and if Miss Barker's fable, which

I will not reveal, is fashioned out of seventeenth-century Puritan theology, it speaks a sound hope to light today's storminess.

ONE who is not fairly well acquainted with the history of Salem witchcraft will fail to perceive some of Miss Barker's subtleties, which is sufficient reason for reading Miss Starkey's *The Devil in Massachusetts*. But Miss Starkey is to be read for her own sake; in fact she must not be missed, for she has written a distinguished history. We have had no account of the witchcraft delusion for many years, and this is the first study, except for a few short articles in medical journals, that has ever applied to it the instruments of modern psychology. Miss Starkey sets her book in a clear understanding of the sickness from which the "afflicted children" suffered and of the mass delusion which they occasioned and which for a tragic period nothing could destroy. Her sound explanation of individual and social pathology is there for an attentive reader, but in my judgment she should have made it more explicit and much longer. Surely, since the epidemic rages again, there was room for a chapter on the etiology of the disease.

That, however, is a small complaint and I cannot see that she has failed the historian's job in any other particular. She has had the grace to write her history as narrative and to write her narrative in crisp and lively prose. She uncovers all the historical causes of the delusion: the fatigue of a war-torn society, the anxiety of that society and the greater anxiety of its ministers, the earlier sowing of witchcraft fears in soil well fertilized by other supernatural terrors, the crisis in theocratic government, individual neuroses begotten by repression and joylessness and frustration, old community quarrels, jealousy, envy, and covetousness. She surveys the more generalized economic and intellectual causes and, what is more important, she appraises the cultural estate of Massachusetts Bay. She skillfully uses the historian's tools, but she embodies their results in a story of men and women and what happened to them in a perilous time.

The delusion of Salem Village was a drama of evil that lynched twenty people and blasted the community. The society that had been bitten by the dogs of Hell murdered virtuous men and women, mental incompetents, and

deranged or merely frightened girls. Its madness, as Miss Starkey shows, is all the more terrible in that its appointed agents acted on the best knowledge of their time, in righteous dedication, after commending themselves to the God whose will they were resolute to fulfill. The helplessness of innocent people is the more awful in that she shows us the helplessness of society to halt the sequence of events that ignorance and fear had set in motion.

Miss Starkey makes the high moments of the drama express the judgment which she, as a responsible historian, refuses to evade. The jury finds Rebecca Nurse innocent and Chief Justice Stoughton, a man clad in righteousness and armed with learning and the power of caste, orders them back to return a verdict in accord with the "spectral evidence." And the spectral evidence is only the word of any accuser that any accused has bewitched him or someone else. The crippled and enfeebled George Jacobs says to his accusers, "You tax me for a wizard; you may as well tax me for a buzzard," and to the magistrates, "I'll stand by the truth of Christ." He is hanged but not till he has asserted the dignity of man which Essex County has impugned. John Procter fights back, knowing the fight is hopeless, but his rational analysis of error and bigotry is a fixed star now. In greatness of spirit Mary Esty writes to the magistrates from her death cell, bidding them shed no more innocent blood after her, "which cannot be avoided in the way and course you go in." And Miss Starkey does not fail to show us the afflicted children quickly recovering from their demonic seizures when the coarsely skeptical folk of Ipswich left them to writhe unregarded on the town bridge. She observes (after Robert Calef, perhaps the plaintiff) that the threat of a damage suit for a thousand pounds silenced accusers who with uplifted hearts sent their neighbors to be hanged. She points out that the jails could not hold persons of quality who were accused and that the accusation of witchcraft had no force when it fell on the mighty and well-born.

IT is a fearful story of terror and unreason stealing men's brains away. But there came a moment when neither Essex County nor the Colony would be further choked with blood. More than fifty crazed or malicious people were accusing their families

and neighbors of witchcraft, the jails were full, more than a hundred and fifty further victims were under accusation and certain to be hanged, the magistrates and the Essex County clergy were preparing to win the war against the Devil if it meant hanging thousands. Then abruptly men woke to sanity, aghast at their own acts, and the Terror was over. Miss Barker explains the awakening in terms of the "wild rose on the granite ledge" of New England, and that says most of it but not clearly enough for anyone but a poet. Miss Starkey names three principal forces.

There was the common sense of the ordinary citizen, finally asserting itself against his own supernatural beliefs, his own panic, and the communal madness. The yeoman of Essex County knew, if its intellectuals did not, that upright people could not be leagued with Hell and at last stood on their knowledge. There were stubborn skeptics in Boston who, at the risk of death, in public and private steadily exposed the error, the injustice, and the insanity of what was being done in the name of God and in the guise of justice. And there were those who I think are Miss Starkey's heroes, the Puritan clergy outside Essex County (and John Wise of Ipswich within it) who were able to confine the madness to the North Shore and who finally, with the skeptics and the common sense of simple men, beat it down. They did not doubt the reality of the Devil, witchcraft, or the will of God to destroy both. But though they knew that God was infallible, they knew too that they were not. His will was sure but they could be wrong in their interpretations of it—and the Adversary could make hellish use of their mistakes. They could be wrong: perhaps the evidence was not what it seemed to be, perhaps it was the Devil's work. So because righteousness might be mistaken, because they might be wrong, they called a halt. The spectral evidence would stand no longer. . . . Democratic society, one points out, exists on the premise that human judgment may err, that the most confident righteousness may be deceived, that we had better hang no witches on spectral evidence.

So by tacit connivance the jails were, most illegally, emptied of the accused. No more witches were hanged. Their accusers were seen to be crazed or evil people whom a common guilt had sanctioned to stain Essex

County with innocent blood, and they were silenced. Sane again, the North Shore could heal its wounds, slowly, and cover its scars. Presently John Hale, the minister of Wenham, sat down in "grief of heart" to write that he had "been unwittingly encouraging of the suffering of the innocent." Then Samuel Sewall, one of the magistrates, stood up before his Church to say that he was sensible of his guilt, desiring "to take the Blame and Shame of it," and to pray forgiveness of God and his fellow-citizens. The jurors who under the bale of Stoughton and Hathorne had found the witches guilty, in a moving document that we ought all to know by heart, confessed that they had been "under the power of a strong and general delusion," and prayed, "we do heartily ask forgiveness of you all, whom we have justly offended; and do declare, according to our present minds, we would none of us do such things again, on such grounds, for the whole world."

Puritanism showed its moral grandeur and the thing was over. Two and a half centuries later it is possible to believe that the innocents of Salem Village did not die altogether in vain, for they are a charge on our conscience and something of a stay to our violence to this day. The witches are martyrs and heroes now; their oppressors are not only ignorant and deluded men but fools. And who will say that the law of Massachusetts Bay was right to follow fools?

The fools and the misguided would be my moral, whereas the eventual triumph of reason seems to be Miss Starkey's and the granite edge of goodness is Miss Barker's. We can no longer deal with witchcraft delusions in theological terms. So, going on from Miss Starkey to reread the confessions I have quoted, I went on also to Thomas Brattle, the scientist who probably did not believe in the Devil, and John Calef, the bluff merchant who did but who refused as obstinately as Brattle to be silenced or frightened by misguided men in high places. Brattle's publicly circulated manuscript and Calef's book, in which Brattle may have had a hand, have won a place in the American Scriptures, as no other document from the great delusion has. Neither man had,

it may be, a comforting opinion of man's nature, yet man's nature was more sacred to both than the dogmas which godliness invoked against it. Both recognized error, injustice, bigotry, and cruelty at sight and both fought them at great peril to themselves. They attacked not only the fools but the godly, the assured, the privileged, and the mighty. To-day, I think, they have more to say to us than anything we will find in the Puritan divines. And in every age it is such men, skeptical or even cynical about mankind but unwearied and unfrightened in defense of such reason as man has against the clotted horrors of his irrationality, who hold the passes till reason reasserts itself and the horrors abate.

I AGREE with the paragraph that Miss Starkey does not print but clearly implies at the end of her book. The witchcraft delusion that has gripped the United States is of unreason, it is steamy with the dreads of the unconscious mind, and it will abate. It always has abated and it will this time. But hundreds of thousands of Americans stand accused, whose guilt is asserted solely on the basis of spectral evidence, and hundreds of thousands more will be accused of witchcraft before reason reasserts itself. As before, the accusers have sick minds, or feel their power and place threatened, or see that they can get rich lands in Salem Village cheaply by the alienation of the accuseds' farms. And ominously, but as before, the intellectuals, the ministry of our time, have joined with the accusers, on grounds that seem unassailable, with arguments in which there is no flaw. And especially the young liberals, so sure that the peril is deadly, so sure of their righteousness, so sure that spectral evidence is proof, and so sure that those who hold to an older liberal tradition are dupes, are victims of the Devil's arts. Robert Calef had something to say to them. "So long," he wrote, "as witchcraft, Sorcery, Familiar Spirits, and necromancy shall be improved [employed] to discover who are witches . . . So long God [and the Republic] will be Daily dishonoured."

Whoever deals in spectral evidence is himself practising witchcraft. Let the very sure take warning or they will choke with blood.

Bargain-Basement Diplomacy

James P. Warburg

Drawings by John Groth



FOREIGN policy may fail because it rests upon a faulty analysis of world conditions and therefore aims at the wrong targets. It may also fail because it operates with ill-chosen or insufficient means toward the achievement of soundly conceived objectives.

Now I have persistently argued during the past two or three years that our foreign policy has rested upon an over-simple analysis of the world crisis and has been too predominantly negative and fear-inspired. But, even leaving to one side such errors as there may have been in our policy-makers' appraisal of world conditions, and assuming that their postwar decisions have been altogether sound, surely there are grounds for believing that something has been radically wrong *with the manner in which we have executed these decisions*—something so radically wrong that it would account for failure to achieve our ends, even if the ends had been chosen with the most profound wisdom.

Our postwar purpose, developed during the war, was to preserve the victorious anti-Axis coalition in order to make and maintain a peace based upon great power co-operation. This meant, in effect, that our objective was

to preserve harmony and co-operation between the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union. The assumption that such harmony could be preserved underlay the great concessions made to Russia at Yalta; it underlay the basic conception of the United Nations' structure as set up at San Francisco.

Our first postwar actions of great significance were three. We embarked upon a helter-skelter demobilization of our armed forces. We cut off wartime Lend-Lease without any prior notice or discussion. We removed rationing and price controls from our own economy.

To anyone who remembered our withdrawal from world affairs in 1919-20, these three acts taken together looked like another American retreat into isolationism. The hasty demobilization of our armed forces, which included the disorganization and demoralization of our army of occupation in Germany, frightened our Western Allies and must have made the Russians at least conscious of fact that no force remotely comparable to their Red Army now stood between them and the Channel. The brusque termination of Lend-Lease embarrassed both our Western Allies and the Soviet Union,

James P. Warburg, who asked some pertinent questions about "The Defense of Western Europe" in our June issue, is the author, among many books, of Last Call for Common Sense.

forcing them to make overnight the difficult transition from heavy dependence upon American aid to self-support. The removal of rationing and price controls, at a time when most of the world was underfed and in dire need of almost every conceivable kind of food, raw material, and consumer goods, must have made all our friends wonder what had become of the wartime spirit of loyal sacrifice and mutual co-operation.

As it turned out, we were not by any means returning to our former isolationist pattern. Later events showed that, in the elation of victory, our government had merely gone on a temporary binge of irresponsibility. But a certain amount of damage had been done. Suspicions had been aroused, resentments created, and the task of postwar reconstruction rendered infinitely more difficult.

GREAT Britain and the Soviet Union lost little time in applying to us for large loans to tide them over the period of transition. Russia applied for a loan of one billion dollars. Britain, which had to consider not merely her own needs but also her complicated obligations as the center of the sterling area, estimated her requirements at something like seven billion dollars.

So far as Russia was concerned, nothing was done. In March 1946, our government suddenly "discovered" that the Russian application of October 1945 had been "lost" in a transfer of files from the Foreign Economic Administration to the State Department. The Russian request was formally acknowledged without explanation of the "loss" or delay. This was at a time when the stated aim of our foreign policy was still to make and preserve a peace by friendly co-operation with the Soviet Union.

Great Britain received a sympathetic hearing. But, after six months of negotiations, our government decided that three or four billion dollars would be about all that the American Congress and the American people could be expected to grant. The issue was not put up to the American people. The American people were not told that Britain estimated her needs at almost seven billion dollars. It was assumed, on the American people's behalf, that they would perhaps give Britain three or four billion dollars and no more. Our negotiators first deluded them-

selves into the belief that three and a half billions would actually do the job. Then they deluded Congress and the American people into thinking the same, fortifying their plea for granting the loan by painting the full picture of the disaster that would occur if Britain did not receive the required aid. The loan was approved by Congress on the utterly false assumption that a bridge had been built across the yawning British deficit. Quite apart from certain clearly unfulfillable conditions attached to the loan (which later very nearly wrecked the British economy altogether), the truth was that a bridge had been built just about half way across the gap—which, as everyone knows, is not a good way to reach the other side.

Later on, when the true facts came to light, it was inevitable that resentments should be aroused on both sides. A large segment of American opinion felt that the British had let us down—even though it was generally understood that the severe winter of 1946-47 had upset the calculation. A large segment of British opinion felt that it would have been better to accept no loan at all than to take the inadequate amount offered. Thus, the British problem remained unsolved, with each side tending to blame the other for the costly failure.

This is the pattern of method and procedure which our government has followed in almost all of its major policies since the beginning of 1946. This is the pattern of failure which dogs all our best-intentioned efforts. It has little or nothing to do with the basic aims of our policy. *It has to do with a process of self-deception which has become the habit of the bipartisan team which has made foreign policy under the Truman Administration.*

II

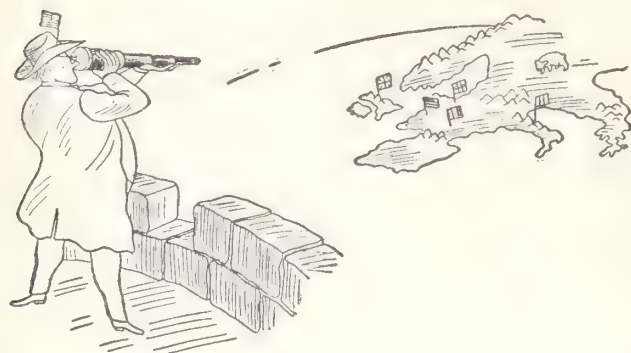
THE formula runs like this. A dangerous situation is seen to be developing in some part of the world. Unless this situation is met by economic or military assistance from the United States, dire consequences will arise. Therefore the United States must act. How much will it take to meet the situation? Careful analysis shows that it will take a very large amount. To get that amount out of Congress requires a thor-

ough frightening of both Congress and the American people. But, even if Congress is scared into granting this amount, where is the money to come from? We can't increase our huge national debt. We have promised to reduce it. Higher taxes? Don't be silly. Congress will never do that. We'd better cut down the amount.

And so the amount is cut down before the problem is ever placed before Congress—cut down to a point where we are no longer proposing to meet the dangerous situation but merely to “do something about it.” And then Congress and the people are systematically frightened into building a bridge half-way across a river, under the impression that they are building a bridge all the way across.

That is what happened to the British loan. That is what happened to the Marshall Plan. That is what happened in China. That is what is now happening to the program to rearm Western Europe. That is what will go on happening again and again until the American people wake up to this dangerous business and put a stop to it.

The danger is not merely that we shall end up with a lot of half-bridges that get us nowhere. The danger is that each time we build a half-bridge we weaken or lose a friend. Our government is not merely frittering away our own material resources. It is also dissipating the good will which should be earned by the native generosity of the American people.



THE Military Aid Program for Western Europe is the most recent example of this pattern of self-deception. We are told that a very dangerous condition now exists because the military weakness of Western Europe invites Russian aggression. (This weakness has existed ever since the withdrawal of our own forces in 1945.) We are told that

the danger is now acute because the success of the Marshall Plan has denied to the Soviet Union the possibility of further expansion through communist penetration or subversion. (We are not told that the Marshall Plan, in spite of its well-nigh miraculous success to date, is about to fall flat on its face, unless something is done quickly to solve the growing dollar famine. More of this in a moment.) We are told that we must do more than deter Russian aggression by openly declaring, as we have in the Atlantic Treaty, that we shall fight Russia if she invades Europe. We are told that, in addition, we must protect Western Europe against being overrun, in the event of war, because we cannot afford to undertake another Normandy invasion and Europe cannot afford another liberation. Therefore, we are told that we must proceed at once to build up a defense force in Western Europe which can hold off a Russian invasion at the Elbe or, at worst, at the Rhine, at least until “our own power can be brought to bear.”

So what does our government propose to Congress and to the American people in order to meet this emergency? It proposes a grant of just over one billion dollars to be spent over the next two years in rebuilding the military strength of Western Europe.

What does one billion dollars mean in terms of the problem posed to us?

Western Europe has at present about ten divisions, most of them poorly equipped. In the air it has next to nothing beyond a small but efficient British Fighter Command. Russia—according to the *lowest* estimates—has over 150 fully equipped and mobilized divisions. Russia has considerable air power. Again, according to the *lowest* estimates, it would take at least forty fully equipped and mobilized divisions, supported by ample air power, to hold a Russian invasion at the Rhine “until our own power could be brought to bear.” (Our own power on the ground consists, at present, of about ten combat divisions.)

It costs about one quarter of a billion dollars to equip one armored division. Where does this program of one billion dollars get us? How can it build even half the defense force so urgently needed? What good is a defense force that could *almost* hold off an invasion?

What about atomic bombs? Couldn't we stop the Russians with a much smaller ground force if we used atomic weapons on Russian troop concentrations and supply lines as well as upon the industrial centers of the Soviet Union? Perhaps so. But if we drop atomic bombs all over Germany—which this would mean—good-by to any hope of Germany's being on our side as a bulwark against communism. As a matter of fact, the planners of this project defended it until September 23, 1949, on the now curious grounds that it was designed to create a defense force in Western Europe by 1952—*the earliest date at which the Russians could be expected to have atomic weapons*. Figure that one out for yourself.

It is obvious, of course, that our military men would like to see a much larger and faster program of rearming Western Europe, if its territory is to be made safe against invasion. But the State Department knows that it cannot afford to let rearmament in Western Europe interfere with recovery, and this limits severely the number of men who can be withdrawn for military service from the farms and factories of France, Britain, and the Low Countries. The State Department knows, too, that it cannot propose rearming the Germans without letting loose a storm of protest here and abroad. Nor can it rearm the Italians beyond the limitations of the Italian Peace Treaty. It could, of course, propose that we increase our own combat forces and station a large part of them in Western Europe now, before any war starts. But that would require a war-scare to make all previous war-scaries look like amateur performances. Furthermore, it would require more billions added to our already swollen military budget.

So our government goes to Congress with a program which implies an unfulfillable promise to our friends, and deludes the American people into thinking that this particular danger has been met by their willingness to fork over another billion dollars. Congress—by this time thoroughly accustomed to the pattern—goes through the usual motions of anxious doubt and economy mindedness, chipping off a little here and a little there, fiddling with bookkeeping entries, striking out grants of power which were put in for the precise purpose of letting Congress

strike them out, and passes the measure substantially as requested. No one ever asks whether the program is big enough for the enormous commitment undertaken. The only questions raised are whether the amount proposed may not be excessive.

This pattern of self-delusion reverses the well-known maxim of Theodore Roosevelt. We are not speaking softly and carrying a Big Stick. We shout our commitments from the housetops and equip ourselves with a fine collection of photographs of Big Sticks.

III

MANIFESTLY, the world is full of dangerous situations which could be met if some one put up the means of meeting them. Equally evident is the fact that the United States, rich as it is, cannot provide the means for meeting each and every emergency. What has been said so far merely indicates that we should decide which emergencies we can and should meet, *and then meet them*, instead of taking half-measures all over the world. This would leave a number of doors unlocked against danger, but at least we should know that there were a few places in the world through which danger definitely could not come upon us.

That, however, is not the whole story. We actually have more resources to throw into the fight for peace than we realize. We have not yet grasped the fact that, *for the sake of our own prosperity, we actually need to get rid of about seven billion dollars a year of our export surplus*. Whatever loans or investments we make abroad, up to a total of about seven billion dollars a year, are no sacrifice at all. They are merely an insurance premium against depression.

Does this sound fantastic? Look at the facts. We are currently exporting about seven billion dollars more a year than we buy from other countries. Some of our exports are gifts. We could sell vastly more, if other countries could find the dollars with which to pay us for our goods. Unless this gap of seven billion dollars a year is closed, our foreign markets will dry up—as they are drying up now—and sooner or later our factories will begin to close down, our warehouses will be full of rotting grain, and our men will be walking the streets in search of employment.

There are only two ways to close the gap. We can buy more abroad, which means a drastic revision of our tariff structure. Or we can systematically invest abroad and hope that our investments will not be repaid too soon. This does not, of course, mean that we should look for bad investments. But it does mean that we should look for permanent investments of a nature that will help build up the living standards and purchasing power of other peoples. Such a program of deliberate investment abroad was outlined in a recent *Harper's* article by Bruno Foa. It would go far beyond the not so very "bold new program" of President Truman. In such a program substantial government investment would break the path in order that private capital might later follow.

The "dollar shortage" is only in part a disease of the European economy. It is true that the economic nationalism of the European countries and their failure to achieve some sort of economic solidarity is a contributing factor. *But the primary cause is our own anachronistic foreign trade policy.* We still persist in keeping our fully adult domestic economy wrapped in the swaddling clothes of its early infancy. We still shudder at the very thought of letting "cheap foreign goods" into our enormous market. Our outworn system of protective tariffs and subsidies no longer serves to raise our standard of living; it merely protects our high-cost producers and denies to the American consumer the opportunity to buy a greater variety of goods at lower prices. Worse yet, our tariffs deprive the other peoples of the world of a legitimate share in the world's greatest single market; thus they are denied the means of buying what they need, *and what we must sell* in order to maintain full production and employment.

TO REMEDY this basic cause of the dollar shortage by a determined effort on our part to import more goods would take time, even if we were ready to face the rather difficult readjustments required by a drastic tariff revision. In the meanwhile, unless something is done at once to close the seven-billion-dollar gap, the dollar shortage will throw the Marshall Plan into reverse and reopen the door to communist penetration of Western Europe. The Marshall Plan has

been spectacularly successful in restoring European production to better than prewar levels. But the sad fact is that the Marshall Plan has not provided Europe with the means of exchanging the goods it produces for the goods it needs. The inability of Europe as a whole to sell its goods to us for dollars, and the continued need of Europe as a whole for goods which it can buy only with dollars, have thrown the European countries into a competitive scramble with each other. The longer this scramble lasts, the greater the tendency toward economic nationalism instead of unity—the greater the tendency toward ever-increasing weakness and dissension.

If we cannot quickly import more goods, we can quickly close the gap by exporting more capital. It may help us to be less timid in facing this issue, if we realize that our resources are not as limited as we think. *We start with seven billion dollars a year of hot money—money which will burn the hide off our hands if we keep it—money which can go a long way toward restoring the world to health, if we use it wisely.*

One thing is certain: this time there can be no half measures, if the hard-won recovery of Western Europe is to be saved from disaster. This time there can be no half-measures, if we want to condition our help upon Europe's determined action to help itself. There is much that we can and should ask.

We must encourage Western Europe to trade more freely with Eastern Europe. We must ask it to break down the nationalistic barriers to trade within the West European area itself. We must ask each country to stop acting selfishly in the mad scramble for dollars—to stop the trend toward economic nationalism which has already assumed the proportions of economic warfare.

But—if we wish to ask these things of Europe—we must make enough dollars available so that the mad scramble *can* be stopped. We must find out how many dollars are required and then face the fact that this is the amount we must provide, or else not tackle the problem at all.

Above all, our government must not make up its mind that we can take just so much of the truth and no more. Above all, we must not deceive ourselves, nor permit ourselves to be deceived, into building another bridge that leads nowhere.

Butcher's Dozen

The Cleveland Torso Murders

John Bartlow Martin

ALL night, mastiffs prowl the cobbled street on guard by the darkened brewery. At the river-front an ore boat squats by a dock. Looking up is like looking from the bottom of a well—up sixty feet to the street level (bright-lit Public Square is only two blocks away). Down here, in a ditch alongside a crumbling wall of masonry, is a hobo campground—blackened embers, chicken feathers, dirty wet excelsior, empty tin cans labeled “Do not take internally Will cause blindness” (but the hobos drink it anyway—“smoke,” they call it, not torch fuel). Streets here are short passageways between factory walls and boxcars. On a broken curb, in the glow of a single feeble street lamp, a human figure totters uncertain, a hobo, drunk, elbows at sharp angles, hands thrust slantwise into jacket pockets. Railroad tracks glisten damp and dull, a maze of tracks converging. High on the clay bank in the bridge abutment are cavities maybe two feet deep and five feet long, and in each is a clutter of lousy, brown boxcar paper and rags: a hobo’s nest. The concrete abutment drips, the sound of a running sewer is everywhere in the dark.

Up the tracks in the southeast distance, a long freight on the Nickel Plate trestle runs across the fiery sky: they are tapping a heat in the steel-mill furnace, and above an oil

refinery a tremendous flame lashes to and fro: waste gas burning, a column of roaring fire. A little beyond, up Kingsbury Run, factories end and blackness closes in. Kingsbury Run is a wide gully debouching into the river valley, its floor laced with thirty-odd pairs of rails, green and red switch lights winking dimly. Here in the East 55th Street yards switch engines work all night, marshaling the freight trains bound for Youngstown, and Pittsburgh and Buffalo, Sandusky and Toledo and Chicago. Atop the crumbling cliffs perch the homes of workingmen, back fences sagging over the rubbish-strewn slopes. About 49th Street the tracks split, the Erie going up a narrow side gully, the rest following the sweeping curve of Kingsbury Run; and the eminence of land between is called Jackass Hill. At its base a narrow ravine slashes briefly into it, then ends. Even the headlight of the rushing Rapid does not penetrate the weed-choked mouth of this secondary ravine.

And here, on the afternoon of September 23, 1935, some boys found the bodies of two men, both headless. The boys told a Nickel Plate railroad detective and he called the Cleveland police. The bodies were male, white, and naked (except that one, the younger, had socks on his feet). One detective remembers, “They had been laid out,” that

This latest member of Mr. Martin's gallery of undiscovered criminals —“The McNear Murder,” “Murder of a Journalist”—is a man “of whom it can be argued powerfully that he was the greatest murderer of all time.”

is, neatly positioned as though by an undertaker, arms along their sides, heels together. There was no blood on the ground or the bodies; one detective has argued that the murderer beheaded the men elsewhere (probably indoors), drained and washed the bodies, then brought them here. They lay only a few feet apart. The younger was about twenty-eight, five feet eleven, 150 pounds, light complexioned. He had been dead only two or three days. The older man, about forty-five, short and squat and heavy-set, had been killed about five days earlier.

Some distance away were a railroad engineer's torch, a dipper, and a tin bucket. In the bucket was a heavy, black, oily fluid—automobile crankcase drainings, analysis showed, containing partially decomposed blood and straight black hair, probably human. Like most of the evidence in this case, the bucket is still of controversial import: some detectives think it proves that the murderer had attempted to burn the body; others believe it was not connected with the case. Detectives spotted some hair sticking out of the opposite bank of the ravine about fifty feet away. They carefully tunneled under it and two heads rolled out. They fitted the bodies. Nearby lay several pieces of rope, a shirt, and a cap, as well as a blue coat labeled "Baker Co.," which seemed to fit the older man. None of these could be traced. The bodies were taken to the Cuyahoga County Morgue.

These were the first bodies found in Kingsbury Run belonging to Cleveland's series of torso murders, one of America's greatest criminal mysteries. Over a period of three or four years the unknown whom the newspapers called the Mad Butcher of Kingsbury Run murdered no less than twelve persons, and he may have made off with as many as thirty-four; and yet, although the Cleveland police questioned upward of five thousand persons in their search for him, to this day almost nothing is known of him. And most of his victims remain as anonymous as he himself. Let us explore this murder cycle, rummaging among the unanswered questions. Who were the victims? Why were they killed? What kind of man was their murderer? How did he kill them? Where was his abattoir? Is he still alive and at large? If so, why did he cease operations? Our journey will take us

into the lower depths of American life, indeed, into the very lowest depths, inhabited by prostitutes, pimps, hobos, dwellers of caves and shanties, homosexuals, and the twisted persons that interested Krafft-Ebbing. From this journey we shall learn as much (consonant with the public weal and delicacy, and minus certain details of secondary importance) as anybody knows about one of the world's most successful mass murderers, except the murderer himself.

II

THE autopsy on the younger man revealed that he had eaten a vegetable meal shortly before dying. His wrists—but not those of the older man—were abraded, as though by ropes, suggesting he had been tied up. His head was cut off "in mid-cervical region," that is, at about the level of a man's coat collar in the back, and the mid-cervical vertebrae were fractured. The skin was cleanly cut, in such a way as to indicate that the man's head was cut off while he was alive or immediately after death. For this reason, and also since the body showed no other marks of violence (except the rope burns) and since the heart was almost bloodless, the autopsy surgeon concluded that death was caused by the decapitation itself, plus shock and hemorrhage, a most unusual circumstance. (Most murderers who decapitate their victims do so only after having already stabbed or beaten them to death.) The dead man's fingertips were on file in the police records. His name was Edward Andrassy.

Immediately the police concentrated on backtracking his life in the hope of finding his murderer, piecing together information from scores of sources—his relatives and friends, and police informers. They found that Andrassy was twenty-nine years old and lived with his parents in a big old frame house in a rooming-house section of the near West Side of Cleveland. In his early twenties he had been an orderly in the psychopathic ward of a hospital. A young nurse married him November 12, 1928, and left him after about three weeks; a baby was born later. Andrassy had left the hospital about 1931. He sold magazines for a time. But from then until he was found dead in 1935 his means of livelihood and the identities of his asso-

ciates were a mystery. His parents knew little about them. Once he was sent to the workhouse for thirty days for carrying concealed weapons. He was picked up several times for intoxication. He hung out near his home with some cheap sports who shot craps in a gully and slept off liquor in a graveyard alongside the railroad right-of-way. A railroad detective remembers, "Andrassy was the type fellow gives a cop a lot of lip when he's questioned. Once I had to knock him down." Andrassy also hung out on West 25th Street, since nicknamed Rowdy Row. But he appears to have spent most of his time across the River, in the Roaring Third Ward back of Public Square in downtown Cleveland. The Roaring Third was a region of peeling billboards and sagging tenements, warehouses and flophouses and gambling joints; of Italian and Greek vendettas, of speakeasies and secret distilleries, of narcotics dens and houses of prostitution; and more than one man went to the electric chair from the Roaring Third.

Apparently Andrassy got in trouble several times here during the summer before he was killed. His mother said that one night he had been brought home in a taxicab, his head cut; he didn't know how he'd been hurt, only that the cab driver had picked him up at East 9th Street and Bolivar Road. His mother recalled that about two weeks before he was murdered a stranger had come to her home and, accusing her son of sleeping with his wife, threatened to "take care of" him; she told Andrassy about it and he said the man "must of been crazy." The detectives found a woman whom Andrassy had taken swimming but her husband wasn't the one that made the threat. Andrassy told his sister that he had stabbed an Italian in a fight at East 9th and Bolivar "and that the gang was after him." He stayed close to home. There was no police report on such a fight. An informer said he had concealed Andrassy for three days, until an Italian drove up in a Dodge touring car, invited the informer to go for a ride (he declined), and took Andrassy away.

Now the murderer had emasculated the bodies of both Andrassy and the unidentified man; the police believed this indicated that the murderer was a sexual pervert and they wondered if Andrassy was one himself. The evidence was contradictory. For example,

during the summer Andrassy visited a nightclub several times, each time with a different woman, including a Chinese; but on the other hand, a woman recalled that her son said Andrassy had tried to sell him some Spanish Fly (an aphrodisiac), and Andrassy had picked up another boy in a park and had taken him to a speakeasy.

Andrassy left home for the last time at 8:00 P.M. on September 19, 1935, not saying where he was going. Nobody ever admitted having seen him thereafter. This was a Thursday. The coroner thought he probably was killed Friday. On Monday his body was found below Jackass Hill, a spot he was never known to have frequented. Railroad detectives had noticed an Italian sitting in a green coupé atop Jackass Hill, studying the terrain through binoculars; the police found him but could not connect him with the crime. How the murderer dumped the bodies without being seen either from the signal tower at the bottom of Jackass Hill or the houses atop it remains a puzzle. Captain J. C. Van Buren of the Nickel Plate police believes the murderer carried them along the lee of an embankment a quarter of a mile from East 37th Street; others argue he would have deposited them in a safer jungle of bushes closer to 37th Street, and, moreover, they were too heavy. Van Buren replies that perhaps there were two murderers. But no other evidence supports this theory.

Once the detectives spent weeks tracing a man from one flophouse to another until they reached his last known residence—only to discover it had been condemned and wrecked. Once they reported: "went to the home of . . . learned from his wife that he is out on a drunk and his whereabouts are unknown." Time and again they reported: "Canvassed cheap hotels, rooming houses, poolrooms . . . beer parlors . . . near the Market, where he was known to hang around," but the reports always ended inconclusively. Andrassy's killer was never caught; it was not even learned whether Andrassy had been acquainted with the man found dead beside him, who never was identified.

Now a year earlier, on September 5, 1934, a man picking up driftwood on the Lake Erie shore near Euclid Beach, an amusement park some eight miles east of

downtown Cleveland, had found a piece of a woman's naked body partly buried in the sand. It was the lower half of the torso plus the thighs. The torso had been severed between the second and third lumbar vertebrae, that is, at about the "small" of the back. The legs had been cut off at the knees. The autopsy surgeon estimated that the woman in life had been about five feet six inches tall and had weighed about 115 pounds. The body had been in the water three or four months, had been dead longer. Two days later the upper section of the torso was found on the beach thirty miles farther east. Coroner A. J. Pearse said the murderer had operated clumsily upon the arms, sawing through the shoulder blade to get the right arm off. But the neck, like the torso, was cut cleanly. The police never found the rest of the body, nor was it ever identified. It was not that of any of the thirty-one women listed that year in the Cleveland Missing Persons files. The Coroner marked the file "Unknown Causes; probable murder."

The official records of the Coroner and the police Homicide Unit agree that this body did not belong to the torso-murder cycle, because they found it long before they realized they had a case of mass murder on their hands and because it was not found in or near Kingsbury Run. Cleveland is a big city, but from all its territory the Butcher chose for his graveyard-in-chief Kingsbury Run and the adjacent Third Ward, and the clues to his identity led always straight back there. A body as far away as Euclid Beach is an embarrassment. But it may have reached the lake via the mouth of the Cuyahoga River and then drifted up the shore (as did portions of another body which the authorities include in the murder cycle, as we shall see). So, since the police number Andrassy and his companion as No. 1 and No. 2 of the torso murders, we shall refer to this female torso as No. 0, and consider it the first of the murder cycle.

Four months after Andrassy and his companion were found, No. 3 turned up in the Roaring Third Ward that Andrassy had frequented. The police were called at 11:23 A.M. on January 26, 1936, a bitter cold Sunday. A butcher, Charles Paige, said that a Negro woman had told him "some meat was in a basket" in an alley. He had found parts of a

white woman's mutilated body—two thighs, a right arm, and the lower half of a torso. They had been wrapped in newspapers, placed in two half-bushel baskets, covered with two burlap bags, and deposited on the cinders against the back wall of a factory. The Coroner thought the woman had been dead two to four days. A neighbor, however, said a barking dog had wakened her at 2:00 A.M. this same Sunday, and one of the newspaper wrappings was dated the day before, the *News* of January 25. The others were several months old. Nearby was a suit of man's underwear. Embedded in the torso were pieces of coal (no coal was found nearby) and chicken feathers also were found inside the bags.

To one bag was wired a tag labeled "Danches Co." and dated January 17. A poultry dealer several miles away named William Danches said the tag evidently was affixed to the bag on January 17 by John Willis, a driver for the Cleveland Feather Company, which bought all his chicken feathers. The Cleveland Feather Company was at 1838 Central Avenue, just a few blocks from the spot where the body was found. The Feather Company owner said that only Willis collected feathers for him. The detectives searched the Feather Company premises, paying particular attention to the boiler room and ash pit, but found nothing. They picked up Willis, searched his home, questioned him, and released him, satisfied he knew nothing of the murder. That was that—until a year and a half later different detectives, rechecking this same clue, found a man who said that on January 17 he had bought some burlap bags from the Cleveland Feather Company and sold them the next day to a nearby junk shop, Dave Cohn's. This re-opened the bag clue; but careful investigation at Cohn's and the shop of another dealer, Oshi Tally, who had bought some bags from Cohn, failed to produce any useful evidence. This was only one of scores of promising clues that evaporated during the discouraging investigation of the murder cycle.

At the morgue the autopsy surgeon estimated (with laudable accuracy, it turned out, considering how little of the dead woman he had at his disposal) that she had been about forty-two, five feet four, 160 pounds, light complexioned, with dark brown hair. The torso had been severed between the second and third lumbar vertebrae (just as had

the lady in the lake, No. 0). The only instrument employed was a sharp knife, which had been used with considerable skill. There were no wounds other than those made by dismemberment.

EVEN though one hand was missing, identification from fingerprints was accomplished—Florence Polillo, with aliases, arrested several times as a suspected prostitute. Her landlady, Mrs. Mary Ford, said Flo Polillo was on relief, "never had company," drank heavily, argued when drunk. Nonetheless, the roomers and Mrs. Ford liked her. In her room were a dozen dolls neatly arranged; each had a name. She played with Mrs. Ford's children and loaned them her dolls. She was married to a respectable man named Andrew Polillo, a post-office worker in Buffalo, New York. Polillo wasn't sure whether they had been married in 1922 or 1923. She had been married previously, Polillo didn't know to whom. After six years she left Polillo: "... She said that she was going to visit her mother for two weeks at Ashtabula, O., as she wanted to get straightened out. As she had been drinking quite hard. ... While she was gone I lived in the flat. She had been gone for about fifteen days. And I went to one of the fights at Buffalo and coming home I went to get something to eat. At Charles Restaurant as I came out of this place about 11:45 P.M. I met her on the street. She was with a man and she had a hold of him by the arm. I looked at her and she looked at me, and after she passed I turned and looked at her and she turned and looked at me. The next night I was out and while I was out she went to the flat and took all of her clothes and went away." He didn't know where she'd been or what she'd been doing since.

She must have spent most of her time after 1930 in Cleveland, for she was well known among saloon-keepers, bootleggers, prostitutes, whorehouse madams, and shady Italians of the Roaring Third Ward. This did not make her easy to trace. (People who cannot stand police investigation vanish when one impends.) About 1934 she had lived for a time at a cheap hotel on Walnut Street with a man she claimed was her husband, "Harry Martin," a truck driver. The hotel manager told Detectives Orley May and Emil Musil that

Martin often beat her up. He was described as forty, five feet eleven or six feet, 185 pounds, blond, light complexion, "nice looking," but the police never found him. About six weeks before she was murdered, Flo Polillo had returned to the hotel, this time with "an unknown Italian," described as twenty-seven years old, five feet eight or nine, 135 pounds, dark complexioned, wearing a dark suit and dark cap, a description that nearly matched the description of a friend of Andrassy's known as "Eddie." Sometimes the case seemed almost to make sense.

A beat patrolman reported learning that only two weeks before her death Flo Polillo had been living with an Italian of this unsavory description: "35-40 years, 5 ft-9-10—150 very dark comp and bushy hair large flat nose, Heavy black eye brows, ugly looking Generally poorly dressed . . . on Relief. . . . Hangs out in a bootleg joint Also is known in a butcher shop." A woman said she had seen Flo Polillo walking past her house all summer, meeting a "very dirty looking" Italian at East 22nd Street and Scovill Avenue. And there was "an Italian named Al" who "is a Drug addict and also furnished Florence [Polillo] Martin with Drugs." The police crossed the trails of several other of her paramours, including several Negroes and a peddler who reportedly had told a friend that "he was looking for Florence and when he could catch up with her 'he would cut her all up.'"

The last person who admitted seeing her alive was her landlady, Mrs. Ford. Florence Polillo had left the house at eight o'clock Friday evening. She was wearing a black cloth coat with a gray fur collar, brown ox-fords, brown stockings, and, probably, a small black hat. (None of these ever was found.) This fixes the time of death pretty well: sometime between 8:00 P.M. Friday and 11:30 A.M. Sunday. Friday night seems most likely, though this would mean she was killed Friday, then wrapped up and dumped the next night. A detective, however, later heard that a Negro called One Armed Willie, who at one time had lived with Flo Polillo, had had a fight with her Saturday. Willie (or possibly another Negro—the reports were not clear) had worked for an Italian bootlegger, and two days before her death Flo Polillo had tried to sell a revolver to a bootlegger on

Scovill Avenue, very likely this same one. But when the police found Willie he convinced them he was innocent.

On February 7, twelve days after the first portions of Flo Polillo's body were found, all the rest except the head—the upper torso, the two lower legs and feet, and the left arm—was found behind a vacant house several blocks away, scattered carelessly against a back fence as though in haste. Both deposits could have been made the same night. The head had been expertly disarticulated, with a few “hesitation marks” between the fourth and fifth cervical vertebrae. Oddly, although the muscles of the neck were retracted, indicating decapitation was accomplished before or immediately after death, the muscles of the shoulder joints were not retracted, indicating that the Butcher waited a while before he removed her arms. The head was never found.

III

THE police learned more about Edward Andrassy and Flo Polillo than about any of the other drab unfortunates murdered by the Butcher. For this reason, as we now know, never again did they have so good a chance of catching him. But they did not know it then. Who would have believed that one of history's most remarkable mass murderers had begun to perform in Cleveland and that he would kill nine times more? A connection among these early cases was not even suspected.

On the morning of June 5, 1936, two boys playing hooky to go fishing were walking down Kingsbury Run when they saw a pair of pants rolled up beneath a willow tree. One of them recalled: “So we take a fish pole and poke the bundle and out pops a head.” They ran home and hid all day. The head was that of a handsome young man, twenty to twenty-five years old, with reddish brown hair, brown eyes, a thin face, sharp and fine, even sensitive, features, probably a Pole or Slav. It lay near the Kinsman Road bridge over Kingsbury Run less than a mile up the railroad yards from Jackass Hill. No body lay near the head. The trousers were brown tweed, fitted with a black and white, thirty-two-inch belt and a zipper. Wrapped with the head were a pair of blue-striped shorts laundry-marked “JDX,” a brown-striped shirt labeled “Desmond,” a

green-striped shirt, a dirty white handkerchief, and a white knit polo shirt labeled “Park Royal Broadcloth,” torn and bloodstained at the shoulder. About twenty feet from the head was a pair of worn shoes, size 7½, tied together, and in them a pair of striped gray and brown socks with orange tops. About fifty feet from the shoes lay a dirty, oily brown cap.

The next day, two railroad men found the body that belonged to the head. It was intact. It lay in a thicket between two sets of tracks near the 55th Street Bridge over Kingsbury Run, about halfway between Jackass Hill and the Kinsman Road Bridge, only a couple of hundred feet from the office of the Nickel Plate railroad police. The head had been expertly disarticulated by cutting through the soft disc between the first and second cervical vertebrae. The skin edges were sharply cut with a heavy sharp knife; there were few hesitation marks. The autopsy surgeon estimated the man had been dead two or three days. It would have been easy for the Butcher to drive down a roadway through the yards from Kinsman Road. He probably had deposited the head and body June 4, the night before the head was found—a railroad detective was certain the head had not been there at three o'clock that afternoon, and another railroader had seen an old dark Cadillac sedan parked under the Kinsman Road Bridge about eleven o'clock that night.

Although this victim's fingerprints were not on file nor had any one of his description been reported missing, the chances of identification seemed good. On his body were six tattoos, as follows: Left shoulder, a butterfly; calf of left leg, the cartoon figure “Jiggs”; left arm, the initials “W.C.G.,” an arrow through a heart, and a standard of flags; right calf, a cupid superimposed upon an anchor; right arm, a dove below “Helen-Paul.” Moreover, a lower left molar, an upper right molar, and three lower right molars were missing. Both head and body were in excellent condition. Some two thousand people crowded the morgue. Detectives showed the dead man's photograph to hundreds of informers and tramps, and it was widely published and the description broadcast. A plaster death mask of the face was viewed by thousands at the Cleveland Exposition. Detectives checked the Transient Bureau and police and factory files, looking for WCG or WG (from the tattoo) or JD

(from the laundry mark JDX—X is appended by a laundry which has more than one customer with the same initials). They found several WG's and JD's, all alive. They traced one of the shirt labels to a California manufacturer. But the tattooed young man remains to this day nameless, known only as No. 4.

For the first time, the police began to connect all the crimes. They searched Kingsbury Run, scarcely knowing what they were looking for, afraid if they didn't find the murderer there they'd find another body.

But the next body was found some miles away—on the southwest side of Cleveland. It lay alongside Big Creek in a desolate area near some railroad tracks. Nearby were the embers of hobos' campfires. The head and body were about fifteen feet apart. The man had been dead two or three months, which meant he had been killed before the Tattooed Man, though discovered six weeks later. Like the other bodies, this one was nude. His clothes were close by but provided no useful clues, and he was never identified. His head had been expertly disarticulated by cutting through the disc between the third and fourth cervical vertebrae. This was the only wound and apparently the cause of death.

Now no other body ever was found near where his was. And he alone had been killed where he lay. But why here? Two theories have been advanced: that the Butcher, wandering aimlessly along the railroad tracks, came upon him by chance at the hobo jungle; or that the Butcher once had lived on the southwest side and this one time returned to it, bringing his victim with him.

And very soon the investigation moved back to Kingsbury Run. For there, about six weeks later, the body of No. 6 was found, and in a peculiarly grisly manner. A half mile from Jackass Hill, where 37th Street crosses Kingsbury Run, was a big hobo jungle. Beside it the sewers which flow underground down Kingsbury Run emerged to form a deep wide open stagnant pool, and it was floating on this fetid water that the parts of No. 6 began to turn up. On September 10, a hobo from St. Louis, waiting by a water tower for an eastbound freight, saw them—the two halves of a man's torso. Police with grappling hooks brought up other parts of the body, but even though the pool was flushed dry, the head and arms were never found. This body, like the

first two (but no others) had been emasculated. All the dismemberment was skillful; the skin was sharply cut and there were few hesitation marks. This victim, too, was never identified, despite some apparently promising leads.

IV

THIS body, No. 6, prodded public officials. They met on the night of September 14 in the police laboratory at Central Station—Coroner S. R. Gerber, Safety Director Eliot Ness, Police Chief George Matowitz, Detective Inspector Joseph Sweeney, Sergeant James Hogan of Homicide, D. L. Cowles of the Bureau of Ballistics, and three outside medical consultants. They agreed on several conclusions about the Butcher (prefacing each with "probably")—that he was a hunter or a butcher with some knowledge of anatomy but without training in surgery, that he used a heavy, sharp knife, that he was "large and strong," that he lived in or near Kingsbury Run and performed his butchery in a "workshop" or "laboratory" there, that he associated with his victims for weeks or months before killing them, that he was not recognizably insane, and that he might well lead a normal life when not engaged in murder. The police thought he was a sexual pervert but a medical consultant disagreed: he could not reconcile the "pattern of perversion" with decapitation and torso sectioning.

The citizens of Cleveland were uneasy. The police received hundreds of phone calls, worthless tips of spiteful neighbors, alarms of nervous citizens, baseless theories of the unbalanced—a woman who said an elderly West Side doctor was "acting queer," some railroaders who saw a man "putting something in a sewer." Railroad workers in Kingsbury Run were frightened. Car inspectors of the Erie worked in teams. A railroad detective remembers: "If you'd go up behind one and touch him on the shoulder, he'd jump three feet."

City detectives consulted with Captain Van Buren and other officers of the Nickel Plate police. Van Buren, a big man with a cigar, remembers, "Many a night I would lay out under the willow trees by Jackass Hill while my partner was off a short distance with a gun." Bait for the Butcher. They often

took two or three hundred hobos off a big freight train; each was a suspect, each a potential victim. Anthony Kotowski, another Nickel Plate detective, says: "They lay around in the jungles, drink that smoke, then pass out petrified. It'd be easy for anybody to grab one if he wanted one." Like every team of detectives Kotowski and his partner, Paul Troutman, had their favorite angle. "There was one guy we never could get a look at. All the bums were scared of him. He had a nest under the Lorain-Carnegie Bridge. He used to go for women's shoes. He had four, five hundred pairs of them. And we'd find chicken feathers scattered around the sewer manhole. We used to stay down there and lay for him. I guess he'd watch us from somewhere. We'd see his footprint, maybe a size twelve."

The city detectives turned up hundreds of queer characters. One was an oriental who lived in a ruined building near the pool, carried a long-bladed knife, and was described thus: "Stocky, full round face, black shaggy hair, stooped over, feet turned out, dark coat black shoes greasy cap." Another: "... Escaped from Athens state hospital ... violent type ... hallucinations ... picked up in 1934 in Akron with bloody razor. Wife said he had idea some one was trying to kill him. Ran around with knife in his hand. Slept in fields near Trumbull St. bridge" Another: "had butcher shop. ... Chased people with large knife. Insane. Lived in cave at 75 and Bessemer ... heavy drinker, lost his business. Released ... no connection." Another: "Freak shop. Heads. Pictures of beheadings." The lock-up was full of suspects. All were cleared. The detectives dug up basements, searched ruins, investigated scores of tips about conversations "overheard in a beer parlor" and a half dozen old wives' tales of long-ago murders. But everything came to nothing.

When No. 6 was found in the pool, Detective Peter Merylo was assigned to the case full time. Merylo, a barrel-chested, short-necked man of stubborn tenacity and plodding diligence, spent six years on the case and thus became the greatest authority on it. He studied medical books, worked many hours overtime, abandoned other interests. The queerest fish dredged up by other police were turned over to him. The railroad detective

Kotowski recalls: "Everybody we'd get a little off the track we'd send him downtown tagged 'Hold for Merylo.'" On his own Merylo picked up anyone who appeared peculiar, like the man he found on a hot day wearing two pairs of pants, three suitcoats, two overcoats, and on his head, three caps over a wet towel, and carrying in his pockets three big pocket-knives, three safety razors, some used razor blades, two dog's teeth, a whistle, two silver spoons, a six-inch homemade stiletto, a blackjack wrapped in a woman's stocking, three nail files, and clippings from a financial newspaper.

Now, in October 1936, the Cleveland police received word from New Castle, Pennsylvania, that some thirteen nude, headless bodies had been found near there in the past ten years, one very recently; and so Sergeant Hogan and other officers went to New Castle, a town on the railroad across the state line from Youngstown, Ohio, about a hundred miles from Cleveland. The township constable said the earlier bodies had been found in a swamp by the railroad yards, perhaps dumped there by gangsters. The most recent one, however, had been lying on the floor of an old boxcar. It was discovered July 1, 1936, just a few days after the Tattooed Man was found in Kingsbury Run in Cleveland. The Cleveland police concluded that there was "nothing definite to show" that the New Castle murders were committed by the same person as the Cleveland murders. But this is not the last we shall hear of the New Castle swamp.

BODY No. 7 began to turn up in Cleveland February 23, 1937. The upper half of a woman's torso was found on the beach at 156th Street, at almost precisely the same spot as No. 0, also a woman, was found in September of 1934. The arms had been disarticulated neatly. The neck had been disarticulated between the seventh cervical vertebra and the first thoracic vertebra—a little lower than usual. The torso had been severed through the first lumbar vertebra and multiple hesitation marks were present, also a slight deviation from the usual. As in the case of body No. 0, a major question arose at once: Had the body been deposited here by the murderer or had it floated here from the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, which drains the sewers of Kingsbury Run?

Months later the lower half of the same woman's torso was found floating in Lake Erie much closer to the mouth of the river. But the arms, legs, and head never were found. All efforts at identifying the dead woman failed, and the cause of death could not be determined (her heart contained blood-clots, suggesting that decapitation had not caused death).

At this point, in March 1937, Coroner Gerber prepared a recapitulation of the known facts about the murder cycle. He excluded No. 0, since he had not examined it. Of the others he wrote: "All seven are white, apparently healthy, able-bodied people, in the prime of life between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five years. Five are males and two are females." Arranging the bodies by dates of death, rather than by dates of discovery, Gerber concluded that the Butcher suspended operations when a victim was found quickly, that he was encouraged to proceed when a victim lay long undiscovered. Although some circumstances in No. 7 raised the possibility that a second murderer had killed her, Gerber thought not. "It is particularly the peculiar dissection of the bodies which groups these seven cases together. All cases show that the heads were severed from the bodies through the intervertebral discs. . . . Cases No. 3, 6, and 7 showed further that the bodies were cleanly dismembered at the shoulder and hip joints The procedure followed . . . suggests to us that the dissection was done either by a lay person, or persons, highly intelligent in recognizing the anatomical landmarks as they were approached, or else, as is more likely, by a person, or persons, with some knowledge of anatomy, such as a doctor, a medical student, a (male) nurse, orderly, prosecutor, butcher, hunter, or veterinary surgeon."

V

IT HAD been five bodies now since a body was identified. And those early two, Andrassy and Flo Polillo, had been found too early to do much good. If only the police could identify the next one, now that they knew so much more! Well, they did. Or, rather, some of them think they did. Others are not so sure. Body No. 8 was actually nothing but a skeleton. It was found on

June 6, 1937, beneath the Lorain-Carnegie Bridge (the bridge near Central Market where dwelt the invisible collector of women's shoes). The skeleton was complete except for one rib and the bones of the arms and legs. Most of the bones lay in the decayed remnants of a burlap bag that also contained a piece of the *Plain Dealer*. The Coroner fixed the time of death at early June 1936—that is, several months before No. 7 was killed (though found more than four months later) and probably before No. 6 (the body in the pool). The Coroner concluded that the skeleton was that of a Negro woman, the only Negro victim. By her teeth (and rather unsatisfactory circumstances) she was identified as a missing woman named Rose Wallace. Coroner Gerber rejects the identification and the Homicide Unit is dubious, but Merylo and some other detectives accept it.

Rose Wallace was about forty and had lived at 2027 Scovill Avenue S.E., in the Third Ward. A woman who ran a speakeasy on East 19th Street told them that Rose "was hustling for her for about a year." She had disappeared August 21 (three months after Coroner Gerber thought the woman was killed). That afternoon a woman went to Rose Wallace's home and told her a man wanted to see her in a beer parlor at Scovill and East 19th. She went, leaving her laundry in the tub. People at the tavern told detectives she had left for a party on the West Side with a dark-skinned white man named Bob. A woman saw her a little later riding in a car with three white men. No one admitted seeing her after that. The dress she had been wearing had a collar like one found near the skeleton. One informant said that a Negro called One Armed Willie was "the only man who had ever kept company with her." One Armed Willie had been accused of having fought with Flo Polillo a day before she was killed, only six months before Rose Wallace disappeared. Furthermore, Flo Polillo and Rose Wallace may have disappeared from the same saloon near East 19th and Scovill. And Rose Wallace had been going to a party on the West Side (where Andrassy lived). From Merylo's detailed reports it is clear that he felt the pieces were almost matching up. But they never did. He found several people who had know Rose Wallace—one man he reported on casually was Frank Dolezal, a

name to remember—but none who told him who had killed her (if indeed she was dead).

ON JULY 6, 1937, precisely a month after the skeleton was found, body No. 9 began to float piece by piece down the crooked, oily Cuyahoga below Kingsbury Run. All but the head—it never was found. As usual, decapitation apparently was the cause of death, the amputations were performed in the usual places by a right-handed person who worked methodically, and some cuts were as neat as any he ever made. But other cuts were crude; so here for the first time the medical evidence suggests the possibility that two butchers, perhaps the master Butcher and an apprentice, were at work. If he worked alone, why was his work so sloppy?

The man upon whom all this dissection was performed never was identified. One section of the body had been wrapped in a burlap bag. It had a blue checkerboard pattern and on it was printed in large red letters: "100 lbs. net—Purina 32%—Chowder for poultry." Inside it was a woman's taupe silk stocking, size 9½, of a brand costing 59 cents a pair, cheap even then. (Remember, the victim was a man.) The stocking had one runner but was otherwise in good condition; this may mean it had not been in the sack fortuitously, as a rag might have been. Inside the stocking were several hairs, all short and blonde except one, which was black and white and long and tapering, probably a dog's. The bag was about four years old and couldn't be traced. "Therefore," reported Detective Merylo, "we are at a loss." And there it ended: nothing more ever was learned about No. 9.

The detectives themselves seemed to be getting more and more mysterious. A detective reported: "Made a quiet investigation of some information we received about a Physician whose name we cannot mention at this time." Merylo found an aging, once-prominent doctor who had succumbed to narcotics, lost his license, turned to perversion, and taken up residence in a Third Ward flophouse. The operator of a rundown, Third Ward beer parlor told Detective May about a well-dressed prosperous man with "long slender fingers" who drank in his place daily for more than six months, who said he was a doctor but had lost his license, who bought drinks for the bums and "seemed to be very

accommodating and if anyone wanted to go anywhere he would take them in his car," and who had bought drinks for Flo Polillo a day or two before she was found murdered. Some well-known doctors were found in compromising positions—drinking in Third Ward dives, seducing young men at the Exposition into homosexuality, registered at hotels with women they weren't married to.

Detectives searched the rag shops and empty buildings of the Third Ward. People there were getting nervous. Detectives canvassing Kingsbury Run found the hobo jungles nearly deserted except for new arrivals. Citizens of all kinds were jittery, and Merylo complained of the time wasted in checking well-meant but useless tips.

Now only a little of this police activity during the summer of 1937 got into the newspapers. Nonetheless, the Butcher ceased operations for several months. This tends to confirm the theory that he frequented the dives of the Third Ward, where the police were most active, though of course he may have lain low for other reasons.

BUT on April 8, 1938, the lower left leg of body No. 10 was found floating down the Cuyahoga River directly behind Public Square. Although the piece of flesh was only a shank, the autopsy surgeon was able to deduce that the person to whom it belonged had been dead not more than a week and perhaps only three days, had been between twenty-five and thirty years old, and about 5 feet 3½ inches tall, and probably had been a woman. All this was confirmed on May 2, nearly a month later, when more of her body came floating down the River—the left foot, both thighs, and the two halves of the torso. They were in two burlap bags. The head and hands, arms, and right leg and foot never were found. Disarticulation had been performed at the usual places. The autopsy surgeon noted that although most of the work was done skillfully, not all was.

And on August 16, 1938, the bodies of No. 11 and No. 12 were found. They lay on the lake-front of downtown Cleveland, at the foot of East 9th Street on a dump where workmen were reclaiming land behind the scenic new Lakeshore Drive. Both had been cut into pieces. One was a woman, one a man. They were killed at different times, the woman

about three months later than the man. The woman was murdered sometime between mid-February and mid-April of this same year (1938), while the man had been killed probably not later than mid-February 1938 and perhaps as early as mid-December 1937. Therefore the man surely, and possibly the woman too, was killed before No. 10.

Many clues were at hand this time. The woman's head was wrapped in dark brown paper. The torso was wrapped in brown paper, a page from the March 5 issue of *Collier's*, a man's torn, blue-striped coat with two buttons missing, and a tattered, patchwork quilt. The thighs were wrapped in brown paper fastened with a rubber band. The arms and legs were packed in a cardboard container made from two cardboard boxes. In addition, the man's skull was found in a tin can. The detectives traced all these bits of trash with exhaustive diligence, for they seemed to be getting heart-breakingly close to a solution of the murder cycle, closer than ever before.

Let us follow, as characteristic, their investigation of just one of these items—the quilt, the tattered, patchwork quilt that had been one of the wrappings for the woman's torso. The *Press* ran a picture of it and a barber, Charles Damyn, recognized it. About July 6 he had sold it to a junkman. He described the junkman as five feet six, 150 pounds, forty-five to fifty-five years old, swarthy, wearing a dark suit-coat, dark pants, and a light cap. Detectives Theodore Carlson and Herbert Wachsmann found him—Elmer Cummings. Damyn identified him. And Cummings readily agreed. He had sold the quilt to the Scovill Rag & Paper Company. The detectives questioned him and his wife and neighbors, they searched his room and the yard where he stored his junk, and they found nothing. So they went to the Scovill Rag & Paper Company at 2276 Scovill Avenue. Near here Flo Polillo and Rose Wallace had disappeared and parts of Flo Polillo's body had been found. The detectives searched the warehouse fruitlessly. The owner, William Blusinsky, said that his company had sold no rags for eight or ten months, preferring to hold them for a rising market. They had moved several bales of rags to another warehouse but these were undisturbed. There had been no burglaries. If the quilt had reached his warehouse it

could have gotten out in only two ways: either an employee took it out or a stranger snatched it off the receiving platform. Blusinsky vouched for his six employees, five Negro workmen and a white salesman. The detectives questioned them, searched their homes, and released them all. Strangest of all, not one remembered ever having seen the quilt. The detectives could only conclude it had been stolen off the receiving platform. But why would anyone steal so worthless an object? That the murderer stole it for the express purpose of wrapping the body in it seems incredible; any old rag would have served, so why risk daylight theft? The course of the quilt after it left the junkman's hands until it turned up wrapped around the torso on the dump is a complete mystery, and a key one. Once more all the clues found with a body had petered out.

THE finding of bodies No. 11 and No. 12 had caused a great public outcry. No wonder: a dozen (thirteen, if we count No. 0) persons had been butchered over a period of four years, from September 1934 to August 1938. The crowds and alarms were greater than ever before. And the police reacted strongly.

Six detectives working secretly, each with a firewarden (who needed no warrant), searched every house in a ten-square-mile area of the Roaring Third. They were looking for the bloody workshop of the Butcher or his cache of heads. But all they found were hapless people crammed into tenements. Next they descended at 1:00 A.M. upon three shantytowns in the Flats and Kingsbury Run, rounded up fifty-nine tramps, searched and wrecked and burned their huts, and took them to Central Station. The police had hoped to find the Butcher or, failing that, to drive his next victim from the shantytowns to safety or, at the very least, to fingerprint all the bums in sight so they could be identified later if they were murdered. The *Press* called the raids "misguided zeal" and predicted they would fail to solve the crimes. This was true enough: nothing solved the murders. But whether or not the furor frightened him off, the Butcher killed no more, at least not in Cleveland.

The police and public didn't know the end had come, of course. Detectives went look-

ing for "a hospital orderly who boasted of his prowess in cutting up animals" and for an eccentric who collected discarded fishboxes and wore heavy clothing in summer and light in winter. A private detective, Pat Lyons, and two deputy sheriffs found (they said) a tavern near Central Avenue and East 20th Street that had been frequented by Flo Polillo, Rose Wallace, Andrassy, and one Frank Dolezal (previously questioned by Merylo). Searching a nearby room Dolezal formerly had occupied, the sheriff's men announced later, they found stains on the bathroom floor and on some knives. A brother of Lyons who was a chemist said the stains were human blood. Dolezal, a solidly built Slav immigrant of fifty-two, was arrested July 5, 1939, locked up in the County Jail and questioned unrelentingly. Sheriff Martin L. O'Donnell announced that Dolezal "confessed" he had killed Flo Polillo in self-defense during a drunken quarrel over money the night before her body was found. But most of the evidence at the time had shown she had been dead not less than two days. Dolezal changed his story to fit this fact. He refused to confess the other torso murders. When after six days he still hadn't been charged with anything the American Civil Liberties Union complained. Dolezal retracted his confession and claimed he had been gagged, blindfolded, kicked, and beaten senseless. The Sheriff denied it. A chemist at Western Reserve University announced that the stains in Dolezal's bathroom were not human blood. Dolezal was charged with manslaughter. He hanged himself in a County Jail cell, August 24, using a rope made from rags hidden in his clothes. Though he was five feet eight inches tall, he hanged himself from a clothes hook only five feet seven inches off the floor. An autopsy showed that four of his ribs and two connective cartilages had been fractured after he was arrested. Today almost nobody thinks he was the Butcher.

Some three months after Dolezal's death, New Castle, Pennsylvania, authorities notified the Cleveland police that another decapitated male body had been found there. The murderer had used a saw, something the Cleveland Butcher had never done. Nonetheless, Merylo believed the same man killed all. The following spring, on May 3, 1940, three headless bodies were found in boxcars at McKees

Rocks, just outside Pittsburgh. The murders had been committed between December 11 and December 27, 1939, at Youngstown (detectives concluded this after tracing the movements of the boxcars). The medical evidence in these three cases pointed more strongly to the Cleveland Butcher than had the evidence at New Castle. Merylo and a partner, disguised as hobos, spent three weeks mingling with hobos and riding freights between Youngstown and New Castle but learned nothing new. Subsequently a skeleton was found in the New Castle murder swamp and two bodies at Pittsburgh, the last in 1942, but they were never linked with the Cleveland series. On June 29, 1942, the chopped-up body of a Negro woman was found in Cleveland in Kingsbury Run near Jackass Hill; but her lover, Willie Johnson, had killed her and cut up her body crudely in order to get rid of it. No evidence implicated him in the torso murders.

VI

THERE matters rest. No more victims of the Butcher ever were found in Cleveland—at least, not up to the time of this writing, October 1949. Let us see what conclusions the authorities reached after so many years' work.

Coroner Gerber wrote: "This mass-murder mystery parallels any of the famous mass-murder cases known to history in interest, gruesomeness, and ingenuity on the part of the murderer." Noting that between September 1935 and August 1938 twelve dead people were found, five women and seven men, and that only two of them were positively identified, Edward Andrassy and Flo Polillo, he went on to say: "These facts lead us to conclude that these victims were all of the lower stratum of life with little or no family ties, possibly vagrants, prostitutes, perverts, and the like, living in or frequenting the vicinity of Kingsbury Run. To associate with such a group, without arousing suspicion, the murderer must be of the same physical make-up, that is, a white person (most likely a male), probably a known frequenter of the same regions, well-developed and strong enough to do the heavy work involved in his type of murder and disposal of the victims, and about the same age group (thirty to forty

years)." The murderer, he thought, "had a definite knowledge of anatomy." He probably was right-handed and used a heavy butcher knife. The cause of death could be determined "fairly definitely" in only three cases: hemorrhage after the throat was cut. In the other cases, decomposition or missing parts precluded more than guesswork. Probably the victims died without struggle, either while asleep or drugged. Evidence of narcotics was found in only one body, No. 10 (and, of course, she could have been an addict). So unless the murderer had administered "some hypnotic drug, which we have as yet been unable to discover," the victims probably died asleep (with one notable exception: Andrassy was probably tied up). "All these facts," the Coroner wrote, "lead us to conclude that the murderer was a person of more than average intelligence. He probably originated from a higher stratum of society . . . and . . . sank to the stratum from which his victims emanated . . ."

To which Detective Merylo added: "I am of the opinion that the murderer is a sex degenerate, suffering from NECROPHILIA, APHRODISIA, or EROTOMANIA, and who may have worked in the pathology department of some hospital, morgue, or some college where he had an opportunity to handle a great number of bodies, or may have been employed in some undertaking establishment, and that he had a mania for headless nude bodies . . . I believe that this man would not stop the killing as long as he is at large, and alive . . ."

In speculating about this case, one cannot say "no" to any idea, however preposterous. The Butcher is preposterous. His butchery is beyond belief. It has been said that a mass murderer is simply a killer who gets away with it longer than most. And this is true of many—of H. H. Holmes, for example, and of Landru; of all those who have preyed upon the lonely-hearts or have poisoned for profit. They operate from a rationale, and it finally betrays them. There is also a second type of mass murderer: the madman, frequently a pervert. Usually his madness betrays him. Perhaps the Cleveland Butcher occupies a lofty eminence alone. We can be sure he did not kill for profit. And it does not appear either that the Butcher was mad or a pervert. In the first place, if he had been, the police would have had him. But if he had been almost

anything else, they would have missed him (and they did). (Of course it is possible they had him and didn't know it and let him go.) In the second place, he had to be sane to succeed as he did. Few men ever have been hunted unsuccessfully as hard as he, and for so long. Was he merely dancing between the raindrops? It is doubtful; his luck would have run out sometime. This suggests great craft, a strict discipline, method, and not lunacy. Your escaped lunatic is apt to return gratefully to his asylum, gibbering happily that during his holiday he has cut up his wife. (The efficient, murderous lunatic is pretty much a myth.)

Moreover, the Butcher's accomplishment is all the greater if one realizes the character of the region where he dwelt and worked, the Third Ward and Kingsbury Run. It is territory far more dangerous to a murderer than a respectable residential neighborhood, where people go to bed at normal hours. Here people prowl all night. Yet not one eye-witness to the Butcher's movements ever was found. This is nothing less than astounding. In the third place, whereas your madman kills in a frenzy and leaves his victims where they fall, the Butcher brazenly went to some trouble to transfer his bodies from a safe and secret place to a public one. In the fourth place, the Butcher operated upon his cadavers as a surgeon would. Madmen do not; they hack and chop and rip. No, it is almost impossible to believe that the Butcher killed for any other reason than a determination to commit murder for its own sake. Let us say it: He was that almost unknown creature, a master criminal. And he succeeded not in the 1880's but in the second quarter of the twentieth century, despite all the apparatus of scientific crime investigation. It can be argued powerfully that he was the most remarkable murderer of all time.

DID the Butcher also commit the crimes in Youngstown, New Castle, and elsewhere? It seems extremely unlikely—it would mean the Butcher began operating in 1922 and kept going till 1942 or even later. And the weight of other evidence is against it. Mass murder may well be contagious. News of the Cleveland Butcher's exploits may have released the spring in the unbalanced mind of the person who killed the three men

in the boxcars. In order to believe in Frank Dolezal's innocence it is not also necessary to believe that the Butcher moved to Pennsylvania. For, as Coroner Gerber points out, at the time Dolezal was arrested the Butcher had killed no one for nearly a year and a half. "He'd already quit," says Gerber. "The arrest of Dolezal didn't stop the murders; they had already stopped."

Why did he quit? Those who believe he was insane think he may have regained his sanity, is among us today, a useful harmless citizen, perhaps your next-door neighbor. Perhaps he quit because he was imprisoned for another crime, or locked up in an asylum. Or perhaps he is dead. He could have died of natural causes or of an accident, unmourned and unidentified as were his victims. For that matter, he could have been murdered. One can speculate endlessly.

That he killed indoors seems certain. The task of dissecting a body so thoroughly takes at least an hour, much longer if the operator works carefully. He could not have risked discovery for so long in the open. But where indoors? If he had a car, as evidence indicates he had, his laboratory could have been in an outlying district, perhaps the far West Side near Big Creek where No. 5 was found, or the near West Side where Andrassy lived and where Rose Wallace disappeared. (But since No. 5 lay, uniquely, where he died, the Butcher probably killed him, and him alone, far from his laboratory.) At the time it seemed most likely that his abattoir was in the Third Ward and it still seems so. The Butcher procured the quilt, the cardboard boxes, and probably the old newspapers and burlap bags there. (Was he a junkman himself?)

To all other speculations about his characteristics we can add one more: that he may have had a job which kept him occupied through the week, for he was most active over the weekends. One wonders if his workshop is not still intact, crammed with bedding, heads, bones, and other leftovers. (It must have been fairly elaborate; he pickled several bodies and kept others a while before dumping them.) Or did he burn the place down when he had done with it? There is no record that the detectives checked unexplained fires after the murders ceased.

That his victims were outcasts of society does not necessarily mean they were hobos.

In fact, at least seven certainly were not—Andrassy and the six women (counting No. 0). Were the six unidentified men hobos? We do not know. There is some reason for believing they were not. Fingerprints of two were obtained but were not on file, and hobos' fingerprints usually get into police files by the time they attain the age of these victims. For the same reason, we can argue that these two at least, and the one unidentified woman whose fingerprints were obtained, were not professional criminals. It was impossible to obtain fingerprints of seven—four men and three women. They could have been hobos, criminals, prostitutes, anything. Captain Van Buren suggests that all were migratory workers. Certainly they were not steadily employed, for no employer missed them. Perhaps they were simply "the unemployed," of whom there were many then. (The Depression may indeed have aided the Butcher, just as postwar disorder aided Landru and Fritz Haarmann.) It seems probable these persons belonged to what some criminologists call the "victim type," those who, like "accident-prone" people, are less wary than most of us or more indifferent to what befalls them. And remember that theirs was a milieu in which violent death is imminent.

WE IN organized society seldom realize how much protection we derive from society simply because it is organized. If we disappear, we are missed. Furthermore, if a series of peculiar events occurs down the street we will notify the police, perhaps saving our own lives. And we shut ourselves into our homes at night. But hobos and migratory workers who meet in one city and part to meet in some other halfway across the continent can scarcely be aware that one by one people around them are disappearing; and prostitutes take into their chambers strangers, some drunk, some perverted, some demented, and they walk by night. All these people live dangerously. So we can understand how the Butcher was able to trap thirteen strangers. Nonetheless, selecting so many unidentifiable persons seems a considerable feat. He made only three mistakes (two, if we reject Rose Wallace's identification). Perhaps he didn't care, chose at random. Yet here again his luck would have had to be unbelievably good.

Why did he cut them up? Murderers usually

dismember their victims for one of four reasons—to foil identification, or to facilitate disposal of the body, or out of lunacy, or out of hatred. We cannot believe the Butcher did so to foil identification for he was not consistent in destroying the heads and hands, and, further, sometimes he severed the heads but left them with the bodies. It is doubtful if he did it to facilitate disposal, for a man who could not get a corpse out of his apartment and through the streets whole couldn't do so by taking off only the head. Had he violently hated all these assorted people, he would have been the link among them and thus would have been discovered. And we have said he was not insane.

So he must have had a fifth reason, perhaps unknown heretofore in criminal history. And unimaginable—unless we accept the theory that his rationale encompassed nothing more than murder for murder's sake. For if this is so, then dismemberment would be the next logical step, to shock society, to complete the job.

"Every once in a while," says Lieutenant David Kerr, head of Homicide, "we still get

a tip on the damn thing. Couple of weeks ago someone called up." Most police have given up any real hope of finding the Butcher. They have not, however, ceased looking. On a drizzly Sunday night Captain Van Buren and Detective Kotowski are questioning three bedraggled hobos in the Nickel Plate office, and from the pockets of one Kotowski takes great sheafs of closely-written manuscript. "What's this?" The hobo says resentfully, "It's mine. I write." Kotowski reads it, demented verbiage that rambles through the vocabularies of astronomy and philosophy, nuclear physics and surgery. Surgery—Kotowski looks at the hobo speculatively. Too young: the Butcher must be at least forty by now, probably older. Outside a red fusee flickers fitfully by the rails where an engine is switching and in the distance the sky glows dully with the lights around Public Square. A Rapid rattles and rolls, leaning on the curve, its windows a streak against the black cliffs: and for an instant its headlight sweeps the foot of Jackass Hill. But only for an instant: the blackness closes in, the night on Jackass Hill is impenetrable as ever.

Autumn Has Not Her Smile

ROBERT BRITTAIN

AUTUMN has not her smile
nor the grace of her simplest motion;
nothing in autumn is fair as she is fair.

It is the loveliest season:
one waits the better part of a year
for these cold conflagrations in every humble
bush,

and it is worth the waiting,
though one may put his sandals off
and yet hear nothing, not the slightest word

of reassurance. What is in autumn
is completion it promises nothing:
its sunlight trembles only when she moves.

Its voice is the undersong of scythes
whispering the wheat asleep

it is the loveliest season, and the silentest.

Now is the grape, grown fat with gorging on
summer,
purpled to bursting, and the yellow pear
reddens as if it held a flame.

Now the full-bellied bee is content to dawdle;
between the morning and the afternoon
the walnut gains its final weight and falls.

She moves among the asters, stirring
the thick smoke of them around her knees;
the air is melodious only when she speaks.

Autumn of all the seasons
is loveliest, but its sun and air,
only when she inhabits them, live and are
musical.

Tronco

A Story by Niccolò Tucci

Drawings by Orlando di Collalto



THE real name of this man was Antonio Sottili and his nickname was Tronco, which in Italian, and a little more so in Tuscan, means both "trunk of a tree" and "broken off." Why then Tronco and not something else for a nickname, especially as Tronco had so many obvious physical defects that might have given inspiration to the nickname-finders, no one could tell. But then everybody has nicknames in Tuscany, and few remember why they ever got them in the first place.

In 1924, when Tesi Jacopino nicknamed Palle became ill with tuberculosis, Tronco offered to work for us as a gardener, in exchange for exclusive rights over the manure of our horse and the sewer system of our house.

This marked the beginning of a long enmity between him and my father. Tronco said that the manure of our horse was of inferior quality. In my father's opinion, we were not responsible for this, but Tronco insisted that we were. He also complained that we had far too many guests all the time, and suggested that the water from the wash-basins in the various bedrooms be thrown out of the windows, not into the sewer. That was trespassing on his domain. "You people don't know how to live," he said. "You wash too often and use soap." Tronco never used soap, and slept on the manure pile to get rid of rheumatism. When he entered the house, even for five minutes, the silver plates in the dining room turned black from sulphur fumes. And Tronco had no manners. He

never said good morning or good evening to anyone, unless he had a great deal to say after that, in which case he was not to be interrupted. He cursed, too, elaborately, as only a Tuscan peasant can. "Prayers are not to be wasted on small chores," said Tronco. "When the horse is being harnessed and it doesn't stand still, a small reminder to the Patron Saint will do. And this cannot disturb the harmony of the Universe."

"It disturbs mine," said Father; "that should be enough for you."

"It isn't," said Tronco. But then Tronco *was* on speaking terms with the Patron Saint and with all other divine agents, while my father wasn't. Before cursing, Tronco used persuasion. He entreated the rain, for example, not to pour down when not needed. "Rain, rain," he would say angrily, "be reasonable, don't rain here, go beyond, rain on towns, not here." And only if it still rained *after* that would he use his "reminders."

Tronco was an independent farmer. He had six acres of land, two cows, and eight arms: his own and those of his three sons. Also: a yellow bastard dog, Bocia (Howl), that howled all night at the stars, the moon, or the clouds, and a skeleton-like yellow cat, Pangolo, that always followed him out into the fields. Like his master, Pangolo had one blind eye. Tronco's blind eye was tightly closed on an empty socket, and that half of his face looked indignant. The other half, with the seeing eye veiled by incipient glaucoma, looked sad.

Tronco ignored his age. "Years and years" he said once to the inspector of the Insurance Company who had come to find out whether he was entitled to a certain indemnity.

"That's no answer," said the Inspector.

Tronco placed himself in the sunshine, lifted his hat a bit, and said: "Here. Appraise."

"But I must write something definite under the heading AGE on this form."

"Write *plenty*."

"I'll write *seventy*. How about that?"

"Be it seventy then, if that's your knowledge."

"My knowledge hell. What would you write if you were in my place?"

"I don't know how to write, but if I did, I would write: *Antonio Sottili nicknamed Tronco, of sufficient age.*"

"Sufficient for what?"

"Not to believe in what you say."

And that was Tronco. Between his knowledge and the knowledge of townsfolk there could be no peace.

"Tronco, it isn't true that two knives put crosswise on the window-sill will keep away the hail."

"That is your knowledge."

"Tronco, humidity is bad for rheumatism."

"That is your knowledge."

"Tronco, the sun is a star, and some of those stars that you see are planets, worlds, like ours."

"Who told you that?"

"It is a known fact."

"Known to whom?"

"To the scientists who studied these things."

"That is your knowledge. And theirs. Science is"—it sounded just as clumsy in Italian: "*È scienza*"—"that those stars are just holes. My grandfather learned this from a man who lived in Piuvica, and who never told a lie. And this man never spoke to the townspeople, who, as we all know, are liars. We are liars, too, we peasants, but we don't have time to tell so many lies, while *they*, who have nothing to do, use all their time to make up better lies. And that's their knowledge."

"Hunchback!" the streetboys called after him.

"That is where I stay. If you look for Tronco, you will find him suspended half-way between work and rest. Put a plough in

his hands: he's working in the fields. Put a chair in his back: he's seated. I work as seated as I sit, sit as straight as I work."

All of which peasant wisdom came out in a quivering voice, between puffs of acrid pipe-smoke, from under a huge straw hat that resembled the gray, conic top of a haystack.

The few times I saw Tronco hatless, his forehead and skull, with more bits of dirty straw on them than hair, were even lighter than the rest of his face. But when the natural straw-roof was back on him, the only change that ever took place in that semi-darkness dotted by tiny squares of light was produced by his glasses: iron rims without lenses, which he explained by saying, "one eye isn't there and the other can't read." Those glasses were the flag of concentration, hoisted on his nose every time he retired to his stone behind the smoking manure pile, to beat his sickle with his hammer. There he sat, beating away for hours, until his wife Zelinda, gave him what we call in Tuscany a "voice": "Troncooo-o-o," she called, and he answered, slowly, declaiming from out there: "*O Zelinda-a, Dio ti mandi un serpente!*" (May God send you a snake). Later, at home, he added, "If you were young and beautiful and had freshly come out of my ribs, the snake would have come to you long ago, with an apple. And that's in the Scriptures."

But he had a good reason not to be disturbed: he was hammering verses and rhymes: he was a poet.

WHEN the sonnet was ready he went to the village square and recited it to the first person he met, still with his glasses on and closing the one eye that saw. He had composed hundreds of sonnets and knew them all by heart. No one had ever taken them down in writing, and his earlier volumes were now beginning to fade away in his memory. It took him time to locate them again. To do this he lifted his hand in a warning gesture far above his hat, while he whispered this or that broken verse to himself, repeated it, then waited for the rest to come up "from the well of my heart," as he said, and finally announced: "I have it!" and recited for hours.

That those sonnets were beautiful no one could say, not even I who liked them. They were strange, intricate affairs in which men-

tion was made of facts that had happened to people long before his time. Thus the faint echo of unimportant things was again and again commemorated, and the characters, too, were symbolized by grotesque nicknames which recalled their physical defects or things they had once said or done. Next to these deeds which had never been out of a man's heart except to go from one voice to another, the long road of hearsay, there were modern events: yesterday's murder of the unfaithful wife of Bindo Barontini *detto il Brutto* (nicknamed the Ugly One), the March on Rome, the fall of an old bridge in the last flood, the beating given by a peasant girl to a landowner who had caught her asleep in the fields and put his hand on her breasts, the last misdeed of the stingy landowner Scarandogi, or even slower and more general events: winter, the night, the return of spring. Everything became story, book of wisdom, feast of malignant talk.

And all in the same solemn tone; whether true things or slander, spicy episodes or "spoken epitaphs." Once a rumor, a fact, or a shadow of a fact aroused the interest of the peasant people, it was utilized like the tiniest piece of charcoal in their kitchen, the last bit of wheat in the fields, or the last crumb of bread on their table, because as a general rule things don't happen in the life of the peasants. To us, the so-called educated people who lived there in the country but had all our friends in town and our hopes and illusions way out in the world, the poetry of Tronco sounded like medieval ballads, the same ballads we kept in leather-bound volumes on a library shelf, and read for our instruction with the help of footnotes. The same medieval language, the same primitive images, the same roundabout references to unknown people.

In his serious sonnets and odes, Tronco mixed Greek mythology with Jesus, the Madonna, Charles the Fifth, the ancient Romans, Garibaldi, the Knights of the Round Table, and Canapone, our last Grand Duke of Tuscany, nicknamed Long Rope because he was tall and thin and couldn't stand up straight.

Usually, in the first two verses Tronco mentioned the recent event he had in mind to celebrate and said that it was all in the best tradition of those great people, and his

listeners felt that this was a valuable certificate to have. Through those comparisons they felt connected with the past, blessed with the sign of poetry. But they had to be patient. Tronco was not to be ordered about like a "*poeta da bottega*," a mercenary poet. He couldn't tell in advance whether "the divinity of a certain fact" would "come to him" and how long it would take before it could all "descend into rhyme." More than once the divinity of facts had come to him, and then had disappeared after one verse or two.

"What you told me the other day about the death of that girl may soon come to me, and I think that it will gather around the words: 'How far the shadow . . .'"

Family and friends of the dead girl waited for years, and so did Tronco, but the shadow never came any closer than that. There was ill-feeling against Tronco on their part, because Leonida, the village seamstress, whose four sons had died of tuberculosis in the space of four years, one each year, punctually, almost at the same date, had been offered four sonnets by Tronco, on the day of each funeral. "But you must understand," said Tronco, "that I had my models right here, across the street from my house. When the patient stopped coming downstairs from his room, I knew that death was near, and when it came, I was ready. So was the carpenter with his coffin."

TRONCO also recited or sang, "according to the will of the Muse," other people's poetry, such as Tasso's *Jerusalem Liberated*, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, and of course the *Divine Comedy*, which he always announced with the following words: "The episode you are now going to hear is from the *Divine Comedy*, the imaginary and fantastic trip through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, by one Dante Alighieri, Tuscan, now dead."

And then the miracle occurred. In his rough peasant voice, with all the difficult words mispronounced, Dante's adventures became something very exciting, which may well have happened to Tronco when he was still young and his straw hat still new. Everything became suddenly understandable, the language was no longer archaic: it was current peasant language and it was just too bad to think that this Dante, who wrote so well, should now be dead.

I remember a summer night when I came back from Florence, having flunked my Dante exams because I didn't know who Farinata Degli Uberti was, and I saw Tronco's straw hat in the foliage of a tree. He was there on top of a ladder. "Under that hat," I thought, "all the most horrible mistakes are left unpunished. Tronco can believe things that not even the children in the Middle Ages were allowed to believe, and here am I, having to face another year in the same class in school because of that blasted Farinata."

I went to him and called, "Tronco, who was Farinata?"

He looked at me and answered, "A person." Then after a few minutes he came down from his ladder and declaimed the passage of Farinata, and it was Tronco Alighieri with his straw hat and pipe who was standing in front of Farinata's burning hell-hole, and telling him that his people, though driven twice out of the city of Florence into exile, had come back both times from all sides, while Farinata's faction never rightly learned that art. And no footnotes about it, either.

But when necessary Tronco could also be epigrammatic with success. For example, while we were having tea with guests in the garden one afternoon and Tronco was there, bent on the flowerbeds, doing his work, he overheard my father say that, although he was not very much in favor of Fascism, discipline was a good thing and it would save the country. Tronco, who had never expressed a political opinion before, grabbed Pangolo, his yellow cat, and began to tap on its head lightly with one finger. After a while the cat was stunned and Tronco showed us how it would stay in the funniest positions motionless, as if dead.

"Why did you torment the poor cat like that?" asked my mother. And Tronco replied "Discipline is good. Duce, Duce, Duce, Duce, that's what you obtain."

But I preferred him in his casual outbursts of song. How often had I heard him late on Sunday nights going down to the village and calling out the flower on which he would then hook the rhyme for his song.

"Flower of tomorrow."

This came out in long notes, as if the flower of tomorrow were being summoned. Then, in a fainter voice:

"The leaf is wide and the road is narrow."

Another pause, then, finally, from very far away:

"And the heart is too small for all the sorrow."

These songs always filled me with sadness, even when the words were cheerful.

"Flower of May

"The earth is smelling and the sun is high

"These are the greatest pleasures of the day."

Because it was like the end of everything, and the long pauses in which he actually made up his song made it seem that all nature participated in his concentration; his thinking of the rhyme gave an intent character, an expression, to the silence of the trees and the sky.

IN THE long winter evenings they had poetry contests in the various peasant houses. One man, the challenger, stood at one end of the table and shouted some pointless phrase, and the poet was supposed to recapture it "by the brother sound of a rhyme," as Tronco said, and express something joyful or sad that was in everybody's heart. The prize stood in the middle of the table, a large flask of red wine, which the winner shared with the rest of the company. Then, the next day, all the best rhymes would be repeated everywhere, and thus we often learned what Tronco said against our father or our guests.

But as the years went by Tronco became more friendly to us because he liked music. Every time my mother and my sister Sonia played Beethoven's symphonies together on the piano, there appeared in the frame of the window Tronco's hat, and as long as the music lasted it did not move. But even though the window was behind the piano, and was always kept closed, soon Tronco's presence would reveal itself through the smell of tobacco and manure, and the concert was often interrupted for this reason. It was felt however that his love of music must be encouraged, so my mother one day opened the window and, holding her handkerchief to her nose she asked: "Tronco, what do you think of music?"

"It's a great rhyme," he said, then, looking at her, he added, "Don't be ashamed if you have a dislike for the smell of manure. It takes all sorts of people to make a world, even those who can't stand bad odors."

So she invited him to come in, and he asked

to be shown the library. There were entire shelves of Russian, German, French, and English books all around us. "How many books," he said, "but I bet there are no Tuscans in those foreign languages."

From that day on the "divinity" of many facts that had happened to us revealed itself to him and "descended" into his rhymes. So he came to the house at any time, during meals, before breakfast or late at night, and all he said was: "The Muse comes at all times and so do I. Hear this." And off came the sonnet, or the ode.

Thus when my mother's eldest brother Alexander died in France, and the announcement came in a letter from a total stranger, she walked all along the acre-wide rectangle of the field beyond the garden for hours, holding that letter in her hands. Tronco was bent on the tomatoes; she passed by him dozens of times, he acted as if she were not there at all. Then he went to his stone and hammered on his sickle for an hour, and late at night he rang the bell of our house door, came into the dining room where we were all sitting around the table, and addressing himself to mother he told her in sonnet form that men always give their children names that have already been used by dead people, knowing that they won't be the last ones to use them. Thus Alexander the Great had died, and his name had been used by thousands after him. And the same could be said for Caesar, Mary, Joseph, and Peter, because people have always died. But here, see, we

still cried and acted stupidly as if we didn't know this fact.

After which, without adding a single word, he left.

Again, when I left for America the first time in 1931, and my parents were worried at the thought of that strange, faraway country where people put their feet on window-sills, Tronco came to the house and told us that Columbus and Ulysses had traveled on the seas and that it was good.

When I came back a year later and found myself very much out of place at home, he came again one morning while I was having an argument with my father, and spoke in verse about the young man who carries new worlds in his eyes, then left us to continue our angry prose.

From that time on the three of us brothers began to scatter "way out into geography" as Tronco said; I was living in Rome, my eldest brother in Switzerland, the youngest one in South America, and to these various places news of Tronco was sent in daily letters by our mother. Zelinda was still waiting for her snake, Boccia was howling to the holes in the sky, and Pangolo the cat was still at Tronco's heels. When she and Sonia played Beethoven's symphonies on the piano, Tronco still stood behind the window, enjoying the "great rhyme."

The last time I saw Tronco was on the occasion of my last visit home, in September 1938. "Did you see much geography?" he asked, and I said, yes.



"And, I suppose, also much history."

"Not much."

"But we will all see history now. Tell me, you who are all intrinsicated in the press"—the word had been invented by him then and there: "*intrinsecato*"—"now that the Germans have gone into Austria, all the fruits of our victory of the great war have gone the way of hell, isn't that true?"

"It is," I said.

"And we," he shouted, beating his chest with great emotion, "we, why did we die? We must have died for nothing."

"We are still there," I said, "but you are right, we have died for nothing."

He shook his head and declaimed: "Great is the foolishness of all the great men."

DURING 1939 news went out to New York, Buenos Aires, and Basle that the Muse was silent, that Zelinda had died without seeing the snake, that Tronco's three half-moronic sons were not assisting him at all. Tronco was lying in great pain. His knowledge was ill. He had tried the manure pile, cobwebs, potions taught his grandfather by the same man who knew that the stars were all holes; nothing had helped. So, in despair, he let my father come to his bedside. "We might as well make peace," he said when he saw my father. "Both your knowledge and mine are worth little by now, when God's knowledge approaches. Let's not talk about my pains."

Later, all by himself, Tronco recovered and was visited once by the Muse when my wife brought my son to see his grandparents, on the eve of her departure for the States. But alas, before this event could all descend into rhyme, my mother died, and Tronco felt confused. He merged the two events into one sonnet, but when he came to recite it, he was told by the maid that my father had gone to the nearby town of Prato, where my sister was ill with leukemia. "She is coming home to die," said the maid, and Tronco didn't tell his sonnet to the maid. He waited, and when Sonia was brought back, he had all the time to work on her sonnet in the fields, while she was dying in her bed. But when she died, he was ill again and couldn't do his duty. He heard from the maid that my father was now wandering from room to room every night, spending one night in my room, one in each

of my brothers' rooms, and often sitting in the living room, as he had sat during the Beethoven concerts. Finally the maid decided to tell father that Tronco was ill, and father was almost pleased to have something to do. Reluctant as he was by nature to let anybody see him grieved, he asked Tronco in the most cheerful voice:

"What is the trouble this time?"

Tronco sat up in his bed and promptly answered, telling my father what *his* trouble was. "Empty is the house," he said, "and all the sons out in geography. So my pain drives me now from room to room. Secretly, through those walls, I reach faraway lands. But when I sit behind the piano I hear no sound. Probably those who used to play it are now playing together somewhere else, and we must not disturb them."

Unfortunately, that was once more Tronco's knowledge alone. My father went on grieving in his ugly seclusion for a year until he decided to do something again and agreed to be director of a large hospital for nervous diseases in the mountains near Pistoia, which was then also a military hospital and a concentration camp for British and American citizens caught by the war in Italy. Some friends of ours were interned there and he helped them, eluding German surveillance. This and his work as a physician gave his life a new meaning for a while. In 1945, during the battle of the Gothic Line, he felt ill and went home. There he developed peritonitis, and died a natural death while the bombs, by a strange miracle, were sparing him. The maid and her husband, a peasant boy from near home, took care of the funeral under German surveillance, then went back to the house right after it, not to be caught by the curfew patrols in the open countryside. But that same night, late, when the moon was high under the night's vault and all its tiny holes, someone rang the bell desperately and went on ringing until the maid decided to look through the shutters, and there, in the garden, she saw Tronco. She opened the shutters and before she could ask what he wanted, he lifted his dark, bony hand and sent the noble words of poetry against the moonlit wall, while she cried, bent on the window-sill. Then the voice stopped, the arm went down, and Tronco left in the round shadow of his straw hat.

The Rise and Fall of Dr. Fishbein

Milton Mayer

LAST June the American Medical Association withdrew its Seal of Acceptance from Morris Fishbein. Then, just so there would be no misunderstanding, it beat his head in, cut his heart out, and kicked him into the street. "If the atmosphere becomes unpleasant," said the Voice of American Medicine, picking himself up and straightening his necktie, "I'll quit in five minutes."

Neither he nor anyone else had ever supposed that "Dr. A.M.A." might be fired. "Some people believe I run the A.M.A.," he often said. Some people certainly did. In the course of thirty-seven single-minded and single-handed years, he had converted a panty-waist professional society into the most terrifying trade association on earth. He had made it what it was today, and it wasn't satisfied. Why not?

The answer is childishly simple. He had become indispensable; he had to go. *Sic semper Fishbeinnis.*

To be sure, the deed had to be done publicly; there was no other way to persuade the public that Fishbein wasn't American Medicine. But at least, the insult, if not the injury, might have been dealt in private. Instead, the announcement of his dismissal specified that he was not to speak, write, or be interviewed on "controversial subjects" until such time as the Association, which would "retain his talents" until his successors could

be trained, was through with him for good. He was being "retired" after "long and faithful service" at the lusty age of sixty.

To the A.M.A., the dismantling of Morris Fishbein was only a tactical incident in the grand strategy of saving the Republic from the ravening bolsheviks who wanted to shackle a free people with the chains of medical insurance. But to Fishbein, as to so many Caesars before him, the incident was positively preposterous. He had loved the A.M.A., as he loved himself, and greater love had no man. Organized medicine might be a little seedy to its critics; it was always young and fair to Fishbein.

The trouble was that under his loving care it was fading fast away. The profession actually had a case against government insurance, but its case could not get a hearing as long as Fishbein was making it. Physicians who were interested in something besides their fees resented their identification with his low-comedy routine. Worse, the routine wasn't stemming the rising tide of protest—in as well as out of the profession—against the inaccessibility of medical care to millions of people. Fishbein's overthrow was long and unsuccessfully sought by the advocates of the "national health insurance" program. In the end, it was achieved by eminent opponents of the program who demanded his dismissal on the threat of open revolt.

Milton Mayer, who explained "How to Read the Chicago Tribune" in April, here begins the first of two articles on the American Medical Association, its most famous public figure, and its battle with "socialism."

Caesar was stabbed from all sides. Even the trustees of the A.M.A.—for twenty-five years his echoes—felt they had to be shut of him. He had outraged them, too. Presidents of the Association had come and gone, nameless, faceless, voiceless before the country. They were as impotent inside the organization as outside. Fishbein held all the strings, knew everything, was everywhere, did everything. The taunt of “the American Fishbein Association” was a telling one. The knives flashed like satin in the sun.

Dropping the pilot last June did not mean changing the course. “Our present policies will continue,” said Dr. Sensenich, the outgoing president. “We cannot compromise,” said Dr. Irons, the incoming president, “with a socialism that has failed in Europe.” The campaign to preserve the medical status quo was simply being transferred from the steam calliope to the more refined locale of the back room. The A.M.A. had just raised a two-million-dollar war chest and had hired a professional promoter, whose first recommendation was to replace the Voice with the hoarse whispers of physicians to patients.

II

MORRIS FISHBEIN not only had an American Dream; he was one. In his square-fingered hands he held the priestly power of 140,000 Men in White. (There are 165,000 practicing physicians, but most Negroes are excluded from the A.M.A. by their exclusion from their local medical societies.) As in any organization of preoccupied men, the power devolved upon the paid executive by default. The A.M.A.’s officers are transients, the trustees are scattered. The general manager was Fishbein’s nominal superior at Chicago headquarters, but Fishbein generally managed. As editor of the *Journal*, he was an employee, and a subordinate employee at that. As Morris Fishbein, was the A.M.A. for a quarter of a century.

He knew ten thousand practitioners by name, and among those ten thousand were what Fishbein calls “the men who count,” the local medical politicians who have to be seen and who, having been seen, run the constituent county and state societies of the A.M.A. through a politically innocent general membership. The A.M.A.’s membership

file was a model of detail; “We keep track of everything and everybody,” said the editor with a small smile. State journals usually adopted the line of JAMA—the *Journal* of the A.M.A.—and usually verbatim. The editor attended all the local conventions or sent his men. There was nothing sinister about all this; it characterizes the A.M.A., the Communist party, and the Boy Scouts. Fishbein did the Association’s shoe-leather work. He did its lung-leather work, too, and that was his peculiar genius.

Doctors traditionally avoid publicity; Fishbein saved them the trouble. His books, articles, columns, speeches, debates, and press releases consolidated his position as the spokesman, and the only spokesman, of American medicine. His aptitude for the sensational—and for sensationalizing the scientific—monopolized the popular press for him. He and his ghostly coterie of assistants wrote the official addresses, made the official announcements, and coached the official witnesses.

Doctor Fishbein knew best, and anyone who doubted that the pen was mightier than the scalpel had only to be reminded that the Doctor’s *Journal*, which netted a non-taxable \$1,400,000 in 1948, maintained the A.M.A. and all its munificent and multifarious works, including nine special journals, an elaborate program of medical research, the justly famous testing laboratories, the no less justly famous facilities for tracking down quacks and frauds, a twenty-five-cent package library service to members on any medical matter from the abdominal to the zymotic, a circulating file of three thousand canned speeches on everything medical (and a few things political), and the year-in-year-out “educational campaign” on the wonders of health and the horrors of socialized medicine.

“We give them more for their money,” said the editor, drumming the arm of his chair, “than any other organization.” The 1948 accounting showed revenue of \$4,858,000 from “periodical subscriptions and advertising” out of \$5,166,000 from all sources. While other professional (and non-professional) organizations heard the howl of the wolf at the door, the A.M.A. had only to put up with the caterwaul of Fishbein inside.

The *Journal* was the heart of the A.M.A. and the heart of the *Journal* was the A.M.A.

Seal of Acceptance. Possession of the Seal certifies that a drug, appliance, food product, cosmetic, or soap has been accepted by a committee of Men in White as advertisable in the *Journal*. The value of the Seal to the manufacturer is incalculable, and the page in the *Journal* is only five hundred dollars or so. Advertising men believe, as a class, that if they are good boys they will go to heaven when they die and get a job soliciting for the *Journal*. "I turn down as much advertising as I accept—over a million a year," the editor said.

Though Fishbein has seemed to feel he must defend his personal honesty—"I've turned down my best friends"—there has never been even the flimsiest support of the charge that the Seal of Acceptance could be had under the counter. The charge itself bespeaks a dull comprehension not only of Fishbein's scale of values—in which money is relatively low—but also of the instrumental character of his Men in White. As long as the manufacturer describes his product honestly, he wins the Seal. ("Our Ground Glass Almond Bar Will Slay You" is, presumably, Acceptable.) And the cigarette manufacturers, who get along without the Seal, are not inordinately disturbed at the *Journal's* suggestion that they "look into this situation" of emphasis on throat irritation in their advertising—not as long as the same issue of the *Journal* carries full-page ads for the "throat welcome" of Camels and the "measurably less irritation" of Philip Morris.

The nicest thing of all about the Seal of Acceptance is its fine professional contempt for the sordid consideration of price. Morris Fishbein's Men in White do not test for such non-injurious ingredients as wind and water. But the A.M.A. Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry once took a look, just for fun, at the prices of the "ethical proprietaries"—ethical because they advertise only to the profession—that constitute the largest single category of *Journal* advertising. It found that the wholesale price of twelve of the "ethicals" was \$31.45 and the price of twelve pharmaceutical substances identical with the "ethicals" was \$11.26.

The Seal is probably the biggest single "puller" of advertising ever concocted, and in terms of investment, the *Journal* is far and away the most profitable publication in the

world. Fishbein's absolute power—he often talked as if he carried the Seal in his pocket—was also the source of other men's power. The *Journal* was a toll-gate on the highway to recognition of medical research, and the editor was the gate-keeper. The *Journal* is published "under the auspices of the Board of Trustees." "But you know as well as I do," said the editor, smiling his small smile, "that the board doesn't read the manuscripts. I read every one of the two thousand papers submitted each year, and I publish four hundred. Just think of the people I disturb by rejecting their papers." It was the same old organizational story; where nobody had time or temper to take any power, the man who had both took it all.

MORRIS FISHBEIN dominated the *Journal* long before he rose from assistant editor to editor in 1924, but from that time forward its columns were closed to discussion (but not to defamation) of all "half-baked reform schemes." For twenty-five years his readers lived in a world unchanged except for the proliferation of scatology. He neglected to print news of the burgeoning medical insurance programs and refused space to all advocates (however eminent) of medical service reform (however mild). But he listed their names, as he had listed the names of doctors whose licenses had been revoked for bootlegging; his intent in both cases was unmistakable.

In 1930 the *Journal* failed to report that the British Medical Association had proposed expansion of the Health Insurance Act, which had covered England's lowest-paid workers since 1911. The Michigan Medical Society, protesting the suppression, sent a delegation of its own to England and ultimately established a voluntary-membership plan for medical care in the state. Non-members of the A.M.A. were the scum of Fishbein's earth, but the Michigan investigators discovered that the *Journal's* London correspondent, whose reports always took a very dim view of the British system, was a non-member of the British Medical Association. (Though the B.M.A. opposed the all-out system established in England a year ago, it has since cited both the *Journal* and Fishbein specifically for false reports of the scheme's operation.)

"I don't like to brag," the editor would say,

patting his stomach, "but it's the world's best medical magazine, absolutely. Think of it," leaning forward and pointing at his listener, "forty-two hundred pages of reading matter for twelve dollars." In addition to being the best, the *Journal* is, of course, the biggest, "bigger than the next six combined." There is some doubt about its being the best; one of Fishbein's loudest opponents, Dr. William Brady of Chicago, called it "the comic weekly," and only Fishbein would compare it favorably with, say, the London *Lancet*. The space it devotes to advertising, editorializing, politicking, and anecdoting materially reduces the space available to medicine. But its weight—in every sense of the world—is immense. A study conducted by the Michigan Medical Society a few years ago showed that 89 per cent of the membership read the *Journal* and less than 30 per cent read any other "type of literature." It offers enough reading matter to keep a busy doctor out of intellectual mischief, and its diversity of non-medical features is enough, apparently, to satisfy his higher appetites.

Fishbein paid little attention to the technical content—leaving it to highly competent subordinates—but as sure as Friday or Saturday came around and the next week's *Journal* was ready for bed, the editor steamed into the office and tore up the layout, sometimes twice or three times before press-time, to handle a last-minute bulletin. This breathlessness, however much or little it contributed to medical intelligence, contributed considerably to the magazine's popularity, and the editorials on the Washington bolsheviks, if they were no great credit to a professional publication, were snappy fare for the tired professional reader.

THE Fishbein touch was heaviest in the back of the book, where the editor wove his own wit and wisdom through the advertising pages. There was a funny-stories department called "Tonics and Sedatives," consisting often of jokes of the low-flying pigeon or bridal-night variety, some of which would cause an artists-and-models sheet to worry about its second-class mailing privilege. But the weekly *pièce* was "Dr. Pepys' Diary," a running, or logorrheic, account of Morris Fishbein's private life, which was public. Like the Fishbein scrapbooks, the "Diary" was a

treasure to be cherished by posterity, if possible, but by contemporaneity in any case. Each Christmas the "Diary" was enshrined between boards and distributed as the Fishbein Christmas card to nearly everybody who had a permanent mailing address.

Life began at Forty-second Street for Dr. Pepys. On one of his three-day business trips to New York, in addition to the routine sessions with "editors, publishers, and advertising men" and a couple of speeches on "the weird campaign to socialize medicine," there were two plays the first day, the Rainbow Room and the Stork Club the next and a poker game the next "with Franklin P. Adams of 'Information, Please,' and George Kaufman, the playwright and producer, and Bernie Hart, who is brother to Moss Hart, and Russell Crouse, who did 'Life with Father' and 'The State of the Nation,' and Wallach, who produces plays, and Captain Butcher, who was aide to Eisenhower and has written of him for the *Saturday Evening Post*, and also Harold Ross, who edits the *New Yorker*, and Herbert Mayes, who edits *Good Housekeeping*, with Dan Golenpaul and Moriarty as kibitzers." The reader ponders Moriarty—who he was, what he was doing there, and whether his brother is Moss Moriarty—but not for long, because Dr. Pepys is on his way home "on the Century, being called to advise a beauteous lady of filmdom whom an allergist was desensitizing against horse dandruff and who was having an alarming reaction." Speeding west, the doctor read two books (neither of them on allergy), played gin rummy (and ruminated on how difficult it was for "even a good player" to win at it), and discussed orthopedics with the world's greatest orthopedist who happened into the diner.

Reader-interest surveys revealed the popularity of the "Diary" (and the taste of the readers), but the Board of the A.M.A., in permanently eliminating Fishbein last June, made an explicit supererogatory point of announcing that the "Diary" would be "permanently eliminated" from the *Journal*.

The "Diary" is thought to have contributed directly to Fishbein's downfall, via the Town Meeting of the Air of February 22, 1949. Debating the medical insurance issue, Fishbein said on that mortal occasion: "I was in England in September. I spent eight days . . .

I visited the offices of general practitioners. . . . I saw doctors try to handle forty patients in two hours, so that this assembly-line medicine consisted in most instances of the patient's voicing his complaint, a question by the doctor, and a made-to-order prescription. (*Applause*)." At this point another participant in the debate, Nelson Cruikshank of the AF of L, took the mike and said: "In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* there is a complete diary of Dr. Fishbein's, covering not his eight days but his six days in England, not in September, but in August. (*Applause*) . . . He went to the theater, he had all kinds of dinners, he sat next to Lord Moran (*Applause*), he went to the Olympic Games, he passed out CARE packages, and spent one morning in Sandringham Road visiting a practitioner, and then stopped on his way out to the airport to pick up the forms. In the afternoon he took the plane to Paris and read a detective story on the way. (*Shouts and applause*)." Cruikshank concluded by quoting a letter from the secretary of the British Medical Association branding Fishbein's report a lie and "a libel on a profession which is proud of its tradition of service to its patients."

III

MORRIS FISHBEIN wrote 30,000 words a week for publication. He read 3,500 scientific manuscripts a year, ten books a week ("*Gone with the Wind* in five hours—four pages a minute"), and thirty to forty scientific journals a day. He edited two medical publications ("I started *Hygeia* to take the mystery out of medicine") and managed nine more. He was medical editor of *Good Housekeeping* ("and adviser to several other big magazines") and wrote a daily newspaper column. He wrote magazine articles on quackery, beauty, diet, exercise, birth control, childbirth, cancer, influenza, polio, the common cold—and "socialized medicine." He received three speaking invitations a day and accepted every third invitation. ("They ask for me all the time.") He answered all his mail personally ("fifty to a hundred letters a day") the day he received it, answered his own telephone ("six long distance calls in twenty minutes"), and interviewed anyone who wanted to see him ("fifteen to

twenty visitors a day"). He played "good" golf ("with Albert D. Lasker"), "expert" bridge ("with Ely Culbertson"), talked "faster than a stenotype operator can take it down," entertained continually ("frankly, I'm gregarious, I like to meet people"), and saw "every play every year" and "all the good movies." (He made three films for "The March of Time".) He wrote eighteen books ("every one in the black—I've never had a failure"), never carried a notebook ("I have a remarkable memory, unquestionably"), and had three personal stenographers and a personal assistant ("and *she* has a personal stenographer"). He was in his office at 8:15 A.M., was out of the city a fourth to a half of the time ("twenty-nine trips to Washington during the war"), and loved to be home ("I'm devoted to my family"). Though he wrote a succession of what he called "withering exposés" and called government medical insurance "Communism" (1929), "Nazism" (1939), and "Communism" (1949), he didn't lose his temper "twice a year."

He did all this at the same time, and he did it all incessantly. How did he do it? The answer is, he didn't. No man could. No man could do half of it. But Morris Fishbein was ever ready to *prove* that he did it—and collected autographs, photographs, book plates, birth announcements, humor, Mark Twain, and Shakespeare besides. He looked upon his handiwork and found it very good, but he didn't rest on the seventh day to look upon it. He gazed, between trains, at the autographed pictures above his desk—Drs. De Lee, Cushing, and Mayo, and also Eddie Cantor, Ben Hecht, and Hildegarde—with homogeneous admiration, but he gazed at himself with positive awe. "People ask me how I do it all," and his shrug said, "How *do* I do it all?"

It wasn't money he wanted. "I live modestly, you can see it yourself. Frankly, I could easily get along on one-fourth of what I get. I could get seventy-five or a hundred thousand a year, easily, easily, but frankly, I like it here." His office, jammed with books, papers, secretaries, visitors, and telephone calls, was not ostentatious; his old two-story house near the University of Chicago campus even less so. His wife and three children were as unpretentiously outfitted as he was, except for the oddity of a French governess. His tastes were outré—he selected his own neck-

ties—but inexpensive. He doubled or tripled his \$24,000 salary with his books, speeches, and articles, but he turned down commercial positions at twice his income.

No man actually *reads* two books on the train to New York and two more on the train back to Chicago; least of all a man who plays bridge or gin rummy from the time the train leaves the station until everyone quits on him. But Morris Fishbein thinks he does. He seems to have thought himself up—a man who is doing everything that all men want to do, and doing it all the time against a background of frolic and fame.

By every worldly test, above all by his own asseveration, Morris Fishbein was one of the most popular men alive. ("I have hundreds of good friends.") Morris Fishbein alone didn't seem to be sure of it. While he was accepting and rejecting other men—and always decisively—he seemed to be undecided about his own acceptance. Men of whom thousands say, "You've got to hand it to him," sometimes wonder how many people say, "Gee, what a nice guy." The insatiable hunger for acceptance leads to a consuming desire to get along with everybody at any cost. An insult is met with a joke. Grudges are nursed in private. Social views are swathed in cloud ("People say I'm a reactionary, but I don't suppose anyone could be more liberal") and political views in caution ("I voted *for* him twice and *against* him twice").

"Anything you like, he likes," said one of his haters, "anything you do, he does. If you're a big shot, he admires the way you do it. If you're a little shot, he tells you how. Are you interested in fire engines? So is Fishbein. Ancient Rome? So is Fishbein. Mystery stories? Cards? Football? Dirty jokes? Fine wines? So is Fishbein. The only thing I ever heard him say he didn't like was fishing—the one activity you've got to keep your mouth shut at. But I never heard him say it to a fisherman."

The sense of rejection, we are told, goes back too far to be spotted from a vertical stance. Fishbein's life, as he himself sees it, is a succession of triumphs, or was until last June. He was the oldest of eight children ("we all did well") of an immigrant peddler who worked for a hardware company, first in St. Louis, then in Indianapolis. His father was very religious. (Fishbein is not at all.)

As a boy he was almost puny (though he made the track team) and very rapid (though not outstanding) in everything but mathematics, with which, one would suppose from his Town Meeting of the Air experience, he still has some difficulty. Even elocution lessons, taken at his mother's insistence, left him speechless in public. He worked his way through high school and college, clerking, typing, selling his shorthand notes of lectures, and took no noticeable part in "school life."

As he tells the story of his life to one of his daughters, he decided on his profession when, in his last year of high school, he joined a crowd watching a street fight that ended with a knockout. "Soon an ambulance drove up, and a little fellow dressed in white with a small black bag jumped out. *Immediately the crowd parted for him.* I decided to become a doctor."

The little fellow entered the Indiana University Medical School at sixteen, but the other fellows were all bigger and older and he was badly beaten up in the freshman-sophomore fight. He went back home and was sent to the University of Chicago (where a composition instructor told him he'd never be able to write) and then to Rush Medical College, where he worked as stenographer for the great pathologist, Ludwig Hektoen, under whom he had a year's postgraduate fellowship before he began selling editorials to the *Journal* and was hired as assistant editor in 1913. "The A.M.A. had no public or press relations when I came," he says. It had no Voice.

IV

MORRIS FISHBEIN deserves his due. Until he took it over, the medical profession operated not only with dignity but with sanctimony. Health might be discussed by laymen; medicine, never. The public press traveled at its own terrible risk if it dared to report developments in the field. No doctor would talk or write about work in progress or even work completed, lest the professional curse of self-advertising attach to him. If this was true of all the sciences—and is true of most of them still—it was truest of the one in which human welfare was most directly involved and human interest most ruthlessly stifled.

One man unveiled the healing art, and that

man was Fishbein. It has been observed, unfeelingly, that he unveiled himself in the process. But he was not the first public benefactor to benefit privately, and nobody but Morris Fishbein has ever given him credit for the magnitude of his benefaction. Up until the time he offered his services as field marshal, medicine's war on quackery had been prosecuted under cover of terminological darkness. Unless a legal proceeding was brought, the public learned nothing of the nostrum racket and went on swigging radium juice. Most of the flim-flams were legal. Their victims insisted upon buying muddy (but harmless) waters at five dollars a gallon instead of getting medical care. The only real remedy for quackery was exposure, and Fishbein provided it. Today the A.M.A.'s "FBI" has a card index of 300,000 fakes and fakers, and the Americans who are now shelling out for Atomic Hair Oil are numbered in thousands instead of in millions.

No one will argue, either, that the elimination of phony medical schools and back-bedroom abattoirs could have been consummated merely by A.M.A. standard-setting or government prosecution. The Association's most handsome achievements depended ultimately upon publicity, and it was Fishbein who forced the publicity. He made of medicine the public concern it should always have been, and the original animosity he incurred in the profession stemmed, incidentally, from the stuffed shirts who opposed the public's intrusion on the sacred mysteries.

MEDICINE needed a spokesman; it got a spieler. Blue-sky salesmanship is not thought to be especially well adapted to a profession that talks in milligrams and millimeters. But young Fishbein was as adaptive as he was adaptable. He recalls that he "hit the front page of every paper in the country" while he was still assistant editor of the *Journal*. A young lady ("we called her 'The Hot Girl of Escanaba'") was enjoying a fever of 119° F. in Escanaba, Michigan. Fishbein told a newspaperman that, Escanaba or no Escanaba, the young lady was a fraud, and the newspaper sent him to investigate. "She had a hot-water bottle under her arms. The *News* got out two extras. I got ten thousand clippings . . . and it was mentioned in the next two editions of the Ziegfeld Follies."

Henry Mencken grabbed the front-page doctor as a contributor to the old *Mercury*, and Fishbein's magazine articles on medical frauds made a series of books. Mencken gave Fishbein an autographed photograph, "From a pathological philologist to a philological pathologist," and the pathologist was soon philologizing on paper and platform on any (and sometimes every) side of any subject remotely medical. A favorable comparison of horse-and-buggy obstetrics with modern hospital delivery was censured by the Chicago Medical Society, but it was great stuff for Mencken. An article demanding a guaranteed annual wage as the solution to medical costs was right down the *Nation's* alley, though the same author was helling at "socialism" in the same issue of the *Pictorial Review*. A medical ethics class, which challenged his assertion that government insurance was responsible for the t.b. incidence in England, was answered with a funny story. And he told the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce that the cost of medical care had increased while he told the National Physicians Committee that it had declined.

Medicine was, as it still is, good for limitless exploitation, and when Fishbein set himself up in business it was virgin territory. Always identifying himself as Editor of the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, he appeared as the author of book after book—four in one banner year, two in one famous week. Syphilis and soap each made a book, as did weight and nutrition. *Do You Want to Become a Doctor?* made a book (and included an anathema on "socialized medicine"). Medical writing made *two* books. ("I taught doctors how to write.") And encyclopaedias and handbooks of health and medicine made fortunes.

The man who makes good is always the object of small-minded resentment. Small-minded physicians accused their spokesman of speaking too much, too often, too loosely, and too profitably in too many places. His biggest seller, the *Modern Home Medical Adviser*, produced a wartime howl from the New York County Medical Society when it was plugged in full-page newspaper ads as a substitute for your drafted doctor. "It was most unfortunate," said Fishbein, after Senator Pepper called it "charlatanism." "I told the publishers to change it at once." The Cali-

fornia Medical Society attacked his syndicated health column, maintaining not only that it commercialized the A.M.A., but also that it contained medical misstatements. Envy of the man who makes good was spreading from coast to coast.

Physicians and medical societies went unanswered, or were answered with a funny story. Lay critics of the spokesman were crushed by the combined weight of authority and statistics. ("I have them right here in my briefcase.") The statistics were grand statistics, but they were unverifiable. Almost all the factors in the medical insurance issue are variables or comparatives. What, for instance, is "good health?" What is "adequate medical care" and how much can the individual or the community "afford" to pay for it? What is the relationship between mortality and medical care, between illness and medical care? What is the relationship between a nation's health, on the one hand, and climate and income, on the other? One man's guess is *almost* as good as the next man's, and scientific statistics can be supported by what a fellow you met said he heard.

FISHBEIN's high, wide, and handsome technique in popular debate floored his less dexterous opponents, but when he fought in his own class he was sometimes called on fouts. Slugging it out on the air with Congressman Dingell (of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill for government medical insurance), he cited "a certain section of the bill" and Dingell said: "Just where in the bill is that?" Fishbein: "I will find it for you after I have finished answering your question and then I will show it to you." Dingell: "I'd rather you would do it on the panel. We want the people to hear this." Fishbein: "I know, and the people sitting in the country will not wait while I show you the section of the bill." Two years later the same pair met on the air again, and when Fishbein said, "If anyone will actually read the Court's decision . . .," Dingell interrupted with, "I have it right here." Fishbein: "I don't want to hear you read it." Dingell: "I came loaded for you this time."

The spokesman's most volatile statistic was the number of persons in the United States fully covered by voluntary plans (as they would be by government insurance) for *all*

medical treatment. This presumably verifiable figure is crucial to the question of the necessity for compulsory insurance, but in Fishbein's spiel it dropped from 5,000,000 in 1943 to 1,000,000 in 1947 and soared to 9,000,000 in 1949. Industrialist Henry Kaiser, an equally ardent opponent of both government insurance and Fishbein, learned something about Fishbeinism on the American Forum of the Air in 1943. Kaiser: "Dr. Fishbein is great on statistics. We have 130,000,000 people in this country. Dr. Fishbein, how many of them are fully covered by voluntary plans?" Fishbein: "At the present time, 15,000,000 people are insured under the voluntary hospitalization plan . . ." Kaiser: "Wait a minute, I want the answer. What percentage are *fully* insured?" Fishbein: "Let us begin at once, Mr. Kaiser, by pointing out that no health insurance plan anywhere in the world insures all of the people of the nation." Kaiser: "How many are fully covered? Let's get the answer." Five minutes of Fishbein, and then Kaiser: "I haven't heard Dr. Fishbein give the percentage." Another five minutes of Fishbein, and then Kaiser: "What percentage? What percentage are fully insured?" Fishbein: "Mr. Kaiser, you have been asking what percentage in the United States are fully insured." Kaiser: "That is right." Fishbein: "I can tell you this, that from the point of view of life insurance in the United States . . ." Kaiser: "I don't want life insurance. I want medical insurance." Fishbein: "We are the best insured nation in the world. I am coming to medical insurance, but I won't come to it as long as you keep breaking in." Kaiser: "I am waiting for the figures." Fishbein: ". . . Today I would say 15,000,000 have hospitalization insurance. Approximately 5,000,000 carry only medical insurance of one type or another." Kaiser (ignoring the qualifying "only"): "Thank you, Dr. Fishbein, for the three per cent." Fishbein: "Five per cent." Kaiser: "Five million is three per cent of 130,000,000." Fishbein: "You are counting 130,000,000." Kaiser: "That's right. That's how many people there are in this country."

The slippery statistic finished its peregrinations on a Town Meeting of the Air last February. The slippery statistician asserted that "nine million people are covered completely for every type of medical care," and

his two opponents, Nelson Cruikshank of the AF of L, and Federal Security Administrator Oscar Ewing, spat on their hands. Ewing pulled out a Fishbein article in the *current* issue of the *Kiwanis Magazine* which states that "complete medical care programs by the end of 1947 covered more than one million people." "Now I don't know what 'more than one million' means," said Ewing, "but it certainly doesn't mean more than two." Fishbein: "I would remind Mr. Ewing that that paper was written a considerable time ago and that the rate of increase in voluntary hospitalization and sickness insurance is the most rapid rate of increase that has ever occurred in the history of insurance in this country." After the moderator interrupted to chastise the audience for booing, Fishbein changed the subject, but Ewing came back with, "Which is it, Dr. Fishbein—nine million or one million that have complete service?" Fishbein: "The nine million figure is correct, and it is based on an examination of the records of the private insurance companies of the United States . . ." Cruikshank: "It isn't *people*, it's *policies*, and in Dr. Fishbein's figures I am three of them myself."

V

THE bell tolled for Morris Fishbein long, long ago, and he howled it down. In 1932 the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care produced, in a twenty-three volume study, the disconcerting facts of life and death in America. The Committee's report recommended widespread experimentation with voluntary medical insurance programs. Fishbein called the report "socialism and communism, inciting to revolution." The chairman of the inciters was Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University, past president of the American Medical Association, and Secretary of the Interior under Herbert Hoover.

From that point forward the Voice of Medicine retreated to a series of unprepared positions. His retreats were just as strategic as a fighter's who goes through the ropes, and as delicate. After standing pat—with his neck out—against any change at all, he proclaimed each successive step (taken over his dead body) as the answer to the national problem of medical care. Eventually the voluntary plans (in

Fishbein's words, "socialism and communism") became (in Fishbein's words) "the American Way."

He dragged every available herring—preferably red—across the path of one of the most serious discussions a free people can have, and reduced the discussion itself to the level of a hippodrome. What he called "socialized medicine"—only the U.S.S.R. has socialized medicine—is not socialized medicine at all, but private medicine insured, and probably subsidized in part, by a graduated wage tax. If this means, as Fishbein said it does, "the death of individualism, of humanitarianism, and of scientific practice," then Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, England, and thirty-five other countries have all been barbarized. He told the doctors they would be "slaves" and he told the public "the politicians will determine who takes care of the sick." When President Truman presented his medical insurance program to Congress last April, the Chairman of the A.M.A.'s Board of Trustees characterized it as "an Old World scourge," "regimented medical care," and "the discredited system of decadent nations which are now living off the bounty of the American people." The voice was the voice of the Chairman of the Board, but the hand wrote strangely like the hand of the Voice.

The conviction was spreading inside the profession that Morris Fishbein was bad medicine. Many of the nation's most distinguished research men followed Dr. John Peters of Yale into the anti-Fishbein Committee of Physicians. Peters "has never practiced anywhere but on a full-time salary in a university hospital," said Fishbein, who has never practiced anywhere. Public opinion polls showed that the failure of successive insurance bills to emerge from Congressional committee produced successively larger public demand for some sort of insurance. Many doctors felt that had a conservative like Wilbur represented the profession, the issue would not have hardened into a choice between the preservation of an intolerable status quo and the immediate assumption by the government of an intolerable medical burden.

Fishbeinism drove the conservatives into alliance with the liberals to destroy the doctors' doctor. Anti-Fishbein resolutions went under the steam-roller at the annual A.M.A. conventions, but one of them, confining the

editor to editing, got to the floor in 1944. It was defeated by the House of Delegates, 144 to 9. But the following year the vote was an ominous 106 to 60.

The ice was melting under Morris Fishbein, but the thinner it got the faster he skated. He grabbed the California resolution for a separate public relations section and put it through the Board of Trustees in 1946. Asked what he thought of the new arrangement, he gazed at his fingernails *à la* Menjou and replied: "The best public relations for the medical profession are the relations of the individual doctor with the individual patient." It was the same old Fishbein.

The Californians were lulled by the feint, but Fishbein's mania for big, black ink was incurable and progressive. "I have an idea," he said, as he was being kicked upstairs, "that I will continue to speak whenever I want to." He pulled the stairs up after him and performed on the roof.

Everything was superficially peachy at the A.M.A.'s centennial convention In 1947, "the biggest in history," said Fishbein, "twice as big as the next biggest and *that* was ours, too." His six-pound history of the Association, completed for the centennial, reads like the B Minor Mass. But the ice went on melting.

The 1948 convention murmured with rumors of an imminent showdown, and as the 1949 convention approached the rumors were heard through the walls of pre-convention conferences between the Board of Trustees and some of the dissident conservatives. When the latter presented their ultimatum—

either Fishbein goes or we come out in the open—the trustees capitulated and medicine's old family physician was dismissed. For thirty-seven years he had been crying "wolf." Now he was blamed for bringing on the wolves—and was thrown to them.

THUS ended the American Dream of Morris Fishbein. When the balance is cast up, he may prove to have been judged too hard by some of his enemies. He believed in something called Medicine, which does not, apparently, exist unadulterated. What was "good" for him was "good" for the profession. If he was first among them, he was also their servant. If he drew all the publicity, he drew all of the fire, too. He had the highly praised virtues of enterprise and energy, and, in addition, the once highly praised virtue of love unto death.

He will not have any trouble paying his doctor bills; released from such restraints as he imposed on himself in fidelity to his faithless mistress, he will be able to sell his services more profitably than ever. (Radio and magazine offers in what he would call six figures were reported the day after he was fired.) His books have a combined annual sale of half a million copies.

But man does not live by cake alone. "Frankly, I like it here." He loved it there. He loved the A.M.A., just as he made it, just as it was. They were going down the hill together, and it shoved him.

It ought to be ashamed of itself, and for more reasons than one.

[A second article by Mr. Mayer, on the strange history of the A.M.A. and medical insurance, will follow next month.—The Editors]

R

NEVER let a bony horse and a seedy-looking or unsuitable kind of carriage stand in front of your office for hours at a time, as if to advertise both your poverty and your paucity of practice. . . . You will be more esteemed by patients who call at your office for any purpose, if they find you engaged in your professional duties and studies, than if reading novels, making toy steamboats, or other non-professional pursuits; even reading the newspapers, smoking, etc., at times proper for study and business, have an ill effect on public opinion. . . .

—D. W. Cathell, *The Physician Himself*, Baltimore, 1882.

The Insecurity of Labor Unions

The New Society, Part III

Peter F. Drucker

This month Mr. Drucker concludes his series of three articles on the problems of our mass-production society, with which he will deal more fully in a book to appear in 1950. In his discussion last month of the limitations of the enterprise as a "governmental" institution exercising authority over men, he pointed out that the union must function effectively—in its own interest, in the interest of the enterprise, and in the interest of society. Mr. Drucker is a management consultant, teacher, and author of The End of Economic Man, The Concept of the Corporation, and other works.

THE labor union is essential to the free spirit of our mass-production society, as I tried to explain in my article last month. Yet no other institution is so basically beset by an insecurity neurosis. Union security is in the public interest and in the interest of the industrial enterprise; but the union remains disruptive because it feels its existence in constant jeopardy.

There is one cause of basic insecurity that is both unique to the union and decisive for it: its congenital and incurable *inferiority within the enterprise*. The very fact that the enterprise can operate without the union but cannot operate without the management makes the union secondary. Even the strongest and most powerful union rests its position not upon an indispensable function, as does management, but upon contract, legal sanction, and political support, all of which are revocable. Management administers practically all the provisions of the union contract; the union can only complain against that administration by means of grievance procedure, slow-down, or strike.

Such inferiority inevitably creates a feeling

of profound insecurity. One sign of this is the extreme touchiness of unions and union leaders. This shows in the union attempts to have any expression of an opinion on unionism on the part of management other than praise banned as an "unfair labor practice" and an attempt to break the union. It shows, too, in the deep resentment of union leaders when management, during a strike, attacks them publicly—for instance, in an advertisement in the newspapers. The same leaders, however, are genuinely puzzled when executives of the company object to the derogatory things that are said about them by the union press and in union meetings. Above all it shows in the conviction even of the powerful and strongly entrenched union leaders that management is stronger than they are, and that management is out to break the union. A recent poll of American union leaders showed 61 per cent of AF of L leaders and 79 per cent of CIO leaders convinced that that management is the stronger; only 11 per cent and 5 per cent respectively held the union to be stronger. In the same poll, 29 per cent of the AF of L leaders and 41 per

cent of the CIO leaders expressed the conviction that management was out to break the union, between 50 and 60 per cent of the men in both groups said that management just tolerates the union, and only 14 and 6 per cent respectively considered management to have accepted unionism.*

THIS basic and permanent insecurity underlies the union demand for a guarantee of its status in the enterprise that will protect it against management attack. Any such guarantee amounts to making membership in a specific union a condition of employment: by excluding from employment anyone not a member of the union (closed shop); by demanding of any new worker that he join the union within a short period and remain a member (union shop); or, at the very least, by making the continued employment of any worker who was a member of the union when the contract was signed dependent on his remaining a member (maintenance of membership). The same insecurity also underlies the need of every union to extend its operation beyond one plant or one enterprise, and its aim to embrace all the workers in a specific skill, or all the workers in one industry.

These demands raise serious social and economic problems. For union pressure threatens the individual's basic economic rights, and union expansion increases the present dangerous centralization of power both of management and of government.

II

IT is an old story to hear management attack union security hotly as "undemocratic" because it forces citizens to pay tribute to a private organization in order to be allowed to work. The union's defense is just as hot: to expect the minority to comply with the majority will is democratic; not to allow anyone to profit from the union's activity without contributing to its upkeep is just; union security helps management by maintaining discipline and enforcing observance of contractual obligations.

Both arguments are valid to some extent, but both miss the point. *The union needs*

security. There can be no doubt that the "open shop" makes it very hard for any union to operate except as a purely negative and disruptive force. But all the standard union-security provisions give the union a control over the citizen which no society can allow a private organization to have. A free society cannot even allow its government to have such powers without stringent checks on its exercise. Denial of membership in a union which has a closed-shop contract is a denial of the citizen's access to a livelihood. In a highly skilled or a highly specialized craft, expulsion from membership in the union may be equivalent to a sentence of economic death. Control over the number of apprentices in a craft or over admission to the union gives the union additional power over economic and technological progress which is unbearable if unrestrained.

This problem of union security is not a problem of morals. It is a problem of power. In order to enable the union to function, we have to give it broad powers and have to make union membership practically compulsory. But if society is to survive, these powers have to be limited and regulated. The conditions under which a union is granted its powers and the limits of these powers have to be set. And a procedure for the control and review of the union's exercise of them has to be established.

If belonging to a union is almost a prerequisite to a livelihood these days, then the first area where legislation is in order is the union's control over admission and expulsion of its members. Hitherto, we have maintained that the union is a private and voluntary association and therefore the sole judge of its membership requirements. But it can no longer be maintained that the union is either private or voluntary. It is endowed with considerable governmental authority and it possesses necessarily great coercive powers.

Recognition of this situation has expressed itself in attempts to prevent the union from attaining security. Not all these attempts have been as childish as the union-shop provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, which try to stop union security by red tape—about as intelligent as an attempt to stop a flooded river by requiring of the waters that they get a stamped permit in triplicate, and about as successful. In any attempt to solve the

* C. Wright Mills, *The New Men of Power*, New York, 1948.

problem, the starting point must be public recognition of the fact that union security is desirable.

At the same time we need a clear definition of the rights of the union to deny membership as well as a definition of the rights of the citizen to demand membership.

This should not be too difficult. For centuries we have been developing basic rules for such semi-private institutions as the Bar or the Medical Associations. We only have to follow the precedents. This would mean, in the first place, that expulsion could be imposed only for three specific causes: non-payment of regular dues, conviction on a criminal charge, and gross moral turpitude.

There is only one other defensible reason for expulsion: conduct grossly unbecoming a union member and likely to disrupt the organization of the union and of the plant community. But this needs considerable further definition. A union should undoubtedly have the right to expel a man who makes constant trouble, for instance, by coming to work drunk every morning or by picking fights. However, it should not only be provided by law that expulsion for such reasons must be preceded by several express warnings; the law must also ensure that this power of the union to get rid of the undesirable not be abused. Specifically the union must be forbidden to deny admission to anybody or to expel anybody for reasons of race, creed, or political convictions; to deny admission or to expel for opposition to the incumbent union leadership, or for agitating against the incumbent union and in favor of another union, or even for agitating against a union altogether. Certainly expulsion for any political or social activity outside the plant—unless it be criminal or grossly immoral—should also be forbidden.

In the second place, the union should be required by law to establish a procedure for disciplinary action which gives the accused member ample opportunity to defend himself, and which meets judicial requirements of fairness, clarity, and objectivity. Such a procedure is lacking today in many unions whose expulsion proceedings have all the characteristics of a kangaroo court.

Finally, union action on admission and on expulsion should be made subject to judicial review, just as decisions of the Bar Association

or the Medical Association can be taken to the courts.

ONE of these provisions will meet with considerable skepticism—and not only on the part of the unions. That is the rule that no union be allowed to refuse admission or to expel because of a man's political conviction or party membership. It has become increasingly common for unions to deny membership to Communists or to make membership in the Communist party a ground for expulsion. And in this the unions have had the overwhelming approval of American public opinion.

There is no doubt that any union should have the right to declare Communists ineligible to *hold office* in the union—just as any union should have the right to declare red-heads or all people whose last name begins with *P* ineligible to hold office. The right to hold office in the union does not derive from the rights of the citizen. Indeed, any union that wants to maintain its cohesion and integrity had better declare Communists to be ineligible to hold union office.

But this is something entirely different from denying Communists access to *union membership*. As long as the Communist party is not outlawed, the union cannot by its own act outlaw it. The union must not be allowed to deprive minority groups of their citizenship rights as long as the law guarantees them these rights.

THE second area in which union security measures need control is the blocking of access to a craft or trade. There is first the practice, common among some of the older craft unions, of charging a high admission fee to new members. The main purpose is either to preserve a monopoly of a lucrative trade for the sons of members or to make membership in the union a marketable asset. The high admission fee is neither in the social interest nor necessary for the functioning of the union. It should be outlawed without any concession or exception.

Much more general and much more damaging is the actual and potential abuse of apprenticeship restrictions. In the long run, a union which restricts the number of apprentices monopolistically digs its own grave. The apprenticeship restrictions of the shop-craft

unions in the American railroad industry, for instance, which effectively limit the number of skilled mechanics available, have been a major factor in the switch from the steam locomotive. Because the Diesel locomotive does not require shop repairs and shop maintenance, railroad after railroad has closed down its locomotive shops and has dismissed permanently its shop craftsmen. The number of apprentices, the time of apprenticeship required, and the training should be made subject to legal control. I feel personally that we should forbid unions to restrict the number of apprentices, just as we would forbid the Bar Association to restrict the number of law students. But certainly all union restrictions should be made subject to the anti-trust laws, and should be declared illegal if they aim at restraint of trade.

Closely allied to union restriction on apprentices are union restrictions on technological improvements, on new tools, on new materials, and on new processes—what is known in this country as “feather-bedding” and in England as “ca’canny.” These restrictions, at least in this country, are important primarily in two kinds of industries: industries like building, in which technological progress threatens to displace traditional skills, and industries like the railroads, with a long-term trend of shrinking employment. It is precisely in these industries that restrictions on technological progress do the most damage to the industry as well as to the economy.

But a legal ban on “feather-bedding” will not work unless it is made dependent upon the development of a fair and reasonable method of handling technological unemployment by the employer: adequate severance pay, adequate retirement pay for older men whose jobs have become obsolete, re-training, and a policy of systematic reabsorption of the men through careful planning in close co-operation with the union.

APPRENTICESHIP restrictions and union “make work” rules are—in this country—largely confined to the old, established craft unions. But the development of economic security policies for the worker, such as pension plans, predictable employment and income plans, or profit-sharing plans, creates a general problem of union control. It threatens to convert seniority into a

strait-jacket, and seniority is central to all unions whether craft or industrial, old or new.

Under such plans there may be constant pressure on the union to restrict the benefits to a group of “insiders” and to keep away “outsiders” by making union seniority the absolute qualification for participation in these benefits. There may be pressure against the employment of new people except at the very bottom of the ladder. There may be renewed emphasis on jurisdictional and craft lines. There may be an increase in the competition between unions and in their mutual exclusiveness. In short there is a real danger that union policy will freeze a man in his job. The result would be to fix a man for life in a completely irrational status: status by accident of employment.

It is standard practice today for an enterprise that has laid off people to offer to re-hire them before hiring outsiders. Even though this practice clearly increases the odds against the man who has lost his job elsewhere, it is fair and equitable. But we must not accept policies that would convert the successful enterprise with a good employment prediction or high benefits out of profits into a closed corporation at all times. This would almost inevitably produce hereditary castes; at least every other system that has given exclusive benefits to a self-governing group without any public control of its policy of admission has developed into a system of closed hereditary privileges.

We must make it possible for a man to transfer from one plant to another without losing his seniority altogether. We must make it equally possible for a man to transfer within his craft from one union to a competing union without losing his seniority and with it his claims to security and benefits. Finally, we must make it possible for a man to transfer his skill from one craft to another; today people are excluded from employment because, in the place where they grew up, a skill was considered to belong to the jurisdiction of the photo-engravers whereas in another city it is under the jurisdiction of the lithographers. But we must also not destroy the stability of the union structure or of the plant community by outlawing seniority or craft jurisdiction. They serve real purposes.

We are up against a problem of balance between the pressures for union security

which hamper the individual's freedom and the pressures for coercive legislation against the union. In solving this problem, the unions themselves should take the initiative. The union leaders have a special responsibility and a real opportunity. The more attractive a particular plant community and a particular union become through greater security benefits, the more important it is for the union to develop policies which will make that plant and union accessible to more workers. Legislation would be a very crude way of meddling with a delicate mechanism—like trying to fix a wristwatch with a shoehorn. Altogether legislation can only lay down what must not be done whereas we need to find out what can be done and how. But in the absence of effective self-regulation we will have to legislate.

III

IN STILL another way the union's insecurity is a threat to society. It acts as a stimulant to the centralization of industry and government. The union's need to expand beyond one plant or enterprise drives the whole economy powerfully toward bigness and concentration. In the United States the growth of the large industrial union in the past fifteen years has undoubtedly been—next to our fiscal system—the most effective force for monopoly.

A union naturally tries to make wage rates uniform in all the plants it covers. It cannot afford to accept for its industry lower wage rates than the neighboring industries pay; for it is forever in competition for members, standing, and power with every other union. Hence the pressure to extend the union's sphere of activity tends to equalize wage rates for comparable work first throughout the industry, and then throughout the country.

This may seem eminently fair and just. But the actual effect is to give the big business an increasing advantage over its small competitors. Ability to pay wage rates depends to a considerable extent on factors controlled by size: on overhead or indirect costs, such as clerical, selling, and administrative expenses. This comparative cost disadvantage is likely to be especially great if the smaller enterprise is also young and growing. For the development of a new business requires a particularly high overhead.

At the same time, ability to pay high wages is also largely dependent on the enterprise's cash position, or on its access to cheap credit. Very often the real issue in a wage dispute is whether an increase in wage rates should precede or follow an expected increase in the productive efficiency of the worker. A big company may be able to pre-finance an increase in productivity for a few years, while a small company thus forced to pay out money it has not yet earned will fail.

The big centralized union has an equally bad effect on the structure of the enterprise itself. During the past twenty years we have learned that it is of the utmost importance for society, for the economy, and for the enterprise itself that management of a big business be effectively decentralized. The advantages of bigness are obtainable, its disadvantages and structural defects are surmountable, only under decentralization. Yet we have been moving toward complete centralization of managerial control and authority in negotiating union contracts and in labor relations. This has tended to deprive local managers of their most important authority. It has tended even more to take away independence and responsibility from middle management and supervision. Centralized handling of labor relations and a uniform contract not only prescribe policies and actions for the local executives. They tend to make of every decision a "precedent" applicable throughout the whole enterprise and therefore something which only the highest authority in the central office can settle.

Finally, the union drive toward industry-wide or nation-wide unionization leads to "big government"—because it increasingly leads toward intervention by Washington—and undermines local government, which clearly cannot handle industry-wide or nation-wide labor problems.

Yet the remedy is not to pass a law that bargaining be conducted on the local level (as a fortunately defeated amendment to the Taft-Hartley Act proposed). It is not only that such a restriction is bound to remain a dead letter; its only effect would be to make union insecurity an incurable disease. We cannot expect a union that is confined to one plant to accept responsibility for anything beyond the immediate gain of its own members.

What is needed, rather, is a combination of two different kinds of bargaining: first, bargaining on an industry-wide basis as to the size of the *wage burden* which a particular industry can afford to bear; and second, bargaining on a local or plant basis as to the specific *wage rates* of concrete enterprises. This opens up a large subject which I have not space to go into here. I mention the approach I have in mind only to suggest that it should be possible to give the union the added security which comes from operating on an industry-wide basis, without imposing on the industry the kind of uniformity in wage-contracts which undermines local initiative and penalizes young and small plants in favor of old and huge ones.

IV

IN THE last analysis the future of unionism will be decided within the individual enterprise. It is there that the basic function of the union lies. It is there also that the solution to the problem of security lies. For it is within the individual enterprise that unionism faces its most difficult problem: that of the "split allegiance."

Both management and union must demand the allegiance of the members of the enterprise. Both appeal therefore to the same citizenry. In this competition the worker cannot vote for one or for the other; *he owes allegiance to both at the same time*. Yet by definition the two are in opposition to each other. This is very much like saying that we have two general staffs fighting each other, each using the same army; or two chess players playing against each other, both using the white figures.

There is one historical precedent for the union-management situation, but it is not a very encouraging one. In the medieval relationship between church and state both governments of Christendom based themselves on the same citizenry, and each demanded exclusive allegiance from the individual. Church and state had to oppose each other, yet they had to live together. In their endless struggle, they destroyed themselves and their society.

Management and union will do precisely the same unless they can convert the "split allegiance" of the members of the plant com-

munity into a bearable and functioning "twin allegiance." The "split allegiance" inevitably aggravates all the tensions and conflicts. Each move made by either side to strengthen the allegiance of its members must inevitably be regarded by the other side as a direct frontal attack. This shows in the two most common slogans of management-labor relations: "unfair labor practices" and "union attack on management prerogatives."

The "split allegiance" puts the worker into an unbearable conflict of loyalties. If he abandons allegiance to the enterprise, his job must become repugnant and meaningless to him. His own self-respect demands pride in the job, pride in the work, pride in the company he works for—and that means allegiance to the enterprise. But if on the other hand he gives up allegiance to the union, he gives up the assertion of his own interests, needs, and purposes against the interests, needs, and purposes of the enterprise; and this too means abandoning his self-respect.

The demand that he choose between the two allegiances makes no sense to the worker. He naturally looks to management *and* to the union. In employee-attitude surveys, for instance, the workers always list as things they like about their company and about their jobs both policies and practices instituted by management and "union gains" such as a paid vacation. In their minds clearly there is no feeling that they ought not to cherish union gains if they are to be "loyal" to the management and vice versa. To press the demand for absolute allegiance to either side can only turn the worker against both. The two powers, therefore, have a real interest in converting the "split allegiance" into a "twin allegiance."

And it is the union that stands to lose the most from a continued split, at least in the long run. Our experience in the growth of unionism so far may seem to contradict this. But if pressed to the point where he has to make a final decision, the worker will have to decide for the enterprise. He is in a situation analogous to that of the medieval citizen caught between church and state. To anyone analyzing the situation in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, it would have appeared as if the battle were going strongly against the state. Yet in the showdown men chose the state—if only because they depended on the day-to-day performance of routine functions

which only the state was able to provide.

Above all, however, in a fight to the finish the whole weight of society and government would come down on the side of the enterprise. Society can get along without the union, however undesirable the political consequences of a suppression of unionism. It

cannot possibly get along without the enterprise and its management. To press its claim for absolute allegiance would thus appear to be the height of folly for the union. The very survival of the union movement would seem to depend on its finding a resolution of the conflict in a functioning "twin allegiance."

Ballad of the Little Old Man

LLOYD FRANKENBERG

GAETANO sits at the foot of the stairs
By the pipes of the radiator.
He listens to its and his own breath drawn
Out of accordion weather.

The doorknob looks at his suit of black
And the little black dog beside him
Sitting there always, night after night,
In the olive light of the hallway.

The black dog watches the frosted glass.
Gaetano watches his shoes,
His eyes in his eyebrows softer than dust,
His mouth in the white mustache.

The traffic throws a shadowy noise
In on the one clear pane.
In the store next door the gambler shines
The brass espress' machine

Lovingly in his undershirt
With a thimble of Fernet Branca.
Gaetano waits in his gray felt hat
And a thirty-watt bulb above him.

A shadow grows in the vestibule,
Looms on the frosty window.
Gaetano slides his legs to the wall
Whispering "Doggie, doggie!"

Lifting a smile of glad surprise
To the face going up the stairs.
The eyes in his eyebrows softer than dust,
The mouth in his white mustache

Continue to wait for whatever may
Next, on the tallow glass
And the gray welcome spread out between them
Come to pass.

Farewell to Moscow

Ignazio Silone

BETWEEN 1921 and 1927 I repeatedly had occasion to go to Moscow and take part, as a member of Italian Communist delegations, in a number of congresses and meetings of the Executive. Years before this I had become converted, completely dedicated to the Communist cause. But what struck me most about the Russian Communists, even in such really exceptional personalities as Lenin and Trotsky, was their utter incapacity to be fair in discussing opinions that conflicted with their own. The adversary, simply for daring to contradict, at once became a traitor, an opportunist, a hireling. An *adversary in good faith* is inconceivable to the Russian Communist. What an aberration of conscience this is, for so-called materialists and rationalist polemicists to uphold in such absolute terms the primacy of morals over intelligence! To find a comparable infatuation one has to go back to the Inquisition.

Just as I was leaving Moscow, in 1922, Alexandra Kollontai said to me: "If you happen to read in the papers that Lenin has had me arrested for stealing the silver spoons in the Kremlin, that simply means that I'm not entirely in agreement with him about some little problem of agricultural or industrial policy." Kollontai had acquired her sense of irony in the West and so only used it with people from the West. But even

then, in those feverish years of building the new regime, when the new orthodoxy had not yet taken complete possession of cultural life, how difficult it was to reach an understanding with a Russian Communist on the simplest, and for us most obvious, questions; how difficult, I don't say to agree, but at least to understand each other, when talking of what liberty means for a man of the West, even for a worker. I spent hours one day trying to explain to one of the directors of the state publishing house, why she ought at least to be ashamed of the atmosphere of discouragement and intimidation in which Soviet writers lived. She could not understand what I was trying to tell her.

"Liberty"—I had to give examples—"is the possibility of doubting, the possibility of making a mistake, the possibility of searching and experimenting, the possibility of saying 'no' to any authorities—literary, artistic, philosophic, religious, social, and even political." "But that," murmured this eminent functionary of Soviet culture, in horror, "that is counter-revolution." Then she added, to get a little of her own back, "We're glad we haven't got your liberty, but we've got the sanatoria in exchange." When I observed that the expression "in exchange" had no meaning, "liberty not being merchandise that could be exchanged," and that I had seen sanatoria in other countries, she laughed

Ignazio Silone, distinguished Italian novelist, was a leader of the Communist party in Italy during the twenties. His duties took him to Moscow, to meetings of the International Executive attended by Stalin and other Russian notables.

in my face. "You're in the mood for joking with me today," she said to me. And I was so taken aback by her candor that I no longer dared to contradict her.

The spectacle of the enthusiasm of Russian youth in those first years of the creation of a new world, which we all hoped would be more humane than the old one, was utterly convincing. And what a bitter disillusionment it was, as the years went by, and the new regime strengthened itself and its economic system got into shape, and the armed attacks from abroad ceased, to see the long promised ultimate democratization failing to come, and instead the dictatorship accentuating its repressive character.

One of my best friends, the head of the Russian Communist Youth, Lazar Schatzky, one evening confided to me how sad he was to have been born too late, and not to have taken part either in the 1905 or the 1917 Revolutions. "But there'll still be revolutions," I said to console him, "there'll always be need of revolutions, even in Russia." We were in the Red Square, not far from the tomb of Lenin. "What kind?" he wanted to know. "And how long have we got to wait?" Then I pointed to the tomb, which was still made of wood at that time, and before which every day we used to see slowly filing an interminable procession of poor ragged peasants.

"I presume you love Lenin," I said to him. "I knew him, too, and have a very strong recollection of him. You must admit with me that this superstitious cult of his mummy is an insult to his memory and a disgrace to a revolutionary city like Moscow." I suggested to him, in short, that we should get hold of a tin or two of gasoline and make a "little revolution" on our own, by burning the totem-hut. I did not, to be frank, expect him to accept my proposal then and there, but at least I thought he would laugh about it; instead of which my poor friend went very pale and began to tremble violently. Then he begged me not to say dreadful things of that kind, either to him or still less to others. (Ten years later, when he was being searched for as an accomplice of Zinoviev, he committed suicide by throwing himself from the fifth floor of the house in which he lived.) I have been present at the march of immense parades of workers and soldiers in the Red Square, but in my mind,

the recollection of that young friend's emotion and of his frightened and affectionate voice, has remained stronger than any other image.

IT is not easy to trace the history of the Communist International, and it would be undoubtedly premature. How can one separate the fatuous from the essential in the interminable discussions at its congresses and meetings? What speeches should be left to the mice in the archives to criticize, and which should be recommended to intelligent people anxious to understand? I do not know. What my memory prefers to recall may to some people seem only bizarre. There was a discussion one day, in a special commission of the Executive, of the ultimatum issued by the Central Committee of the English Trades Unions, ordering its local branches not to support the Communist-led minority movement on pain of expulsion. After the representative of the British Communist party had explained the serious disadvantages of the alternatives—because one meant the liquidation of the minority movement and the other the exit of the minority from the Trades Unions—the Russian delegate Piatnisky put forward a suggestion which seemed as obvious to him as Columbus' egg. "The branches," he suggested, "should declare that they submit to the discipline demanded, and then, in practice, should do exactly the contrary." The English Communist interrupted, "But that would be a lie." Loud laughter greeted this ingenuous objection—frank, cordial, interminable laughter, the like of which the gloomy offices of the Communist International had perhaps never heard before. The joke quickly spread all over Moscow, for the Englishman's entertaining and incredible reply was telephoned at once to Stalin and to the most important offices of state, provoking new waves of mirth everywhere. The general hilarity gave the English Communist's timid, ingenuous objection its true meaning. And that is why, in my memory, the storm of laughter aroused by that short, almost childishly simple little expression—"But that would be a lie"—outweighs all the long, heavy, oppressive speeches I heard during sittings of the Communist International, and has become a kind of symbol for me.

My visits to Moscow, as I have already said, were few, and limited to my functions as a member of the Italian Communist delegations. I was never part of the organization of the Communist International, but I could follow its rapid corruption by observing a few acquaintances of mine who belonged to it. Among them, an outstanding example was the Frenchman, Jacques Doriot. I had met him for the first time in Moscow in 1921; he was then a modest, willing, and sentimental young workingman, and it was evident that he was chosen for the International organization for his obvious docility and good nature in preference to other young French Communists, who were more intelligent and better educated than himself, but also less conventional. He fully lived up to expectation. Year by year he became an increasingly important figure in the hierarchy of International Communism, and year by year, each time I came across him, I found him changed for the worse, more skeptical, cynical, unscrupulous, and rapidly becoming a fascist in his political attitude toward men and the state.

Once I met Doriot in Moscow, just after his return from a political mission in China. He gave to a few friends, including myself, a disturbing account of the mistakes of the Communist International in the Far East. The next day, however, speaking before the Executive in full session, he affirmed the exact opposite. "It was an act of political wisdom," he confided to me after the meeting, with a slight and superior smile. His case is worth mentioning because it was not isolated. Internal changes in French Communism later led Jacques Doriot to leave the Communist International, and gave him a chance to show himself openly in what had already been, for a long time, his true colors; but many others, who basically are no different from Doriot, have remained at the head of Communist parties. Palmiro Togliatti, the Italian, referred to this phenomenon of duplicity and demoralization among the personnel of the Communist International in his speech before its Sixth Congress, and asked permission to repeat the words of the dying Goethe: "Light, more light." In a certain sense, that speech was Togliatti's swan song; for another year or two he kept up the effort to follow his inmost prompt-

ings and to reconcile being a Communist with speaking his mind frankly, but, in the end, even he had to capitulate and submit.

Besides internal differences resulting from its own heterogeneous composition, the Communist International felt the repercussions of every difficulty of the Soviet state. After Lenin's death, it was clear that the Soviet state could not avoid what seems to be the destiny of every dictatorship: the gradual and inexorable narrowing of its own political vertex. The Russian Communist party, which had suppressed all rival parties and abolished any possibility of general political discussion in the Soviet assemblies, itself fell into an emergency regime, and its members' political wishes were rapidly ousted by the policy of the Party machine. From that moment, every difference of opinion in the controlling body was destined to end in the physical extinction of the minority. The Revolution, which had extinguished its enemies, began to devour its favorite sons. The thirsty gods gave no more truce.

II

IN MAY 1927, as a representative of the Italian Communist party, I took part with Togliatti in an extraordinary session of the enlarged Executive of the Communist International. Togliatti had come from Paris, where he was running the political secretariat of the Party, and I from Italy, where I was in charge of the internal organization. We met in Berlin and went on to Moscow together. The meeting—ostensibly summoned for an urgent discussion of what direction should be given to the Communist parties in the struggle "against the imminent imperialist war"—was actually designed to begin the "liquidation" of Trotsky and Zinoviev, who were still members of the International Executive. As usual, to avoid surprises, the full session had been preceded and every detail prepared by the so-called Senior-convent, consisting of the heads of the most important delegations. Togliatti, on that occasion, insisted that I should accompany him to these restricted sittings. According to the rules, only he had a right to attend on behalf of the Italian delegation; but, rightly foreseeing what complications were about to arise, he preferred to have

the support of the representatives of the underground organization.

At the first sitting which we attended, I had the impression that we had arrived too late. We were in a small office in the Communist International Headquarters. The German Thälmann was presiding and immediately began reading out a proposed resolution against Trotsky, to be presented at the full session. This resolution condemned, in the most violent terms, a document which Trotsky had addressed to the political office of the Russian Communist party. The Russian delegation at that day's session of the Senior-convent was an exceptional one: Stalin, Rikov, Bukharin, and Manuilsky. At the end of the reading, Thälmann asked if we were in agreement with the proposed resolution. The Finn Ottomar Kuusinen found that it was not strong enough. "It should be said openly," he suggested, "that the document sent by Trotsky to the political office of the Russian Communist party is of an entirely counter-revolutionary character and constitutes clear proof that the man who wrote it no longer has anything in common with the working class."

As no one else asked to speak, after consulting Togliatti, I made my apologies for having arrived late and so not having been able to see the document which was to be condemned. "To tell the truth," Thälmann declared candidly, "we haven't seen the document either."

Preferring not to believe my ears, I repeated my objection in other words: "It may very well be true," I said, "that Trotsky's document should be condemned, but obviously I cannot condemn it before I've read it."

"Neither have we," repeated Thälmann; "neither have the majority of the delegates present here, except for the Russians, read the document." Thälmann spoke in German and his words were translated into Russian for Stalin, and into French for two or three of us. The reply given to me was so incredible that I rounded on the translator. "It's impossible," I said, "that Thälmann should have said that. I must ask you to repeat his answer word for word."

At this point Stalin intervened. He was standing over at one side of the room, and seemed the only one who was calm and unruffled.

"The political office of the Party," said Stalin, "has considered that it would not be expedient to translate and distribute Trotsky's document to the delegates of the International Executive, because there are various allusions in it to the policy of the Soviet state." (The mysterious document was later published abroad by Trotsky himself, in a booklet entitled *Problems of the Chinese Revolution*, and as anyone can still see for himself today, it contains no mention of the policy of the Soviet state, but a closely reasoned attack on the policy practiced in China by Stalin and the Communist International. In a speech of April 5, 1927, in the presence of the Moscow Soviets, Stalin had sung the praises of Chiang Kai-shek, and confirmed his personal confidence in the Kuomintang; this was barely a week before the famous anti-Communist *volte face* of the Chinese Nationalist leader and of his party; the Communists were expelled from the Kuomintang overnight, several tens of thousands of workers were massacred in Shanghai and, a month later, in Wuhan. It was natural therefore that Stalin should have been anxious to avoid a debate, seeking to protect himself behind a screen of *raison d'état*.)

Ernst Thälmann asked me if I were satisfied with Stalin's explanation. "I do not contest the right of the political office of the Russian Communist party to keep any document secret," I said. "But I do not understand how others can be asked to condemn an unknown document."

AT THIS, indignation against myself and Togliatti, who appeared to agree with what I had said, knew no bounds; it was especially violent on the part of the Finn, whom I have already mentioned, a Bulgarian, and one or two Hungarians.

"It's unheard of," cried Kuusinen, very red in the face, "that we still have such petty bourgeois in the fortress of the World Revolution." He pronounced the words "petty bourgeois" with an extremely comical expression of contempt and disgust. The only person who remained calm and imperturbable was Stalin. He said, "If a single delegate is against the proposed resolution, it should not be presented." Then he added, "Perhaps our Italian comrades are not fully aware of our internal situation. I propose that the

sitting be suspended until tomorrow and that one of those present should be assigned the task of spending the evening with our Italian comrades and explaining our internal situation to them." The Bulgarian Vasil Kolarov was given this ungrateful task.

HE CARRIED it out with tact and good humor. He invited us to have a glass of tea that evening in his room at the Hotel Lux. And he faced up to the thorny subject without much preamble. "Let's be frank," he said to us with a smile. "Do you think I've read that document? No, I haven't. To tell you the whole truth, I can add that that document doesn't even interest me. Shall I go further? Even if Trotsky sent me a copy here, secretly, I'd refuse to read it. My dear Italian friends, this isn't a question of documents. I know that Italy is the classic country for academies, but we aren't in an academy here. Here we are in the thick of a struggle for power between two rival groups of the Russian central directorate. Which of the two groups do we want to line up with? That's the point. Documents don't come into it. It's not a question of finding the historic truth about an unsuccessful Chinese revolution. It's a question of a struggle for power between two hostile, irreconcilable groups. One's got to choose. I, for my part, have already chosen. I'm for the majority group. Whatever the minority says or does, whatever document it draws up against the majority, I repeat to you that I'm for the majority. Documents don't interest me. We aren't in an academy here." He refilled our glasses with tea and scrutinized us with the air of a schoolmaster obliged to deal with two unruly youngsters. "Do I make myself clear?" he asked, addressing me specifically.

"Certainly," I replied, "very clear indeed." "Have I persuaded you?" he asked again. "No," I said. "And why not?" he wanted to know. "I should have to explain to you," I said, "why I'm against Fascism." Kolarov pretended to be indignant, while Togliatti expressed his opinion in more moderate, but no less succinct, terms. "One can't just declare oneself for the majority or for the minority in advance," he said. "One can't ignore the political basis of the question."

Kolarov listened to us with a benevolent

smile of pity. "You're still too young," he explained, as he accompanied us to the door. "You haven't yet understood what politics are all about."

Next morning, in the Senior-convent, the scene of the day before was repeated. An unusual atmosphere of nervousness pervaded the little room into which a dozen of us were packed. "Have you explained the situation to our Italian comrades?" Stalin asked Kolarov. "Fully," the Bulgarian assured him. "If a single delegate," Stalin repeated, "is against the proposed resolution, it cannot be presented in the full session. A resolution against Trotsky can only be taken unanimously. Are our Italian comrades," he added, turning to us, "favorable to the proposed resolution?"

After consulting Togliatti, I declared: "Before taking the resolution into consideration, we must see the document concerned." The Frenchman Albert Treint and the Swiss Jules Humbert-Droz made identical declarations. (Both of them, later, also ended outside the Communist International.)

"The proposed resolution is withdrawn," said Stalin. After which, we had the same hysterical scene as the day before, with the indignant, angry protests of Kuusinen, Rákosi, Pepper, and the others. Thälmann argued from our "scandalous" attitude that the whole trend of our anti-Fascist activity in Italy was most probably wrong, and that if Fascism was still so firmly entrenched in Italy it must be our fault, and asked because of this that the policy of the Italian Communist party should be subjected to a thorough sifting. This was done; and as a reprisal for our "impertinent" conduct those fanatical censors discovered that the fundamental guiding lines of our activity, traced in the course of the previous years by Antonio Gramsci, were seriously contaminated by a petty bourgeois spirit. Togliatti decided that it would be prudent for us both to address a letter to the political office of the Russian Communist party explaining the reason for our attitude at that meeting of the Executive. No Communist, the letter said in effect, would presume to question the historical pre-eminence of our Russian comrades in the leadership of the International; but this pre-eminence imposed special duties on our Russian comrades; they could not

apply the rights it gave them in a mechanical and authoritarian way. The letter was received by Bukharin, who sent for us at once and advised us to withdraw it so as not to worsen our already appalling political situation.

III

DAYS of somber discouragement followed for me. I asked myself: Have we sunk to this? Those who are dead, those who are dying in prison, have they sacrificed themselves for this? The vagabond, lonely, perilous lives that we ourselves are leading, strangers in our own countries—is it all for this? My depression soon reached that extreme stage when the will is paralyzed and physical resistance suddenly gives way.

Before I left Moscow an Italian workingman came to see me. He had been a refugee in Russia for some years to avoid the long term of imprisonment to which a Fascist tribunal had sentenced him. (He is still, I believe, a Communist today.) He came to complain of the humiliating conditions of the workers in the Moscow factory to which he was attached. He was ready to put up with the material shortages of every kind, since to remedy them was clearly beyond the power of individuals, but he could not understand why the workmen were entirely at the mercy of the factory directorate and had no effective organization to protect their interests; why, in this respect also, they should be much worse off than in capitalist countries. Most of the much-vaunted rights of the working class were purely theoretical.

In Berlin, on my way back, I read in the paper that the Executive of the Communist International had severely rebuked Trotsky for a document he had prepared about recent events in China. I went to the offices of the German Communist party and asked Thälmann for an explanation. "This is untrue," I said to him sharply.

But he explained that the statutes of the International authorized the Presidency, in case of urgency, to adopt any resolution in the name of the Executive. During the few days I had to stay in Berlin, while waiting for my false documents to be put in order, I read in the papers that the American, Hungarian, and Czechoslovakian Communist parties had en-

ergetically deplored Trotsky's letter. "Has the mysterious document finally been produced then?" "No," he answered me. "But I hope the example set by the American, Hungarian, and Czechoslovakian Communists has shown you what Communist discipline means." These things were said with no hint of irony, but indeed with dismal seriousness that befitted the nightmare reality to which they referred.

For reasons of health, I had to go straight into a Swiss sanatorium, and any political decisions were suspended. One day, in a village not far from where I was taking my cure, I had a meeting with Togliatti. He explained to me at great length, clearly and frankly, the reasons for the line of conduct he had chosen. The present state of the International, he said in brief, was certainly neither satisfactory nor agreeable. But all our good intentions were powerless to change it; objective historical conditions were involved and must be taken into account. The forms of the Proletarian Revolution were not arbitrary. If they did not accord with our preferences, so much the worse for us. And besides, what alternative remained? Other Communists who had broken with the Party, how had they ended up? Consider, he said, the appalling condition of Social Democracy.

My objections to these arguments were not very coherent, mainly because Togliatti's arguments were purely political, whereas the agitation which my recent experiences had aroused in me went far beyond politics. These "inexorable historical forms" to which we must bow down—what were they but a new version of the inhuman reality against which, in declaring ourselves Socialists, we had rebelled? I felt at that time like someone who has had a tremendous blow on the head and keeps on his feet, walking, talking, and gesticulating, but without fully realizing what has happened.

REALIZATION came, however, slowly and with difficulty during the course of the succeeding years. And to this day I go on thinking it over, trying to understand better. If I have written books, it has been to try and understand and to make others understand. I am not at all certain that I have reached the end of my efforts. The

truth is this: the day I left the Communist party was a very sad one for me; it was like a day of deep mourning, the mourning for my lost youth. And I come from a district where mourning is worn longer than elsewhere. It is not easy to free oneself from an experience as intense as that of the underground organization of the Communist party. Something of it remains and leaves a mark on the character which lasts all one's life. One can, in fact, notice how recognizable the ex-Communists are. They constitute a category apart, like ex-priests and ex-regular officers. The number of ex-Communists is legion today. "The final struggle," I said jokingly to Togliatti recently, "will be between the Communists and the ex-Communists."

However, I carefully avoided, after I had left the Communist party, ending up in one of the many groups and splinter-groups of ex-Communists; and I have never regretted this in any way, as I know well the kind of fate which rules over these groups and splinter-groups, and makes little sects of them which have all the defects of official Communism—the fanaticism, the centralization, the abstraction—without the qualities and advantages which the latter derives from its working-class following. The logic of opposition at all costs has carried many ex-Communists far from their starting points, in some cases as far as Fascism. Sincere consideration of the experience I have been through has led

me to a deepening of the motives for my separation which go very much further than the circumstantial ones which produced it.

My faith in Socialism (to which I think I can say that my entire life bears testimony) has remained more alive than ever in me. In its essence, it has gone back to what it was when I first revolted against the old social order: a refusal to admit the existence of destiny, an extension of the ethical impulse from the restricted individual and family sphere to the whole domain of human activity, a need for effective brotherhood, an affirmation of the superiority of the human person over all the economic and social mechanisms which oppress him. As the years have gone by, there has been added to this an intuition of man's dignity and a feeling of reverence for that which in man is always trying to outdistance itself, and lies at the root of his eternal disquiet. But I do not think that this kind of Socialism is in any way peculiar to me. I do not conceive Socialist policy as tied to any particular theory, but to a faith. The more Socialist theories claim to be "scientific," the more transitory they are; but Socialist values are permanent. The distinction between theories and values is not very wide, but it is fundamental. On a group of theories one can found a school; but on a group of values one can found a culture, a civilization, a new way of living together among men.

Sonnet In Free Rhythm

STEPHEN DUNN

HERE, now, in the silence of language, in the gap
Between word and word, where the cool breeze blows through
Into the mind, I could say all to you
I've ever wanted to say, but I would rap
The message out like code; my tongue would tap
On the walls of my thought. This I could do,
As a bird, wordlessly. I would be two
Feet drumming the dumb ground, a hare in this trap.

And you would hear the melody along
A wind of silence, the bright ballad in the quiet sun,
The voice of light in the mind, for speech is song—
Even dumb speech on wood or earth—a song begun
In rhythm of air, a song of soft sounds flowing
Through spaces in loud words—a cool wind, like knowing.

After Hours

Dream House II

ONE crisp afternoon in September I went to have a look at the American Dream, Upper Middle Class Suburban Division. In this instance it is a white clapboard structure called "Dream House II" with red shutters, an asphalt shingle roof, and a two-car connecting garage with a weather vane on its cupola, all sitting incongruously behind a privet hedge at the busy corner of Fifth Avenue and 48th Street in New York. It is a dream anybody can pry into and anybody can take a turn at interpreting. A contribution to charity dropped into the chimney of a little glass model of a house on a table just outside the front door is all that is needed to get you into the subconscious of Upper Middle Class America as depicted by the manufacturers and decorators who like to think that they do most of our dreaming for us. The house lies supine on a couch of grass waiting to reveal its secrets to you.

Whoever the dream occupants of this Dream House may be, they probably lead a lively emotional existence; this is the perfect setting for a soap opera, all spic and span and charged with platitudes. But they are not long on literary curiosity. This is a house which contains not a single bookcase, though three volumes propped on the living-room table betray that the occupants know what is needed to keep a pair of bookends apart. The rest of the cultural life of the family takes place in the "television room" where there are

two "tele-chaises" and a "tele-swivel-chair," the latter upholstered in chintz. There is also a bar in this room, and the walls, which are made of Superflex plywood, wave like a gently rolling ocean. A "tele-chaise," in case you are wondering, is merely one half of one of those sofas that come apart in the middle. A "tele-swivel-chair" looks like a barrel chair and swivels so that, presumably, when the commercial comes along you can turn your back on the screen.

A quick bed check reveals that the Dream family has five members: father and mother, a baby daughter, and two older daughters who live upstairs in something called the "Girls' Room" which contains the only double bed in the place. Mr. and Mrs. Dream sleep in twin beds with tufted satin headboards and share only a piece of furniture called a "dual dresser." There is also a dressing room on this floor with two walls of mirrors (floor to ceiling) which are bordered with something called "Permanite creative scrolls," baroque-like little squiggles that are neither creative nor scrolls. The third wall of this room has a frilly dressing table, and there is no fourth wall; it just opens into a hall. Presumably mother and two daughters line up to use the dressing table while father minds his own business at the dual dresser. The baby, whose name is Patricia (her name is painted on the foot of the crib) lives in a little room off the dressing room, surrounded by "hand painted" murals of Humpty-Dumpty and similar creatures. A bag in the

shape of a Shmoo hangs at the foot of the crib, probably to hold toys, and Jack and Jill disport themselves on the ceiling fixture.

Downstairs the maid (who comes in by the day unless she lives in that little room over the garage) slices bread on a mechanical bread slicer in a kitchen that has a refrigerator containing seven bottles of Coca-Cola. The living room, where the Dreams keep their three books, is ample in size and furnished with "French Provincial furniture in traditional antique walnut finish," and some "contemporary pieces" which, according to the brochure, "prove how beautifully periods can be mixed."

Mixing periods is in keeping with dreams, all right, but the confused hodge-podge of the subconscious never throws up anything as tidy as this, or as tiresome. I find it hard to believe that anybody dreams of this sort of house, except the decorators and the manufacturers who are busy trying to harness dreams to an orderly sales chart. There are no dark corners in which the imagination can root for fodder, no extravagances that betray the eccentricities of a personality. This is a collective dream—and there is no such thing. The House in the Museum Garden by Marcel Breuer that I reported on a few months ago had at least the stamp of a single personality on it; it was designed for a family with a strong predilection of a definite sort and a taste for the experimental. Dream House II was designed for someone so numbed by advertising that he could only dream in the language of commercial slogans.

I got out of there, and stepped from the imitation dream world into the real dream world of Fifth Avenue, with a brownstone church framed against a towering slab of Rockefeller Center, with Renaissance and Modern and Tudor department stores nudging one another in disorderly splendor. It was a relief.

There is nothing neat and tidy about this, but it has style, the kind of style that comes from a whole lot of different people dreaming individually, competing with one another, and trying not to be trapped by anybody who does their dreaming for them. That is the style of New York, and many other American cities, not to be compared with the style of any European city, for example, where an attempt at collective dreaming has led to

consistency and order and, in many cases, stagnation. It is the style of disorder, of shifting dreams and personal whim, not of Dream Houses or dream communities, and in any civilization I know about there has never been anything like it before.

"*Chez Atmosphere*"

NEW YORK is a cosmopolitan city—which means that, among other vanities, it is proud of its thousands of restaurants, visible witnesses to international spice and variety. The rest of the nation may be little interested in this display of mixed tastes (which doesn't have much influence on cuisine west of the Alleghenies and east of the Rockies), but it is through the metropolitan centers that many dishes now thought of as distinctly "American" have filtered to the inland eating belt. Thus it is New York's hope and privilege to keep alive the cooking arts of its minorities, and no one suffers from the harmless affectation that foreign cooking in the city is superior to—or at least more interesting than—the native art. No one, that is, except middle-class New Yorkers who have to eat lunch in town.

The trouble seems to come from the tendency of New York industries—the garment industry, the idea industry—to subsist on espionage and plagiarism. New York restaurants, like New York clothing and book manufacturers, endlessly imitate each other. Possibly this state of affairs in eating is a result of the fact that some dishes are by nature more economical, easier to prepare, or less damaged by the state of semi-warmth in which they are stored previous to serving. It may be the result—though I doubt that restaurant-eaters are any longer so articulate—of an actual set of local preferences that time has forced on reluctant chefs. Whatever the cause, it has brought into existence an iron-clad menu that is never varied and an unshakeable conception of what is and is not fit fare to be seen eating in public.

The type of establishment affected by this plague is varied, and the virus is as likely to strike the European-American Chop House and Pizzeria as to infect the prototype at the other extreme, referred to by Saul Steinberg as "*Chez Atmosphere*." But in between is the great majority—the Fern Rooms, the King

Canute Grills, the High-Horse Houses and hotel dining rooms, Original One and Only Vermicelli's, Franco-Italo-Hispano-American Cafés, and all the other false faces that are put in front of that invariable and unchangeable trap: the New York menu. I submit that whatever the name over the door the content is always identical, that eventually all other forms of food will die out and only this remain:

BASIC, UNIVERSAL, ALL-WEATHER
NEW YORK MENU

Price of the entrée determines price of the lunch

Spanish Omelette
Boston Scrod
Chicken Tetrazzini
Filet of Sole
Scallopine of Veal
Baked Ravioli
Fried Scallops *
Yankee Pot Roast
Chopped Sirloin Steak with smothered onions
Chef's Salad Bowl
Chef's Special:	
Hungarian Goulash with Noodles

* For summer: substitute

 Cold Kennebec Salmon with Mayonnaise

Some of these items, conspicuously the egg and fish dishes, are clearly expedients that were developed during the war years and have never been replaced. The chopped steak is the closest there is to a universal favorite and has many variations; only a seasoned consumer should undertake "Salisbury Steak," which means bread crumbs and green peppers in equal quantity to the choice cut. The salad is put there for those who want to eat lightly or who have exhausted their calorie count on

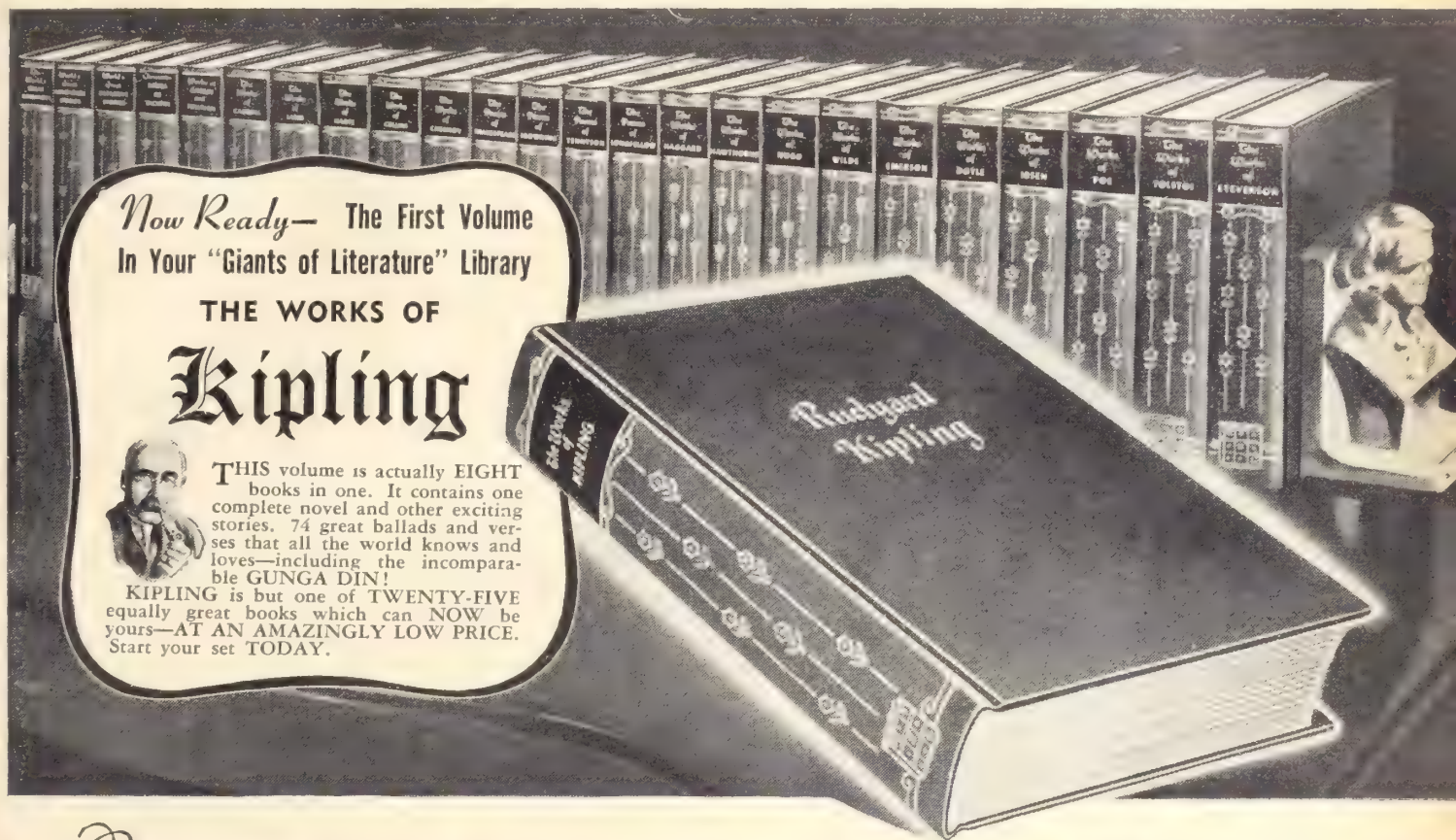
the two old fashioned that custom prescribes for a business lunch of any importance. "Cheese omelette" may sometimes be substituted for "Spanish omelette," but by and large the list stands. It can be seen at a glance that there are folk-myths snarled up in it that will not bear too much examination. Why scrod always comes from Boston and salmon from Kennebec are questions I cannot answer, and I do not find "Yankee" pot roast listed as a New England specialty in Sheila Hibben's *Regional American Cookery*. The nature of these phrases is suggested by the words that follow the chopped steak: the original typographical error that replaced "smothered with onions" by "with smothered onions" could only have been made once; now it has swept the city.

I hope that no out-of-town reader who has come this far will try to laugh off the plight of the Manhattanites, who continue to put up with punishment that a good-eating town like, say, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, would reward with a substantial hex. For it is by now a commonplace that the local eating, drinking, and celebrity-hunting establishments depend more on the outlanders than they do on the natives, and the ordinary restaurant can hardly be blamed for trying to cash in on this trade by serving up the standard idea of what sophisticated people like New Yorkers ought to want to eat. We assure you that we don't, and if your plans for the next fifty years include a visit to the city you would oblige its inhabitants by bringing a box lunch. Nothing but boycott will ever turn the tide.

—Mr. Harper

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Personal & Otherwise

SPEAKING in its own non-official capacity, P & O hopes everyone will read the communication from Mr. J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI which appears in this month's "Letters" column (p. 16), together with the editorial comment (as official as can be) which follows it. The question at issue between Mr. Hoover on the one hand, and Mr. DeVoto and P & O on the other, is of basic importance to all Americans.

The editors of *Harper's* make it clear, in their comment on Mr. Hoover's letter, that the decision to answer—or not to answer—FBI questions involves considerations which Mr. Hoover seems to ignore. As long as the material collected by the FBI can be used irresponsibly—in extra-judicial legislative hearings, for example—P & O (speaking for itself) will continue to urge that American citizens refuse to answer the FBI's questions, "except in open court, under oath, and before witnesses."

One Level Teaspoonful of Atoms . . .

WITH his article on "How to Make an Atom Bomb" (p. 38), *J. Arthur Campbell* becomes, as it were, the Fannie Farmer of atomic cookery. The article is, of course, a tour de force, and it seems to us to be a pre-eminently useful one. For we agree with Dr. Campbell that only when people realize how much information about the making of atomic bombs is already in the public domain will it be possible to dispel the mood of apprehensive secrecy which at present makes it impossible for us to distinguish the

real from the fancied problems of security.

That Fannie Farmer crack of ours is not really so absurd as it seems. The fact that I know the recipe for an omelet doesn't mean that I can make an edible one. It's not the cookbook that finally matters, but the cook. In atomic energy, it's not the formulas and the manufacturing procedures, but the scientists and technicians. Professor Enrico Fermi, one of the key men in the team of scientists who produced our bombs, greeted the news of Russia's recent atomic explosion with the reminder that a successful test-explosion doesn't give Russia parity with the United States. Or, as Billy Rose once put it, "There's nothing top-secret about a Chevy"—but the Russians haven't yet turned out a comparable car.

The real security problem, in terms of atomic weapons, is suggested by Professor Leo Szilard in a statement Dr. Campbell quotes in his article. As Dr. Szilard told a Senate committee, American scientists developed a good method of separating plutonium, but were forbidden to reveal it to scientists of other countries. The result was that the British independently worked out a superior method—simpler and more complete. What this means is, of course, that in our obsession with secrecy we are in danger of cutting ourselves off from the sources of ideas and techniques which might be the means of maintaining our supremacy. And that is a risk which we cannot afford to take.

We are likely to overlook the fact that the United States is already at a tremendous disadvantage in the field of atomic weapons and



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atomic power. We are anchored, by an investment of more than two billion dollars and by the personal and organizational commitments which necessarily accompany such an investment, to a program of atomic development which may eventually prove to be less efficient than others. If we lock ourselves up in our windowless plants at Hanford and Oak Ridge, refusing to let our scientists and technicians look out for fear that others will look in, we may find ourselves, sooner or later, in a position like that of the Ford Motor Co. in 1927—with the largest and most costly productive mechanism in the business, geared to manufacture a product which is obsolescent. But, unlike the Ford people, we won't be prepared to make a quick changeover—not, that is, if Senator Hickenlooper and his pals succeed in making us believe that we've got the atomic Fannie Farmer safely in the box he's trying to sit on the lid of.

Dr. Campbell, the author of "How to Make an Atom Bomb," is well qualified to write the recipe. He is assistant professor of chemistry at Oberlin College. Since 1938, when he graduated from Oberlin, he has earned an M.S. degree from Purdue and a Ph.D. from the University of California; he has held teaching positions at these universities and, in the summers, at Ohio State and Michigan State; from 1943 to 1945 he worked on Manhattan Project research at the University of California. His articles have appeared in the *Journal of Chemical Physics*, *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*, and other technical journals; he was editor of *Isotopics*, the monthly publication of the Cleveland section of the American Chemical Society, from 1946 to 1949.

Dr. Campbell's own research at present concerns X-ray diffraction investigation of the structure of liquids, for which he received a Research Corporation grant in 1948; spectrophotometric study of equilibria in solutions; and the improvement of teaching methods, with accent on visual aids. Some of the speculations developed in his article in this issue of *Harper's* were set forth by him in an article in the *Armed Forces Chemical Journal* earlier this year.

During this past summer, Dr. Campbell was busy designing and building a new home, including much of the furniture for it. He is married and has two daughters.

Mr. Roberts and the Gondoliers

ONE of our editors is just back from Europe, full of the sort of first-hand impressions which we stay-at-homes envy unconscionably. There hasn't yet been a chance to pump him dry, by any means, but one item he mentioned last week struck us as a first-rate illustration of the way American business enterprise affects the Europeans who encounter it on their home grounds. It seems that one of the sights of Venice these days is the Coca-Cola gondolas, navigating the Grand Canal with their huge yellow coolers amidships, dispensing pop to the Venetians in the shadow of the Palazzo Loredan. It would have delighted Mark Twain, no doubt. But the Venetians, apparently, believe the United States forced them to drink cokes as a condition of Marshall Plan aid.

So, here we are again. And as *Leslie Roberts* makes clear in "Uncle Sam's Friends Are Worried" (p. 47), the uneasiness about American commercial expansion is not confined to Italy. Similar suspicions afflict England, Belgium, Holland, France, and Sweden—as even our best friends are all too ready to tell one another. It is this climate of suspicion which we must bear in mind when we consider plans for implementing "Point Four"—such as those proposed by Milo Perkins elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Roberts—the author of ten books and of many magazine articles—has recently served as a correspondent on the Cold War front, including a tour of the U.S.S.R., for Canadian and American magazines, and last fall published a book called *Home from the Cold Wars*. Like most Canadians he is perennially interested in the republic to the south, and unlike some, he has made it his business to try to understand us in our own terms. His articles for *Harper's*, from the first one, in 1930, on "Step-Uncle Sam," to the most recent, in 1947, on "Canada in Uncle Sam's World," have always been in some degree critical of American policy. But in the process of showing us how we look to others, he never loses sight of how we look to ourselves; and he seems to operate on the ingratiating assumption that we would like to bring the two images into a clear stereoscopic focus.

Mr. Roberts was executive assistant to the Canadian Minister of National Defense dur-

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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

ing 1939 and 1940, and thereafter served as a war correspondent in the North Atlantic with the Canadian Navy and, after D-Day, in Europe with the Air Force and Army. (In the first world war he was wounded three times.) He writes a thrice-weekly syndicated column called "Report to the Nation," and contributes frequently to the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, and other magazines north and south of the border. His book on *The Mackenzie*, for Rinehart's "Rivers of America" series, was published last year, and he is now at work on a long novel which deals with the period of the two world wars.

Bali Ha'i Ballyhoo

Elsewhere in this issue, Milo Perkins urges Americans to participate in the economic development of other lands by working with the people of those countries in various forms of partnership-capitalism. And there is certainly much that we can do, in our own selfish interests, to increase the productive capacity—and hence the standard of living—in many regions where natural resources have not yet been developed. Nor does it come as a surprise to most Americans to realize that there are countries in Europe and South America, as well as in Asia, which are still relatively backward in industrial development.

But to us, at least, it did come as a surprise to read, in *Clark Sherman Parker's* article on "The Hoarded Island" (p. 62), of a huge region, rich in gold, timber, oil, and water power, which was not even known to exist until 1932. The great central plateau of New Guinea, isolated from the coast by miles of jungle and swamp and mountains, is apparently one of the richest and most agreeable places still open to settlement.

This Eldorado is odd in that it is the first frontier region to be developed without any system of land transportation. There are no railroads and, practically speaking, no roads. Supplies of all kinds, including heavy machinery, must be moved in by air transport, and lumber, gold, agricultural produce, and other products have to be shipped out by plane. Mr. Parker is an Australian of

American ancestry. He started writing at the age of fifteen, and at seventeen (though his employer didn't know his age) was Australian correspondent of *Time*. He traveled extensively through Southeast Asia and the Pacific Islands before the war, familiarizing himself with Pacific affairs. During the war he served with the Australian army, in radio intelligence and, when the war ended, went to Tokyo with the Australian Occupation Force. Since September 1947, he has been back in Australia as a free-lance writer.

The maps of the hoarded island were drawn by our regular map-makers and technical illustrators, the firm of *Sigman-Ward*.

The Sick Physicians

It has occurred to us that behind the terrible phrase "socialized medicine"—and this may be one reason why it retains its terror—is a genuine popular fear of doctors. What men dread as much as the threat of illness and bills is the threat of having to go to the doctor. Many a stout fellow, not otherwise given to fancies, will temporize for half a century or more rather than hear what the doctor would say. Others may go so far (in appeasing their wives and mothers) as to listen to the doctor, but will, after due consideration, follow their own private lights in treating the ailment. Now whether this fear stems from some ancestral memory of the tribal witch, with his or her hideous concoctions and rituals, or from some identification of the doctor with a punishing father, or from some wild horror of the mysterious bodily organs and fluids and processes so properly bound up and hidden by the skin—we make no guess. We merely offer the theory that "socialized medicine" keeps on being a bogey because people think the government may compel them to go to the doctor. And, for all men may publicly applaud the advance of medical science, they will privately, thank you, diagnose and treat their own private and personal pains.

This is to introduce "The Dogged Retreat of the Doctors" (p. 25), an article by *Milton Mayer* which records the collective vagaries of the medical men of the United States as

Is there anything in the movies?

It happens now and then. *THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES* was an example. *GOING MY WAY* was another. So were the *JOLSON* pictures. They burst like rockets across the country and millions of movie-goers are made happy.

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expressed by the American Medical Association for nearly one hundred years. P & O confesses to a personal dread of the doctor, accompanied by an equal part of adoration, both strong feelings, which make Mr. Mayer's witty and comprehensive history very appealing. To see our beloved bogy so bullied by his own fellows brings him more into the range of our understanding, and we think we may go to the doctor next time with less preliminary thumping of the heart. In fact, we think we shall ask him, man-to-man, whether he has read Milton Mayer's piece in *Harper's*. (Two pieces, to be sure, for last month Mr. Mayer gave us the case history of Dr. Fishbein.)

Mr. Mayer is a Chicago newspaperman, contributing editor to the *Progressive*, *Negro Digest*, and *Fellowship*. He has written often for *Harper's*, as well as for more esoteric magazines (e.g. the *Yale Law Journal*) and more popular ones (e.g. the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Reader's Digest*). He has been connected with the University of Chicago in various ways since 1937, and is at present special representative of the Great Books Foundation. He is also visiting lecturer in social studies at Cleveland College of Western Reserve University.

Central and Suburban

●●●"The Wages of Virtue" (p. 43) is the second story we have published by *Mario Prodan*; the first was "The Indians of the Colorado River" in the September issue. Mr. Prodan is an Italian, who was educated in German, Italian, French, and English. His first writings were articles on Chinese art and manners which he wrote when he was in Peking before the war as a dealer in antiques. Placed in a concentration camp by the Japanese, he took to writing fiction as relaxation from pumping water, stoking furnaces, hauling coal, and sitting in confinement. After he was released in 1945 by American parachutists, he and his family pulled up their roots of twenty years and went to Italy, where they are now living happily.

●●●Under "The Almighty Dollar" (p. 50)—a term which we take no more seriously than we must—we pre-

sent a group of important people who have to take it more seriously than they may wish. The maker of these suave caricatures is *Oscar Berger*, who has sketched for publication, in the *New York Times*, *Life*, the *Nation*, and other periodicals personages of many countries, many minds, many ranks. He designed and published his first book, *My Life*, of a miniature press at the age of six when he was forty-six, in 1947, John Day published his book of drawings and aphorisms, *Aesop's Foibles*; and last year Dutton brought out *A la Carte*...

Mr. Berger, who is a New Yorker, has been in Europe for over a year sketching at No. 10 Downing Street, the Elysée Palace in Paris, and other spots where personages are to be found. He has two new books in the making.

●●●*Milo Perkins*, a former Texas bag manufacturer and author of "What We Can Do Under Point Four" (p. 52), worked for the federal government from 1935 until 1943. During this period he was president of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation and executive director of the Board of Economic Warfare.

Since 1943 he has done consultant work for several large corporations on foreign trade policy matters. Much of his time in the last two years has been spent in exploring ways to increase the flow of private investment to other countries. He has discussed the matter with hundreds of people here and abroad both in business and in government.

In November of last year he went to Paris as a member of the American delegation to the International Chamber of Commerce meetings, where he worked with the committee which developed the "International Code of Fair Treatment for Foreign Investments." This was ratified and made public in June at the Quebec meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce, which Mr. Perkins also attended.

Early this spring he served as a member of a special committee of the United States Council of the International Chamber of Commerce, whose report on "Intelligent International Investment" had a wide and friendly reception.

Mr. Perkins will be in South Amer-

P & O

a until after the first of the year taking a further study of "the ways which private investment in the years ahead can contribute to people friendly countries." He is especially interested in joint undertakings—in which our business men might join hands with their opposite numbers in Latin America to build a partnership capitalism which can be mutually profitable.

••We don't know just when it was that **C. Hartley Grattan** looked into his crystal ball and saw that a big fight over social security was building up to burst on the national scene. He told us about it last summer, and he began to write "Social Security Door" (p. 72) then, but undoubtedly he had been catching glimpses of the idea for some time before. In March 1943, speaking of the Beveridge Plan, which was about to hit the best-seller list in book form, Mr. Grattan wrote in *Harper's* as follows:

Social insurance payments are merely buffers against complete disaster, whether for the individual or the nation. They are cut-rate security tickets on the national bus, which are distributed only as a last resort. The volume of them is not an index to social health, but to the nation's pathology. They certainly do not put any engine in the bus to make it go. What does make it go under modern conditions is what we really want to know. The real Blueprints for the Future will have to include efficient prime movers as well as tickets for disabled passengers. And when we say efficient prime movers we mean such an arrangement of incentives and economic machinery as will provide jobs and goods, not doles and relief.

Mr. Grattan was speaking of governmental social-security measures at that time, but he was also doing spadework on a subject which has grown in complexity during the post-war years.

Looking into our own crystal ball, we feel safe in predicting that by the time this magazine appears on the newsstands, the battle—among unions and employers and within the government—will have risen to such a pitch that Mr. Grattan's piece of analysis will look abominably cool-headed to the partisans. Nevertheless, the hotter the battle, the greater the need for detachment on the part



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of the analyst. We once heard of a stage manager who dismissed the critics thus: "Analyze the drammy and there ain't no drammy." We don't pretend we can dispel this conflict by analysis, but we maintain that taking the temperature down a few degrees is wholly serviceable.

"Social Security Poor" makes something over forty articles by Mr. Grat-tan in *Harper's* in the past fifteen years. He rarely writes in purple, and he requires that you keep your mind on your reading if you care to understand. But he has an uncanny way of spotting the troubled areas in our national and international economy, and he cuts away at the issues until you can see them in clean outline. He is the author of a number of books, including *Preface to Chaos: War in the Making* (1936), *Introducing Australia* (1942), and *The Three Jameses: A Family of Minds* (1932).

•••A while back this magazine published an article called "The Suburban Mind" (April 1946), which spoke severely about the lethargy pervading life in the suburbs of the cities of the United States. "Suburbanitis," the author (who wrote under the pseudonym of Carl von Rhode) said, "is a sort of sleeping-sickness which infests the shaded avenues of Suburbia as malaria hangs about Southern swamps." This month we have a different view of the matter in "Suburbia: Of Thee I Sing," (p. 78) by *Phyllis McGinley*, who comes right out and admits her identity, as well as her own residence in a New York suburb. (She is the author of several volumes of light verse, including *On the Contrary*, *Pocketful of Wry*, and *Stones from a Glass House*, and she has been a teacher, a copy writer for an advertising agency, and assistant editor of *Town and Country*.)

We asked her to let us know something about this particular piece and her present life, and she obliged us as follows: ". . . I live in the sort of suburb I wrote about and nothing of a sensational nature happens to one here. . . . As you perhaps know, I have been a practicing light-verse poet for many years, chiefly for the *New Yorker*. My husband is a business man, I have two daughters growing up happily and too fast to suit me, and I spend my life coping with

the usual problems of a housewife—incompetent help, gardens which never seem to stop needing attention decaying slip-covers, and thrée meals a day. In fact, my chief complain about living in our sort of village is that children have too many advantages, all of which must be overseen by parents. I seem to be continually arranging for music lessons, dancing lessons, club-attendance, barbers, shoe-fittings, and dental appointments."

In spite of all those time-consuming activities, last year Miss McGinley wrote half the lyrics for the revue, "Small Wonder."

•••Since the summer of 1947, when we published two articles concerning fallacies about art, by *William M. Ivins, Jr.*, we have been wanting more of his wit. We have it now in "Some Disconnected Notes About Drawing" (p. 83). Mr. Ivins was with the Metropolitan Museum of Art from 1916 until 1946, first as curator of prints and eventually as acting director. He has written books and articles about prints, aesthetics, museum education, and the history of the rationalization of sight. If any man is fit to brush aside labels and enter into a "delectable partnership" with a work of art, it is he.

Constant readers of *Harper's*—this is not a fairy tale, there are constant readers of *Harper's*—may detect some recurrent topics in the magazine as the months and years go by. While it is probable that this apparent order is more a matter of chance than of design, the illusion of connection exists; and P & O, representing the constant reader, detects one such thematic alliance between Mr. Ivins' definition of aesthetic judgment and the definition of the function of art in Mr. E. M. Forster's article, "Art for Art's Sake," which we published last August. "Works of Art," Mr. Forster wrote, "are the only objects in the material universe to possess internal order." We suggest you dig out the piece and align it with Mr. Ivins' essay.

•••In all circumstances and places, we have seen, and wondered about, people who live their lives apart from the society around them. Three such people make the story in "Vega" (p. 86). It is our impression that the

P & O

political history which accompanies the personal history is, in this story, of minor consequence, but the matter is debatable.

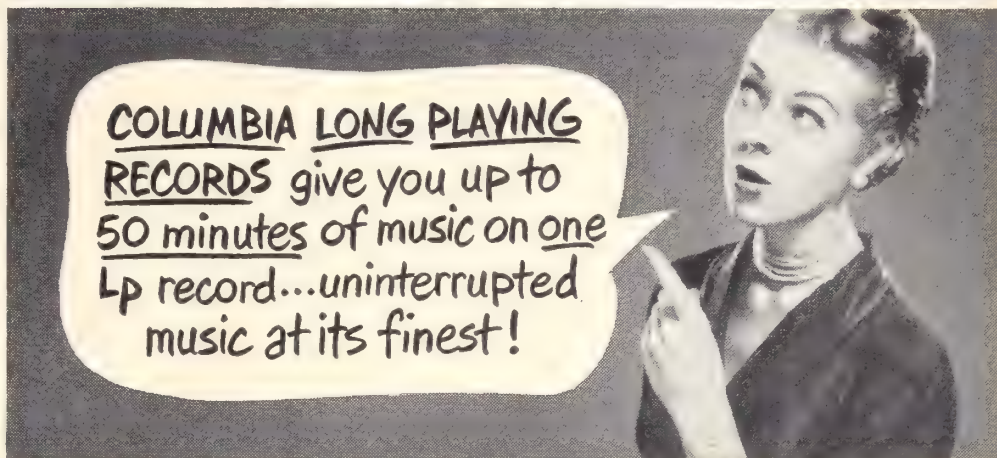
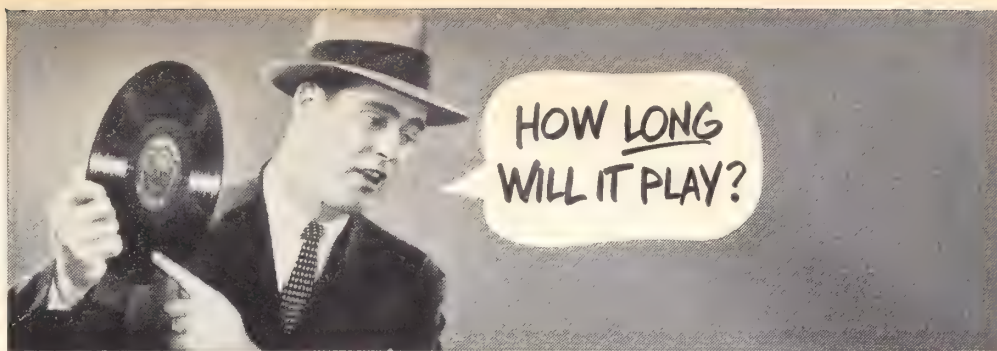
The author, **John Cheever**, was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1912, and was educated at Thayer Academy in South Braintree. By his own admission he has written, while working on something longer, over a hundred short stories. He lives in New York in the winter and in Bristol, New Hampshire, in the summer.

The eccentricity of Mr. Cheever's characters dominates the drawings which accompany "Vega." They are the work of **Andy Warhol**, who writes to us about himself: "My life couldn't fill a penny postcard. I was born in Pittsburgh in 1928 (like everybody else—in a steel mill). I graduated from Carnegie Tech. Now I'm in New York City. . . ."

••• "What's Become of Those Small Planes?" (p. 97), is the first article we have published by **Albert Douglas**. Mr. Douglas's background on flying is that of the wartime pilot. He graduated from Harvard in 1942, joined the Naval Air Corps, and wound up as a torpedo pilot. On his return to the United States after the war, he was reassigned as a transport pilot. He started newspaper work with the *Wall Street Journal* and later switched to the *Journal of Commerce* writing aviation copy. He is now writing on his own and studying law.

••• The four poets this month have all appeared before in *Harper's*. **E. A. Muir** ("The Poet Covers His Child," p. 42) is an instructor in English at Union College. **Stephen Dunn** ("Norway Harbor," p. 61) is a student at Columbia. **Weldon Kees** ("Back," p. 85) is art editor of the *Nation*. And **Alfred Hayes** ("The People of the Pit," p. 95) is author of *The Girl on the Via Flaminia*.

••• "Books for Children" (p. 122) is a special feature for Christmas, contributed by **Frances N. Chrystie**. Miss Chrystie is book buyer for F. A. O. Schwarz, the toy store on Fifth Avenue, and editor of the Schwarz catalogue, *Old and New Books*. She has also written book reviews for the *New York Times* and forecasts of children's books for *Publishers' Weekly*.



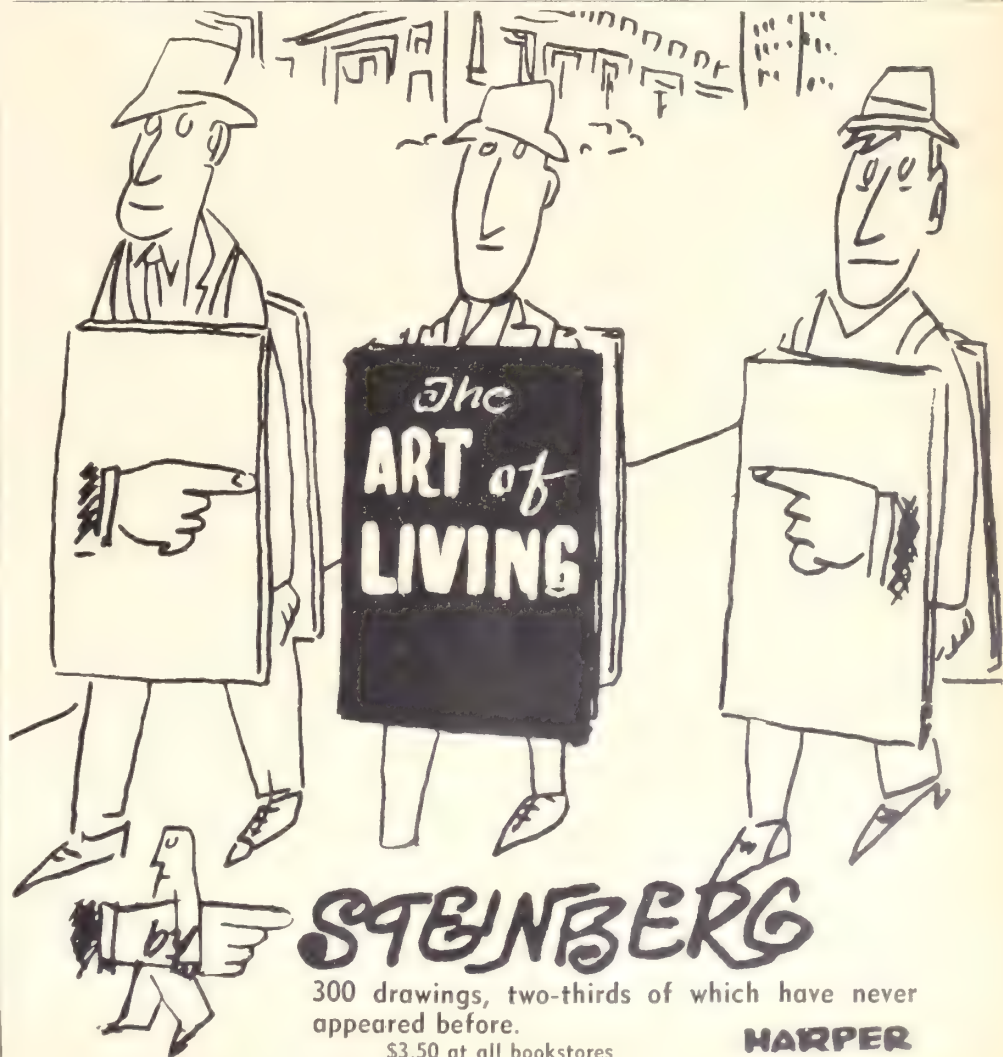
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LETTERS

Due Notice—

To the Editors:

I have read Mr. Bernard DeVoto's article "Due Notice to the FBI" which appears in the October 1949 issue of *Harper's Magazine*. I do not care to dignify Mr. DeVoto's compilation of half truths, inaccuracies, distortions, and misstatements with a denial or an explanation.

The editorial injunction of *Harper's* in urging Mr. DeVoto's readers to refuse "in the future, to answer the FBI's questions except in open court, under oath and before witnesses," is amazing. Would the editors of *Harper's* advocate that a citizen refuse to testify before the secret proceedings of a Grand Jury? If a citizen had knowledge of the whereabouts of a fugitive; would the editors urge him to refuse to advise investigators? Would the editors deprive an applicant for a government position who has listed their name as a reference of their endorsement? Does the editorial admonition mean that *Harper's* advocates protecting a foreign agent against the security of the United States by not advising an investigator of this information? Does *Harper's* advocate the view that a person decline to furnish facts to an investigator that would establish the innocence of a person unjustly accused? Does *Harper's* believe that the government of the United States should employ members of the Ku Klux Klan or of the Communist party, by urging persons possessing such information not to communicate it to an investigator when interviewed?

If the advocacy of such a course of action is to be taken seriously, that is exactly what *Harper's* does. Surely, the editors of *Harper's* are not serious or so naïve as to not recognize what this would mean in terms of protecting society.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

The "editorial injunction" to which Mr. Hoover refers was a note about Mr. DeVoto in Personal & Otherwise which read: "... we discovered that Horatius was on the bridge again, single-handedly taking on the FBI—a job, by the way, which no one is better equipped to do. And a job which needed doing. P & O hopes everyone who reads 'Due Notice to the FBI' this month will line up with Mr. DeVoto and refuse, in the future. . . ."

We trust that we will not look as if we were disowning Mr. DeVoto or the author of P & O when we say that Mr. DeVoto is engaged by us to speak for himself in his department and that when the author of P & O uses the form of assertion "it seems to P & O," or "P & O hopes," he does so to indicate that he speaks for himself. Our editorial policy does not require us to agree with any contributor or even any individual editor; the essence of it is that our magazine's function is to air the views of responsible men who we think deserve a hearing, whether or not we share their views in full or in part. To each and all of Mr. Hoover's questions we would of course answer "No," assuming that the information we gave was not subject to irresponsible use later. Information given to a grand jury, for example, is held rigidly secret except insofar as it may form the basis for court proceedings in which the rights of the accused are protected. What provoked Mr. DeVoto's wrath is that information given to the FBI can be and often is—through no fault of Mr. Hoover's or of his Bureau's, so far as we know—irresponsibly exploited by congressional committees and others with no safeguards whatever for the rights of the accused. We believe it was chiefly the total lack of assurance of proper use of the information, and the general hysteria that has prompted its frequent misuse, that led Mr. DeVoto to write: "I say it has gone too far. We are dividing into the hunted and the hunters."

There is loose in the United States today the same evil spirit that once split Salem Village between the bewitched and the accused and stole men's reason quite away. . . . I like a country where it's nobody's damned business what magazines anyone reads, what he thinks, whom he has cocktails with. I like a country where we do not have to stuff the chimney against listening ears and where what we say does not go into the FBI files along with a note from S-17 that I may have another wife in California. I like a country where no college-trained flatfeet collect memoranda about us and ask judicial protection for them, a country where when someone makes statements about us to officials he can be held to account. We had that kind of country only a little while back and I'm for getting it back. . . . Let's rip off the gingerbread and get back to the original paneling."

When Mr. Hoover granted us permission to publish his letter, he added: "Certainly, questions of the nature alleged by Mr. DeVoto are not asked." With respect to Mr. Hoover's first letter, Mr. DeVoto adds on his own behalf:

To the Editors:

I am astonished that Mr. Hoover does not understand the difference between the functions of a Grand Jury and those of the FBI. But his questions are irrelevant to my article. Inquiries which I know the FBI has made and others which have been plentifully published in the press have suggested to me that it invades areas of thought and behavior which are entirely improper for it to inquire into, that it has a great power to injure the reputations of innocent people without being held to account, and that it holds ideas about what constitutes dangerous or subversive activity that are unacceptable in our form of government. That is what my piece was about.

BERNARD DEVOTO
Cambridge, Mass.



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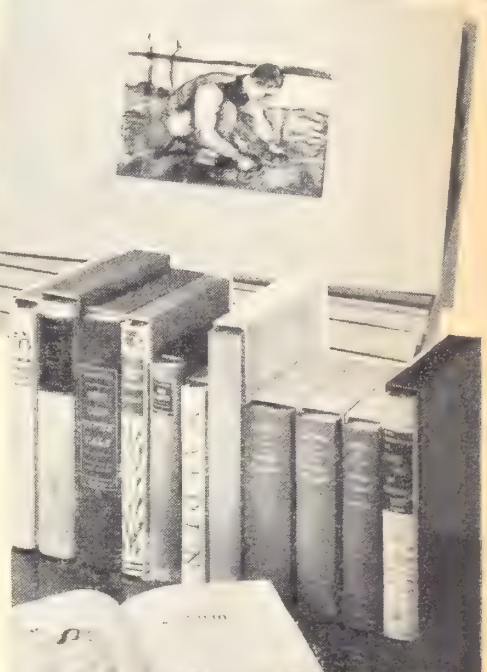
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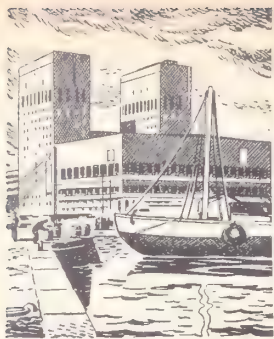
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To the Editors:

I want to get on Bernard DeVoto's All-American "*It's Nobody's Damned Business*" team—at least on the squad, for the competition to be first-string will be rough. Without a doubt this was a firebrand piece of journalism in the best muckraking tradition, desperately needed at a time when sanity is on the wane. I vote "damned right" with Mr. DeVoto on every single spark of common sense he threw out. It was heartening to read something written from the pit of the stomach, and it struck home hard.

One "easy chair" in every American home—that's what's needed.

JOHN H. BUNZEL
Berkeley, Calif.

To the Editors:

... The last time the FBI interrogated me concerning whether or not a government employee—actually the gentlest and kindest sort of person—belonged to any underground organization, I was able to say, "Yes, indeed." The agent behaved as though the answer were rich nourishment in a hungry time. "What underground organization?"

"The American Spelaeological Society."

The Spelaeologists, if you remember, are cave explorers.

F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN
Watertown, Mass.

To the Editors:

The dauntless DeVoto hurls defiance in the face of the FBI; P & O, quite naturally, agrees with his angry words.

Deeply as it is to be regretted that mere rumor, idle chatter, has come to mean so much to some of our over-zealous and not-too-intelligent minions of the law, I still read what I like, drink with whom I wish, and, if I were wealthy, might even have a wife in California.

Surely Mr. DeVoto knows that "the condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance," just as he knows that, in a changing world, we are doing our feeble best to retain some semblance of composure. . . .

R. A. McEVILLY
Norwood, Ohio

To the Editors:

If Mr. DeVoto were ever to have occasion to receive help from the FBI rather than just to give help, I am certain he would quickly change his tune. . . .

HELEN R. CONDON
Highland Park, Mich.

To the Editors:

... We need more DeVoto's in the country. . . .

TAY HOHOFF
New York, N. Y.

Those Red Herrings—

To the Editors:

The September issue of *Harper's Magazine* carried an article titled "Still Life with Red Herring" by Emily Genauer. . . .

Miss Genauer has used what she purports are direct quotations from my conversation with her, when she called at my office in Washington in June. This visit to my office was entirely informal, was in no sense an interview for publication, and Miss Genauer made no notes whatsoever while she was in my presence during our talk. She repeated to me several times that she was in a very "confused" state, and it is my judgment that she carried this confusion away from my office, because the direct quotations of statements which she attributes to me are not true, but they have been twisted so that they sound rather puerile, and are just far enough from the truth to serve the purpose of Miss Genauer. . . .

Concerning the "Gallery on Wheels Exhibit" at St. Albans Hospital, Miss Genauer describes this venture as the kindly mission of a Mr. and Mrs. Aument—principally the latter. After reading what Miss Genauer says, one is justified in picturing a do-gooder going unobtrusively from patient to patient in the hospital and helping to give them a lift over some of their many rough spots. There must be something wrong in this scene which Miss Genauer depicts with her facile pen. In my speech titled "Communist Art in Government Hospitals," I quoted a news article from the *Art Digest*, dated January 15th, 1949. . . . which I quote in part:

LETTERS

The Hospital's Fine Arts Exhibition, through its Fine Arts Committee, headed by Carroll Aument of the Museum of Modern Art, is holding an exhibition in the ship's library . . . the Art Committee will take it to every large government hospital in the country.

Now it is a far cry from an unobtrusive do-gooder to an organized committee headed by a representative from the Museum of Modern Art of New York City, setting out on nationwide campaign! Either the statement of Miss Genauer is false, or the article in the *Art Digest* is false. As Miss Genauer is Associate Editor of the *Art Digest* she has a responsibility in either case. . . .

In the article which you publish the author says, in describing the paintings at St. Albans: "There were all kinds, academic ones and abstract ones." The article published in the *Art Digest*, to which I have made reference, gave the names of seventeen artists who contributed to the Exhibit, and I have no knowledge whether there were contributing artists other than these, for these were the only names revealed to the public. In my speech I repeated the names of these seventeen contributing artists and gave a brief description of the Red affiliations of fifteen of them. Concerning two, I gave no descriptive matter, because their records were not readily available. These fifteen artists all had communist contacts, and not one statement of fact made by me in that speech concerning these affiliations has been repudiated or disproved. . .

In one of my speeches on Marxism in Art, I made comments about Artists Equity. In her article Miss Genauer refers to this speech and says that ". . . Congressman Charles Plumley of Vermont was so annoyed that he stood up in the House and gave Dondero the lie." . . . Mr. Plumley did not at any time make any remarks on the floor of Congress concerning me or the speech which I had delivered. . . .

In the next to the last paragraph of her article Miss Genauer says that an article by me once appeared in a pro-Nazi propaganda magazine called *Fair Play*, along with contributions by a man later convicted as a Nazi agent. I have never written any article for a magazine called *Fair Play*, nor have I ever written

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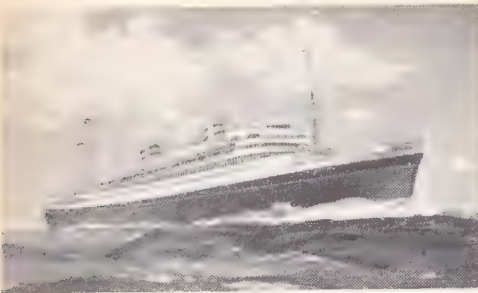
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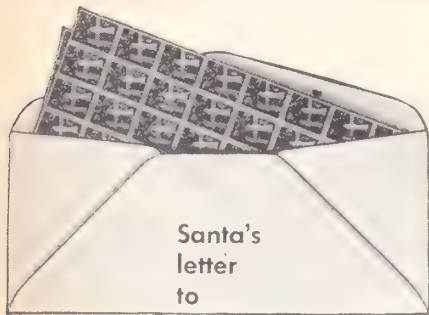
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LETTERS

or delivered a speech entitled "U. S. Was Never a Democracy," as Miss Genauer claims. On August 23, 1939, I delivered in the House of Representatives a speech which was titled "Our Form of Government—a Republic." I think this distortion is again typical of the practice in which Miss Genauer constantly engages. . . . It may be of interest to you to know that the speech. . . was prepared for me by Mr. William Tyler Page, who is the author of "The American Creed."

GEORGE A. DONDERO, M. C.
Washington, D. C.

These are excerpts from a very long letter, which has been printed in full in the Congressional Record. We should like to make a few comments on them.

First, Miss Genauer's conversation with Mr. Dondero was arranged by the Washington bureau of the New York World-Telegram, and Miss Genauer tells us she made notes in Mr. Dondero's office. The quotation to which Mr. Dondero objects is as follows: "Modern art is communistic because it is distorted and ugly, because it does not glorify our beautiful country, our cheerful and smiling people, and our great material progress. Art which does not portray our beautiful country in plain, simple terms that everyone can understand breeds dissatisfaction. It is therefore opposed to our government, and those who create and promote it are our enemies."

As to Miss Genauer's "confused state," she explains that she told the Congressman that she was seeking clarification of his confusing position about abstract art. She went armed with photographs of abstract pictures, and she says that it was in commenting on the pictures that Congressman Dondero made the remark which she quotes in her article.

Elsewhere in his letter to us Mr. Dondero says: "It is this refusal to face a simple fact that the vast majority of plain Americans recognize, namely, that the art of the 'isms' is repulsive and is destructive of American standards, that further reveals the author's obliquity."

With reference to the St. Albans exhibition: according to the Museum of Modern Art, Mr. Aument has

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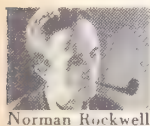
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LETTERS

never been employed as its representative or as a member of its staff. Mr. Aument is a member of the Museum's committee on art education (which according to the Museum has "about eleven hundred members") but the exhibition which he and Mrs. Aument originated and arranged did not have the sponsorship of the Museum of Modern Art or any other non-governmental organization. Miss Genauer was not then an associate editor of Art Digest, as reference to the masthead of the January 15, 1949, issue of that magazine reveals, and is not now.

Of the seventeen artists whom Mr. Dondero mentions in his speech only six were exhibitors in the St. Albans show. The others who had been invited to exhibit, and whose names had been announced in a Navy public relations release, did not think it worth while to participate. So of the nineteen exhibitors, only six were on Mr. Dondero's list and not all of these were among those whom he cites as having "Red affiliations."

Miss Genauer is not trying to make the point that all "modern" artists are without "Red affiliations." She is making the point that it is ridiculous to brand all modern art as communist simply because some modern artists are communists, or know communists, or have published in magazines or shown pictures where communists were represented.

With reference to Mr. Dondero's speech Miss Genauer wrote the following in her article:

There is no reason that I can see for questioning the Congressman's loyalty, though if one were to apply his own methods of disloyalty by association it would be interesting to hear his explanation. An article by him once appeared in a pro-Nazi propaganda magazine called *Fair Play*, along with contributions by a man later convicted as a Nazi agent and another indicted for subversive activities. Dondero's own remarks, entitled "U.S. Was Never a Democracy," were taken from a speech in Congress and perfectly harmless. He may not even have known that they were being lifted. One wonders, though, what he would say of an artist caught in similar company.

There is no inference in Miss Genauer's remarks that Mr. Dondero wrote for *Fair Play* or was in any way implicated.

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[SEAL] (My commission expires March 30, 1951.)

Harper's

MAGAZINE

The Dogged Retreat of the Doctors

Milton Mayer

THE American Medical Association spent the best years of its life defending things as they were, and things as they were weren't good: too many people were getting too little medical care too late. The defender-in-chief of things as they were was Morris Fishbein. Fishbein, though his title was only editor of the *Journal* of the A.M.A., was the Voice of Medicine from 1924 to 1949, and there were those who suspected that he was Medicine's Master as well as its Voice. The suspicion was unfounded; no man, not even Morris Fishbein, makes that much history all by himself.

He did the doctors' thinking for them, but that didn't mean they didn't like it. The problem of medical care was no business of the public, still less of the government. The medical profession was competent to deal with it, and why did it need dealing with any-

way? Wasn't American medicine the best in the world, just as Fishbein said? Why socialize it, in Fishbein's words, just because of what Fishbein called local inequalities? And even if it were true that a majority of the American people could not afford the cost of chronic or catastrophic illness, why didn't they, as Fishbein suggested, save their money for a rainy day?

The thinking was fine. What the doctors didn't like was the declining market for it, and they blamed the decline on Fishbein. England had fallen, the thirty-ninth nation to succumb to "socialized medicine"—that is, government medical insurance. The public demand that *something* be done was reflected by successive bills in Congress and by President Truman's call for legislation last spring. More and more medical school professors were on the wrong side. More and

Following his colorful account of Dr. Fishbein's rise and fall in last month's issue, Mr. Mayer goes on to a tactical history of the A.M.A.'s fight against government medical insurance.

more bona fide doctors were on the wrong side. Gosh—even Barney Baruch was on the wrong side. So last June the A.M.A. performed an autolaryngectomy. The Voice of Medicine was removed.

The inference, perhaps even the implication, is that Fishbein had misrepresented the doctors' position. The fact is that he had represented it—right into the ground—and the fact is confirmed by the further fact that the Association's last-ditch struggle against reform has continued, deeper in the ditch than ever. "You have got to understand," said one of the high holies of medicine, who would rather be found installing goat glands than have his name mentioned, "that Fishbein really represented what the doctors think are their interests. Mind you, I said 'think.'"

The trouble with the A.M.A. is that there are too many doctors in it. A doctor is, by definition, a man who doesn't have time. One of the things the average doctor doesn't have time to do is catch up with the things he didn't learn in school, and one of the things he didn't learn in school is the nature of human society, its purpose, its history, and its needs. There are hundreds—many hundreds—of exceptions among them. But there are thousands—one hundred forty thousands—of doctors in the A.M.A.

If medicine is necessarily a mystery to the average layman, nearly everything else is necessarily a mystery to the average doctor. Medical education is uniquely narrow, intense, and protracted. The doctor is the specialist *par excellence*. And his specialization doesn't end with his entrance into practice. The developments in medicine come so fast that the conscientious practitioner has no time to interest himself in the common concerns of citizens.

All these circumstances are common knowledge, but commonly known circumstances have consequences, too. The doctor—the average doctor—is a nice fellow to have around the house or the hospital. His self-sacrifice for his patients is proverbial and proverbially true. But he sometimes breaks down in the larger areas of social intercourse because his training and his calling break down there. And the medical calling, like others that deal with bodies *qua* bodies, has a peculiar attraction to the socially circumscribed personality. "Of course I dislike the A.M.A.," said one of Chi-

cago's most distinguished surgeons a few years ago, "but I'm not going to get mixed up in any row. I dislike politics, too. If I had liked politics, I wouldn't have gone into surgery."

Because he dislikes politics, this particular surgeon's office is a precinct headquarters today in the A.M.A.'s two-million-dollar campaign to terrify him into terrifying his patients into terrifying their Congressmen to vote against "socialized medicine." His office wall is ornamented with a jumbo reproduction of the heartbreaking painting, "The Doctor," emblazoned with the heartbreaking appeal, KEEP POLITICS OUT OF THIS PICTURE. His reception room is stacked with red-white-and-blue pamphlets titled, *The Voluntary Way Is the American Way*, containing some truth, some distortions, and some outright misinformation. His bills are covered with stickers reading, "As your personal physician . . . Please write your U.S. Senators and Representatives. For more information, ask me." It is all furnished free, in unlimited quantities, by the National Education Campaign of the American Medical Association, Whitaker & Baxter, Directors. "I wish we had Fishbein back," he says. "I don't like politics. That's why I went into surgery."

II

BACK in 1901 the A.M.A., after a half-century of high-minded obscurity, was told by its Committee on Reorganization that "if the Association would give sanction to its recommendations, the profession throughout the country in five years would be welded into a compact organization whose power to influence medicine would be almost unlimited and whose requests for desirable legislation would everywhere be met with that respect which the politician has for organized votes." In those days, organized medicine, more medical than organizational; was interested in raising the standards of medical education and hospital service and extending medical care. The streamlining was effective; in the next few years the A.M.A. brought about licensure of medical schools and hospitals and obtained the adoption of the first Pure Food and Drug Act. The streamlining also relieved the membership of "politics"; in 1937 the Association was able to report that "attempts were being made"—obviously in

vain—"to cause the Association to send a questionnaire to every physician in the United States in order to determine his point of view regarding the socialization of medicine."

The streamlining made A.M.A. membership automatic through membership in the county or county-group medical societies, the constituent bodies which send delegates to the state societies, which, in turn, send delegates to the "legislative policy-making" body of 190, the A.M.A. House of Delegates. The Delegates meet twice a year to ratify, in practice, the proposals of the Board of Trustees, which, in principle, is responsible to the House. When the Board, which had in the past unanimously supported Fishbein, announced its unanimous recommendation of his dismissal last June, the House unanimously approved.

There are no dues in the A.M.A., but a subscription to the *Journal* makes a Member a Fellow—the Fishbein touch—entitled to hold office in the Association. The various Councils test pharmaceuticals, foods, cosmetics, and appliances; they also approve medical schools and hospitals. A.M.A. approval is accepted by state licensing boards for medical school graduates, and hospitals without A.M.A. certification for interne training are almost impossible to staff. These life-and-death powers bind the medical schools and the hospitals to the A.M.A. chariot.

The drug manufacturers also have a natural community of interest with the A.M.A., but the A.M.A. does not rely on naturopathy. Its Seal of Approval is the pearl beyond price of drug advertising, and the manufacturers and the retailers are ever ready to set their hand to the preservation of the fundamental American liberties of the Men in White.

No government would lightly launch an attack upon such a *Wehrmacht* or fight the doctors frontally on the issue of insurance. If the doctors maintained a united front, the government might get medical insurance but no medicine. "You can't mine coal"—or gallstones—"with flags." The adoption of government insurance has encountered bitter resistance from the profession in most countries; in Germany in 1883 and in England in 1911 organized medicine actually called a strike, which failed in both cases for the same reason, namely, that a majority of the practitioners preferred the future contingency of slavery

to the present certainty of starvation. But the A.M.A. has spurned the strike proposal, currently advanced by a group called the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons, as "a strike against the sick public." Doctors are professional men.

Or so they think until they run up against the A.M.A. lockout. Expulsion from the Association, invariably preceded or followed by expulsion from the county and state societies, is a doctor's death warrant. Once expulsion meant charlatanism; today it more often means political deviationism. In 1930 Dr. Louis Schmidt, the urologist, courted and won expulsion for advertising his V-D clinic to the poor. The *Journal* addressed itself, not to the great Schmidt, but to the little Smiths: "The individual who violates the rules in a zealous search for an answer to the problem"—of extending medical care—"may overstep the bounds and thereby suffer loss of his relationships to the organized medical profession. When he does so, he is answerable to his own folly, since the organized medical profession has established means whereby an individual may assure himself that the system which he wishes to practice is for the public good and at the same time not a detriment to the practice of medicine." There, beneath the gauze of gobbledygook, was the party line; all who ran might read.

Last spring some one hundred and forty doctors who disapproved of government insurance publicly protested the A.M.A.'s \$25 assessment for its "national educational campaign" against the Truman health program. They suggested that the fund be used to work out a better medical program than Truman's. One of the group, a prominent pediatrician, received a letter from the State Health Officer of Arkansas a few days after the protest was published: ". . . The Arkansas State Medical Society and the Pulaski County Medical Society have been advised through authoritative sources that you were one of the 136 signers of certain papers and documents severely criticizing the American Medical Association. Through this action on your part, the Arkansas State Medical Society and the Pulaski County Medical Society request that you not appear on the post-graduate pediatric course to be conducted [at the University of Arkansas]. . . . This department sincerely regrets that this most em-

barrassing situation has arisen and further regrets that it is necessary to cancel your appointment as special consultant for the Arkansas State Board of Health."

THE officers and the trustees of the A.M.A. are almost invariably prosperous specialists. And the members of the House of Delegates are almost invariably selected by committees appointed by the presidents of the state societies, who are almost invariably prosperous specialists. The Association's leadership represents the members, but it may not be impossible that it represents them not as they are, but as they would like to be. It certainly does not represent the ill-fed one-third of the medical profession. In the monthly *Medical Economics*, we learn that "the Delegates [to the December 1946 meeting] met in an atmosphere of high optimism over the national [80th Congressional] election results. Dr. Harrison Shoulders, A.M.A. president, put it into words: 'For the first time in many years, we're meeting in an atmosphere that approaches freedom.'"

The high optimism of the A.M.A. was not always based on the national election results. Once upon a time its leaders were the leaders of advance in medical education and medical practice. Once upon a time its presidents—Billings, Gorgas, Blue, Bevan, Lambert, Harris—advocated government medical insurance and its Committee on Social Insurance prepared a model bill providing it. Once upon a time its House of Delegates adopted its Board of Trustees' report that "the time has come when we can no longer resist the social movement, and it is better that we should initiate the social changes than have them forced on us," and its *Journal* demanded government insurance and excoriated the British Medical Association for opposing it.

But that was once upon a time. The British Medical Association had opposed the National Health Insurance Act of 1911, which provided government medical insurance of low-income workers. Within a year after its adoption, more than half the doctors in England were voluntarily enrolled, and the B.M.A. was forced to release its members from the Association's refusal to "work the Act." "The important feature of the British Act," said the *Journal* of the American Medical Asso-

ciation in 1912, "is the recognition that it is the duty of society, as represented by the government, to furnish medical treatment for those who are unable to secure it for themselves. It also means the recognition of the modern physician as a health officer of the state, working for the general good, rather than a private or professional business man."

In 1915, community sickness surveys by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the New York State Board of Charities, and other agencies revealed an appalling inadequacy of medical care, and the A.M.A. established its Social Insurance Committee. In its first report the Committee asserted that after twenty-five years of experience with various forms of voluntary insurance several European countries realized that the "logical conclusion" was compulsory state insurance. This, in the Committee's opinion, was the only solution to the problem of the poor and to the problem, as well, of "the unfortunate physician facing starvation."

In its second report, a year later, the Committee said that wherever compulsory insurance had been introduced, the result had been improvement in the general health and prolonged life to the workers. "The advantages of these systems are so great that the disadvantages, while it is necessary to combat them, cannot be mentioned in comparison. . . . Blind opposition, indignant repudiation, bitter denunciation of these laws is worse than useless; it leads nowhere and it leaves the profession in a position of helplessness if the rising tide of social development sweeps over them." After listening to an attack on the report by a representative of the Prudential Life Insurance Co., the Association's Section on Public Health rejected it by a 24-20 vote. It was a narrow squeak.

"It is interesting to think," says the *History of the American Medical Association*, "what might have happened relating to social insurance if the war had not intervened." Though innumerable county and state societies had endorsed government insurance and the model bill had been introduced in fourteen legislatures, war prosperity reduced the pressure for legislation, and postwar normalcy turned the tide. In spite of the plea by its President-elect that the A.M.A. resist the insurance companies, which were lobbying against the bill, the 1919 convention "recog-

nized the stupendous character of the problem" and buried the Committee's report, along with the Committee. "It is not a question for the decision of the medical profession," said the Committee, "whether or not these laws shall be put in force. . . . It is for the profession to decide whether or not it wishes to carry on its existence under some form of sickness insurance or under some method of state medicine. That choice must inevitably be made."

The 1920 convention declared its "opposition to the institution of any plan embodying a system of compulsory contributory insurance against illness." The 1921 convention spent its time defining "state medicine" and listening to "emphatic" denunciations of health centers, group medicine, and diagnostic clinics, and the 1922 convention declared its "opposition to all forms of 'state medicine.'" The discussion was closed. The pages of the *Journal* were closed, too. In 1924, Assistant Editor Fishbein became Editor Fishbein, and government insurance became "socialized medicine," "political medicine," "assembly-line medicine," and "peasant medicine." Medical service reform of any kind was thereafter damned from hell to breakfast and from week to week.

IN DARKEST 1932, the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, headed by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University and a former president of the A. M. A., recommended voluntary medical insurance. The *Journal* called the recommendation "socialism and communism." But there were doctors whose shrunken stomachs would no longer tolerate epithets, and group practices with insurance plans sprang up everywhere. The *Journal* called them "medical soviets." The hard-hit hospitals accepted the Blue Cross insurance plan. The A.M.A. wouldn't touch it. Medical ethics required the doctor to serve the sick—and forbade him to solicit patients. Thousands of doctors sat in their offices—and waited; millions of sick persons lay in their homes—and waited. Maybe the Wilbur report was socialism and communism, but it revealed that in the peak year of 1929 one-third of the doctors in America had had net incomes under \$3,000, and one-half under \$3,800.

Though the A. M. A. succeeded in elimi-

nating a medical insurance provision from the Social Security Act of 1935, the California Medical Society had already established an insurance plan. Other states followed. The A.M.A. could not purge whole state societies. It had to backwater. It began forgetting all about the evil of "contract medicine" and ended by pointing with pride to the state society plans as the alternative to government insurance. It was the same with hospital insurance. By the end of the nineteen-thirties, the Blue Cross plans were so well entrenched (over A.M.A. opposition) that the Association had to recognize them (on the condition, of course, that the doctor's bill remain uncovered). Three years ago, the Blue Shield plans for limited medical care were started. Last June the A.M.A. declared a "complete separation" from Blue Shield, but an amiable one. The Association could no longer afford to condemn the plans; it was using them as its stick to beat government insurance.

The "medical soviets"—group practices with insurance plans of their own—which were outside the control of the state societies were given the old cold pogrom treatment. The Civic Medical Center of Chicago could not even find out *why* its staff was excluded by the Chicago Medical Society. Testifying before a Senate committee in 1946, a representative of the Center told of the effects of the blacklist. Because the A.M.A. required local medical society membership for staff members of hospitals accredited for interne training, the Center's physicians had access only to two inconveniently located hospitals, and, denied staff membership even in these, found it almost impossible to get beds for patients. The Center's staff members were refused membership on the staff of any teaching or research institution. They were excluded from carrying their share of care of the indigent in hospital wards and dispensaries. They were refused accreditation by specialty boards. No insurance company would issue them malpractice policies. The Navy automatically disqualified them as medical officers, and reciprocal licensure in neighboring states was automatically closed to them.

The procedure was the same all over the country, in Dallas, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, New York, and in little Elk City, Oklahoma, where Dr. Michael Shadid's famous Co-operative Community Hospital

was supported by the local Chamber of Commerce. The quality of medical treatment was not questioned; the principle of insurance was decisive, and even this principle had to be abandoned when the state societies started their programs.

WHAT did the A.M.A. want? The conservative *Medical Economics* quoted a state society executive as saying, "I don't believe the A.M.A. liked voluntary health insurance in the first place. I think the higher-ups would be glad to see them all fail. The A.M.A. has tremendous power. It has some good men. It has lots of brains and lots of money. But it isn't interested. And that's too bad."

It was too bad, and it was getting worse. In 1937 a group of government employees in Washington organized the Group Health Association for full medical care on an insurance basis, and when the *Journal* announced that "physicians who sell their services to an organization like the Group Health Association for resale to patients are certain to lose their professional status," Assistant Attorney General Arnold lifted his ears. The Medical Association of the District of Columbia initiated the pogrom—even threatening that members who *consulted* with Group Health doctors would be expelled—and when a Group doctor was expelled in 1938 the government brought suit against the A.M.A. and the D. C. Medical Society for conspiracy in restraint of trade. The Supreme Court unanimously upheld the decision against the defendants in 1943. The A.M.A. was told to cease and desist from its interference with medical practice, and was fined \$2,500.

Frustrated by the federals, the A.M.A., like so many associations before and since, turned to the states for aid and abetment. In 1939 the New Jersey legislature enacted a health insurance plan law providing that all members of the governing body of any such plan be approved by the state medical society and permitting such a plan to operate only in counties in which not less than 51 per cent of the doctors approved it. Some twenty-five legislatures have since passed remarkably similar laws—most of them in the war-distracted sessions of 1943 and 1945. The state societies not only sponsored the laws, but proudly claimed paternity. The "voluntary

way," which was once "socialism and communism," is now "the American Way," providing that the A.M.A. has a monopoly on volunteering.

Enlightened conservatives within the profession pressed the A.M.A. to stave off government insurance with a genuine program of medical service reform. The Committee of Physicians—including such formidable names as Peters of New Haven, Holt of Baltimore, Cabot of Rochester, Morgan of Nashville, Veeder of St. Louis, Frothingham and Osgood of Boston, and Cooley of Detroit—came before the Board to plead for a program. The upshot was still another promise of still another survey. But the surveys all came to nothing, and the Committee of Physicians abandoned hope in the A.M.A. and accepted the principle of government insurance. When President Truman proposed legislation in 1945, the Association came up with a program which began with "improved living conditions" and ended with "postponement of consideration of revolutionary changes while 60,000 medical men are in the service voluntarily and 12,000,000 men and women are in uniform."

It was not only the unions that demanded government insurance now, or the radicals, the reformers, and Mrs. Roosevelt; it was also conservatives like A. D. Lasker, David Sarnoff, Gerard Swope, and Lessing Rosenwald. "Too many doctors," Bernard Baruch told some of them, "have been fighting a rear-guard action for too long. Voluntary health insurance is not good enough. A sizable segment of society does not earn enough to pay for it. Nothing has been suggested so far which promises success other than some form of insurance covering those people in by law and financed by the government, at least in part. . . . A form of compulsory insurance can be devised without the government's taking over medicine, something I would fiercely oppose."

Those who opposed the status quo in medical care were driven, *nolo volo*, into the government insurance camp, while those who favored the status quo in everything else found in organized medicine a new sounding board. In 1938 the Physicians Committee for Free Enterprise in Medicine appeared, under the auspices of Frank Gannett's Committee to Uphold the Constitution. This committee evaporated a year later, and its place was taken by

the National Physicians Committee for the Extension of Medical Care. Both physicians' committees, oddly enough, were directed by the same man, who, oddly enough, wasn't a physician but a professional advertising man. But the board members of the N.P.C. were all officers or past officers of the A.M.A. or its state societies, and Morris Fishbein sat in on the committee's organization. The representatives of the big drug houses sat in, too.

The N.P.C. had A.M.A. approval and plenty of money. Twelve thousand newspapers received its canned editorials weekly, and a nation-wide network of speakers was made available to civic, social, and fraternal organizations. At least 23,000,000 copies of its basic pamphlet were distributed under two different covers—one for the medical profession under the title *\$4,000,000,000 of Political Medicine Yearly in the United States*, the other for business men under the title *Abolishing Private Medical Practice—Prelude to Centralized Control of the Professions and of Industry*. The pamphlet depicted doctors under the Murray-Wagner-Dingell Bill as "political stooges and henchmen" and called upon them to "demand a continuance of medicine under the Christian concept of the sanctity of the human personality—the American Way."

The arsenal was down to the dum-dum bullet that the A.M.A. had never fired. Morris Fishbein had never been accused of anti-Semitism. A year ago the N.P.C. sent every doctor in the country "one of the few really vital pronouncements of the age," a statement by Dan Gilbert, an old sidekick of the notorious Gerald Winrod. The statement began, "Dear Christian American." In the ensuing uproar, the *Journal* condemned the statement and repudiated "allies of doubtful repute in its campaign for the maintenance of a high quality of medical care and for freedom in medicine in our country."

III

OUT of the welter of words there emerge—rather, there can be mined—one grand fancy and a half dozen grand facts on the issue of medical insurance.

The fancy, or hallucination, seems to be almost universal in the medical profession. The doctor thanks God that he is as other men are. He is not. He sees himself as a

free agent, with duties, to be sure, but with duties that are private and are due to private persons, in particular those private persons who pay him for his services. He calls himself a "private practitioner." He is wrong.

His practice has been public, and a public duty, since the time of Moses, when the law was promulgated "of him in whom is the plague of leprosy, whose hand is not able to get that which pertaineth to his cleansing." "Medicine," said Wendell Berge, with less authority but more recency, "may or may not be state medicine; it cannot escape being social medicine." The doctor has always been "clothed with a public interest"; he has been licensed for centuries. He is not a tradesman, and he does not enjoy a tradesman's prerogatives or immunities; he has never been allowed to refuse his services or plead *caveat emptor*. The sliding scale of fees, asserted in Leviticus, attests his servitude to public need.

Medicine's ace in the hole, or Sunday punch, is the sacred relationship between doctor and patient. We are told that this sacred relationship would be destroyed by government intervention. Besides being an ace in the hole and a Sunday punch, the sacred relationship is a bag of bones. Common kindness is sacred, but it isn't medical; as medicine, it is sacred only to the psychosomatist, not to the prostatist or the proctologist. The doctor's only sacred relationship—like the priest's, the teacher's, and, incidentally, the lawyer's—is to his profession. What makes a profession a profession is that it professes something, namely, the obligation of its practice. The doctor's profession obligates him to heal the sick, at any cost, at all costs, or at none, though the heavens fall, the landlord evicts, the shoe store replevins, and the public service corporation shuts off the gas.

"Socialized medicine," says the A.M.A., would "abolish private practice." How would it abolish private practice? It would abolish private practice by putting an end to the doctor's—and the patient's—"freedom of choice." There is just enough truth in this charge to tangle the falsehood. Under government insurance, the patient can go to any doctor he wants to and the doctor can take any patient he wants to, but insurance covers care only by those doctors (upward of 90 per cent in most insurance countries, including England) who choose to enter the plan. Millions of

Americans, geographically or economically isolated, now have access to one doctor or none. The A.M.A. would preserve their present freedom of choice.

Though they have sacred relationships and freedom of choice, doctors are men, not gods, and men must eat. Morris Fishbein let them know that the A.M.A. protected their earnings from the ravages of "socialized medicine." This, too, was true—that is, 10 per cent true. It was true of the top 10 per cent of the profession, who, as in England, could remain outside the medical insurance program and continue anointing the top 10 per cent of the populace. For the other 90 per cent of the profession, the \$12,000 maximum income allowed under the English system probably looks pretty good, and the English practitioner's \$8,000 average doesn't look bad, especially since American earnings, like everything else American, would be higher. Raymond T. Rich, hired in 1946 to survey the A.M.A.'s public relations, came up with the conclusion that they were bad, and resigned with the statement that its policy had, unfortunately, identified the organization with "the economic interest of the doctor."

IV

THE half dozen hard facts about medical insurance argue persuasively—but not overwhelmingly—for compulsion.

The most persuasive fact is that, unlike the cost of food, clothing, shelter, recreation, and education, the cost of medical care to *this man this year* is wholly unpredictable and ought, therefore, like the cost of fire and death, to be spread over a lifetime. Insurance is the "American," that is, the sensible way to do this. The second most persuasive fact bears on the question, voluntary or compulsory insurance? Those citizens who need medical insurance the most are, like those motorists who need personal liability insurance the most, precisely those who cannot afford it. And the poor man, like the poor jalopy, is out of order oftener and longer than the rich and, in his jalopic condition, more of a menace to the common weal than his dynaflo down brother.

The third most central fact is that most voluntary medical insurance covers only surgery or catastrophic illness, and then only in part. General Manager Lull of the A.M.A.

says that, "given enough time, our plan will take care of anybody's catastrophic illness in the United States." There are three jokers in that promise. The incidental joker is "our plan," the A.M.A. having fought "our plan"—voluntary insurance—for twenty years. The minor joker is "given enough time," the catastrophically ill being just cantankerous enough to want treatment now. The major joker is "catastrophic illness."

There is a costlier kind of illness than the catastrophic: the chronic. No voluntary plan dares to cover the full cost of chronic illness, and few of them cover any part of it. In addition, the greatest need in health is not cure at all, but prevention. While regular medical examination is only one form of prevention and, like all medical attention, only a secondary form, it is established that the two great killers, heart disease and cancer, can, in a substantial proportion of instances, be checked upon early discovery. The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care—the Wilbur report—found that fewer than 7 per cent of the American people had even partial medical examination in 1930. The voluntary plans are almost all limited to curative care.

The voluntary plans now cover an inadequate number of people inadequately, and always will. The reason is cost. The National Education Campaign of the American Medical Association, Whitaker & Baxter, Directors, asserts, in red, white, and blue, that "an average, fully-approved plan, *for full coverage—surgical, medical, and hospital protection—* charges \$2.50 a month for an individual and \$5.50 for a family, irrespective of size." (The italics are Whitaker's & Baxter's.) The truth is that the fullest-coverage Blue Shield—non-profit—plan costs \$5.50 a month for a couple and \$8.10 for a three-child family, *and, it does not provide full coverage.* (Italics not Whitaker's & Baxter's.) It *excludes* optical care, mental care, industrial accidents, dental fillings, inlays and dentures, prophylaxis for non-communicable diseases, medicines for non-hospital cases, chronic cases beyond one year, and, among other things, *pre-existing conditions*. Full coverage isn't offered because the rate would price it out of the market.

The high cost of voluntary plans results in "cream-skimming," and their history in Europe reveals a tapering-off after a high proportion of the middle classes have been

reached. The Blue Shield plans—for limited medical and surgical care—are only three years old and are growing fast, with 12,500,000 current subscribers. But some large proportion of these must be included in the 34,500,000 subscribers to the Blue Cross plans for limited hospital care, and the Blue Cross rate of growth is now declining. The total of partial hospitalization coverage—not medical or surgical—is about one-third of the population, if the A.M.A. is to be believed.

Not everybody believes that the A.M.A. is to be believed. President Truman, in his medical insurance message to Congress last spring, said that “only three and one-half million of our people have insurance which provides anything approaching adequate health protection.” The chairman of the board of the A.M.A. replied that “ten or fifteen years ago this was true. Today 55,000,000 Americans are protected under the voluntary health insurance systems of this country against the cost of hospital care, and 37,000,000 policy holders are insured against surgical or medical bills.”

In view of Morris Fishbein’s statement two months earlier that “more than one million” were covered by “complete medical care programs” by the end of 1947, Truman’s figure is probably generous. But the new figure of 37,000,000 “insured against surgical or medical bills” stands in more than remarkable contrast to Truman’s 3,500,000. How many of the 37,000,000 are covered for *all* (not just catastrophic) surgical *and* (not *or*) medical care? What does “37,000,000 policy holders” mean? Does it mean persons, or does it mean policies? And what kinds of policies are included? Workmen’s compensation? Veterans’ care? Commercial insurance, at rates prohibitive even to the middle classes? Newspaper accident policies? How many of the “37,000,000 policy holders” also have hospital coverage? Were there 61,000,000 persons with “prepaid health care” in September 1949, as the A.M.A. said there were, when there were only 55,000,000 *hospital* policy holders in April 1949, and only 15,000,000, according to the A.M.A., in 1944?

NO CONSIDERATION is more essential to the resolution of the medical insurance issue than the figures on voluntary coverage; if the American people can

insure themselves against the cost of sickness, they should resist government intervention to the death. And the figures on voluntary coverage can be got. The government could get them with the greatest difficulty. The American Medical Association could get them with the greatest ease. Why haven’t they been got?

Either the disparity between 37,000,000 and 3,500,000 is attributable to honest differences in calculation—in which case a count is indicated—or the government or the American Medical Association is an egregious enemy of public intelligence.

In the pre-inflation year of 1939, the A.M.A.’s Bureau of Medical Economics published a chart showing that only families with incomes over \$3,000 were medically self-sustaining. No lower income group was self-sustaining even for minor illnesses, much less for catastrophic or chronic. Eight years later the *Journal* was still perspiring over the “misuse of American Medical Association data,” but the chart simply cannot be read two ways.

Adjusting the 1939 figure for the 1947 price level, the *Journal* admitted that the \$3,000 would be the equivalent of 1947’s \$4,800, an income then enjoyed by only 21 per cent of the families of the country. (In 1939 only 8 per cent had incomes of \$3,000 or more.) Thus in 1939 nine-tenths (and in 1947 four-fifths) of all American families were unable, according to the A.M.A., to afford the cost of chronic or catastrophic illness or even of all minor illnesses.

In the face of this figure, organized medicine’s remedy was “a little common sense economy” by “the average man,” who is “quite efficient” in planning the cost of radio sets and baseball tickets. The United States Chamber of Commerce liked common sense economy, too, as the solution to a desperate national problem, and suggested, in a pamphlet called *You and Socialized Medicine*, that a nation which spent ten billion dollars a year for liquor could pay its doctor bills. The *Chicago Tribune*, an even mere rapturous advocate of freedom, said that government medical insurance meant that the “provident” would have to take care of the “improvident,” and declared, with unbridled intuition, that “the really poor are already provided medical care by public and private charity.” Another

A. M. A. ally, the National Economic Council, Inc., found that government insurance was "explicitly Marxist," since "the basic principle of Marxism is 'from each according to his ability, to each according to his need.'" (This basic principle of Marxism was first asserted, as every national economic councilor knows, in Verses 34 and 35 of Chapter 4 of the Acts of the Apostles in that popular Marxist handbook, the Holy Bible.)

As the clamor for medical insurance rose ever higher, the A. M. A. yielded ever faster, but always too little and too late. It was willing to have "state aid"—this on the assumption that the state had it to give—dispensed to the "indigent" by the medical profession. It came ultimately to its latest Maginot line of defense, the provision of federal funds for state aid, "where needed," to the "medically indigent." By the A. M. A.'s own reckoning, four-fifths of the families of America would be taking means tests to receive medical care.

This formula is embodied in a bill introduced by Senator Taft in the current Congress. Senator Smith of New Jersey, another A. M. A. ally, reported a few months ago that "every governor, with the exception of one, either is definitely opposed to the compulsory plan or says definitely they want the plan worked out by their states with federal aid." The "state aid" program has been uniformly branded by its opponents—and the history of child labor and minimum wage legislation by the states may be instructive on this point—as a device for killing action.

V

THERE are good arguments against government medical insurance, but they do not touch the fact of the national need. There is the argument that "free," that is, tax-paid, medical care would be abused by hypochondriacs and malingerers. The British Minister of Health, Aneurin Bevan, said soberly, when the plan was established in England a year ago, that "this is a very great test of the maturity of the British people, insofar as they have all the resources of the medical profession at their disposal without charge." Government insurance would test the "maturity" of the American people, too; but so, in some measure, do the voluntary

plans. A check in Birmingham, England, after four months of the plan, showed that 97 per cent of the persons tested for glasses actually needed them. Senator Taft's unsupported assertion that the English experience has been that "millions rush to doctors for every little ache or pain, just because it is free," is contradicted by the testimony of the esteemed London *Lancet*: "Practitioners, whether in town or country, agree that they are making hardly any more, and sometimes fewer, visits than they usually do at this time of year. Every account agrees that frivolous complaints are no more common than before."

The A. M. A. maintains, though America has more doctors for its population than England, that there are not enough doctors to meet the national need. In the past forty years, while the population of the United States has increased by more than two-thirds, the annual output of medical school graduates has remained almost unchanged at 5,000, and the A. M. A.'s interest in extending medical training is, like all its new interests, little and late. But this condition, coupled with the national need, would seem to argue for the systematic extension of medical training correlated with the systematic extension of insurance. There is the contention that a physician with two thousand patients, even though only a small minority of them would be sick at any one time, would have to treat them superficially. On these two deadly serious points, the medical profession, and the medical profession alone, is expert, and one of the major tragedies of the A. M. A. is that its fanaticism has deprived it of expert status.

The question of cost—another consideration which does not nullify the need—is simply unanswerable on the basis of available information. Any estimate would be reckless, and the government's is more reckless than any other—four to six billion dollars a year. (The nation's medical bill is at least that high now.) The British underestimated the first year's cost by 100 per cent, owing, says Minister of Health Bevan, "to the overwhelming volume of need which the service has revealed. There was a vast amount of silent suffering before." Serious guesses—not the A. M. A.'s, which is eighteen billion dollars—range up to eight billion, with a rise for several years at least.

The power to tax is the power to destroy,

and the present Senate bill, embodying the Truman program, establishes an open-end account, permitting the use of general funds in the Treasury in addition to the proposed tax of 4 per cent (divided evenly between employer and employee) on wages up to \$4,800. (The Brookings Institution says the average family spends 4 per cent of its income on medical care.) It is clear that a tax subsidy of the "improvident" by the "provident" would be involved; how big it would be, no one knows. With the social security tax rising to 3 per cent in 1950, medical insurance, at its cheapest, would mean a fixed 7 per cent charge on the economy for social insurance. The choice between guns and butter—or medicine—is a hard one.

Employers are generally unenthusiastic—at least the organizations which speak for them are—about their 2 per cent contribution to the medical fund, though individual employers have taken the government's position that the improved health of their employees would increase productive efficiency that much. The cost of administering the present non-profit voluntary plans is 12 per cent, and bureaucratic profligacy, if it exists, would probably be offset by consolidation. The British sickness insurance system, operated, like our military conscription system, with volunteer boards, held administrative costs to between 2½ and 3 per cent of the first year's expenditures.

The argument against "political medicine" brings the discussion to a lower level more characteristic of the A. M. A.'s National Education Campaign. True, the British doctor complains today of being smothered by forms; true, too, there are non-filterable, highly reproductive organisms that seem to have red tape in place of red corpuscles, and they turn up in government service in disproportionate numbers. Doctors, like poets and plumbers, would rather ask silly questions than answer them. But the public business was ever thus, and the more democratic the more thus. "Bureaucracy," however, is not "politics." The A. M. A. never accused the U. S. Surgeon General of "politics" until he endorsed government insurance, nor has the Veterans Administration been accused of dispensing "political medicine." There has not been a breath of "politics" in the English experiment, not even according to Morris

Fishbein. And in this country Republicans get their mail occasionally, even when Jim Farley is Postmaster General.

The weightiest argument of all against government insurance is also the most nebulous of all, and it is wholly non-medical. It involves the interpretation of the already rubberized "general welfare" clause of the Constitution. Medical insurance would certainly extend the economic scope of the federal power. The government has for decades been engaged not only in financing but also in performing medical services of *particular* kinds, and 24,000,000 persons are now so served. But the *general* power to maintain medical care seems to be, like unemployment compensation or old age pensions, a categorical enlargement of the welfare function.

The issue is no clearer today than it was when Lincoln set Locke and Mill spinning in their graves by asserting that the function of government was anything its citizens could not do, or could not do as well, for themselves. Historically there is no demonstrable connection between government medical insurance and despotism; the A. M. A.'s howl of "totalitarianism" is of a piece with all its howls. A nation's liberties seem to depend upon headier and heartier attributes than the liberty to die without medical care. In the end, what the Founding Fathers called "the peculiar genius" of the people will probably preserve those liberties and its want will lose them, and there is no evidence that it is affronted by compulsory self-insurance for private medical care. It would be better—less risky, let us say—if the voluntary program would work. It would be better yet not to be compelled to do anything, and if (as Hamilton said) men were angels, this might be arranged.

THERE is a clear and present danger to the democratic process, and that is the unenlightened condition of the public after more than a decade of discussion of a great national issue. But it was the American Medical Association that reduced the issue to the false simplicity of a slugging match.

The character of the discussion has been shockingly low on both sides. What the advocates of government medical insurance call "national health insurance" is neither

health insurance nor insurance, but a tax to insure one, and only one, element of health, namely, medical care. What the A. M. A. calls "socialized medicine," on the other hand, is not socialized medicine at all. But the A. M. A. started it, throwing the whole weight of an honorable profession into a barnyard brawl. The Association's first recorded charge of "socialized medicine" against the government was made in connection with veterans' care. The year was 1928, and the President was Calvin Coolidge.

The advocates of government medical insurance have described it disingenuously as "no different from maintaining the fire department." They have talked about "325,000 preventable deaths every year" and have included 40,000 accidental deaths as, presumably, medically preventable. They cite the rejection—even Bernard Baruch fell for this one—of 5,000,000 draftees for medical causes when some 3,000,000 of these rejects suffered from such medically incurable and unpreventable afflictions as musculoskeletal defects and mental deficiency. They have pinned down cost figures, and pinned them down low, in the absence of adequate information, and even if we had the information the figures could not be pinned down precisely. (Discoveries in cancer or heart disease might cut the nation's medical bill by 25 per cent, and epidemic polio might double it.) They have said that government insurance would raise the quality of medical care when, for many years at least, it would lower the quality *to the total of those served* by employing even the incompetent practitioners.

But the advocates are white as snow compared with the men in white. The A. M. A. says that American medicine "has made Americans the healthiest, strongest, best-cared for people on earth," a claim which, even if it could be demonstrated (the Scandinavians, among others, might object), ignores the dominant role of other factors than medicine and the fact that, even medically, American health is traceable in large part to the discoveries of Europeans. It says that in every great nation which has tried government insurance, "the result has been second-rate medical care," when the British Medical Association says that the contrary is true in England—and the A. M. A. itself said thirty-five years ago that the contrary was true every-

where. It says that "a vast bureaucracy of political administrators, clerks, bookkeepers, and lay committees" would consume "eight to ten per cent of every pay check," and it says that government insurance would "invade your privacy" and "put both of us under political control." Alfred Emanuel Smith had a word for it.

In a two-way effort to stem the tide, the A. M. A. House of Delegates met last December and voted a \$3,500,000 war chest for a National Education Campaign, the money to be raised by a \$25 assessment on every member. The session was secret, and the action was not admitted until after the news had leaked out. It was understood that Fishbein, under heavy fire within as well as outside the organization, would not be put in charge, but even so, the reaction was hostile. The assessment—billed by the local societies along with their dues notices—was widely attacked. It was even more widely ignored; it wasn't, apparently, the principle of the thing so much as it was the \$25. Six months later the A. M. A. books showed that \$2,000,000 had been raised; more than 40 per cent of the members had failed to kick in.

The next tack was the adoption of a brand-new twelve-point program immediately following the Truman demand for legislation last spring. The program—another A. M. A. declaration of no policy—called for voluntary plans and state aid. While the proponents of government insurance sat back and let the A. M. A. do their work for them, such eminent opponents of government insurance as Minot, Graham, Keefer, Barr, Whipple, O'Leary, Cobb, Sabin, and Goodpasture called the "new program" a "disservice to medicine."

VI

BUT the sick physicians of the A. M. A. just didn't want to get well. They hired the team of California promoters that had beaten Governor Warren's medical program by the interesting device of buying a minimum of 100 inches of advertising in each of 700 newspapers. Self-advertising, the hoariest of medical heresies, was the order of the day, and the A. M. A. had the word of Whitaker & Baxter that "the response from editors in publicity has been far beyond anything we expected." It

was good enough for the railroads and the brewers and the utilities, and it was good enough for the holy art of healing. Whitaker & Baxter, loaded with the assessment money, set out to do for America what they had done for California.

Instead of trying to deodorize the A. M. A., the new promoters took it out and buried it. One hundred forty thousand old family physicians arose in its place, all wearing beards, wing collars, high button shoes, and threadbare frock coats, all keeping an all-night vigil at the bedside of your curly-headed little child and mine. KEEP POLITICS OUT OF THIS PICTURE. "The Doctor" never was a good painting, even in the Tate Gallery tradition. You may have seen it on your doctor's wall when you were young; it used to be distributed as an advertisement for Petrolagar. It made the doctor feel good. If Whitaker & Baxter are right, it still does.

With Fishbein out of the way, the new campaign is a grass-roots affair reminiscent of the wonderful Willkie boom at the 1940 Republican Convention. The doctor is cautioned against entering "too many" debates on medical insurance. He is to apply the heat to his patients personally, and "the principal physician of every Congressman and every U. S. Senator" is to send his Honorable patient a letter "telling him of the danger of socialized medicine." The Whitaker & Baxter literature outfishbeins Fishbein; pick it up at your doctor's office and ask him how he likes it.

Whitaker & Baxter are "working with the great newspapers and national magazines to get them to do special jobs," and in one grand spread, published in September 1949, Fishbein's dismissal in June 1949 is not even mentioned. But there is some evidence that the great newspapers and the national magazines are not rising to the opportunity of being worked with. M. S. Rukeyser, "economic commentator" of the great newspapers owned by W. R. Hearst, who hates "socialized medicine" and the Devil in that order, reported in September that "a visiting caravan" threw a luncheon party on behalf of the campaign at the Perroquet Room at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. "They drew modestly," Mr. Rukeyser reported, "on the \$2,000,000 which the doctors have made available to the American Medical Association

to combat the Truman-sponsored health insurance bill. The representatives of newspapers, magazines, and radio," Mr. Rukeyser went on, "declined to trade their independence in exchange for a little hospitality."

The representatives, while they fished the olives out of their martinis, may have been pondering the reports, lately confirmed by the FBI, of current Department of Justice investigations of the practices of state and local medical societies in Portland, Oregon, New York City, Chicago, Houston, and other cities. The Department's Anti-Trust Division refuses to discuss the investigations, but its case against the Oregon State Medical Society, the Oregon Physicians' Service, and seven county societies and eight individuals in Oregon was scheduled to go to trial in late October, the government charging that "the defendants have obstructed medical care organizations other than those sponsored by them . . . hindering competing organizations in their attempts to procure doctors and in obtaining hospital facilities for their members." It was just ten years ago that the A. M. A. and the District of Columbia Medical Society were convicted of conspiracy to do just that.

Doctors are not as venal as the A. M. A. says they are vestal, but there is no reason for their being perpetual chumps. They should realize by this time—but, then, Louis XVI should have realized before the Champ de Mars—that not even an honorable campaign to hold on to all they have, or all they wish they had, will save them from the clamor of millions of people for a new equity in society, for (quite literally) a new lease on life. The medical insurance bills made further progress in Congress each time they were buried under A. M. A. pressure, furthest of all in the last session, when no fewer than seventeen *alternatives* to the Truman program went into the hopper.

The members of the medical profession will either accept the fact that the Twentieth Century—the first half, if not the second—is here or lose their freedom fighting for their freebooting. If socialized medicine—not government insurance, but socialized medicine—is ever fastened upon this country, the American Medical Association will call government insurance the American Way. But it will be, for the last time, too late.

How to Make an Atom Bomb

J. A. Campbell

ON AUGUST 2, 1939, Dr. Albert Einstein wrote a letter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt outlining some of the potentialities of atomic energy, including the atomic bomb. On August 5, 1945, the Japanese city of Hiroshima was leveled by such a bomb. In this six-year-and-three-day period, starting with an initial grant of six thousand dollars which burgeoned to a final total of two billion dollars, the United States learned how to make an atom bomb. This was not accomplished without aid from other countries and from their scientists—in fact, those who initially launched the project were foreign born—but the end result remains that only this country in August 1945 had available to it the total information necessary to produce atomic bombs. And, of course, the United States had the only plants in the world capable of carrying out the production. This was the work of six years. More realistically, however, the greatest effort was not begun until after December 2, 1942, when the first controlled atomic pile (or engine) was operated at the University of Chicago; so that the three years, 1942-1945, are usually given as the interval which was spent in the development of the technics of atomic bomb manufacture.

After the public use of the bomb in August 1945 one of the greatest questions was, "How long will it be until other nations can also make atomic bombs?" The almost unanimous answer of American scientists familiar with

the problem was that a period of from three to five years, or ten at most, should be sufficient. Four years passed, and then on September 23, 1949, President Truman announced that an atomic explosion had taken place within Russian territory. Apparently the Russians, too, now know how to make an atomic bomb.

The British are also making progress, as is evidenced by their announcement, in April 1949, of the successful production of plutonium (the raw material for making bombs), together with the forecast of "full-scale production of plutonium . . . at Sellafield, Cumberland," in the plant now under construction there, and by their recent request for a greater share of uranium ore, the raw material of bomb manufacture. (The first plutonium from an atomic pile was produced in this country in January 1944, one year and a half before the bomb was completed.)

Even relatively small nations with very limited capital and industrial potential are about where the United States was at the beginning of 1943, two and a half years before the bomb was dropped. On May 28, 1949, the Norwegians announced that they were "pressing work on the atomic pile at Kjeller." The Swedes have made a similar announcement, and at the close of 1948 the French published pictures of a pile they claimed to have in operation.

As other nations begin to stockpile their

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own bombs many in this country seem to feel that there must be something wrong with our secrecy methods and that tighter regulation is necessary. Perhaps now, four years after unveiling the bomb, and following the news of the Russian explosion, is a ripe time to outline some of the publicly available material on how to make an atom bomb, and some of the things on which research would be necessary, and so attempt to clarify the secrecy situation and to evaluate the nature of and the necessity for "secrecy" in things atomic.

II

THIS country investigated rather exhaustively five methods of obtaining material from which atom bombs could be made: the plutonium pile, gaseous diffusion of uranium hexafluoride, electromagnetic separation of gaseous uranium compounds, thermal diffusion of uranium compounds, and centrifugation of uranium compounds. Using the first three methods we produced both uranium bombs (Hiroshima) and plutonium bombs (Nagasaki). Since the gaseous diffusion plant at Oak Ridge cost about 500 million dollars compared with some 350 million for the plutonium plant it is likely that other nations will not bother with pure uranium bombs but will convert uranium to plutonium in atomic piles similar to those at Hanford, Washington. To produce bombs by this method one needs: uranium mines for the raw ore, uranium purification plants for the refining of metallic uranium, atomic piles to convert the uranium to plutonium, plutonium recovery plants to separate the manufactured plutonium from the unreacted uranium, plutonium purification plants to produce metallic plutonium, and bomb assembly plants to make weapons which will be able to detonate the plutonium. We shall briefly outline each of these steps.

TREMENDOUS amounts of energy are liberated in the manufacture of plutonium from uranium, necessitating very efficient cooling of the materials. Air, helium, and water have all been tried. Water appears the simplest and is used in our plants, but this requires that the plant be placed on a very large stream of as chemically pure water as possible, such as the Columbia River in the

State of Washington. Since the energy liberated in the conversion is wasted in heating water, air, or helium, outside power in sizable amounts must be available, perhaps from a nearby hydroelectric plant. The plant should also be situated in a remote locality for health, safety, and national security. The plutonium separation plants could be concrete structures some 450 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 50 feet high, one for each reactor, or they could be smaller if a simpler separation were developed (see below). These, and the main reactors, would be the largest units but many auxiliary buildings would be required.

All published means of making atomic bomb material use uranium ore as the basic raw material. The three most developed sources are the Canadian deposits, the Belgian Congo deposits, and the Czechoslovakian deposits, but scarcely a month goes by that new finds are not listed in the scientific journals. It is now claimed that the United States could be self-sufficient with respect to ore though none of the above deposits is within its borders. The great search initiated in the past few years has shown that uranium is as common as gold and perhaps as abundant as copper, though in general the deposits are more scattered, so that there is little question but that any nation with a considerable land area will have ample supplies of uranium ores with which to work.

The uranium ore is concentrated by standard mineralogical procedures, converted to uranyl nitrate, and purified by ether extraction. The pure uranyl nitrate is then converted to brown uranium dioxide. The Smyth Report outlines one way of producing metallic uranium from this oxide but states that a better way is known, so that research on this point would be necessary.

THE atomic piles at Hanford which convert metallic uranium to plutonium are essentially large blocks of very pure graphite perforated with holes in a regular geometric pattern. Uranium metal slugs encased in air and watertight aluminum cans are placed in these perforations and cooling water flows around them. This is the outline but many problems of design would have to be solved, the three major ones being: (1) obtaining very pure graphite and other auxiliary equipment which would not hinder

operation of the pile, (2) designing the perforations to obtain the most effective geometrical arrangement, (3) canning the uranium so that there is no chance of can rupture and yet very good heat conduction from the uranium to the water is maintained. Discussions of pile design have been published in the "Lecture Series in Nuclear Physics," available at the Government Printing Office, and in the Addison-Wesley Press Series, "The Science and Engineering of Nuclear Power."

THE product of the atomic pile is a piece of uranium metal containing a small amount of plutonium and the highly radioactive products (fission products) of the process. The important thing is to remove the plutonium in a very pure state, but it is also highly advantageous to reclaim as much of the uranium as possible. The separated fission products, which emit highly lethal radiation, must be stored in large reservoirs away from personnel. One method of operation is to separate the three materials, plutonium, uranium, and fission products, by precipitating them selectively from the solution. An alternative method is that of solvent extraction, in which droplets of a solvent rising through a solution selectively remove a desired constituent. Much has already appeared in the chemical literature on the application of this latter technique to similar problems in related fields. It will be noted above, for instance, that solvent extraction was used in obtaining pure uranium metal. Considerably smaller installations than those outlined earlier in discussing plant size would then be permissible.

Practically nothing has been published on preparing pure plutonium, but plutonium is similar in many respects to uranium and it is quite possible that very similar methods will work for both substances.

AN ATOMIC BOMB is detonated by creating conditions under which the plutonium metal is subject to bombardment of the sub-atomic particles known as neutrons. The plutonium then begins to emit more neutrons which increase the intensity of the bombardment. Under this neutron bombardment the plutonium releases tremendous amounts of energy per unit weight of the bomb by undergoing the so-

called fission process. Two pounds of plutonium employed with 100 per cent efficiency would be equivalent in energy production to the explosion of 20,000 tons of TNT. But the bomb is not 100 per cent efficient. For one thing it flies to pieces before all the plutonium can undergo reaction. Calculations based on figures given by Oliphant, an English atomic physicist, lead to an estimate of something like 10 per cent efficiency, indicating the need for some 20 pounds of plutonium per bomb. This weight of plutonium could constitute a spherical piece about three inches in diameter. The various mechanisms which must be added for the detonation of the bomb and for its destruction in case it should fail to explode would indicate that the completely assembled bomb must be very large and require a very large carrier for its delivery.

III

THIS then is the very rough outline of how to build an atom bomb, starting with the ore and ending with a huge and destructive explosion—for there is no such thing as a small atomic bomb. No "secrets" are included in the outline. In fact, the main secret, and the one which cost this country the most time, as well as a very large amount of money, was merely showing that the bomb could be made and exploded. When the world was shown that the problem could be solved, ample incentive was provided for other nations to solve it for themselves with or without our help. The Smyth Report, for instance, though often referred to as a major breach in our security wall, reveals little that any competent group of scientists could not discover rather quickly once they knew the method could be made to work. But any reader will note that the above is just an outline of a method. The details are missing, and it is *no magic formula, but rather the sheer mass of these details, that comprises our "secrets."* Our important secrets have never been and are not now the size of the bomb, the size of the stock pile, or the exact power of the most recent models. Our secrets are in the minds of thousands of men who have worked on the bomb project, the men who personally accomplish the myriad small steps leading to the final explosion.

These men are the heart of the American

secret. The most vital problem before us in making atomic bombs is not one of suppressing information, for it is only American information which we can suppress. That it is only *our* methods which we can hide is shown by the Russian achievement; and that our methods are not necessarily the best is well summarized in the testimony of Dr. Leo Szilard before a Senate Committee:

"We had a good method of which we were very proud, and we were not supposed to explain it to the Canadian Project. This annoyed our British friends. The result, however, I am told by two reliable scientists, was that they worked out a method for separating plutonium which is superior to the one which we are using. It is both much simpler and more complete." This is the very nature of scientific "secrets." They are secrets which will be revealed to any ingenious researcher regardless of nationality. The most vital problem is that of finding men who can discover secrets, and, having found these men, of giving them working conditions conducive to the discovery of further secrets of nature.

Let me reiterate: our first need is to discover *further secrets of nature*. As Commissioner Smyth of the Atomic Energy Commission wrote last July to Senator McMahon:

The weapons whose production now concerns us have developed from discoveries made in the realm of abstract science in 1939—just ten years ago. I do not believe that anyone eleven or twelve years ago could possibly have foreseen this development. Similarly, we cannot foresee what may happen in the next decade, but we can start from certain obvious facts.

The weapons which we are producing involve principles of nuclear physics. This is a subject on which our knowledge is still extremely fragmentary. These weapons also depend on the use of electrical equipment, and on the behavior of materials under such conditions of temperature and pressure as have never heretofore been achieved on the earth. In all those fields our knowledge is scanty. It is hardly conceivable that the further study of nuclear physics, of gas dynamics, including the dynamics of explosion, of electrical equipment, and of high temperatures and pressures will not produce information that would be of fundamental value in the design and manufacture of future weapons.

Personnel is the most important ingredient in making atomic bombs. That this has not always been recognized, or at least not always been given paramount rank, is amply testified to by statements of men who have headed atomic research projects. When Dr. Philip Morse resigned from the directorship of the Brookhaven National Laboratories he gave as one of his reasons the harassing security atmosphere and the consequent difficulty it caused in inducing scientists to join government laboratories. These scientists do not expect preferential treatment but they do desire to work in an atmosphere which includes a comprehension of the real nature of security.

NOT MANY MONTHS AGO a great wind protesting the apparent loss of some enriched uranium at the Argonne Laboratory of the AEC blew across Washington, D. C. The amply attested fact that this material was not particularly crucial, that most of it had definitely been recovered, and that the small quantity apparently still lost might arise merely from the inevitable errors of accounting rather than through any real loss never completely calmed the wind but only sent it off in new directions. It would seem clear to anyone examining the situation, however, that there are only two sure ways to prevent losses, and to maintain secrecy and security. One is to lock all employees in a hermetically sealed concentration camp with absolutely no exit for any materials or personnel (and this has not as yet been suggested); and the other is to maintain a loyal and trustworthy staff of workers who appreciate the importance of their jobs and who attempt to rectify the human mistakes which inevitably occur.

Many scientists volunteered their services to the Manhattan Project during the war knowing that investigation would reveal peccadillos in their past of which they were not particularly proud (and who of us does not have these somewhere in the background?). They did this because they were convinced that the investigations would be held confidential and that their loyalty would not be judged by whether they ever read the *New Masses*, belonged to the Co-operative Movement, or had a sister-in-law who had expressed interest in the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. The recent publication of

confidential and sometimes grossly erroneous testimony and the airing of many unfounded charges against public officials have by this time created an atmosphere into which scientists are reluctant to enter, and from which many of them are eager to escape.

America has outshone all other nations in the discovery and development of technical "secrets," but has also always been fundamentally concerned with the rights of an individual. The Atomic Energy Commission and its scientific advisory groups who are in

contact with the actual situations within the projects have shown great understanding of the human element. For this they have been roundly belabored. But not a single case of a real breach of security has ever been announced, and the discovery of new secrets has proceeded. There is a very real question, however, whether further tightening of secrecy regulations will not merely result in the discovery of fewer secrets, and thus weaken, rather than strengthen, the security of the United States.

The Poet Covers His Child

E. A. MUIR

LATE—the house ticking, air heavy with cold—
The launched line lurches, mind shaken loose;
The poet stares from world of words and light
Into the dark corners of the room.

Burglar's cough? Frantic rush of mouse?
What does he look for? What blew breath away?
What is this chill stirring along the spine?
What summons not as poet to be obeyed?

Alarm clock staunchly set awaits the morning,
No cigarette untended tracks a scar,
No errand forgotten, letter left unmailed,
No shortage of paper, cigarettes, or beer.

The poet frowns, reads the growing poem—
He had been writing of "suffering to come"—
Rejecting omen, wrenches context, goes
Smiling in haste to cover up his son.

In the faint light, wary of blocks and cars,
The erstwhile poet tiptoes to the crib,
Searches among the blankets, panda, and bear,
Discovers the warm device that looks like him.

Gingerly tugging the blankets poet pauses
While child stirs and whispers into his hand,
Then settles covers, touches the rumpled hair,
Tiptoes out, kicking a coffee can.

Father returns as poet, world as art,
But wind through the opened door has scattered the leaves—
Shrunken and twisted they lie, comically marked—
Impotent poet fades in father and grieves.

The Wages of Virtue

A Story by Mario Prodan

THE line of the intelligent man is the line of least resistance. Therefore dishonesty, that incentive toward complication, falls out of the set of the intelligent man's practices.

Here is an argument that I have heard often, as I have heard that the world is unhappy because it is so largely made up of professions and trades whose tools are one form or another of dishonesty. The argument possesses a sort of auto-active virtue which appeals to me, as it is bound to appeal to most of my contemporaries who, abruptly weaned from the hard and fast rules of the Ten Commandments, have not yet been administered a compensatory diet.

I AM a merchant in Chinese antiques. Now, in the business of Chinese antiques probably more than in any other, there exists a powerful conflict between the axiom that honesty is the best policy and its very opposite, that honesty is the worst policy. The advantages of the first are that you build for yourself a reputation, which is important, and that you sleep the sleep of the just, which is untroubled. The disadvantages are that you mostly sleep on an empty stomach, as you are an island of virtue in an ocean of vice and everyone around you makes the profits that you yourself should be making.

A man whose counsel on life I have learned to value greatly, Seraphim Wu by name, once summed up one phase of this weakness. I had overpaid him a few dollars by mistake. He returned them to me, and I remarked on his honesty. "Are you a religious man?" I

asked. "Yes," he replied. "My religion consists mostly of prayer. Tonight I will pray that you shall never overpay me by so much that I may cease to be honest." How close are East and West, I thought. One of our most urgent prayers is "lead us not into temptation"—one of our most urgent prayers and a blatant confession of our debility. In the Chinese antique business temptation is enormous. I started out honest, I made my reputation and slept lightly but well. But then the struggle began, fierce and, finally, overwhelming. Only to be engulfed in larger struggles, more bitter than the first. It is, I think, a question of ratio between nerves and scruples. The larger the scruples, the tougher must be the nerves. Normally nature, forever seeking a balance, comes through. But nature has also her worthless mutations, and one of them must have been I.

I decided to give up antiques. Painfully I found my road back to truth. I made the resolution to live only in honesty, and this I saw—that trade, at least the antique trade, I must give up. Of all that was left I thought of farming and the stage. How racked I was by conflict becomes apparent when I say that I had never seen a farm nor a stage from within.

Meanwhile (I was traveling on my way back to China) the sun shone on the Pacific Ocean with the splendor of a crown on the royal blue of vestments. I find it easy to be flippant now, but then I was unhappy, and the splendor of the Pacific increased my depression instead of relieving it.

I shared a cabin with a Frenchman who

lived on the island of Ceylon, in Colombo. He was by profession an artist. His name was Jacques Davoux. Like most men who live in the East, we shared a considerable slice of internationalism, so we soon came to feel some comradeship for each other.

I have always envied an artist. I have envied an artisan, anyone who can make something with his hands. But in my mood at that time, I envied this man's situation more than ever. He showed me some of his work, mostly reproductions from his originals, for he made his living by reproducing his black-and-white sketches and having them sold for him by an agent, to that average man who is interested in art as a proof that he has reached a certain standard by possessing it. It was not good, his work, neither original nor particularly felt, but that was, I imagine, why he made a pleasant living out of it; for it seems that the artist must be either superlatively good or quite indifferent in order to live by his work. His Chinese ink sketches had, however, one very definite feature, their perspective. He knew how to give a depth to his work that was positively photographic. And the pen strokes were so bold that it was surprising that he could achieve such faithfulness to the scenes he had drawn.

The bold, straightforward style suited Davoux. He himself was bold and straightforward. He was stocky and handsome in a muscular way, with a short but heavy black mustache. He smoked a pipe—even in bed. He would wake up very early in the morning and by the time I came to life, the cabin would be thoroughly fumigated with the smoke of strong French tobacco.

During my acquaintance with him I recaptured the flavor of that particular intimacy among Latins that is so unintimate. They speak to each other of everything; to the casual listener it seems that there is nothing they can have left unconfessed. Yet in this very openness is their reserve, the shell which keeps them distinct the one from the other. They do not know the self-revelation that goes on between the two silent Englishmen in front of the fire. In the embrace of the French general and the hero there is the expression of their emotion for each other, its consummation, and their liberation from it. Indeed, we spoke about everything together. More than that. An accident acquainted me with a

secret of his, one of those romantic secrets which never fail to crop up on an extended sea voyage. I went to the cabin one day to get some of Davoux's tobacco and I found him in an embrace with the wife of a professor on sabbatical leave. The door was unlocked. Romance, he told me later, had forbidden him to bolt it. I was so deep in the cabin before I became aware of the circumstances that, when I did, I could not conveniently back out without appearing silly. I behaved, therefore, with a nonchalance which was quite ludicrous.

"Where is the tobacco pouch?" I asked.

Davoux, who at the moment had the best part of himself quite engaged, could do no more than point at the tobacco with his foot.

"There," he said, over the shoulder of the professor's wife.

WHAT I mean is that it so happened that we became more than normally acquainted with each other. From then on we pointed at things exclusively with our foot, which was a jolly and athletic departure from common usage.

Neither of us played bridge, so that we spent that time, too, in each other's company. He was good for me. His bluff honesty, his open face with the eternal pipe in it, the good uproarious laugh, his youthful enthusiasms made friendship an easy thing between us and served me as an example. Neither of us drank more than wine. We discovered that there was on board a case of Boxbeutel and we resolved to sip the whole of it between San Francisco and Yokohama.

Davoux had great vitality. He would organize fantastic games and disorganize the normal ones. He put on a play about the lighthouse-keeper's daughter that managed to involve every single passenger in a part. I was the lighthouse. He gave a concert on a non-existing harp and a lecture on a non-existing ichthyodactyl spirochete. He created a vast confusion by switching the complete contents of one cabin into another and changing the numbers on the doors. One day out of Yokohama the captain, the crew, and the passengers were ready to throw him to the sharks, although I am sure they would have felt sorry; for his air of frankness, the sight of his really exceptional face did you good, an almost physical good.

Instead, on that day out of Yokohama we were in our cabin packing our bags. We were friends, yet very superficially really. He knew no more what I thought about, say, the infinite, truth, goodness, and so forth than I knew what he thought about them. This was going through my mind when a sketchbook fell on the floor. I picked it up and handed it to him.

"It's my sketchbook," he said. "Want to have a look at it?"

I EXAMINED it with some care. It was the only thing done directly by his hand that I had seen. Hands he had drawn, and feet and junks and faces and water effects. That boldness was there, and the proportions and perspective were really good.

When I finished I handed the sketchbook to him. I found that he was sitting on a little cleared space on his cot, and that he was staring at me.

"Well?" he said through his teeth clenched on the pipe.

I repeated what I had said the first time he showed me his things.

"You've got a good eye for perspective and proportion, I think. And I like the boldness of your pen."

"Yes?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"But you don't see anything else in them, do you?"

His face did not allow me to say anything but the truth. (Yes, that was another thing that I had found awkward at times, to be honest with dishonest people.)

"Frankly, no." I smiled at him, grateful to him for having made me able to look him in the eyes when I said it.

He threw back his head in a typical gesture of his and put his palms under his thighs.

"You know," he almost shouted, laughing, "if I were to like you for only one thing it would be for your frankness." He took the pipe from his mouth and became serious. "No, truly, I mean it." He pointed his pipe at me. "Your frankness is the most engaging thing about you."

I lifted my eyebrows in doubt. I was more than a little skeptical. With the ashes recently on my head, to be called frank sounded too much like irony.

"If you're planning to end up our journey

with sarcasm because I don't think you a Goya, spare me the pain," I said.

"*Ecoute, mon imbécile,*" he said. "Don't you yourself know that you're honest?"

"No," I said.

"Well, I know damn well that you are. And I envy you for it."

"That's funny," I said.

"Don't laugh yet. Wait." He got up from his bunk and thrust his hands into a half-open valise. He came up with one of his reproductions and a photograph. He handed them to me.

"I'm a photographer," he said. "Not an artist." He went back to his bunk and sat on his hands again.

I looked at the things. The print was the photograph, exact. I looked at them much longer than was necessary to understand that he had simply traced the photograph, because I was blushing. I felt the heat come up from my collar and rush into my head. I hoped desperately he was going to say something. At last he said:

"All I know how to do is to photograph and to be bold with a pen. I can't draw to save my life. I have a system of lights and glass plates and, as you say, that wonderfully bold pen of mine. No wonder my perspective and proportions are good, eh?"

I didn't dare to look up because I felt he looked mean. His voice was mean. But finally I had to.

"Why did you have to tell me all this?" I asked.

He waited before answering and I knew from his eyes that he hated me.

"Because you're so bloody honest," he said.

I leaned back on my bunk and looked at my nails. I almost burst out laughing. When I met his eyes again we stared at each other. I was reminded of two children who are waiting to see who will cry first.

"Well, I hope it's made you feel better to tell me," I said at last.

"I don't know yet. Besides, get off that 'holier than thou' business or I'll bash your face in."

"With pleasure," I said. "With pleasure. I want to feel a little comfortable myself." He didn't understand. "I want to tell you that I'm a crook myself," and it was my turn to see the effects of denouement.

The expression on his face became puzzled.

I could not tell whether he was relieved or disappointed. But then it occurred to me that he was doing exactly what I was doing; wondering whether to be relieved or disappointed at having found dishonesty where he had been sure to find honesty.

WE did not sleep that night. We stayed up on the topmost deck and told each other our stories. He had inherited from his father a small printing establishment with more liabilities than assets. He tried hard to drag it out of the red and for a time succeeded—until the machines became too old to function. He had done reproduction work for clients and achieved such a hand at it that he wondered whether he could adapt it to photographs. He could. He hung some prints in the shop and they sold. The printing shop disintegrated almost by itself. He was left with nothing but his newly acquired knack. The boldness of his pen improved. He did well by it; he had done well by it for the past eight years.

But now, he declared, he was through. We raided the bar and hauled out the last bottle of Boxbeutel and drank to our resolutions. We spoke about the infinite and truth and goodness and, though he was some years my

senior, we found that we agreed. We gave dishonesty the acid test of our intelligence and found that it failed miserably.

For our future, however, neither of us had any plans, and at Yokohama we parted. Three months later I received a short letter from him telling me that he was leaving the next day for Colombo. "I have volunteered. Soldiering is probably all right, and I have found that I don't know how to do anything well enough to compete on the level," he wrote. He gave me no address, but I knew that his mother had lived with him in Colombo, and some time later I wrote him a letter and enclosed it in another to his mother begging her to forward it. I received an answer from her.

"My son was killed on the day the Germans took Béthune," it said, and nothing else.

Some months afterward I received a postcard which Davoux must have posted a few days before his death. It had a drawing on it of a man in uniform pointing his foot at the number of his regiment. Any child could have done better.

On the back it said: "It's terrible, but mine own."

As for myself, I am alive still, and back in the Chinese antique business.

Peace of Mind in the Mysterious East

SINCE last so many years, I have tried hair oils of various types, both Indian and Foreign. On a certain occasion, a friend recommended to use Ramtirth Brahmi Oil (Special No. 1) of Shri Ramtirth Yogashram Bombay 4. Accordingly I am using it since last few days. Many advantages have accrued to me by the use of that oil. Eyesight improved. Memory become sharpened. Now I can have sound sleep. Mind remains peaceful. Headache has stopped forever. My nose which was sometimes bleeding is completely cured. Hair have become blacky. In short whatever my complaints in last so many years, have been all removed by this wonderful oil.

—from an advertisement in the
Forum (Bombay, India) April 3, 1949.

Uncle Sam's Friends Are Worried

Leslie Roberts

NOT long ago I returned to Canada from a flying trip to the United Kingdom, where I talked with friends in Westminster and in Fleet Street about the present trend of American economic policy; and on other occasions I have discussed it with business and labor leaders in such other vital countries as Belgium, Holland, France, and—outside the Atlantic household—Sweden. I have found among them a profound uneasiness. If these had been men hostile to the United States, who had fought the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact, their views could be dismissed as those of apostles of another cause. It is the *friends* of the United States who are worrying.

One thing that disturbs them is their sense that Uncle Sam will need to be something more than human not to use the economic circumstances of the non-Russian world, as a British M. P. put it, "to do himself a bit of good"; and that if Uncle should make use of the power he possesses to make the free world virtually an American trading orbit, then American economic policy might easily become a weapon to mutilate American foreign policy.

For example, it has been said that the natural outcome of taking over British commitments in the Middle East and elsewhere will be for the trade of these regions to swing over into the American sphere. This

means, I suppose, that American goods would largely replace British goods in such places and that American corporations would become the providers of new capital, machinery, management, and know-how in the development of their resources. But . . .

Any further loss of markets by the British is going to mean the total collapse of their economy. The foreign policy of the United States, on the other hand, is predicated on the thesis of a *strong* Britain. Weaken Britain, according to views often expressed in the highest American quarters, and the whole West European structure becomes a house of cards for the Reds to push over. Validity is given to this view by the repeated attempts of the Soviet Union to drive a wedge between Britain and the United States. The favorite oath in the Russian lexicon, in fact, is the hyphenated word "Anglo-American," applied day in and day out to an association which the Kremlin obviously regards as the principal force of darkness. Americans would be well advised to accept the Kremlin's assessment, for whatever things the occupants of the Big House may be, they are not political dopes. In short, America will have to make up its mind which it wants, Britain's markets, or Britain's health. It can't have both.

Next, unless the United States walks with extreme care in proceeding to acquire title

Leslie Roberts, Canadian foreign correspondent and author of Home from the Cold Wars, is well able to estimate the effect of U.S. economic policy on our neighbors and friends.

to, or to develop, other peoples' resources, the charge of "Exploiters!"—so repeatedly flung from the Moscow housetops—may easily become valid. Until now the ingrained habit of the American people has been to denounce colonial systems, of which their forebears had a taste they simply couldn't abide. They have tended, however, to regard the term "colonize" as synonymous with "subjugate," or at least "annex." But methods of colonization and exploitation have changed, though the results can easily become identical with those of the bad old days, when the primary persuader was a man with a gun. The modern imperialist is not a government backed by an army, but a corporate structure. There has been an equally sharp change in the material to be colonized. The modern empire-builder is not likely to be dealing with an uninformed public on the scene of his activities. The Communists, native and/or imported, will see to that. All over the world, to quote John Gunther's succinct summing-up, hitherto ignorant peoples have acquired the same attitude to exploitation that "good Americans would have if vast percentages of the wealth of the United States were sucked out of the country at preposterous rates by alien entrepreneurs who gave nothing in return." Here is one knowledgeable American asking other Americans: "How would you like the situation applied in reverse?" It is something to think about.

The fact remains that a serious problem confronts Uncle Sam. What seems to have been grasped by everybody but the American people, who have become so impressed by their own industrial fertility that they cannot believe it might come to an end, is that the United States *must* have access to other peoples' resources, to keep the vaunted assembly line in operation. Many of the essential raw materials are already expended. L. S. Hamaker of Republic Steel has said, "We have fought our last war with Mesabi iron." Thus the American steel industry must turn to Labrador, Venezuela, Chile, to other peoples' iron, or fall back on its own low-grade taconites. This is one case of many, and every day the situation worsens, for purely natural reasons. It is, in my opinion, the crux of the Russo-American collision. If the United States recognizes its own problem and acts accordingly, then all may be well. But

if American corporations, or any other instrument, should fail to take into full account the rights and aspirations of people in the vicinity of resources to be developed (and the reference is to *people*, not to emirs and pashas), the ultimate beneficiary is going to be Uncle Joe, not Uncle Sam.

This is bound to mean working things out in a way which may be repugnant to people who grew to nationhood believing that the right to profits deriving from initiative, skill, and capital is pretty nearly as sacred as the right to select a wife. The point is: Can the United States develop the resources of the so-called backward areas to its own profit without running grave risks that the peoples of those areas will become ready-made weapons in the hands of the revolution-mongers?

These are questions heard throughout the West; and I can testify that what worries the friends of the United States is not Uncle Sam's basic intention, but his unpredictability, his tendency to act first and consider later. Moreover, should the qualms of these gentlemen at any time be subsiding, we may be sure that some eminent American will let fly off the cuff.

AN EXCELLENT example is General Hoyt Vandenberg's testimony before a Congressional committee that the United States Air Force has selected its targets in Russia and needs only the nod from the necessary American authority to visit them and drop its atomic bombs. The General undoubtedly was speaking for home consumption, but he was heard abroad as well. Outside the United States his remarks raised such questions as: Can the rest of the Atlantic Pact signatories be plunged into war by the United States at a moment's notice? Have the consultative clauses of the Treaty no meaning to the Americans?

These are reasonable questions. They seem to call for a definition of the term "friends of the United States," which I have been using to describe the kind of people who voice very real alarm about present trends. Uncle Sam's *friends* are Frenchmen, Britons, or Canadians before they are members of the Atlantic Family, just as Uncle is first of all an American. It is important that this should be realized, even though it makes

the Family appear to be the result of a marriage of convenience or necessity. That is what it is. In my own country, Canada, no leader would have risked his political life and the support of the Roman Catholic 40 per cent of the population by espousing what is inescapably a pledge to fight, if the French-speaking Canadians had not seen in the Pact a merger blessed by the Vatican as a Holy War against Communism. The problems which have confronted Canadians in other "foreign" wars are ample testimony to the change which has taken place. What is happening now, it may be, is that as the Cold War seems less likely to become Hot, the lesser powers of the West are beginning to worry about the Great Power in their own midst. That is inescapable so long as we are all nationalists first, except at the moments when we believe guns are pointed at us.

IT is doubtful if Americans realize how even Canadians, who indubitably understand Uncle Sam better than any other people, can react to the mildest suggestion of "invasion." But I know from experience that an article published in any leading American periodical which suggests that Uncle Sam will have access to our iron, or that our recent oil discoveries may "solve the American problem," will set my telephone to ringing. The callers will be people who want to know if we should permit ourselves to be "robbed" of our resources. Without a doubt there is a great body of opinion in Canada which profoundly believes that the devaluation of the pound

and the Canadian dollar was brought about by sticking a gun in Britain's and Canada's ribs.

Not all of us are sure that the treatment accorded Britain, for example, is right and fair in the light of the record. Such a sound man of affairs as T. Taggart Smyth, General Manager of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank, has come out publicly for a plan which would require the U. S., Canada, and Britain to toss all their war costs into one pot, to be subdivided evenly on a *per capita* basis, which would have the effect of making Britain a creditor, rather than a debtor.

The essence of all this is that many citizens of what may be called the "other nations" have the jitters. There is a feeling around that the future has been taken out of our own hands and committed to the decisions of men beyond our borders, in short to the members of the Congress of the United States. Perhaps that has always been the price of being the little guy in the Big Man's world. Could be. But the condition is one to make a man feel that his political independence has ceased to be much more than a phrase.

If we do not like the condition, distaste does not imply hostility toward the gentlemen from Kansas and Idaho. The best we can do is to hope that they are equal to the responsibilities they have assumed and that they realize they have taken the destiny of the whole free world into their hands. That will call, as I said at the outset, for qualities of selflessness considerably greater than the "merely human."

Help Wanted—But No Isms

OUR village contains nearly 1,000 persons, very industrious, quite moral, and on the railroad. We want a religious man, who can govern himself and others; one who does not chew or smoke tobacco. We want a good man at the helm. Unfortunately our village contains five houses for public worship besides a house for Universalists. There will therefore be some capriciousness to encounter on this score. A religious man, judicious, and free from dogmas and isms will best suit us. Salary for the first year \$450.00.

—Letter from an Ohio village school principal to Dr. Asa Dearborn Lord, City Superintendent of Schools, Columbus, Ohio, about 1860.

The Almighty Dollar

Autographed sketches from life by Oscar Berger accompanying two articles on our unwonted economic power as a potential menace and potential blessing.

Berger



THE CUSTODIANS

Secretaries Acheson and Snyder



SOME INTERESTED PARTIES

The Honorable Messrs. Schuman, Vishinsky, Bevin, and Cripps

What We *Can* Do

Under Point Four

Milo Perkins

SINCE the end of the war we have put some \$25 billion into various foreign aid programs. We are committed for nearly \$10 billion more. We have put over \$50 billion into our own military effort, which is of vital consequence to the non-communist world. We have averted catastrophes at terrific cost. But economic recovery on a self-sustaining basis in most of the world is not yet in sight.

It is slowly dawning on us here in the United States that we are not going to be able to buy world-wide recovery with a check book. If recovery is to be had at all, we must give of ourselves as well as our money. We must face up to the challenge for the century-long job that it is. We must speak frankly to our friends in other lands. We must not be ashamed to state our own self-interests openly before the court of world opinion. As bankers for half the world, perhaps we can't be loved. Maybe all we can hope for is a reputation of trying to be fair.

Thus far, our efforts to promote recovery in the rest of the world have been based largely on government-to-government grants and credits. These have averted disasters in

many areas, but they have not built a recovery which can sustain itself without our continuing aid. I am unimpressed with statistics about production in Europe having reached 110 per cent or 120 per cent of the 1938 levels. Textile mills running on free American cotton and automobiles running on free American gasoline represent industrial relief and not recovery. There is a place for government-to-government credits in the future but they must take second place to private investment.

Cutting through the infinite complexity of this postwar world, two economic facts stand out like lanterns in a dark night. The first is this: that with only 7 per cent of the world's population, the United States has roughly half of its manufacturing capacity and a highly mechanized agriculture. Our production is growing at a faster relative rate than that of any other country. In the early nineteen-forties we spent tens of billions of dollars on plant and equipment for wartime purposes. Most of these factories are now turning out goods for peacetime use.

As though this were not enough, we have invested another \$60 billion in plant and

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equipment since 1945—and are still going strong. I suggest, in all humility, that the “climate” within which an achievement of this sort is possible—by free men—is worth examination by all peoples who want to raise their own living standards. We have accomplished this by being ourselves—by counting primarily on competitive enterprise and by using the powers of government to buttress our economy rather than to control it.

The second key fact which stands out is this: that production in most other countries is wholly inadequate to meet the needs of the people who live in the rest of the world. The fundamental crisis in most nations today is a production crisis and not a fiscal crisis. The simple reason why some currencies are “soft” is that those currencies cannot be swapped for goods at competitive levels in the countries which issued them. Until production is raised and prices are reduced within those countries and until that production is merchandized aggressively among the peoples of all lands, there is no hope of solving the money problems of the world. Devaluation, by itself, offers no final answer.

The famous “dollar shortage” is a phony in terms of semantics. What people in other countries are really saying when they use the phrase is this: that they want more of the goods which can be bought in the United States than they can afford—more than their own production permits them to buy. Most of us have had a “dollar shortage” in our personal affairs many times in our lives. All it meant was that we were not earning enough to buy everything we really needed.

Both production and distribution must be increased on a world-wide basis before the so-called “dollar shortage” will disappear and before the currencies of the world can once again be exchanged for one another without restriction.

So here is the heart of the problem which we must solve. The United States is able to produce more than it is possible to merchandise within our continental borders for the long pull—particularly more heavy machinery. The rest of the world, by contrast, is producing less than enough to satisfy the elemental needs of its people. It needs our heavy machinery to step up its own production. Our self-interest here in the United States and the self-interest of our friends elsewhere in the

world is such that we ought to be able to combine our resources to our mutual benefit. Let's examine these self-interests.

OUR economy in this country can remain healthy only if it continues to expand. Stop our growth and you start a depression. Our outstanding business need as far ahead as anyone can see is for an ever-increasing number of customers and for ever-broadening markets. The opportunity to participate in industrial expansion beyond our own borders is part of this concept. The rest of the world can offer us this.

The self-interest of other peoples with inadequate production is to increase the output of their factories as well as their farms. Our business men can join hands with their business men to reach this goal. Some American industries go abroad with wholly-owned subsidiaries while others prefer minority interests in foreign companies. Still others go in on a 50-50 basis with ten-year management contracts.

There are many ways to build the plants which are needed around the world but the trend will be toward joint undertakings. To borrow Eric Johnston's happy phrase, the time is ripe for us to take the lead in establishing “partnership capitalism” on an international basis. It's the surest road to higher living standards.

There is no mystery about them in a technological civilization. They can't be achieved by more human drudgery. They can only be achieved by multiplying human muscle power through machinery and mechanical horsepower. Better hand tools and the learning of simple skills must come first. As a general rule, light industries must be working successfully before heavy industries can be established. At the peak of industrialization, however, over \$10,000 *per factory worker* must be saved by somebody and then invested in plant and equipment to lengthen the arms of that worker. It's just that simple to say, even though it has taken us decades here in America to achieve it.

If the rest of the world has to wait to generate its own capital to multiply human muscle power through investment in plant and equipment, it will take several centuries to do the job. If private capital from this country could flow outward on a broad basis

to the rest of the world, however, we could greatly shorten the decades necessary to reach our goal. Enormous progress could be made before this century has run its course. A good start can be made in the next ten years.

II

THE United States now holds an economic position with respect to the rest of the world which is very similar to that which the eastern seaboard of our own country has held toward the rest of the United States for over a century. When industrial development first began in this country we were dependent upon foreign capital. We welcomed it and it helped us. Those who provided it made the profit to which their savings and their willingness to venture entitled them.

Our eastern seaboard rapidly generated capital of its own, however. It was from this older area of our country that the money went west and south to build up the productive power of the nation. Had it not been for these early savings on the Atlantic Coast and their subsequent investment in factories and machinery beyond the eastern seaboard, the West and the South would have a very much lower standard of living today than they now enjoy. And what happened to business men and workers and farmers beyond the eastern seaboard in the process? They grew to be so successful that they are now generating most of their own capital.

Query: Can the United States now help the non-communist world to increase its own productivity along lines somewhat similar to those through which the eastern seaboard once helped the rest of the United States with its program of industrialization? I think it can if men in each country will examine their own self-interests objectively. That examination will force countries toward gradual economic union. People as individual producers and consumers will slowly become more important. Sovereignty as such will gradually become less important.

Obstacles to a greatly increased flow of private capital abroad such as currency inconvertibility, excessive government control, and outright discrimination against American business will not be easy to overcome. Nor will the political and psychological barriers to

widespread industrialization be easily eliminated. However, there's a gambler's chance of success if the Point Four program is carried out intelligently. The stage *can* be set for a level of world-wide prosperity and industrial growth which can run for a century or two. It's a job for hardy souls with infinite perseverance but it's also our best bet for avoiding an atomic war.

President Truman has suggested a direction in which all of us might move together toward this goal in what has now become his famous Point Four, so named because it was the fourth point in his Inaugural Address last January 20. Briefly, he proposed that this country use its resources to help develop the underdeveloped areas of the world.

Actually, the opportunities are even greater in the more developed areas. But so much the better. This means that Western Europe can slowly be brought into the program as well as Latin America, Africa, and Southeast Asia. The opportunity ought to be open to free men everywhere who are willing to *work* for higher living standards.

The President stressed the place of private capital in this long-range venture. A few days later Secretary of State Acheson significantly put great emphasis upon the necessity for a "climate" in other countries which would be attractive to private capital. Since then, many business groups have worked hard on the matter, keeping in close touch with government people working on the same problems; and the rapid rate at which ideas in this area have been developed is solid reason for having great hopes for the future.

III

WE COME now to a consideration of the key elements of an intelligent Point Four program. I want to discuss those which seem vital to me, one by one. Some of them have already been suggested by the Administration. Others have their origin elsewhere. The responsibility for emphasizing some more than others is my own.

(1) First of all there is a deep need for *a foreign investment policy on the part of this country which faces up, without apology, to the fact that we are a competitive enterprise nation.* We need to say that for the long

pull we shall be unable to help other peoples raise their living standards unless they are willing to count on competitive enterprise for the biggest part of the job.

Secretary Acheson went a long way toward enunciating such a policy in his speech of September 19 before the Pan American Society when he said:

This country has been built by private initiative and it remains a land of private initiative. . . . Therefore it will be our policy, in general, not to extend loans of public funds for projects for which private capital is available. It is our purpose, also, to emphasize the desirability of loans which increase productivity.

Until this policy is well publicized and thoroughly understood both at home and abroad, there will be lingering hopes among government people in other countries that government-to-government grants from the United States Treasury will continue indefinitely. These hopes must be smashed before we can work on a partnership basis with the *peoples* of other countries to build the kind of world recovery which can pay its own way.

The grants of billions of dollars which we have made in the emergency period following the war have served essential purposes, but we cannot continue them as a way of life and remain solvent. This does not mean that we should stop them overnight nor that we should run out on our Marshall Plan commitments. But it does mean that we should tell the world in unmistakable terms that a way must be found by like-minded peoples to work together to build recovery on a basis which can be self-supporting. So far as we are concerned, this means counting primarily on private capital.

Many nations may not want to co-operate with us on this basis. That is their business and we shouldn't get provoked when we encounter ideas which are different from our own. Our policy should be to husband our resources for those countries which *do* want to build up productivity in the only way we know how to do it—through encouraging the individual to engage in competitive enterprise with the minimum amount of government interference. We'll be respected for being honest. The world is waiting to hear the terms upon which we want to stay in the international game for keeps.

(2) The second part of an intelligent Point Four program is *the negotiation of treaties with like-minded countries which guarantee fair treatment for United States private capital when it goes abroad*. No nation which discriminates unfairly against our businessmen has any long-term right to help from our government which is supported by taxes from a competitive enterprise economy.

Business men from thirty-two countries working through the International Chamber of Commerce recently completed a code for the Fair Treatment of Foreign Investments. Our own government would do well to use this model code as a basis for its own negotiations. All we want from these treaties is the simple assurance that our business men will be treated as fairly when they go to another country as the nationals of that country are treated when they come to the United States to engage in business. We are not entitled to any preferential treatment and no responsible person is suggesting it.

Unless we get reciprocally fair treatment, however, and unless there is a chance to make a profit commensurate with the risks of doing business abroad, we are not going to invest our savings in factories in other lands. Business without profit soon goes out of business, which is hardly a service to either the employees or the customers. Nor to the governments, whose huge budgets can only be supported by good earnings. This is so elementary that it's silly to pussy-foot on the issue with other nations.

(3) The third way in which we can implement Point Four is through *giving as much technical assistance to other nations as we can spare and as they can digest in a given period*. Immediately after the signing of investment treaties with other countries, we should set up missions to review the resources of those nations and the opportunities there for industrial as well as agricultural development.

These missions should be composed of government as well as business people from both the United States and the country being visited. The Abbink Mission which recently finished a survey in Brazil was constituted in this way. Its joint report by Brazilians and Americans was one of the outstanding jobs of the past few years. The survey covered in considerable detail the outlines of a program

for stepping up production within Brazil. It set a pattern for hard-headed United States-Brazilian co-operation for a generation to come.

Following broad surveys of this sort, smaller technical missions working on specific assignments could make a real contribution to overall economic growth. In some instances such missions would be sent abroad by the United Nations, in others by either the International Bank or the Export-Import Bank in connection with loans being sought by governments. In still other cases they might go abroad on assignments unconnected with loans, such as those of straight technical assistance in the many fields of agriculture.

The chief technical assistance which we can render to people in another country, however, will come from the establishment of *actual plants* in which our business men have a direct interest. This gives our engineers and technicians a chance to increase production in a business which they understand fully. It also gives the nationals of other countries an opportunity to learn the skills without which higher living standards are impossible in any country. Technical assistance can't be peddled like toothpaste but it's an integral part of long-range industrial growth and therefore part of any well-rounded Point Four program. It is most effective when it is tied to capital investment, either public or private.

(4) The fourth area in the carrying out of Point Four has to do with *government-to-government credits*. There is a need for these where they are quite outside the scope of private financing and where the use of government funds in carefully selected fields definitely broadens the opportunity for private investment—both for United States citizens and for nationals in the countries receiving the loans. The fact that it also broadens the opportunity for private investment by business men from third countries is an added dividend which will tend to keep competition vigorous.

I am thinking of United States government credits for the building of roads, the improvement of harbors, the betterment of transportation and communication facilities; for sanitation; and in some cases for the development of electric power. It goes without saying that the loan applications should be carefully

scrutinized and that any expenditures under them should be carefully audited.

We use government money for many of these purposes in our own country and it enormously improves the climate for private investment. It is desirable in many instances to use United States government credits abroad for the same purposes in any country determined to count primarily upon competitive enterprise for its economic well-being. The facilities provided by these government loans should help all business firms within the country receiving them to grow and prosper and thus earn the tax money necessary for the repayment of the credits.

(5) The fifth way in which Point Four might be implemented is for us to develop a *much bolder program for the purchase of strategic materials from nations co-operating with us*. Quite aside from their military importance, our growing economy will require all the lead, tin, zinc, copper, manganese, etc., which the world can produce and sell us for the rest of this century. Where any nation is working desperately to raise the living standards of its own people through providing maximum opportunity for the individual, we should be willing to buy any strategic materials they care to sell us so that they can *earn* their way in the world and not be dependent on us for grants.

We should assure all nations which have signed investment treaties with us a stable market for such primary materials. Our government should be willing to enter into long-term contracts for their purchase with escalator clauses on price and quantities to be delivered. The contracts should also contain reasonable anti-dumping provisions. This would help countries getting started on industrialization programs to earn the dollars requisite for the heavy machinery they would need from this country. It would be an enormous help to them on their balance of payments problems while the whole Point Four program was getting under way and their own new industries were being established on a profitable basis.

(6) Now to my sixth point. *I feel that any nation willing to go this far in co-operation with us is entitled to a bigger slice of the American market for its own products*. I

would, therefore, like to see selective tariff cuts made for countries which have given evidence of their willingness to co-operate with us on a competitive enterprise basis. I'd like to see these cuts come just as close to free trade as possible for products produced within the co-operating country.

I realize that this would be a departure from the traditional interpretation of the "most favored nation" clause. However, all nations signing the same investment treaties with us and working with us on the other phases of the Point Four program would be entitled to the same tariff treatment. After we have entered into such arrangements with countries A and B, the next step would be for those countries to make similar arrangements with each other.

I want to see a multilateral world and I've stood for one all my life. But I've come to the reluctant conclusion that if we are to have one we shall have to build it bilaterally, brick by brick. In today's world of excessive trade restrictions, this is the only practical road to currency convertibility and ultimate economic union.

Certainly we haven't got very far by piously setting up one multilateral organization after another with a charter to do the impossible. We might get further if we set out consciously to build a "club" of like-minded nations who wanted to play ball with us in the only way that we know how to play it successfully. I wouldn't expect the whole world to join us at once and if they did we wouldn't have the resources to meet their demands. But I would expect more than enough countries to establish a partnership capitalism with us to give this new approach a fair trial.

(7) And now to the last point. Once this kind of commercial relationship has been achieved between the citizens of our country and those of another, *our own government might well offer to sell insurance to American business men investing in foreign countries.* This insurance, whose purchase would be optional, could cover certain extraordinary risks such as the inability to convert profits *already* made in a foreign country into dollars. The insurance might also cover the risks of expropriation and in my judgment should apply both to old and new investments.

The actual risks for the United States

Treasury would be greatly minimized in countries which had already signed investment and commercial treaties with us and were working closely with us on a dozen other fronts. A nominal premium of 1 per cent or less ought to be adequate to cover the few losses likely to occur under these favorable trade circumstances. Beyond this, some countries would be willing to pledge a proportion of their dollar earnings to a joint fund set aside for servicing American investments. This would further reduce the risks of our own insurance program.

Medium-sized businesses in America need this insurance more than the larger corporations. There are excellent reasons for encouraging them to set up partnership arrangements with business men in other countries. I feel that if this insurance were made available *after* all the other elements of a Point Four program had been worked out, it would help to assure its total success.

IV

THESE are the seven key elements in the intelligent implementation of Point Four as I see them. It is vital that we come to agreement on them country by country through bilateral negotiation. These negotiations should take the form of what might be called "four-basket conferences." These would be sessions in which we brought to the conference table two baskets, one containing what we wanted from another country and the other containing what we would be prepared to give. Representatives from the other nation should also bring two baskets, one containing what they were prepared to give and the other containing what they wanted.

The contents of all four baskets should be spread on the table and explored objectively by both sides. This is the "package" approach. It has a chance to succeed whereas the "piecemeal" approach of doing a little here and a little there and asking nothing in return for what we give is certain to fail. Signing checks for what other nations want before getting the things we want in return makes no sense whatever.

All seven elements of the Point Four program should be discussed in detail at such a conference. There should be a meeting of minds on *all* of them. At the end of these

sessions, if an agreement emerges at all, it must be a complete agreement and one under which *both* sides stand to profit. Otherwise it will not last, and under such conditions it would be better not to enter into any agreement at all.

I would like to see the United States conclude such a set of arrangements with no more than two or three countries as a beginning. They should be "show piece" arrangements in the finest sense of that phrase. Experience with these could then guide us in the intelligent handling of this kind of bilateral negotiation with other countries later on. We should put everything we have into making the first programs work. If they work, other nations would be seeking the same sorts of arrangements with us faster than we could conclude them.

This is the best long-range answer to communism. Communists can promise the moon but only the United States has the productive resources to deliver the goods. We have been doing some of the things already suggested under the Point Four program on a piecemeal basis for several years. But for that very reason we have not achieved the cumulative effect which we might have achieved, had we done the whole job with completeness at one time, nation by nation. The whole of anything is always more than the sum of its separate parts.

ON THE government side we have already sent a good many technical missions abroad. We have extended some credits which have a chance of repayment, and we have engaged in some modest stockpiling of strategic materials. We have concluded some commercial treaties, the best of which was with Italy. But even this treaty did not come to grips with the crucial problem of currency convertibility.

None of these government actions has been openly conditioned upon the kind of opportunity for United States competitive enterprise in other countries which our government gives the business firms of those same countries here in the United States. None of it has faced our necessity as a creditor nation to have foreign areas open to us for private investment and industrial expansion. Consequently, there has not been an earnest effort in most other countries to improve the

climate for private investment within their borders.

Nevertheless there are some foretastes of what Point Four might be like insofar as American private investment in other countries is concerned. Those who have been critical of the past activities of American companies operating in foreign lands—and often with good reason—would be surprised if they could go abroad today and see what some leading American concerns are doing for people in other countries.

The oil companies of this country, for example, have large investments throughout the world, with heavy ones concentrated in Venezuela and the Middle East. The net effect of these at a business level has been to give a good return to American stockholders *and* to bring a stream of dollars to the countries in which the petroleum was found. Venezuela, for example, has no external debt. Her government gets roughly half the profits of the oil companies operating within her borders. Her greatest natural resource was of no value to her until it was developed. Now it is her greatest source of revenue.

More importantly, the citizens of Venezuela have had a large number of opportunities opened up to them as a result of these investments. Creole Petroleum Corporation has made enormous progress in this direction in one short generation. Workers have become foremen and foremen have become managers. Young men have been trained to handle the most technical jobs.

Numerous small businesses serving the oil companies have been started by the nationals of the country. Wages have gone up sharply, and better housing has come in. A quality of medical service and a level of schooling have been introduced which were previously unknown. This is partnership capitalism at work—and working well.

In the merchandising field, Sears Roebuck has established several large stores in Latin American countries. Prices to the consumer have been reduced and the wages paid to store employees have risen. Various employee security benefits which were previously unknown to those who worked in stores in these countries have been established.

Much of the merchandise which was first supplied from the United States is now being

supplied from local sources. Sears has often acted to bring American manufacturers and foreign manufacturers together in partnerships to produce these goods. It has partially underwritten the success of these joint undertakings by agreeing to take part of the output. When it started its Mexico City store, 90 per cent of the merchandise came from the United States; 80 per cent of it now comes from Mexican sources.

In the manufacturing field, International General Electric Company has done an outstanding job of practicing "partnership capitalism." Most of its foreign investments are joint undertakings. One of the most significant things about them is the large amount of technical know-how which has flowed from these foreign plants to the United States. I.G.E. has made Point Four work for thirty years on a *two-way* street.

In the agricultural field, the United Fruit Company has done a really outstanding job of producing fruits in the Caribbean area which are marketed chiefly in the United States. Wages on the United Fruit plantations are considerably above those in the surrounding areas. Food prices have been subsidized at plantation stores to keep them close to pre-war levels.

The workers and their families enjoy a degree of medical care, educational opportunity, and improved housing which represents very real progress for people in the countries where "La Frutera" operates. United Fruit is making money all right, but if it weren't it couldn't afford to give its workers a standard of living several hundred per cent above the levels that exist in the same countries for other workers.

Its agricultural school in Honduras for 150 boys from the Caribbean countries is one of the most exciting places I have ever visited. The purpose of the school is to develop knowledge about diversified agriculture in the tropics. For three years the youngsters study everything except the culture of bananas—which is the backbone of United Fruit Company's business. This investment in the growing competence of young men ought to pay good dividends. The Caribbean is one of the great frontiers still left on the planet and it's going to need leadership in the decades ahead.

I feel that the contribution toward better living standards abroad which a number of

American companies are making, is heartening. However, much still remains to be done. The opportunities for local participation have only been scratched. We must dig deeper and work more closely with the nationals of other countries so that they can make their maximum contribution to industrialization within their borders.

V

WORLD recovery requires more of this kind of private activity and fewer doles from the United States Treasury. It also requires closer co-operation between business and government here in our own country. If Point Four is to succeed, American business will need fair but more vigorous diplomatic support from our State Department than it has received in the past.

We have more to contribute to other countries than capital and technical skills. We also have a "spirit" to contribute: our enthusiasm for putting machines to work for us; our belief that *any* individual should be able to climb to the top and that he should have every chance to do so; the way in which we use mass production and mass distribution to raise living standards; the way we count on high volume rather than high mark-ups for our total profits; our belief that decent wages mean broader markets for our products. (This is rank heresy in many foreign countries where 40 per cent returns on capital are not uncommon and where low wages are often considered a "competitive advantage.")

It's also our faith in *competition*. Neither labor nor management in most countries shares this faith. Their business men prefer cartels to "price-cutting" and their labor leaders are afraid that improved machinery will throw the workers out of their jobs. Competitive enterprise, as we know it here in America, has never been *tried* in much of the world.

Changing attitudes is a tougher job than building factories, but it's worth trying. There are sound economic reasons why an intelligent Point Four program could be developed to the advantage of people in many countries. But there are real *psychological* obstacles which will make it very difficult to reach this goal. They have to be faced.

Here at home, one of our chief psycho-

logical hurdles lies in the fact that so few of us have ever made our bread and butter out of foreign trade or foreign investment. We have made some progress in the past ten years, but we have a long, long way to go. Our frontier love of adventure in far places needs to be re-kindled.

Another hurdle lies in the fact that we take fright much too easily when some one calls us naughty names like "Yankee imperialists." We have not yet accepted the role of being bankers for the non-communist world as part of our every-day thinking. Events thrust this leadership into our lives. Not having sought it, we don't yet know what to do with it. I suppose better than half of us wish it had never happened. We haven't thought through all we can contribute to people abroad while making a profit for ourselves in the bargain.

Finally, we must get over our hesitancy to take goods from other countries in volume. If the rest of the world would make it profitable for us to build plants in other countries, this would give us a selfish reason for being more free-trade-minded. The deeper our roots go in the rest of the world, the more we shall act like citizens of the world.

VI

THERE are also some real psychological hurdles to be overcome in other nations. Excessive nationalism is certainly the most deadly of all. We have our share of it here in the United States, but that doesn't keep it from being one of the few truly evil forces on this planet. In addition to the normal concern in other countries with our overwhelming economic strength and the fear that we may use it to dominate other peoples, there are also some pressure-group concerns about any intimate business association with us.

Many groups at the top in other nations hide under the canopy of excessive nationalism—business men who are afraid of our competition and landowners who feel that they must have large pools of cheap labor. They talk about "dollar imperialism" but what they really mean is that they don't want any large-scale economic development with its emerging middle class in their countries.

Then, there are politicians in other nations who are being kept in power by United

States cash which they are now handing out to the citizens of their own lands, and who would scream loudly about "interference with sovereignty" if the flow of government grants from us were to taper off and we began to talk about a fairer break for American business in their countries.

There are also privileged groups in some foreign nations, not in government but close to top people in government, who stand to profit by a climate which discriminates against American private investment in their countries. This climate of discrimination enables them to act as middlemen to "fix things up." Naturally, they aren't going to accept a program on its merits that might break up their little playhouses.

These efforts of privileged groups to protect themselves are part of the frailty of human nature in all countries, including our own. We'll get further if we keep our sense of humor about them and don't take the name-calling too seriously. What we should take seriously is the genuineness of our desire to build a partnership capitalism on an international basis. Are we going to build a better world *with* other peoples or are we planning to do things *to* them? That's going to be the key question abroad for a long time to come.

There are also psychological hurdles to the implementation of Point Four which spring from the people themselves in other countries. They know by instinct that science can raise their living standards. What they do not realize is that this takes time; that people have to work hard and learn new skills and save a lot for investment in plant and new machinery before these higher standards can be achieved; that expanded welfare services cannot be had for long simply by passing a few laws, but that it takes enormous production to support these programs; and that social welfare services are the result of economic development, not its cause.

PERHAPS the most valid psychological hurdle to the implementation of Point Four in other countries is the mistrust of our American culture. Other peoples know that it produces high living standards with a large amount of personal freedom. But they know that it also produces high divorce rates, tawdry entertainment, and stomach ulcers. They see the tensions which keep us in a con-

stant hurry and they find them unattractive. We Americans must realize that what we have to offer is not an unmixed blessing; that we must not try to force our American way of life on peoples who don't want it; and that we have much to learn as well as much to offer.

The hurdles we have been considering are real hurdles and the job we've been talking about is a very long-term assignment. But suppose we don't get on with it in our mutual self-interest? What's the alternative? Probably the Communists will pick us off nation by nation until in desperation what's left of the Western world will turn to atomic war rather than risk slavery in a police state.

By moving boldly to make a Point Four program work, we should be able to transfer an increasing part of the cost of foreign development from government to private shoulders. We should be able to increase the relative strength of the West as compared with the Soviet sphere. We can even hope that a strong Western world will ultimately become a magnet to draw some of the countries in the Soviet orbit closer to us. No matter what we think of the Kremlin we should not close our hearts to the Russian people.

One World is only a dream in 1949, but who is wise enough to say that the dream will never be realized?

By broadening the area of industrial expansion beyond our own borders we shall increase the markets for our heavy goods industries. A search for more customers is nothing that needs to be hidden. Customers are essential to our prosperity and our prosperity is the hope of the world. There can be no international stability without it.

More importantly, we shall be working with the *citizens* of other countries to increase production and therefore the living standards of *people*. They will be learning new skills, both with their hands and with their heads. There will be many partnership arrangements between our business men and those of other countries. There will be a helpful exchange of ideas between our labor leaders and those of other nations.

These closer working associations of a mutually satisfactory nature can furnish "the tie that binds." To move in this direction is to take the offensive against communism rather than trying to "contain it." And it's still true that the offensive always wins. In any competition for improving the lot of people, we've got what it takes for victory.

Norway Harbor

STEPHEN DUNN

THE skerries deny the great sea. Gull and goose
Wander perplexed in calm—winds slow, clouds loose.
Pastures gentle to water. And the bay,
Neat-shaped as cut with chisel, prisons day
Over its surface, pressed light within walls
Black with absence of sun. The spent sail falls,
Empty of travel. The raised oar lies along
The splintered gunwale.

Breeze-breath in ear's a song,
Now rustle against boat's side, cry from shore,
Now silence, poised and waiting, like the core
Of brown rock barring breakers, now no sound.
Clouds shape like high harps humming, winds flow round.
Winds shape like running water. Pastures slide
Smoothly to darkness.

Fall, oars; hurry, hide.

The Hoarded Island

Clark Sherman Parker



BEFORE the war, for most Americans, New Guinea was merely an unfamiliar name on the map. Today it suggests fantastic jungles, fierce tropical storms, miles of savage mud and swampland, the impassible Owen Stanley Mountains, and courageous, bushy-headed natives. But in a world currently alarmed by dwindling resources and a rapidly expanding population, the big, dinosaur-shaped island perched above Australia has a little-known significance: it is one of the few remaining storehouses of untapped natural wealth.

Directly to the north, in Asia, millions die annually from a universal food shortage. On New Guinea less than twenty thousand European and Australian settlers plus a million and a half natives inhabit a region one and a half times the size of France, with agricultural sections so lush that rare orchids and garden flowers grow like weeds in soil that supports crops as varied as peaches, sugar cane, maize, pineapples, potatoes, and tea. In addition, New Guinea has sizable deposits of important minerals, especially gold; perhaps the largest deposits of virgin oil in the world; and countless millions of feet of high-grade timber.

Both geographical and political complications have kept New Guinea undeveloped. Many of its resources are concentrated on the central plateau, which was not discovered

until 1932 and which is cut off from the coast in all directions by miles of swamp and jungle and by row upon row of steep, thickly covered, twelve-thousand-foot mountains. Until the air age, transportation to the interior was so difficult that up-country natives were able to shout from village to village, giving notice of the approach of a party who would take several days to cover the short distance between settlements. Despite these drawbacks, millions of land-starved Asiatics might have been eager to migrate to New Guinea during the past thirty years if the region had not been barred to them by the terms of the White Australia Policy. And here the political considerations, under which New Guinea operates, come in.

Politically the island has always been a liability to Pacific peace. It is close enough to Australia to be a focal point of Australian security, and at the same time close enough to Asia to offer a constant temptation for widespread immigration. Its western half belongs to the Netherlands East Indies. Its eastern, and richer, half is divided into Papua and the Territory of New Guinea. Papua (derived from *Pua Pua*, Malayan for "frizzy heads") was British from 1884 until 1906, when it became Australia's responsibility. The Territory of New Guinea, to the northeast, was originally part of the German Colonial Empire. Australia took it over in 1914 and retained it, after a bitter struggle against

Clark Sherman Parker, a 29-year-old Australian, traveled all over Southeast Asia before the war, did intelligence work with the Australian Army, is now a free lance and student of Pacific affairs.

Japanese claims, under a League of Nations mandate.

Australia, occupied with unlimited resources nearer home, has not until recently been interested in fully developing New Guinea's potential. But she has been sufficiently wary of Japan's persistent ambition for "living space," which goes back beyond 1900, to invoke the White Australia Policy under which New Guinea, like the rest of Australian-mandated territory, is open to approved Europeans but closed to Asiatics.

This is a policy for which, upon occasion, Australia has fought. At Versailles, an equality clause to permit Japan freedom of movement in the Pacific was defeated mainly by Australia, with a blunt demand that the White Australia Policy be applied to all territory south of the equator and east of the Dutch New Guinea border. When President Wilson suggested a compromise, the Australian delegate, ex-Prime Minister "Billy" Hughes, threatened to walk out of the conference.

"Mr. Hughes," inquired Wilson, "am I to understand that if the whole civilized world asked Australia to agree to a mandate in respect to these islands, Australia is still prepared to defy the appeal of the whole civilized world?"

"That's about the size of it," Hughes replied.

Twenty years later, he reminded Japan: "New Guinea is the one tangible thing that came out of the war for Australia. We paid a fearful price for New Guinea—sixty thousand lives. What we have we will hold. It is not from the economic value that New Guinea is most precious to us, but from its strategic value. Australia could never be safe if there were airdromes within bombing distance of our great cities."

Nevertheless, Japan continued with emigration propaganda and attempts to get the policy revoked straight up until 1941. At one time the return of New Guinea Territory to Germany as a peace bribe was given serious consideration in Great Britain. Australia's answer was an emphatic No.

HOWEVER, while Australia has prevented any non-white migration to New Guinea, her treatment of the natives who are already there has been constructive,

and has carried the island a long way forward from the bad old days of the late nineteenth century, when every second schooner was a "blackbirder" looking for human cargo for slave labor in the sugar-cane fields of northern Queensland. The German colony was then under charter to a German combine known as the New Guinea Company, which was the first to recognize the possibilities. No doubt, if it had remained in charge, New Guinea would have rivaled the Netherlands East Indies for trade; coconut plantations were valued at eleven million marks. But even in an age when ill-treatment of natives was a commonplace the New Guinea Company had few peers in human exploitation. Conditions became so bad that finally in 1899 the German Imperial government intervened with a formal charge of maladministration.

At about the same period, a vogue in women's hats paid dubious homage to New Guinea's bird life and high dividends to a motley collection of internationals called plume traders. New Guinea natives had been using bird-of-paradise plumes in ceremonial headdresses for centuries without endangering the future of the species. But during the white man's open season millions of the birds were slaughtered indiscriminately. Fortunately only fully grown male birds had any real value or the breed would have been wiped out.

While it lasted, plume trading was big business. The vivid sunset plumes of the paradise myna and the nuptial plumes of the river heron were worth up to twice their weight in gold, and dealers got close to \$400 a pound for Osprey feathers—a clever trade name for the delicate plumage of the snow-white river heron or egret. Eventually women's fashions changed and plume trading died out. But in case the "old look" in hats is ever revived, there are now local protection laws, supplemented by the British Importation of Plumage Act.

Under Australian administration such types of exploitation have ceased and native welfare has been democratically handled. Much of the credit for this latter step belongs to Sir Hubert Plunkett Murray, K.C.M.G., a man as legendary on New Guinea as Lawrence in Arabia. Sir Hubert, an Oxonian, swordsman, and boxer, came to the island as a justice after the Boer War and remained

as Administrator of Papua for thirty-three years. He died at Samarai in 1940 at the age of seventy-nine and is buried under a frangipani tree at Port Moresby.

Sir Hubert's motto, "Papua for the Papuans," set an example in native administration long before British justice penetrated Africa. New Guineans still talk of his courage and endurance on expeditions to remote corners of the territory, and of the uncanny influence he exercised wherever he went. He was a sentimentalist who never overlooked the most trivial grievance, yet he maintained authority. He himself used to say that the greatest tribute he ever received was an answer given him by a savage tribesman on trial for a criminal offense. After hearing the man outline his case Sir Hubert demanded firmly, "Are you telling the truth?"

"*Taubada*," answered the tribesman, "no good I lie to you. You no bloody fool."

SINCE the war, which projected New Guinea into the modern world by such innovations as widespread air transport, bulldozers, and free use of DDT to stamp out fever, Australia's prime concern has been to put the island on the Pacific map as a model of rehabilitation. Government policy is opposed

to any alienation of lands, whether by Europeans or Asiatics, without adequate regard for the natives' future and compensation. With this in mind, provision was recently made for an administrative union of Papua and the Territory of New Guinea, similar to the one made by the British in Africa which joined Tanganyika with Kenya and Uganda. Since Papua is Australian and the territory of New Guinea a trust territory now under UN supervision, several members of the UN Trusteeship Council—notably the Soviet Union, the Eastern European countries, the Arab states, China, and India—protested the merger strongly on the grounds that it was a purely strategic move and might be regarded as old-style imperialism under a new phraseology. This drew from Australia a pledge that the Territory of New Guinea would not be annexed, or its present trust status altered in any way.

And, contrary to the fears of the Trusteeship Council, the present New Guinea administration aims solely at native betterment and includes native representation in the Legislative Council of the joint territories. Thus far this has been limited to government-appointed nominees, but eventually the New Guineans will vote in their own candidates.



The problem of raising a million and a half backward people, almost all of whom are still naked or in loincloths and some of whom were recently head-hunters, to a civilized standard of living is a serious one, and External Territories Minister E. J. Ward has estimated that it is too big a job to be completed in one generation.

"But," he adds, "we've made an interesting start."

An army of doctors, teachers, and officials for New Guinea has been specially trained at Sydney's School of Pacific Administration. These men have instructions not to interfere directly with the general culture unless the practices come within criminal law, but they are gradually broadening the Papuan's idea of ideal living which, until a short time ago, was to loll around on grass mats chewing a mixture of betel nuts and quicklime while the women did the necessary work. (The Papuans even have a word for this: *Limlimbur*, which means anything opposed to physical exertion.)

The administrators are slightly handicapped by the fact that during the war many natives made New Guinea-size fortunes out of souvenirs and GI gullibility. These new "millionaires" are now content to drive around in war-surplus jeeps or take air-taxi rides to visit less fortunate relatives in the interior, and in general to live primitively but well on their wartime earnings. If they do any work at all they are apt to demand a white man's wages with no guarantee whatever of skill or efficiency. On the other hand, groups of more enterprising natives have shown remarkable initiative in banding together to run plantations, stores, and sawmills co-operatively. These natives have been taught modern agriculture and commercial methods and supplied with seed and machinery. Some of their coffee, timber, and rice are already on the market, and steady advances are being reported from native-owned and controlled fishing, cocoa, and tea industries.

Native mechanics, carpenters, bookbinders, and printers are also being trained and have been promised equal pay with white workers as soon as they have equal skill. And even unskilled labor now has pay protection. Under the old indenture system of acquiring labor, which was much abused by the Germans in the early years of the century, planters could recruit workers from the

villages and retain them for three years at 85 cents a month. Today they have to pay \$2.50 a month with rations, for unskilled labor, and the maximum indenture is twelve months.

Minister Ward further hopes to wipe out pidgin English, which is approximately as hard to learn as straight English, and he has requested European residents on New Guinea to discontinue use of the jargon. He feels it is paradoxical to consult a skilled native tradesman and hear him indulge in such circumlocutions as "kai kai bullemacow" for steak, or "this-one-feller-you-push-him-he-go-you-pull-him-he-come" for a simple word like saw. But perhaps the most radical advances of the new administration have been in the training of natives as medical practitioners. This is a long step ahead from the old method of training "tul tul," or doctor boys, in the fundamentals of first aid and then hoping for the best. The doctor boys usually did a good job of dispensing castor oil, cough medicine, and iodine, but were totally at a loss when it came to arguing the advantages of hygiene with a village "Mary" who suckled a baby pig on one breast and the latest addition to the family on the other.

EVEN more dramatic and important than the raising of native civilization on New Guinea has been the belated development of the island's natural resources. Now that air-taxis land regularly on every section of the central plateau, large-scale gardening has been started there with impressive results. Then, not long ago, E. J. Hallstrom, a Sydney philanthropist, visited the area to collect birds of paradise for the Sydney zoological gardens. He was so impressed by native hospitality that he looked around for an appropriate way to repay it and noticed that, on cool evenings, as many as fifty natives huddled together in a single hut for warmth because they had no fiber to make themselves suitable clothes. As soon as he was back in Sydney, he airtailed his friends fifty sheep. In ten months their fleece was too heavy to shear, and subsequent research revealed that they would have to be shorn twice a year instead of once, thus doubling the normal quantity of wool per sheep.

Hallstrom returned to the valley with a promise of ten thousand more sheep to be

flown in from Australia on weekly consignment, donated \$100,000 to help finance the project, and agreed to pay any transportation costs over that amount.

Hallstrom's foundation is not a commercial proposition but designed merely to make the natives high up on the plateau self-supporting. However, the Australian government has been so impressed with the results that it has opened a sheep-breeding training school for New Guineans at Mount Hagen on the plateau, and sent natives back from the school to their homes with their own flocks. Experts now predict a big future on New Guinea for sheep-raising and for cattle, which have also been introduced farther down on the plateau.

The explanation of the plateau's unusual productivity is the climate, which varies from seventy to eighty degrees Fahrenheit by day, sixty to forty degrees by night, winter and summer. Every day the sun shines and almost every evening there is a shower. Frost is unknown. The whole region is a kind of incredible natural garden where wild hibiscus, bougainvillea, and poinsettias challenge giant butterflies to a display of color; birds of paradise, variegated pigeons, raucous hornbills, and tree-climbing kangaroos fill the woods.

THE region is also laced with rivers which carry large volumes of water over relatively short distances, offering excellent opportunities for the installation of hydro-electric power plants. (According to official estimates, there is at least ten million horsepower available.) And there is gold which may lead to the industrial expansion necessary to harness this natural power.

According to an old legend, gold lies at the foot of every mountain gorge in New Guinea. Spanish discoverers, in fact, named the island *Isla del Oro*, although whether they ever actually found any gold or were simply comparing the topography to the gold-bearing mountains in Peru will never be known. In any case, one "Shark-eye" Parkes who set out in 1921 to shoot birds of paradise in the New Guinea interior washed a fortune out of the Karonga River. The inevitable "rush" that followed his discovery drew prospectors closer and closer to the center of the island and, in 1927, when an air service was set up between the goldfields and the coast, established Wau, today among the richest gold-mining towns in

the world. But progress was depressingly slow. It took three-engine, prewar Fokkers ten years to fly the necessary dredges and mine machinery in. In 1942 Australian comandos detonated the lot in less than twenty-four hours.

No one has ever discovered conclusively what happened to the bullion left lying in the dredges or locked in the bank at Wau. The Australians claim the Yanks boxed it up and shipped it home in crates labeled "souvenirs." American troops swear the Australians smuggled it out molded into tool shapes and painted black. One thing is certain: in 1942 and 1943 thousands of Allied soldiers on New Guinea were wearing heavy signet rings crudely carved from solid gold. Last year, the Australian War Damage Commission paid the Bulolo Gold Dredging Company \$140,078 as settlement for the estimated realization value of bullion on its dredges at the time of the shutdown. Larger amounts have been written off as dead loss. This year American-controlled mining interests, which have started production on New Guinea again, expect to overtake the prewar figure of 250,000 fine ounces a year. And even present estimates, experts declare, are only a nibble at the actual potential.

In timber, prospects are just as promising. Australia's recent decision to issue timber concessions on New Guinea has already attracted queries from all parts of the globe. America is interested in New Guinea walnut and mahogany; British manufacturers are anxious to secure stocks of red cedar; and Australia hopes to get sufficient pine to make up for the present dollar restrictions on imports from the United States.

New Guinea's five hundred species of timber trees range from the softest to the hardest, from building material to beautiful cabinet woods. There are trees that could be used to make rayon and masonite, another variety that provides just the right kind of substance for the soles of women's shoes. In Bulolo Valley alone there is a pure stand of two hundred million feet of pine waiting to be cut. The trees have grown straight as a gun barrel, two hundred feet high, and are especially suitable for plywood. And allowing for the fact that trees grow four times as fast on New Guinea as they do in Canada, even with considerable cutting reforestation would

assure a continuous supply of quality timber for untold years to come.

The difficulty at the moment is getting the logs to the coast and finding adequate shipping from there. One company plans to solve this by building a plywood factory in Bulolo Valley itself and air-freighting out the plywood sheets. Another coastal concessionaire has refitted a Normandy landing barge to carry two hundred thousand feet of timber per trip from Port Moresby to Australia.

NEW Guinea's potential as an oil producer has been a badly kept secret for years. As early as 1910, natural gas was found in several places, and bushmen used to stick bamboo rods in the ground, set fire to the gas as it issued from the improvised bore, and boil water for their tea. But although some minor research was carried out where oil seeped to the surface, surprisingly little effort was made until the first world war to locate it in payable quantities.

In 1914, a German freighter carrying oil-plant machinery was intercepted at Capetown on its way to New Guinea Territory (then still a German possession). Immediately after the war an Australian oil company opened negotiations with the Australian government to explore selected sites on New Guinea and to begin drilling operations. But when a favorable report was submitted in 1924, the Australian government canceled all permits and impounded the area as an oil reserve. Permits for field investigations were not granted again until 1936, when they went to another Australian company. Since then oil ordinances have been amended to enable private companies of various nations to search on an extended scale. By 1941 the permits covered ninety thousand square miles, and the Shell Oil Company alone had spent more than a million dollars on research.

Since World War II, drilling operations have been given first priority. With the political situation in Indonesia in a state of flux, sterling countries are staking their meager dollar savings on American-made drilling and mining machinery in the hope of a major oil strike on New Guinea. The six Klamono wells at the northwest tip of New Guinea, which are controlled by Dutch, American, and British oil interests, started producing last Christmas and are now turning out 4,000

barrels a day. The Australasian Petroleum Company (an affiliation of two Australian companies, Standard Vacuum of New York, and Anglo-Iranian of London), concentrating on an area in southwest Papua, is conducting an intensive oil search in that area.

NEW Guinea is now ready for unlimited expansion. Even with a minimum population there is no reason why it should not become a leading exporter of food and raw materials. Communications could be the single drawback: there are no railroads and few good roads. But the New Guineans have proved that today these are unnecessary. Every plantation on the island has its own air strip, inland settlements like the gold mining center at Wau are entirely supplied by air, and the big planes fly in provisions and fly out products with far less ado than most railroads, and far greater speed and efficiency. Some of the strips are ridiculously small and conditions are not improved by the varying altitudes at which the planes have to fly, but New Guinea air lines have an unparalleled record for safety. Living costs are increased by the cost of air service, but there is no income tax. And while a New Guinea resident may pay as much as three dollars for a bottle of airborne cow's milk from Australia, he can get a tropical fruit salad of paw paw, pineapple, banana, custard apple, strawberry mango, and granadilla free for the picking.

It is ironic that New Guinea, which could easily support a population larger than that of Java or Sumatra, is barred today to Asiatics. In spite of China's and India's objections in the UN to having the White Australia Policy apply to an area which is not part of Australia—*i.e.*, the Territory of New Guinea—the section has thus far been as closed as Papua. What the Dutch do with their half of the island, which is outside the Indonesian Republic, is their own business. But in the past the Dutch government has always respected the underlying principles of White Australia. Present pioneers, absorbed in the task of developing the fertile interior, consider New Guinea a white man's country. But regardless of who settles the island, its potentialities are a challenge that affects not only the Pacific but the Western world as well.

The Easy Chair

For the Wayward and Beguiled

by *Bernard DeVoto*

THROUGH the fifteen years of my ministry I have kept the Easy Chair almost entirely free from controversy. If I now venture into a field where no one can say anything without being violently attacked—and attacked by virtuous men who err only through ignorance, not sin—it is in austere dedication to American culture. One of the greatest of our arts is in danger. The worst is, the threat comes from schismatics and heretics within the too small band of true believers who should be of one united heart to hold our frontiers against the heathen. Error stalks the streets and disputation has brought darkness over the land. I am not one to withhold the light. I know how many enraged fanatics will jam the offices of Western Union as soon as this issue of *Harper's* hits the newsstands. But I know too that sometimes wisdom has its victories. To recall to wisdom some who have strayed from it and to discover wisdom to some who have sought but not found it, I proceed to explain the philosophy of the martini cocktail.

First we must understand what, functionally, a cocktail is. I will inquire into no man's reasons for taking a drink at any hour except 6:00 P. M. They are his affair and he has a rich variety of liquors to choose from according to his whim or need; may they reward him according to his deserts and well beyond. But when evening quickens in the street, comes a pause in the day's occupations that is known as the cocktail hour. It is the lifeward turn. The heart awakens from coma and its dyspnea ends. Its strengthening pulse is to cross over into campground, to believe that the world has not been altogether lost or, if lost, then

not altogether in vain. But it cannot make the grade alone. It needs help; it needs, my brethren, all the help it can get. It needs a wife of similar impulse and equal impatience and maybe two or three friends, but no more than two or three. These gathered together in a softly lighted room and, with them, what it needs most of all, the bounty of alcohol. Hence the cocktail. After dinner you may, if you like, spend an hour or so sipping a jigger of whiskey diluted to the tenth attenuation with soda or branch water—though at my age you have probably learned that after-dinner study or meditation will assure you a smoother morning. But at 6:00 P. M. we must have action. When we summon life to reveal forgotten benisons and give us ourselves again, we do so peremptorily. Confirm that hope, set the beacon burning, and be quick about it. So no water.

THERE are only two cocktails. The bar manuals and the women's pages of the daily press, I know, print formulas for scores of messes to which they give that honorable name. They are not cocktails, they are slops. They are fit to be drunk only in the barbarian marches and mostly are drunk there, by the barbarians. It is a fact of great sadness that, as well, a few of them are drunk by people of good-will, people fit for our fellowship. We will labor to bring them out of the darkness they wander in, but we will charitably believe that they wander there as victims of history. Our forebears were a tough people; nothing so clearly proves it as that they survived the fearful mixtures they drank. A defect of their qualities, I suspect, led them

into abomination. They had the restless mind, the instinct to experiment and make combinations that produces inventions. We got radar from that instinct, and Congress, and the Hearst press, and many other marvelous or mysterious works. And we got, four generations ago, mixtures of all the known ferments and distillates in every combination that whim, malice, or mathematics could devise. When the instinct reached an apex of genius, we must remember, it flowered into the martini. But it bequeathed us too a sore heritage of slops, and as the twentieth century came on the most ominous of these was probably the Bronx.

For the Bronx was fashionable. The gay dogs of the Murray Hill Age drank it, the boulevardiers who wore boaters with a string to the left lapel and winked at Gibson Girls as far up Fifth Avenue as 59th Street. It had the kind of cachet that Maxim's had, or Delmonico's, or say the splendid Richard Harding Davis at the Knickerbocker bar, or O. Henry in his cellar restaurant, or the bearded (or Van Dyke-ed) critics of Park Row. And the Bronx had orange juice in it. Then, swiftly, came the Plague and the rush of the barbarians in its wake, and all the juices of the orchard went into cocktails. Now, bathtub gin was not a good liquor—though, gentlemen, there have been worse and still are. But it was not bathtub gin that came close to destroying the American stomach, nervous system, and aspiration toward a subtler life. Not the gin but the fruit juices so basely mixed with it: all pestilential, all gangrenous, and all vile. A cocktail does not contain fruit juice.

In that sudden roar the word you make out is "Daiquiri." Yes, yes, I know. As a historian, I give rum its due. It gave us political freedom and Negro slavery. It got ships built and sailed, forests felled, iron smelted, and commercial freight carried from place to place by men who, if their primordial capitalist bosses had not given it to them, would have done something to get their wages raised. In both cheapness and effectiveness it proved the best liquor for Indian traders to debauch their customers with. People without taste buds can enjoy it now, though the head that follows it is enormous, and sentimentalists such as the seadogs of small sailing craft can believe they do. But mainly it is drunk as all sweet liquors are, in a regressive fantasy, a

sad hope of regaining childhood's joy at the soda fountain. No believer could drink it straight or gentled at the fastidious and hopeful hour. No one should drink it with a corrosive added, which is the formula of the Daiquiri.

There are only two cocktails. One can be described straightforwardly. It is a slug of whiskey and it is an honest drink. Those who hold by it at 6:00 P. M. offend no canon of our fellowship. Scotch, Irish, rye, bourbon at your will, but of itself alone. Whiskey and vermouth cannot meet as friends and the Manhattan is an offense against piety. With dry vermouth it is disreputable, with sweet vermouth disgusting. It signifies that the drinker, if male, has no spiritual dignity and would really prefer white mule; if female, a banana split.

To make a slug of whiskey, you pour some whiskey on some ice. (This year's fashionables are saying "whiskey on the rocks"; suffer them patiently.) It is functional; its lines are clean. Perhaps the friend for whom you make it will want two or three drops of bitters. Fine; there is no harm in bitters, so long as they are Angostura—all others are condiments for a tea-shoppe cookbook. If he wants fruit salad in it, remind him that cocktails are drunk, not eaten, but go along with him as far as a thin halfslice of orange or, better, one of lemon peel. Deny him pineapple, cherries, and such truck as you would cyanide. If he asks for sugar, tell him you put it in to begin with, and thereafter be wary in your dealings with him. For sugar means that he is backsliding and will soon cross the frontier to join the heathen, with bottles of grenadine and almond extract in his pack. But before you give a slug of whiskey to anyone be sure that it is cold. Cocktails are cold.

WITH the other cocktail we reach a fine and noble art, and we reach too the wars over the gospel that have parted brothers, wrecked marriages, and made enemies of friends. It is here that heresies bourgeon and the schismatics bay. I suppose it is natural enough. Those who seek the perfect thing must have intense natures; there are many roads for them to take, all difficult, none lighted more than fitfully. No wonder if they mistake marsh fires for light, or when they find a light believe it is the only one.

From their love comes their tirelessness to defend and praise their love—tenaciously, arrogantly, intolerantly, vindictively. We may understand how cults form with the martini as with all arts, how rituals develop, how superstitious or even sorcerous beliefs and practices betray a faith that is passionate and pure but runs easily to fanaticism. But if we understand these matters we must not be lenient toward them, for they divide the fellowship. Always remember that differences among ourselves will give arms to the heathen. Frighten a woman with a bit of ritual and you may produce a hostess who will serve Manhattans. Affront a man with cultish snobbery and you may turn him, God forbid, to rum.

For instance there is a widespread notion that women cannot make martinis, just as some islanders believe that they cast an evil spell on the tribal fishnets. This is a vagrant item of male egotism: the art of the martini is not a sex-linked character. Of men and women alike it requires only intelligence and care—oh, perhaps some additional inborn spiritual fineness, some feeling for artistic form which, if it isn't genius, will do quite as well. Or take the superstition, for I cannot dignify it as heresy, that the martini must not be shaken. Nonsense. This perfect thing is made of gin and vermouth. They are self-reliant liquors, stable, of stout heart; we do not have to treat them as if they were plover's eggs. It does not matter in the least whether you shake a martini or stir it. It does matter if splinters of ice get into the cocktail glass, and I suppose this small seed of fact is what grew into the absurdity that we must not "bruise the gin." The gin will take all that you are capable of giving it, and so will the vermouth. An old hand will probably use a simple glass pitcher, as convenient and functional; it has no top and so cannot readily be shaken. But if a friend has given you a shaker, there are bar-strainers in the world and you need have no ice-splinters in your martinis.

A martini, I repeat, is made of gin and vermouth. Dry vermouth. Besides many bad vermouths, French, Italian, and domestic, there are many good ones. With a devoted spirit keep looking for one that will go harmoniously with the gin of your choice and is dependably uniform in taste. You have found a friend: stay with it. Stay with them both,

store them in quantity lest mischance or sudden want overtake you, and in a world of change you will be able to count on your martinis from season unto season, year to year.

IT is heresies more vicious than these that make us home-loving people. We have proved our friends, but anyone else's invitation to a cocktail party or casual suggestion that we stop by for a drink may take us into a house where martinis are made of sweet vermouth or of sweet mixed with dry. It is a grievous betrayal of trust; the bottles should not even be kept on neighboring shelves, still less brought near the martini-pitcher. And, I suppose, nothing can be done with people who put olives in martinis, presumably because in some desolate childhood hour someone refused them a dill pickle and so they go through life lusting for the taste of brine. Something can be done with people who put pickled onions in: strangulation seems best. But there is a deadlier enemy to the good hour than these, the man who mixes his martinis beforehand and keeps them in the refrigerator till cocktail time. You can no more keep a martini in the refrigerator than you can keep a kiss there. The proper union of gin and vermouth is a great and sudden glory; it is one of the happiest marriages on earth, and one of the shortest-lived. The fragile tie of ecstasy is broken in a few minutes, and thereafter there can be no remarriage. The beforehander has not understood that what is left, though it was once a martini, can never be one again. He has sinned as seriously as the man who leaves some in the pitcher to drown.

A voice from the floor reminds me that there may be dire emergencies. True, though not in your own home; they usually come when some hostess whose favorite drink is green mint mixed with whipping cream asks you to make martinis. Well, if she has sweet vermouth, make the proportion practically unthinkable, say seven to one—and remind your companions that the product has a high muzzle velocity. If she has sherry you will be much better off. Govern the proportions according to its sweetness; about five to one will do if it is dry, and put a pinch of common table salt into the pitcher. These drinks are not martinis, they are only understudies, but they damn no souls. They are incomparably

better than Manhattans, marshmallows, or rum.

SOUND practice begins with ice. There must be a lot of it, much more than the catechumen dreams, so much that the gin smokes when you pour it in. A friend of mine has said it for all time; his formula ends, "and five hundred pounds of ice." Fill the pitcher with ice, whirl it till dew forms on the glass, pour out the melt, put in another handful of ice. Then as swiftly as possible pour in the gin and vermouth, at once bring the mixture as close to freezing point of alcohol as can be reached outside the laboratory, and pour out the martinis. You must be unhurried but you must work fast, for a diluted martini would be a contradiction in terms, a violation of nature's order. That is why the art requires so much ice and why the artist will never mix more than a single round at a time, counting noses.

And, I'm sorry, you are not a bartender. There are cultists whose pride is to achieve the right proportion by instinct, innate talent, the color of the mixture, or what Aunt Fanny said about born cooks. They are the extreme fanatics and would almost as soon drink an Alexander as measure out their wares. I honor a great many of them who have served me sound martinis made with what they thought of as perfected skill. I honor them—but the martinis vary from round to round, and one or another must fall short of perfected skill. Serenely accept the cultist's scorn and measure your quantities with an extra glass. There is a point where the marriage of gin and vermouth is consummated. It varies a little with the constituents, but for a gin of 95 proof and a harmonious vermouth it may be generalized as about 3.7 to one. And that is not only the proper proportion but the critical one; if you use less gin it is a marriage in name only and the name is not martini.

You get a drinkable and even pleasurable result, but not art's sunburst of imagined delight becoming real. Happily, the upper limit is not so fixed; you may make it four to one or a little more than that, which is a comfort if you cannot do fractions in your head and an assurance when you must use an unfamiliar gin. But not much more. This is the violet hour, the hour of hush and wonder, when the affections glow again and valor is reborn, when the shadows deepen magically along the edge of the forest and we believe that, if we watch carefully, at any moment we may see the unicorn. But it would not be a martini if we should see him.

So made, the martini is only one brush-stroke short of the perfect thing, and I will rebuke no one who likes to leave it there. But the final brush-stroke is a few drops of oil squeezed from lemon rind on the surface of each cocktail. Some drop the squeezed bit into the glass; I do not favor the practice and caution you to make it rind, not peel, if you do, and, of course, you will use cocktail glasses, not cups of silver or any other metal, and they will have stems so that heat will not pass from your hand to the martini. Purists chill them before the first round. If any of that round is left in the pitcher, throw it away.

The goal is purification and that will begin after the first round has been poured, so I see no need for preliminary spiritual exercises. But it is best approached with a tranquil mind, lest the necessary speed become haste. Tranquillity ought normally to come with sight of the familiar bottles. If it doesn't, feel free to hum some simple tune as you go about your preparations; it should be nostalgic but not sentimental, neither barbershop nor jazz, between the choir and the glee club. Do not whistle, for your companions are sinking into the quiet of expectation. And you need not sing, for presently there will be singing in your heart.

Social Security Poor

C. Hartley Grattan

Drawings by Paul Galdone



EVERYBODY who reads the papers is well aware of the fact that more and more the big unions are aiming to add to the wages of their members a wide variety of welfare or social security benefits, either financed by the workers and employers jointly or by the employers alone. The case of the steel workers has vividly dramatized their aim. This "social security with a union label," as A. H. Raskin of the *New York Times* has called it, is the newest and most popular wrinkle of the union leaders—running neck-and-neck with the purchasing power argument for higher wages—in their never-ending campaign to get things out of employers. In one form or another it figures in the repertory of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, John Lewis' coal miners, Murray's steel workers, Reuther's auto workers, the electrical workers, and an ever-increasing host of other labor organizations.

As I write, about 3,500,000 workers come

under the various schemes, and if the union leaders are successful in their plans, the number will jump to 5,000,000 before 1949 is out. As wage increases become harder to get, more emphasis will be placed on welfare schemes; we have already reached the point where a union will actually settle for no increase in wages at all but for security benefits alone.

The Supreme Court, by refusing to review a Circuit Court opinion that an employer could be required to enter into collective bargaining about such things, apparently put social security benefits on a par with wages as subjects of bargaining. The President's steel fact-finding board accepted this as axiomatic.

This strange spectacle of the unions forcing into existence a private social security system which parallels and—in some ways—extends the governmental schemes, at a time when the governmental schemes themselves are expanding in range of benefits and coverage, is worth a close inspection. As far as I know, it has no

Mr. Grattan, whose articles on New England in our August and September issues shed new light on that region, here turns to a timely analysis of the current American trend toward more and more "welfare benefits."

exact parallel in any other country in the world. It is an example of private enterprise on the part of the American unions! Everywhere else when the workers get excited about social security, the drive for it is directed against the government; and when the system is established and labor has a political party, the struggle for office is in part motivated by the desire to get control of the security system, to expand or liberalize it. Not so—or not exclusively so—in the United States. American unions still pressure the government, but they also aim to build a “union label” scheme as well.

II

AS THE unions force their schemes into existence, the pay which a man actually receives in cash is but part, even though the larger part, of the sum he has actually earned. On the other hand, the employer's contribution (whether the whole or part of the cost) to the particular set-up for which he has assumed responsibility is an addition to the “labor cost” of doing business which does not appear in what are usually reported as wage rates. And these “non-wage labor costs” have been rising in recent years as steeply as wage rates.

In proportion as the unions win social security schemes, their members must in some degree forego money in the pay envelope which they might otherwise have to spend as they chose. The obvious compensation for this is the benefit the scheme confers on them in the shape of health services beyond what, as individuals, they could otherwise purchase, or an old-age pension to be added to what the government scheme now supplies, or what have you. The appeal to the worker is that by foregoing a few pennies per dollar earned, he gets things which he might not otherwise have, or more abundantly than he might otherwise have them. And he is willing, also, to accept this diversion of income from his pocket to a collectivized service—he is willing to socialize part of his income—in addition to the diversion already imposed by the government to support its schemes, because he, and his union leaders, recognize that the payments and allowances and services under any government schemes, current or prospective, are likely to be entirely inadequate to maintain

standards of living anywhere near as good as those of fully employed workers. No governmental old-age pension will ever come near to retirement at full wages; retirement will always mean a drop in the living standard; and therefore union-established supplements are much to be coveted. The same reasoning applies, with variations to suit the particular facts, to other government-supplied services or security payments—even, in all likelihood, to medical services if and when they come.

By the same token, the union schemes also supplement what the workers may do for themselves as private individuals (ordinarily not too much) by way of life insurance and annuities. In fact they probably, in most cases, insofar as direct or indirect deductions from wages play a part in the cost, cause the workers to do more for themselves than they otherwise would, or could. (Really, though, we are in the dark about this, for lack of relevant information. We do not know just how the enormous rise in life insurance written in recent years affects the workers' stake in social security.)

But whether the benefits are derived wholly or partly from workers' contributions on the one hand, or from funds wholly or partly supplied by employers or the government on the other, they must in all cases be looked upon as an integral part of the reward for work done. They are not manna from heaven. They represent, for the individual, what seems to me best called a “social wage,” as distinguished from his “individual wage” (or take-home pay). The social and the individual wage are equally charges on production and equally the worker's reward for his contribution to production. The social wage cannot be granted the worker without economic consequences difficult to measure, but unquestionably profound. Increasingly it will be necessary to convey this seemingly simple point to the workers because it appears to escape them. In England, for example, the General Council of the Trade Union Congress is being urged (says the *Manchester Guardian*) “to bring home to individuals that social services are a form of corporate wages” (another term for social wages). Sooner rather than later, this idea must come home to the minds of American workers, lest they run the ball of social security far beyond any reasonable goal-line.



FROM the employer's point of view, whether he pays all or part of the cost, what he lays out is a "non-wage labor cost." Outlays for security and welfare schemes (governmental or union) are not the only non-wage labor cost, but they are the most important and as they expand they may crowd some of the others out of existence. (Other non-wage labor costs include discounts to workers on goods and services purchased from employers, lunch and supper money, Thanksgiving turkeys, Christmas bonuses, educational grants, and a host of other similar items, some of them best described as foibles of particular employers.) Even if the individual benefits look small to the employees receiving them, non-wage payments, or costs, when all added together, can mount up to sizable amounts of money.

In fact, a recent study of 203 firms by the Economic Research Department of the United States Chamber of Commerce showed that the median (or hypothetical middle) firm of this group was making non-wage payments of no less than \$389 per employee per year! The group chosen for study by the Chamber seems to have been exceptional, for it was putting some four-fifths of these payments into its non-government-enforced schemes, whereas for most employers the country over, the government schemes still constitute the chief load. But the non-wage payments made by *all* American employers taken together come to a very large total—and what is more,

they have been rising steeply. In 1929, according to Department of Commerce figures, the total non-wage payments were \$621 millions; they took a big jump in 1937 when federal social security came into operation; took another jump in 1944 when the War Labor Board ruled that non-wage payments were not subject to the wartime wage-limitation rules; and by 1948 had zoomed up to \$4,978 millions—almost exactly eight times the 1929 total. And meanwhile "employer contributions to *private* pension and welfare funds" had also been skyrocketing, from \$128 millions in 1929 to \$1,102 millions in 1948. Unfortunately the Department of Commerce national income study does not give figures for *employee* contributions to private schemes, only to the governmental ones. But for the latter these likewise leaped, from a mere \$142 million in 1929 to \$2,145 million in 1948. There you have a benchmark for the rise of the welfare state in America.

The big point here is that the coming of the government social security system has resulted, not in the fading away of private schemes, but in their rapid expansion. Today it is correct to say that the nation is supporting a dual social security system, private ("union label" increasingly) and governmental, both parts of which are rapidly growing. And if the Chamber of Commerce figures are any indication, the time may yet come when the private schemes may much more nearly rival the government's in costliness, and even exceed them in certain large segments of industry. Indeed, in New York State the Mailler-Condon law, which becomes operative on January 1, 1950, will help keep the ball rolling in its own peculiar way, for it provides that all employers of four or more workers will be required to provide protection against disabling *non-occupational* sickness and accidents, either through private insurance or the State Workmen's Compensation Board. Similar laws are already in force in New Jersey, California, and Rhode Island. Whether such schemes are to be called public or private depends on where the employer makes his contract for the insurance. Even where no such law exists, concerns of all sizes are urged even by their most conservative advisers to establish pension plans at least. Where, one may well ask, are we going with our social security?

III

THE idea that an employer should take responsibility for the well-being of his employees over and beyond the wages he pays them and the conditions of work in the factory or office is very old. Known as "welfare work" in the old days and now pretty much absorbed into what is called "personnel administration," it traces back to the idea of "scientific meliorism" entertained by writers like John Stuart Mill. This sort of thing has been part and parcel of the American scene since Francis Cabot Lowell and Nathan Appleton introduced welfare work into their mills at Lowell, Massachusetts, in the early nineteenth century. Private, or employer, welfare work of this general kind has traditionally provided the background—or perhaps, better, the experimental ground—for government social legislation. The private employers pioneered the schemes, then they were taken over by the state and were applied to all workers. Early in the story the trade unions also took up welfare work in their own special ways as a method of holding the loyalty of their members. Their activities, too, are at least a century old. And they, also, provided a background for governmental efforts to handle the same problems on a comprehensive basis.

When federal social security schemes came into existence under Franklin Roosevelt it was a reasonable supposition that all those existing private schemes which paralleled or duplicated the new public schemes would slowly fade away. It has not worked out that way because, in the first place, it was soon discovered that the benefits the government proposed to pay were easy to call "inadequate" (particularly for the better paid workers) and therefore it was reasonable to want to supplement them. Moreover, there were fields which the government did not enter, notably the field of medical care, in which private schemes could continue to pioneer.

But probably neither of these impulses would have carried the schemes to their present and likely pitch of elaboration had not a phase of wage controls in wartime opened the door to the use of non-wage benefits to increase the reward of labor without increasing the actual "take-home" pay. Because under the Little Steel formula of the

National War Labor Board, severe limitations were placed on wage increases, the unions sought social security benefits instead. The Board ruled them "not wage adjustments within the meaning of the wage stabilization program." This brought such benefits under collective bargaining; and where it will all end is anybody's guess. The action of the steel fact-finding board in recommending non-contributory pensions—pensions wholly paid for by the employer and therefore representing a 100 per cent gain for the workers—has contributed more heat than light to the question.

It is now clear that far from promising to fade away as federal and federal-state schemes advance, private schemes, increasingly under union sponsorship, are likely to be maintained and expanded. No matter how the accumulated funds may be administered to conform to legal requirements, the unions get the credit. They are "their" schemes. There is small prospect that the governmental schemes will ever catch up to the levels of benefits the unions establish, or achieve exactly the same coverage. Today, for example, John Lewis is pensioning his miners at \$150 a month—a rate, by the way, considered eminently suitable for a small business or professional man through annuities just before the war; Reuther asks \$100 for his auto workers, and Murray the same for his steel workers. If the government ever matches these figures, then the unions will undoubtedly go higher, and so on *ad infinitum*. The same reasoning applies to medical benefits. There will always be additional services the unions can supply their members, no matter what the government offers, you may be sure. The government will never catch up. A dual system of





social security promises to be a permanent fixture of American life.

It will, of course, be an unfair system. As it is developing, the "union label" system is creating a new aristocracy of labor within the body of labor and even within the body of unionized workers. Assuming that 5,000,000 union workers are covered by the end of 1949, that will be something around a third of all union members and a still smaller proportion of all workers, say one-thirteenth. The governmental schemes also fall short of complete coverage, but not as short as that. The "union label" system promises to create a body of privileged characters.

IV

WHO pays for all this? Insofar as the workers pay part as a deduction from wages, it is a special direct tax which they bear, a diversion of purchasing power voluntarily accepted. Insofar as the employers pay part or all of the cost, their contributions have a price-raising effect and the heft of the cost ultimately falls on the consumers—which means you and me and the file clerk and the janitor, and also the coal miner and steel worker. The effect is somewhat like that of a sales tax. What is of interest to consumers who do not happen also to be workers in industries benefiting by the "union label" schemes, is that they help pay for the schemes in higher prices for the products of those industries. Such consumers include unionized and un-unionized workers not strategically placed to win their own schemes by collective bargaining. The aristocracy of union labor

thus levies toll for its privileges on its fellow unionists and the general consuming public alike. Nor are the benefiting workers much concerned about this—the general interest is ignored. "These things don't cost the operators anything," the miners are quoted as saying. "They pass it all off on the consumers."

This whole performance is part of the drive for the redistribution of income in favor of the "poor" which is sweeping the democratic world. When the social services are used by the government to accomplish this on a nation-wide basis, there is a certain ethical appeal about the business which ordinarily stills all but technical criticism. But can the same attitude be taken toward the "union label" schemes which benefit only those groups which happen to be strategically placed to wrest advantages for themselves? The unions concerned are using social security—and the widespread favorable opinion of it—to achieve special privileges for a minority. This result runs directly counter to the idea of equality with which social security has traditionally been identified and to which American labor traditionally—both consciously and unconsciously—has appeared also to give allegiance. This paradox needs to be explained.

WORSE still, from a national standpoint, the popping up of "union label" social security schemes all over the place, with benefits far above comparable government allowances (where such exist at all) introduces an element of confusion into the social security picture which may cause serious trouble. It is very important for us to know just how much of the national income is going into social security. What we can afford to spend on social services depends upon total national production; it is certain that too much of our income can be diverted to their support, which will depress production—a situation which is causing trouble today in the United Kingdom—but how are we to know where we are if we have a dual system, the "union label" portion of which is unequally spread over our industries?

Some industries may become overburdened with social security costs—often the strategic industries of the economy—while others will not yet carry their proportionate load. Theo-

retically the government should even out the costs and keep them within bounds, but how can it do so if it has absolutely no control over developments in the private, or "union label," sector?

The effect of employer social security contributions on prices (and therefore on consumers) I have already noted. As the "union label" schemes are usually found in industries whose prices are of strategic importance in the economy—like coal and steel—the appearance of a new fixed element in these prices is something worth closer study than has yet been given. The rigidity of prices is becoming a headache—even the believers in "floors" are looking for flexible floors—and it should not escape notice that the struggle for security is a prime contributor to rigidity. How rigid can the price structure become without canceling out the gains in security which are won?

There are other perplexing questions to be faced. What effect will all these schemes have on savings and investment? Good, as the Keynesians will probably allege, for they lead to more purchasing in the end—as benefits are paid? Or bad, as will be claimed by those who feel that heavy capital investments are necessary to economic health, and who

wonder where the capital is going to come from if savings are diverted to other uses? But the larger question is the one which until the other day, when British experience gave them pause, was largely ignored by enthusiasts for social security. *How big a social security bill can the nation safely carry and still have ample flexibility left to maintain, and increase, its total volume of production—or national income?*

That is a point on which we need all the light that the most expertly organized studies by the ablest economists can shed, particularly because of the rise of the "union label" systems; for they set up very high standards which, if imposed on the nation as a whole, either by pressure or imitation, might result in a burden on the national income which would be insupportable.

People who try to carry an excessive amount of insurance are often said ironically to be making themselves "insurance poor." Perhaps a nation, bowing unthinkingly to a very admirable humanitarian appeal, can become social security poor. The uncomfortable fact today is that nobody can be sure that we in America are not moving rapidly toward this unhappy fate.



Suburbia: Of Thee I Sing

Phyllis McGinley

TWENTY miles east of New York City as the New Haven Railroad flies sits a village I shall call Spruce Manor. The Boston Post Road, there, for the length of two blocks, becomes Main Street and on one side of that thundering thoroughfare are the grocery stores and the drug stores and the Village Spa where teen-agers gather of an afternoon to drink their cokes and speak their curious confidences. There one finds the shoe repairers and the dry cleaners and the second-hand stores which sell "antiques" and the stationery stores which dispense comic books to ten-year-olds and greeting cards and lending library masterpieces to their mothers. On the opposite side stand the bank, the Fire House, the Public Library. The rest of this town of perhaps four or five thousand people lies to the south and is bounded largely by Long Island Sound, curving protectively on three borders. The movie theater (dedicated to the showing of second-run, single-feature pictures) and the grade schools lie north, beyond the Post Road, and that is a source of worry to Spruce Manorites. They are always a little uneasy about the children, crossing, perhaps, before the lights are safely green. However, two excellent policemen—Mr. Crowley and Mr. Lang—station themselves at the intersections four times a day and so far there have been no accidents.

Spruce Manor in the spring and summer

and fall is a pretty town, full of gardens and old elms. (There are few spruces but the village Council is considering planting a few on the station plaza, out of sheer patriotism.) In the winter, the houses reveal themselves as comfortable, well-kept, architecturally insignificant. Then one can see the town for what it is and has been since it left off being farm and woodland some sixty years ago—the epitome of Suburbia, not the country and certainly not the city. It is a commuter's town, the living center of a web which unrolls each morning as the men swing aboard the locals, and contracts again in the evening when they return. By day, with even the children pent in schools, it is a village of women. They trundle mobile baskets at the A & P, they sit under driers at the hairdressers, they sweep their porches and set out bulbs and stitch up slip-covers. Only on weekends does it become heterogeneous and lively, the parking places difficult to find.

Spruce Manor has no country club of its own, though devoted golfers have their choice of two or three not far away. It does have a small yacht club and a beach which can be used by anyone who rents or owns a house here. The village supports a little park with playground equipment and a counselor, where children, unattended by parents, can spend summer days if they have no more pressing engagements.

Phyllis McGinley, one of our leading writers of light verse, is sincere in her praise of the suburbs. She has lived in "Spruce Manor" for some years now with her husband and two daughters.

It is a town not wholly without traditions. Residents will point out the two-hundred-year-old Manor house, now a minor museum; and in the autumn they line the streets on a scheduled evening to watch the Volunteer Firemen parade. That is a fine occasion, with so many heads of households marching in their red blouses and white gloves, some with flaming helmets, some swinging lanterns, most of them genially out of step. There is a bigger parade on Memorial Day with more marchers than watchers and with the Catholic priest, the rabbi, and the Protestant ministers each delivering a short prayer when the paraders gather near the War Memorial. On the whole, however, outside of contributing generously to the Community Chest, Manorites are not addicted to municipal get-togethers.

NO ONE is very poor here and not many families rich enough to be awesome. In fact, there is not much to distinguish Spruce Manor from any other of a thousand suburbs outside of New York City or San Francisco or Detroit or Chicago or even Stockholm, for that matter. Except for one thing. For some reason, Spruce Manor has become a sort of symbol to writers and reporters familiar only with its name or trivial aspects. It has become a symbol of all that is middle-class in the worst sense, of settled-downness or rootlessness, according to what the writer is trying to prove; of smug and prosperous mediocrity—or even, in more lurid novels, of lechery at the country club and Sunday morning hangovers.

To condemn Suburbia has long been a literary cliché, anyhow. I have yet to read a book in which the suburban life was pictured as the good life or the commuter as a sympathetic figure. He is nearly as much a stock character as the old stage Irishman: the man who “spends his life riding to and from his wife,” the eternal Babbitt who knows all about Buicks and nothing about Picasso, whose sanctuary is the club locker room, whose ideas spring ready-made from the illiberal newspapers. His wife plays politics at the P. T. A. and keeps up with the Joneses. Or—if the scene is more gilded and less respectable—the commuter is the high-powered advertising executive with a station wagon and an eye for the ladies, his wife a restless baggage given to too many cocktails in the afternoon.

These clichés I challenge. I have lived in the country, I have lived in the city. I have lived in an average Middle Western small town. But for the best eleven years of my life I have lived in Suburbia and I like it.

“Compromise!” cried our friends when we came here from an expensive, inconvenient, moderately fashionable tenement in Manhattan. It was the period in our lives when everyone was moving somewhere. Farther uptown, farther downtown, across town to Sutton Place, to a half-dozen rural acres in Connecticut or New Jersey or even Vermont. But no one in our rather rarefied little group was thinking of moving to the suburbs except us. They were aghast that we could find anything appealing in the thought of a middle-class house on a middle-class street in a middle-class village full of middle-class people. That we were tired of town and hoped for children, that we couldn’t afford both a city apartment and a farm, they put down as feeble excuses. To this day they cannot understand us. You see, they read the books. They even write them.

COMPROMISE? Of course we compromise. But compromise, if not the spice of life, is its solidity. It is what makes nations great and marriages happy and Spruce Manor the pleasant place it is. As for its being middle-class, what is wrong with acknowledging one’s roots? And how free we are! Free of the city’s noise, of its ubiquitous doormen, of the soot on the windowsill and the radio in the next apartment. We have released ourselves from the seasonal hegira to the mountains or the seashore. We have only one address, one house to keep supplied with paring knives and blankets. We are free from the snows that block the countryman’s roads in winter and his electricity which always goes off in a thunderstorm. I do not insist that we are typical. There is nothing really typical about any of our friends and neighbors here, and therein lies my point. The true suburbanite needs to conform less than anyone else; much less than the gentleman farmer with his remodeled salt-box or than the determined cliff dweller with his necessity for living at the right address. In Spruce Manor all addresses are right. And since we are fairly numerous here, we need not fall back on the people nearest us for total companionship.

There is not here, as in a small city away from truly urban centers, some particular family whose codes must be ours. And we could not keep up with the Joneses even if we wanted to, for we know many Joneses and they are all quite different people leading the most various lives.

The Albert Joneses spend their weekends sailing, the Bertram Joneses cultivate their delphinium, the Clarence Joneses—Clarence being a handy man with a cello—are enthusiastic about amateur chamber music. The David Joneses dote on bridge, but neither of the Ernest Joneses understands it and they prefer staying home of an evening so that Ernest Jones can carve his witty caricatures out of pieces of old fruit wood. We admire each other's gardens, applaud each other's sailing records; we are too busy to compete. So long as our clapboards are painted and our hedges decently trimmed, we have fulfilled our community obligations. We can live as anonymously as in a city or we can call half the village by their first names.

On our half-acre or three-quarters, we can raise enough tomatoes for our salads and assassinate enough beetles to satisfy the gardening urge. Or we can buy our vegetables at the store and put the whole place to lawn without feeling that we are neglecting our property. We can have privacy and shade and the changing of the seasons and also the Joneses next door from whom to borrow a cup of sugar or a stepladder. Despite the novelists, the shadow of the Country Club rests lightly on us. Half of us wouldn't be found dead with a golf stick in our hands, and loathe Saturday dances. Few of us expect to be deliriously wealthy or world-famous or divorced. What we do expect is to pay off the mortgage and send our healthy children to good colleges.

FOR when I refer to life here, I think, of course, of living with children. Spruce Manor without children would be a paradox. The summer waters are full of them, gamboling like dolphins. The lanes are alive with them, the yards overflow with them, they possess the tennis courts and the skating pond and the vacant lots. Their roller skates wear down the asphalt and their bicycles make necessary the twenty-five mile speed limit. They converse interminably on the tele-

phones and make rich the dentist and the pediatrician. Who claims that a child and a half is the American middle-class average? A nice medium Spruce Manor family runs to four or five and we count proudly, but not with amazement, the many solid households running to six, seven, eight, nine, even up to twelve. Our houses here are big and not new, most of them, and there is a temptation to fill them up, let the *décor* fall where it may.

Besides, Spruce Manor seems designed by providence and town planning for the happiness of children. Better designed than the city; better, I say defiantly, than the country. Country mothers must be constantly arranging and contriving for their children's leisure time. There is no neighbor child next door for playmate, no school within walking distance. The ponds are dangerous to young swimmers, the woods full of poison ivy, the romantic dirt roads unsuitable for bicycles. An extra acre or two gives a fine sense of possession to an adult; it does not compensate children for the give-and-take of our village where there is always a contemporary to help swing the skipping rope or put on the catcher's mitt. Where in the country is the Friday evening dancing class or the Saturday morning movie (approved by the P. T. A.)? It is the greatest fallacy of all time that children love the country as a year-around plan. Children would take a dusty corner of Washington Square or a city sidewalk, even, in preference to the lonely sermons in stones and books in running brooks which their contemporaries cannot share.

As for the horrors of bringing up progeny in the city, for all its museums and other cultural advantages (so perfectly within reach of suburban families if they feel strongly about it), they were summed up for me one day last winter. The harried mother of one, speaking to me on the telephone just after Christmas, sighed and said, "It's been a really wonderful time for me, as vacations go. Barbara has had an engagement with a child in our apartment house every afternoon this week. I have had to take her almost nowhere." Barbara is eleven. For six of those eleven years, I realized, her mother must have dreaded Christmas vacation, not to mention spring, as a time when Barbara had to be entertained. I thought thankfully of my own daughters whom I had scarcely seen since

school closed, out with their skis and their sleds and their friends, sliding down the roped-off hill half a block away, coming in hungrily for lunch and disappearing again, hearty, amused, and safe—at least as safe as any sled-borne child can be.

SPRUCE Manor is not Eden, of course. Our taxes are higher than we like and there is always that eight-eleven in the morning to be caught and we sometimes resent the necessity of rushing from a theater to a train on a weekday evening. But the taxes pay for our really excellent schools and for our garbage collections (so that the pails of orange peels need not stand in the halls overnight as ours did in the city) and for our water supply which does not give out every dry summer as it frequently does in the country. As for the theaters—they are twenty miles away and we don't get to them more than twice a month. But neither, I think, do many of our friends in town. The eight-eleven is rather a pleasant train, too, say the husbands; it gets them to work in thirty-four minutes and they read the papers restfully on the way.

"But the suburban mind!" cry our die-hard friends in Manhattan and Connecticut. "The suburban conversation! The monotony!" They imply that they and I must scintillate or we perish. Let me anatomize Spruce Manor, for them and for the others who envision Suburbia as a congregation of mindless housewives and amoral go-getters.

From my window, now, on a June morning, I have a view. It contains neither solitary hills nor dramatic skyscrapers. But I can see my roses in bloom, and my foxglove, and an arch of trees over the lane. I think comfortably of my friends whose houses line this and other streets rather like it. Not one of them is, so far as I know, doing any of the things that suburban ladies are popularly supposed to be doing. One of them, I happen to know, has gone bowling for her health and figure, but she has already tidied up her house and arranged to be home before the boys return from school. Some, undoubtedly, are ferociously busy in the garden. One lady is on her way to Ellis Island, bearing comfort and gifts to a Polish boy—a seventeen-year-old stow-away who did slave labor in Germany and was liberated by a cousin of hers during the war—who is being held for attempting to attain the

land of which her cousin told him. The boy has been on the Island for three months. Twice a week she takes this tedious journey, meanwhile besieging courts and immigration authorities on his behalf. This lady has a large house, a part-time maid, and five children.

My friend around the corner is finishing her third novel. She writes daily from nine-thirty until two. After that her son comes back from school and she plunges into maternity; at six, she combs her pretty hair, refreshes her lipstick, and is charming to her doctor husband. The village dancing school is run by another neighbor, as it has been for twenty years. She has sent a number of ballerinas on to the theatrical world as well as having shepherded for many a successful season the white-gloved little boys and full-skirted little girls through their first social tasks.

Some of the ladies are no doubt painting their kitchens or a nursery; one of them is painting the portrait, on assignment, of a very distinguished personage. Some of them are nurses' aides and Red Cross workers and supporters of good causes. But all find time to be friends with their families and to meet the 5:32 five nights a week. They read something besides the newest historical novel, Braque is not unidentifiable to most of them, and their conversation is for the most part as agreeable as the tables they set. The tireless bridge players, the gossips, the women bored by their husbands live perhaps in our suburb, too. Let them. Our orbits need not cross.

And what of the husbands, industriously selling bonds or practicing law or editing magazines or looking through microscopes or managing offices in the city? Do they spend their evenings and their weekends in the gaudy bars of 52nd Street? Or are they the perennial householders, their lives a dreary round of taking down screens and mending drains? Well, screens they have always with them, and a man who is good around the house can spend happy hours with the plumbing even on a South Sea island. Some of them cut their own lawns and some of them try to break par and some of them sail their little boats all summer with their families for crew. Some of them are village trustees for nothing a year and some listen to symphonies and some think Milton Berle ought to be President. There is a scientist who plays wonder-

ful bebop, and an insurance salesman who has bought a big old house nearby and with his own hands is gradually tearing it apart and reshaping it nearer to his heart's desire. Some of them are passionate hedge-clippers and some read Plutarch for fun. But I do not know many—though there may be such—who either kiss their neighbors' wives behind doors or whose idea of sprightly talk is to tell you the plot of an old movie.

IT is June, now, as I have said. This afternoon my daughters will come home from school with a crowd of their peers at their heels. They will eat up the cookies and drink up the ginger ale and go down for a swim at the beach if the water is warm enough, that beach which is only three blocks away and open to all Spruce Manor. They will go unattended by me, since they have been swimming since they were four and besides there are life guards and no big waves. (Even our piece of ocean is a compromise.) Presently it will be time for us to climb into our very old Studebaker—we are not car-proud in Spruce Manor—and meet the 5:32. That evening expedition is not vitally necessary, for a bus runs straight down our principal avenue from the station to the shore, and it meets all trains. But it is an event we enjoy. There is something delightfully ritualistic about the moment when the train pulls in and the men swing off, with the less sophisticated children running squealing to meet them. The women move over from the driver's seat, surrender

the keys, and receive an absent-minded kiss. It is the sort of picture that wakes John Marquand screaming from his sleep. But, deluded people that we are, we do not realize how mediocre it all seems. We will eat our undistinguished meal, probably without even a cocktail to enliven it. We will drink our coffee at the table, not carry it into the living room; if a husband changes for dinner here it is into old and spotty trousers and more comfortable shoes. The children will then go through the regular childhood routine—complain about their homework, grumble about going to bed, and finally accomplish both ordeals. Perhaps later the Gerard Joneses will drop in. We will talk a great deal of unimportant chatter and compare notes on food prices; we will also discuss the headlines and disagree. (Some of us in the Manor are Republicans, some are Democrats, a few lean plainly leftward. There are probably anti-Semites and anti-Catholics and even anti-Americans. Most of us are merely anti-antis.) We will all have one highball and the Joneses will leave early. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow the pattern will be repeated. This is Suburbia.

But I think that some day people will look back on our little interval here, on our Spruce Manor way of life, as we now look back on the Currier and Ives kind of living, with nostalgia and respect. In a world of terrible extremes, it will stand out as the safe, important medium.

Suburbia, of thee I sing!

Some Disconnected Notes About Drawing

William M. Ivins, Jr.

AFTER fifty years of reading and listening to talk and pontification about drawing and drawings, I have at last come to the sorrowful conclusion that, if I want to understand what is said about them, I must first find out, if that is possible—and frequently I believe that it is impossible—what the speaker means when he uses the word “drawing.” If that word means something to be “vetted,” in the sense of saying what medium was used in its making, by whom it was made, or whether it represents the Castle of St. Angelo or the Tour de Nesle, then—whether or not I agree—I have little trouble in comprehending what is said, though often enough I have difficulty in understanding why it is said. But when what is said is an appreciation or “aesthetic value judgment” then I am lost entirely, unless I know a good deal about either the drawing, the person who tells me about it, or both. If I am familiar with the drawing, what anyone says to me about its aesthetic qualities tells me more about him than it does about the drawing. If I know the speaker, what he says about a drawing may conceivably, but in fact very rarely, tell me something about a drawing I am not acquainted with. My only actual chance of learning something about a drawing from conversation about it comes when I know both the speaker and the drawing very

well. For aught I know, this may be true in regard to all works of art.

By common consent, most of the conversation about drawings seems to have been canalized in well banked courses where it can run harmlessly without danger of overflowing into fields that are of aesthetic interest or significance. One of the best ways of doing this is by keeping the talk on the lower levels of complete lack of meaning. The most familiar of these ways of avoiding issues is typified by the remark that “that is a good drawing” or that “that drawing is good.” The delightful thing about these two empty phrases is that while they enable the man who uses them to have the pleasant feeling that he has delivered himself of a profound and important judgment, they also safeguard him, for in uttering them he has actually said nothing—unless he carelessly goes further and states for whom, where, and under what circumstances, the drawing has some specified quality or use. “Good” is a word that has played a great role in the history of pseudo-thought, but it is very doubtful whether, all by itself and unqualified, it has any meaning at all. Plato wrote a great deal about The Good and what was good—he may even have started the fashion for that kind of writing—but as he never defined the word or gave any lead as to what

Mr. Ivins knows how much it is necessary to know—or not to know—in order to relish and understand drawings. He was at one time the acting director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and for many years its curator of prints.

it meant, his remarks have a peculiarly high place in the literature of obfuscation. His many successors on the long path of conversation about The Good and what is good do not seem to have improved the situation. There is really no good reason to follow them, even when we talk about art.

Another way of avoiding the difficulties of talk about drawings is to give great emphasis to the "periods" in which they were made. I seem to have noticed that, as they ripen and get older, men who grow in wisdom about art and life come to the recognition that "periods" (such as "fifth century," "medieval," or "baroque") are mere bookkeeping devices, which, however much they may simplify cataloging, actually impede thought and in general make the understanding of art difficult. I believe that until pictures are thought about as manual records of emotions and perceptions, without reference to the various technical classifications of the cataloguers—whether of media or of period—any specialized study of what are called "drawings" is certain to produce only misunderstanding and foolish notions. The paying teller recognizes all the signatures, but he has no knowledge of what the checks are for. In his cage he is an expert and what he practices is *expertise*.

EXPERTISE, in the sense of the special study that leads to recognition of the authorship, place, or period, of an object, is, to a much larger extent than is usually recognized, no more than the making of unprovable assertions that happen not to be challenged. At best all it can produce is a general consensus, but it has yet to be shown that in matters of this kind a majority is right. Like many other kinds of skill and knowledge, *expertise* is extremely useful in the very restricted field of making the inventory and arranging material in pigeon holes for the future use of historians. How far its utility, let alone its authority, goes beyond that I cannot tell—for I have a rooted conviction that it is all too easily possible for a person to be both extremely expert and dependable in matters of attribution and, at the same time, to be remarkably obtuse and unreliable in understanding either the aesthetic qualities of an object or its emotional and intellectual implications. We find the situation exemplified very well in the case of the handwriting

experts who are called to testify about the authenticity of disputed documents in law suits. To them it makes no difference whether the disputed document is Keats's wash-list or a draft of the Ode on a Grecian Urn; for them all that is important is that the writing on the piece of paper is or is not in the hand of Keats. The mere fact that they "know about handwriting" does not in the least imply that they have any competence beyond that carefully restricted question. Unhappily, however, expert knowledge of the handwritings in works of art seems to have been accepted by many people as importing competence in vastly different intellectual and emotional problems. I know of few notions that have led to more pernicious errors and misunderstandings than this.

Another notion that gives me a great deal of trouble is that of "originality," a quality about which the cognoscenti of drawings and prints appear to make much ado. It seems to me that "originality" in art is very much like originality in sin, for we should always bear in mind that "original sin" is the sin, or at least the kind of sin, about which we poor mortals can do nothing at all. We can neither achieve it by taking thought, nor can we in any way avoid it. We have it simply because we are descended from Adam and Eve. In the same way, draughtsmen who are original are so no matter how much they may attempt to copy or emulate something that someone else has done before them—Dürer copying an Italian primitive, Rembrandt copying a Mogul miniature, Delacroix copying Rubens or a Greek coin, or van Gogh copying a Millet or a Gustave Doré. "Copies" and imitations made by men who have this ineradicable quality of originality are infinitely more original than "original drawings" made by men who lack it. It would be as easy as it would be unkind to mention the names of well known and highly esteemed virtuosi who, in spite of their prodigious manual skill, have been utterly devoid of this quality.

I carry my feeling about this innateness of originality so far that I believe the best way to find out how much originality a man has is to see what he can do with another man's idea. I believe it is something of this kind that explains why it is that the great masters—the most original men, that is—have always come out of long lineages of other great artists, on

whose shoulders and triumphs they stand. It is only the inferior artist who has to take care not to be influenced by other artists, not to copy or emulate them, and the man who takes this care admits his quality and ultimate rating. Sometimes we hear artists boast about their own originality, but the claim is merely the confession of something absurdly different.

To sum up my difficulties, I can only say that I know few things in the world more puzzling than drawing. I have only one feeling of certainty about drawings, which is that if people would buy and admire them for their qualities, as they perceive them honestly and naïvely out of their own knowledge of life and emotion, and would forget about the names and the pedigrees and importances attached to them, there would be far greater understanding of draughtsmanship and far

more pleasure would be found in the contemplation of its results. As it is, labels inhibit the free formation and expression of personal feelings; could they be done away with, the qualities of the drawings and honest subjective reactions to them might at last be permitted to join in a delectable partnership.

If I have written so much of these notes in the first person singular, it is because—at least to my way of thinking—that is the only way intelligible statements about the important things in drawings can be made. The one thing that validates an aesthetic judgment is the immediately personal value and quality of the voice that utters it. Just as a second-hand opinion about aesthetic qualities and values is worthless, so an “objective” or “impersonal” statement about them is always meaningless, sometimes misleading, and, not infrequently, an impertinence.

Back

WELDON KEES

MUCH cry and little wool:
I have come back
As empty-handed as I went.

Although the woods were full,
And past the track
The heavy boughs were bent

Down to my knees with fruit
Ripe for a still life, I had meant
My trip as a search for stones.

But the beaches all were bare
Except for the drying bones
Of a fish, shells, an old wool

Shirt, a rubber boot,
A strip of lemon rind.
They were not what I had in mind:

It was merely stones.
Well, the days are full.
This day at least is spent.

Much cry and little wool:
I have come back
As empty-handed as I went.



Vega

A Story by John Cheever

Drawings by Andy Warhol

VEGA SHOUIISKY was given her curious and romantic forename as the result of an unusual series of affections and circumstances that crowded into the life of her parents shortly before Vega's birth in 1932. Her parents—Ella and Stanley Shouisky—were the children of Russians who had immigrated to the United States at the turn of the century and settled in the mill village of Hiems in northern New Hampshire. Ella and Stanley were born and raised in mill tenements, and they followed their parents into the cotton mill when they finished grade school. Stanley became a loom-fixer and Ella worked as a weaver until her marriage to him in 1930. When they married, the Harvey Company, who owned the mill, offered them space in a tenement, but they refused this offer and rented a farm in the hills at the edge of town. Ella got pregnant a year after their marriage and at about this time the Harvey Company suffered critical reverses and fired many of its workers and cut the wages of those they kept on.

There was no railroad station in Hiems, no main roads touched the town, and its life was dominated by the Harvey Mill. The Harveys themselves lived in a large house outside the town. They gave stained-glass windows to the church, beds to the hospital, and books to the library; and while they were a conscientious and bounteous family, the business reverses of the thirties went beyond their understanding. They knew that the people they discharged could find no other work, but they felt that they were helpless to stop the spread of misery. The isolation of the community, the appearance of hunger and raggedness on its streets, and the large house in which the Harveys lived with their servants, made a preternaturally clear distinction between the rich and the poor, the good and the evil, the worker and the parasite; and some organizers came up from New York to take advantage of these distinctions and precipitate a strike.

Stanley Shouisky was one of the workers then kept on at the mill. This was in recognition of his industry and his intelligence, and

for these same reasons the organizers approached Stanley with an offer of leadership. They came to his house and talked with him; and their ideas, their reasoning, the thought of actively protesting the unjust hardships that seemed to lie inevitably before himself, his wife, and the life she was carrying, struck him with the force of a revelation, and he felt that he had been given a key to all the mystifying inequalities of the world he knew. Stanley took a position on the union committee, and when negotiations with the bewildered Harveys were stalemated, plans were made to call a strike in the first days of September.

Fewer than a hundred workers were employed by the Harveys then and all but twenty of these went out. Added to the picket lines were the more than two hundred workers the mill had laid off. They demonstrated at the mill gates at seven in the morning and again at four in the afternoon. The mill itself was a long brick building which had been raised before the Civil War in a spirit of profit and enlightenment. Forthright, homely, pridefully decorated with a steeple and an iron fence around its roof, it spoke bluntly across the river of the benefits of patriarchal employment. The strike began when the trees were green and the weather was fine, and went on into the winter. The sympathies of the town were divided and more than half of the tradespeople extended credit to the strikers. In the third month of the strike the Harveys began to evict the workers from the mill tenements. The Harveys' own agents set fire to one of these tenements and two of the strikers were indicted for arson and sent to Concord for trial. Unfamiliar and criminal faces began to appear on the streets, and several of the strikers, walking home from the picket line, were singled out and beaten.

This use of force brought a reporter from New York to Hiems to report on the strike for a magazine. He wrote an eloquent story of the Harveys' mendacity and the courage of the underpaid workers. The simplicity of the situation, the dark line drawn between good and evil, and the fact that this struggle went on under the wine-glass elms of a New England mountain village, had its appeal. Contributions of over five hundred dollars were sent by magazine-readers to the strike committee. The organizers decided to take advan-

tage of this flood of sympathy and planned a mass meeting. The Grange Hall was one of the few pieces of real estate in Hiems over which the Harveys did not have some kind of control and plans were made to hold the mass meeting there. Fifty sympathizers were expected to come up from New York, and student organizations at Bennington and Dartmouth Colleges had agreed to send delegations. It was winter by this time and Hiems was buried deep in snow.

The hardships under which the strikers were living then were extreme. They didn't have adequate food, their houses were cold, and their children lacked clothing or shoes to wear to school, but the thought that the eyes of the world, as the organizers put it, were recognizing the injustice of their sufferings, made their lives endurable and in some cases exciting. The hungry and ragged women decorated the Grange Hall with colored paper and offered their spare rooms to the New York delegation, most of whom, as it happened, chose to stay at the inn in Wellsford, thirty miles down the road. Late one afternoon cars with New York license plates began to appear on the streets. There was a meeting that afternoon in the Grange Hall and among the people who had come from New York were a famous artist, an opera singer, and a novelist. The New Yorkers took over the management of this meeting and arranged to send telegrams to the state Department of Labor, the state Department of Health, the Governor, the Harveys, the Secretary of Labor, the Secretary of the Interior, and the President of the United States himself. This roll-call of great titles in the rude Grange Hall excited Stanley Shouisky and he looked with astonishment at the handsome and powerful friends their protest had made for them. He and Ella were expecting one of the delegates to spend the night with them, and when the meeting ended he walked home through the miserable streets, cold and light-headed with hunger and excitement.

Ella was waiting. She was in the fifth month of her pregnancy, and because she had not had enough to eat, the child she was carrying had taxed her strength. She had scoured the three rooms they lived in, that day, in preparation for their guest. They were small and ugly rooms, lighted by a kerosene lamp. A little after dark they heard a car on

the frozen snow outside their house. Stanley went to the window. He saw the headlights of a car extinguished, and with this light still on his retina he could not make out the features of the stranger who came towards the house. He opened the door to a young man. The delegate thrust out his hand and stared so intently into Stanley's eyes that he made it seem as if this handshake were a furtive and momentous pact. "I'm Randall Newhall," he said, in an unusually deep and hoarse voice, a voice that contrasted with his slight frame. "I'm with the Dartmouth delegation. . . ." Then he went across the kitchen to the stove where Ella was working, wrung her hand, and stared at her in the same way. The fact that he went to college and drove a car made him as strange to the Shouiskys as if he had fallen into Hiems from off a star, as strange and as fascinating, and they watched him take off his ski-cap and his Mackinaw as if there were some mysterious significance in these movements. They had been waiting supper for him and as soon as he had washed at the pump they sat down. "They told me about you people at strike headquarters," Newhall said solemnly. "I'm honored to be with you."

His pompousness escaped them. They were enthralled by the aggravating notes of his voice, by his thin, sallow, and clever face, even by the way that he ate his bread. He asked them for details of the strike and he was deeply gratified by all the evidence of the Harveys' mendacity that they gave him. He told them they were heroic. The struggle they were leading was not confined to Hiems, he said. People knew about the Shouiskys in Berlin, London, Paris, Prague. Then he asked suddenly if anyone else could hear him. The Shouiskys told him that the farm was isolated. He went to the window to make sure. Then he said that he was a member of the Communist party. He returned to the table, lighted his pipe, and began. . . .

As he spoke he gestured awkwardly and broadly, like a green politician, but the undercurrent of hysteria in his voice transfixed the Shouiskys. A less simple couple might have been offended by his patronizing manner and his words, but the Shouiskys were half-strangers to the language themselves, and all of his references to the "toiling masses," to the "perfidious rainbow promises of capitalism," to "fascistization" and "chauvinism"

moved them with the power of obscure poetry. He spoke to them condescendingly; he literally aimed his voice down at them as if he were standing on the platform of some Workers' Temple—between the lectern and the battered upright piano—and they were sitting way below him on the folding chairs. "Where has this disaster come from?" he asked Stanley angrily and he shot a finger at him. "What is it that knocked the bottom out from under your feet? What will you do to help yourselves? Only the Communist party has consistently organized and led the resistance to fascistization and capitalist attacks. The party needs workers to bring light to the dark corners where the toiling millions are oppressed by hatred, despair, hunger, and war. The bloodthirsty enemies of the Communist party try to scare away the toiling workers and the toiling farmers by screaming that the Communist party is interested only in revolution. They do this in order to hide the fact that they, one and all, pursue the single policy of saving the profits of the capitalists."

He spoke of racial equality, self-criticism, and the divine authority of Leninist theory as interpreted by the Central Committee. As he spoke the lamp smoked; the room got cold. He railed until his voice broke with hoarseness and the Shouiskys, whose response to his relentless and doctrinaire harangue was physical, were exhausted. It was after midnight when they said goodnight and lighted Newhall into the freezing spare room off the kitchen. They shook hands again. Stanley couldn't speak. Standing in the cold air and the sallow lamplight, he saw a vision of the brotherhood of man. It seemed to both the Shouiskys, although they would not have said so, that they were in the presence of a saint.

THE next day was cold and the members of the delegation, coming up from the inn in Wellsford, were late for the mass meeting. The workers sat on the floor of the Grange Hall while the splendid strangers filed onto the platform. The speeches began at one and went on until three, when there was a pause for fund-raising. The response was disappointing but most of the strangers had already contributed to the original five hundred dollars. After the fund-raising ended the speeches began again, but the mood on

the platform had changed, and as the light outside the Grange Hall deepened and got blue and as the cold increased and promised the intense cold of the night that was beginning, some restiveness, something oddly like homesickness overtook the adults on the stage. They looked apprehensively at the signs of night outside the windows and began to search in their pockets and pocketbooks for timetables and to consult in whispers with one another about the chances of driving to Boston or Albany that night, very much as the guests at a funeral begin to wonder whether or not it would be unsuitable if they avoided the trip to the cemetery. Several of them left the platform during the closing speeches and their cars could be heard starting and driving off. More of them left before the meeting ended. The comings and goings of the New Yorkers were so mysterious to the people of Hiems that they were not offended by these departures, but by dark all the New Yorkers had vanished, and, with the exception of Newhall, they were never heard from again.

A few weeks after the mass meeting the Harveys closed the mill and sold the looms to a firm in Alabama. Trucks came into the town early one morning and left at night, carting away the vitals of the place. A "For Rent" sign was hung on the mill building itself. Many of the workers left Hiems and moved to the cities near Boston, but Stanley was able to get work in a lumber mill in Hiems and he stayed on. Some time after the mass meeting he received in the mail from Randall Newhall a simple textbook of revolutionary doctrine and he and Ella studied this at night. One evening in the early spring they heard a car outside their house, and when Stanley went to the window he saw Randall Newhall and a girl coming up the walk. Stanley met them at the door. Ella was in the kitchen. When she saw Newhall's sallow and intelligent face and remembered those transcendent months, she began to cry. "I wanted to come over as soon as I heard that the strike was ended," he said. "I . . ."

"It was all right," Ella said. "What could you do?"

"This is Mary LeMaire."

"How do you do," Stanley said.

"We're glad to have you here," Ella said.



Mary was a thin, dark-haired girl. Her features were coarse. "Mary and I are going to be married," Randall said. "I'm going to leave college. Mary's from White River. She comes from the working class."

They went out of the dark kitchen onto the porch and Stanley brought a chair for Ella. It was a mild evening and it had the extraordinary force of vernal mildness in a part of the country where the winters are cruel. Everything was wet. Puddles in the undrained fields reflected the sky. The men talked together. Randall was going to leave college to work. He was going to Buffalo on a project to organize the steel workers. The women talked together. Mary asked the older woman when she was going to have her child. "Next month," Ella said. "I'm frightened for this child." She covered the younger woman's hand with hers. "We are so poor."

"She'll see it," Randall said, "your child will see it, Ella. Do you realize that? She'll see everything that you and Stanley have worked for. You really haven't lost the strike at all. The resolution and the courage you people have shown—the vision—these are

things I'll always remember. You should be proud of the child you're bearing, Ella, proud and happy, and if you ever need help, if things go slower than we hope for, you get in touch with me. We'll take care of your child, won't we, Mary?"

"Sure, sweetie," Mary said.

"That's a promise," Randall said. "If you ever want help for your child write me a letter. I don't care where I am. If I'm in jail Mary will take care of it."

He spoke facing the sky. There were some clouds there of a gentle gray and where they had parted there was a piece of blue. As this faded the stars began to shine.

"What will you name the child?" Mary asked.

"We don't know."

"Name her Vega if it's a girl," Randall said. "There's Vega there in the sky. That beautiful star. Name her Vega."

"Which is Vega? Which star?"

"That one. See? There. Do you see?"

"Yes," Ella said, "yes. If we have a girl we'll name her Vega."

VEGA was born in April in one of the farmhouse bedrooms. Stanley continued to work at the lumber mill after the birth of his daughter, and Ella raised chickens and vegetables. Their lives were contented and simple. But there are months, summers, journeys in our time during which we give and receive such intense happiness and excitement that our reluctance to see them end, our refusal sometimes to realize that they have ended, lingers with us and damages us as personalities; and Stanley's memory of the excitements and privations of the strike would dominate the rest of his life. He remained a clever and responsible workman, but some of his resilience and most of his humor seemed to have been spent on the picket line. He still held his belief in the communism that he had been introduced to by Randall Newhall and gave his daughter lessons in revolutionary theory. Vega was much more interested in birds' nests. In her small bedroom she had a collection of more than thirty pestiferous and smelly nests.

When Vega was eleven, Ella was taken ill. It was hard for her to breathe and she complained of a pain in her back. Stanley and Vega tried to nurse her and a doctor from

the village, an old man, came twice to see her and prescribed medicines. Late one night Vega was awakened by her father calling her mother's name. At first Vega thought he was protesting something Ella had done. She must have got out of bed, Vega thought, or said something that angered him. "Ella, Ella, Ella," he shouted, and because this was all he said and because he kept shouting her name again and again, Vega got out of bed and crossed the kitchen into her parents' room. Her mother was lying on the bed and her father was shouting as if he wanted to wake her. He stood by the bed crying, and now and then he would lean over to shake her shoulders, to kiss her on the face and the throat, to rub her hands in his, and all the time he cried, "Ella, Ella, Ella." He did not seem to recognize his daughter when he saw her. He looked back at the woman on the bed. He behaved as if the pain he was suffering were physical and now he stooped over, roaring with it; now he clapped his hand to his shoulder as if he had broken his shoulder in a fall. He went out of the room, pushing past the girl, out of the house and down the grass to a pile of stones at the edge of Ella's garden where he lay with his knees against his chest, racked with the excruciating realization that he no longer had a wife.

The frightened girl stayed in the kitchen until he returned to her. In the morning he made the arrangements for Ella's burial, and when the funeral was over, Vega returned to school and Stanley took up the life of a widower with a child. On his way home from the lumber mill he would stop in the village to buy something to eat. Either he or Vega would cook the miserable meal and they would eat it in the kitchen. Vega sensed her father's helplessness; after supper she would wash and dry the dishes and she tried to keep the house as orderly as her mother had kept it. Vega then wore her hair in long plaits that Ella had brushed and braided every morning. It had pleased Ella to dress her daughter's hair and she had never taught the girl to do it herself. On the Saturday after Ella died Vega sat by the kitchen table with a towel over her shoulders and newspapers at her feet and Stanley cut off her braids.

The problem of Vega was on Stanley's mind much of the time. The girl missed her mother in every way. She missed the atten-

tions Ella had given her father and she tried to imitate these. She would come home as soon as school closed and struggle with the wash, the housework, and the cooking. She could not manage this nor could she manage her own appearance. She was coming of age in a bankrupt mill-town, and for this she would need guidance, Stanley knew, that he could not give her. He cast round in his mind for the name of someone who could help him, and because of the impediment in his memory that made the strike seem like something that had happened recently, he thought at once of the Newhalls. He stopped at the telephone office on his way home from the lumber mill one night and looked up their address in the New York directory. After supper he wrote a letter to Randall and Mary Newhall. He mailed this in the morning and received a reply from Mary a week later. She enclosed a check for twenty-five dollars and said that she would love to have Vega come and stay with her. Any time would be convenient and Stanley should wire when Vega was arriving. Mrs. Newhall would not meet her at the train. Vega could take a taxi to the house.

"I want you to leave here," he told the girl that night after supper. "I want you to go away from Hiems. This isn't a good place. I've talked to you about the Newhalls—he's a great working-class leader—and they've written a letter and said they'd like to have you come and live with them. They live in New York. They'll take good care of you. They'll send you to a good school. Then you can amount to something."

The stunned child began to cry. Grief enveloped her wholly, and like a much younger child who has never felt diffidence or the need to compose sorrow, she screamed and wailed and expressed loudly all the fear and confusion his suggestion gave her. She threw her arms around him. She buried her face in his shirt. She held to him as if they were going to be separated by force. The storm lasted ten minutes and when it had spent itself he began again quietly: "Mrs. Newhall has sent us twenty-five dollars. That will pay for your ticket. I want you to leave here, Vega . . ." She began to cry again.

By the end of the week Stanley had convinced her that she should go. It would be an exciting life, he told her, and he described

to her the way he supposed the Newhalls lived. Then it was arranged for her to leave on a Sunday. Stanley rode with her on the train to Boston, crossed Boston with her, and said goodby to her in the South Station after he had put her on a New York train. He advised her not to speak to strangers or to buy anything, kissed her, and walked away. The station was crowded, the air smelled of gas; all around him were large bright signs calling his attention to the distinctions of whiskey, newspapers, and chewing gum; and to Stanley, who had lost his wife, and now his daughter, the lights, the gaseous air, and the crowds were bewildering. He took the train to the junction, the bus to Hiems, and walked back to the farm.

WHEN Vega's train approached New York, the size and complexity of the lighted city intimidated her, and when she followed the crowds out of the waiting room onto the street the height of the buildings made her feel faint. She saw a cab-driver with a pleasant face and gave him a slip of paper with the Newhalls' address on it. Her drive through the gigantic and alien city excited memories of everything that she thought familiar—the streets of Hiems, her father, her father's principles—and she held to these memories and hoped that at the Newhalls' she would find something to connect with them. The taxi stopped at a doorway between two stores. She paid her fare and put her heavy suitcase on the sidewalk.

It was dark. A double row of tenements and brownstones reached in either direction, lighted harshly and spottily by street lamps, and children were playing in the light. Sensing her bewilderment, several people turned and watched to see what she would do. Then she heard a window thrown open, way above her, and someone called: "Vega, Vega, is that you, sweetheart? Come up. We're on the top floor. Come on up." Vega opened the door and stepped into a narrow and smelly passage. It was as cold as a cellar there and the change made her sneeze. She began to climb the stairs, stopping at every landing to catch her breath and rest from the weight of her suitcase. "Can you make it, sweetie?" Mrs. Newhall asked, as she neared the summit. "It's a terrible climb. I ought to know. I have to make it four or five times

a day myself." She met Vega at the top of the last flight and embraced her. "Oh you cute little sweetheart," she said. "Come in, come in, you're going to have the back room but I haven't had time to fix it up yet. We'll do that after supper. Let me look at you, let me look at you." She held the girl away from her and they looked at each other.

Vega saw a haggard woman. Why had her father told her that she would be young? Her hair was gray and there was no contentment or youth left in her anxious face.

"You know you look just like your mother," Mrs. Newhall said. "I suppose a lot of people have told you that. You look just like your mother, your poor mother. You know I had a friend carried off like that, the week before last? Martha Prichard. I guess you wouldn't know her. The only reason I'm mentioning it is because she probably had the same thing your mother had. Here is life, and there, a step away, is death. But I don't suppose your mother had proper medical care, did she? Did she? Oh those doctors in those towns and those terrible country hospitals! I suppose her life might have been saved. Sit down, sit down. This is the kitchen but we use it for everything in the winter, the other rooms are so cold. Keats! Shelley!" she screamed at two cats who jumped off the table and fled. "Sit down, sit down, sweetheart. Do you want some coffee? Do you want to go to the bathroom? I guess you'd rather have milk than coffee. Would you like a glass of milk?"

"Yes, please," Vega said.

"I'll get you a glass of milk and I'll have a little drink. I thought I'd wait until you came."

The room seemed to be a kitchen but there was a bookshelf against one wall and a desk in the corner, beside a steel file cabinet. The gas oven was flaming, but with nothing in it.

"Oh you sweetheart, you little sweetheart," Mrs. Newhall said when she gave Vega her milk and she bent down and embraced and kissed her again. "I can't have any children of my own, you know," she said. "The doctors don't know why. I'm RH positive but I've had six miscarriages. My friends say that I ought to be analyzed but Randall says that I'm not worth reconstructing. I had a friend who had three miscarriages and then went to an analyst and had two perfectly

beautiful children. Oh!" Mrs. Newhall sighed, when she heard the brakes of a car in the street below and she ran to the window. "Every time I hear that noise I think one of those children has been run over," she said. "I wish their mothers wouldn't let them play out there after dark. One of them was run over last year. His legs were broken. His father drives a laundry truck. I only mention this because it's important to my story. He was out there playing stick-ball after dark and he got hit. It broke both legs. His mother doesn't speak English. They're Italians. She has pierced ears and a mustache. What was I going to tell you?"

Mrs. Newhall took a drink of her whiskey. "Well, tell me all about yourself," she said. "I ought to clean this place up but I never seem to get around to it and Randall won't let me touch his papers. Are you sure you don't want to go to the bathroom? We won't have supper until Randall comes in, but he'll be home in a minute. We're going to have lamb, cold lamb. Do you like lamb? Did you have any lunch? Tell me all about your father. You know I only saw your folks once. That was after the strike. I drove over there with Randall. We got lost somewhere between Plymouth and Concord. The only reason I mention this is because it's important. We got lost. Randall stopped at a gas station and asked the way and they'd never heard of Hiems, so then we kept on going toward Plymouth and we got there."

There were footsteps in the hall and a key turned in the lock. These sounds seemed to dismay Mrs. Newhall. "Here's Randall now."

He opened the door, and as if Vega had inherited this affection from her father she responded to him at once. He hardly seemed to notice her. He took a searching look at the kitchen and asked his wife if anyone had telephoned.

"This is Vega," Mrs. Newhall said uneasily. "This is Vega Shouisky, Randall. She's going to stay with us for a little while. We're not using the back room for anything and she can stay there, can't she? I didn't tell you about it because I knew you wouldn't mind."

"Hello, Vega," he said. Then he turned to his wife. "I asked you if anyone telephoned."

"Three people called," Mrs. Newhall said. "I put all their names on the pad by the telephone. That's what you told me to do."

They all called this morning. There weren't any calls this afternoon excepting a wrong number. The phone rang at about three o'clock. The only reason I'm mentioning this is because it's important," she said as a look of impatience began to constrict her husband's features. "The phone rang at about three o'clock and when I answered it a man asked me if this was that Hungarian restaurant on Third Avenue, and this is the fourth or fifth time this has happened and I think you ought to call the telephone company and tell them."

"When will supper be ready?" Newhall asked.

"In a minute," Mrs. Newhall said. "I can have it ready in a minute."

They ate cold meat and canned vegetables. Mrs. Newhall talked a lot as the meal began but her husband's silence intimidated her and she became silent herself. He said nothing. When supper was finished he spoke to Vega for the first time since he had said hello.

"What did you say your name was?"

"Vega," she said. "I'm named after a star called Vega because you asked my mother to name me after this star. My mother is dead. We live in Hiems. You told my mother and father . . ."

"Oh that strike, you mean that strike when I was in college," he said gently and he put a hand on his forehead. To piece the memory together took him a minute. "I remember now," he said, "I remember your parents. But what are you doing here?"

"Mrs. Newhall said I could come."

"I knew you wouldn't mind, Randall. You know how lonely it is for me here. Do you want any more supper? Do you want anything more, Vega? That oven gives me a headache."

"How is your father?" Newhall asked.

"He's all right," Vega said. "He works in the lumber mill now. They don't have a cotton mill in Hiems any more."

"Is he still a communist?"

"Yes," Vega said.

"That's incredible," Randall said. "I have some things here he ought to read." He went to the file cabinet, rolled open one of its drawers, and looked through a store of articles, torn from magazines. "Here's a piece I did on the Kirov assassination," he said, and he handed the sheets to Vega. The paper was

yellow and turning at the edges to dust. "And here's a piece I did on the Moscow trials. You say he's still a communist. That's incredible. Spain. Spain. Here's a piece I did on POUM." He passed her another article. "Here's a piece on China. Here's a review of Souvarine's book. Here's a piece on Finland. Here's a piece I did in Mexico when we went down for Trotsky's trial. Here's a piece on Trotsky's assassination. Here's a piece on Tresca's assassination. Here's a piece on Stalinism and art. Here's a piece I did on the Bishops' Conference in Kansas City before I was confirmed. Here's a piece on Saint Augustine that I did after I'd left the church. Here's a piece on Saint Paul. Here's a piece on the Concept of Dread." He rolled the file shut and looked up thoughtfully. "Tell him to read those. You say he's still a communist?"

"Yes," Vega said.

"They probably don't get anything to read up there," Mrs. Newhall said.

"We get the *Daily Worker* almost every day," Vega said.

"Are you a communist?"

"I don't know," Vega said. "I'm mostly interested in ornithology."

"I was interested in birds when I was a girl," Mrs. Newhall exclaimed. Her husband left the table and went to the window. "I had a tame robin," she said. "He fell out of the nest and hurt himself and I nursed him and fed him and for a whole summer he lived in our woodshed. You know I haven't been back to New Hampshire for ten years. It isn't that I don't want to go back, but you lose touch. I don't know anybody at home any more."

"I need some cigarettes, Mary," Newhall said. "Will you go out and get them?"

She slipped on a coat and went out. He closed the door after her. The chill of a spring night had begun to penetrate the tenement and to ally itself to the everlasting damp in the halls, and the gas fire only staled the air. Newhall said nothing and the silence made Vega uneasy.

"You look awful tired, Mr. Newhall."

"What?"

"I said you look awful tired."

"How old are you, Vega?"

"Twelve."

"Is that the truth?"



"I'll be thirteen in May," she said, "if that's what you mean."

"Who sent you?"

"Daddy sent me," she said. She knew that this was not what he wanted, that from the portentous tone of his voice he expected some larger answer from her, but she couldn't think of one.

"Who sent you, Vega?"

"Daddy."

"I don't mean that. Who sent you? Which of his friends?"

"Nobody."

"They're stupid," he said. "I always forget how stupid they are. I always forget that brutes are stupid. They don't understand their own theories. I used to be a communist, Vega," he said. "When I left the party I took with me an invaluable sense of political reality. I recognize my enemies. I think you're one of them. I know that your father and his friends are cutthroats and murderers.

For ten years I've watched them and their allies encircle the world—the Balkans, the Baltic, Bessarabia, Bucovina, Poland, Finland, Mongolia, China.

"Millions of toiling workers," he said, sounding a phrase he had sounded for her parents before she was born, "have been starved, enslaved, exiled, and murdered by these filthy beasts. They and their brutish police have exacerbated every human freedom and virtue. They've killed my good friends and they would like to kill me. I dream about their executioners. Now," he said, "who sent you?" He came around to where she was sitting. "Who sent you and what did they ask you to find?"

"Nobody sent me."

"Who sent you?"

"Nobody, nobody."

"Who sent you?" He reached into the chair where she sat, seized her right arm and wrenched it. This threw her forward into the chair and as he increased the pressure the pain drove her to her knees. "Who sent you," he shouted, "who sent you and what did they tell you to do?"

"Leave me alone. Leave me alone. Leave me alone. I don't know," the girl said and as he pulled on her arm she screamed with pain and then put her face in the dirt of the floor and pressed her cheek and her mouth to it, despairingly. He dropped her arm. Then she heard Mrs. Newhall's voice and felt the woman's hands on her shoulders, but she could not move to get up or raise her head.

Now, on every summer Saturday night, at about seven o'clock, a horse and carriage comes down the road from the hills into Hiems. The carriage is the last vehicle of its kind in use in that part of New Hampshire; the passengers are Vega and Stanley, and this appearance is their last contact with the community. Stanley lost his job at the lumber mill and Vega's meeting with Newhall had the same effect on her that her father's meeting with him had had before her birth. His cruelty impressed her with the rightness of the principles he had abandoned. She was left as devout a communist as her simple father. She returned to school when she came back from New York but after her trip she was always in trouble and when her father lost his job she withdrew with him from the

life of the village, and—twice blessed with the attentions of an intellectual—these two lead a solitary life, taking advantage of the license dying rural communities give to eccentricity. Stanley lives as a farmer now and they are poor. He wears overalls. Vega's clothes are ragged.

They stop the carriage by the cash market between diagonal white lines that have been painted on the road for automobiles. Vacationists, killing time before the movie begins, or anyone else who is not familiar with the vehicle will point to it and laugh. Stanley takes a crate of eggs into the store. Vega never leaves her seat in the carriage.

By the time Stanley has been paid for his eggs the day is over. The fragrant gloom in the elms between the streetlights and the starlight is dense; the movie has begun. Stanley hangs a kerosene lamp at the back of the carriage and they start home. As they travel they look around them at the frivolous lights of the movie house and the single restaurant with scorn, for they know that the world will never share one mind and heart until the workers shape it to their needs, and while their carriage and their lantern, their rags and their mare, make them appear to belong to some rural past, they think themselves to be the prophets of the brotherhood of man.

The People of the Pit

ALFRED HAYES

Confident again, again the man of power,
And certain of success,
Certain you will not fail,
Certain that for you this is an auspicious political hour,
You return from exile to yes the old king
Who takes pleasure now only in his electric trains.
Observing the court again after your long absence
You note nothing has changed
Except the tempo of flattery is fiercer,
The violence of self-advancement has increased.

The king enters his second childhood
Advised by his tyrannical mother.
At council meetings has his hand held while signing the decree
That levels the suburban schoolhouse
Or empties the mackerel in the northern sea.
Conditions worsen at home and abroad.

The thief caught in the orchard is punished
By mutilation of the right hand,
Visas are required by the police for ordinary visits to the tailor,
The farmers forbidden to leave their parish or their land.
Observe
How nothing in the country is built on straight lines anymore,
But in mazes, spirals, the triumph of the curve.

Here when they smile
It is for promotion or furs.
The daughter is sold to the leprous duke to advance the father,
Pensions hire murderers.
For nothing is so much feared here as failure,
Nothing avoided at such costs.
The size of their jewels is important, the length of their cars.
Failing, they go into the pit:
Suffer the jealous wounds and hear the gates closed,
Twisting in the darkness,
The victims of the imagined insult, or the laughter, real or supposed.

The strategy here
Is to treat all with the caution of enemies,
To take the bribe but not openly, and to destroy all records.
The women who access to power, please;
Those who have nothing to recommend them but their charm, avoid,
For there is no profit in love
And every advantage must be seized to be taken advantage of.
Thus,
Praising their dubious honesty and their extravagant lives,
Do business with the husbands, sleep with the wives.

For exile was bitter. Can you return
To the bad food, the loneliness? The ugly,
Hired companions? Return
To the waste of talent and the nocturnal despair?
The king cannot live forever.
Even now conspirators prepare the kingdom's fall,
Clever ambitious powerful men,
Men who would not for power's sake split murder's hair.
Yes:
You are home again among the familiar cannibals.
Put on the terrible mask, and dress.

What's Become of Those Small Planes?

Albert Douglas

IN DREAMS of postwar expansion, nobody outdreamed the makers of small planes for private flying. As they saw it, everyman's Pegasus was champing and snorting just around the barn door. Several hundred thousand young air veterans were pouring out of the services in 1945 and 1946, presumably with money in their jeans, flight experience under their belts, and a continuing taste for flying. Surely there was going to be a thundering big market for the backyard cloud-jumper.

Nothing of the sort happened.

During 1946, a year characterized by a seller's market in nearly every business, 30,000 small planes were sold. In 1947 the figure dropped to 16,000, and in 1948, to 6,900. The most hopeful estimate for 1949, at the time of this writing, touches a mere 3,600. And gloom as thick as fog over LaGuardia field on a busy day has settled over the small plane industry.

The dream of the small aerial car is the latest expression of man's old urge to imitate a bird. In practical terms—depending on where and how you live—it could mean hopping from Brooklyn to Jones Beach or the ski trails without any struggle against motor traffic; or delivering milk by airplane; or going to the office in the morning in fifteen minutes rather than an hour; or picking up the week's

farm supplies in an hour instead of spending all afternoon in a truck.

For these uses the helicopter has so far proved a washout. Despite the great advance in design during the past ten years its inventors are still puzzled by the machine, still uncertain why it does what it does under some conditions. From the point of view of today's private pilot, the big pin-wheels are too slow, too unreliable, and too expensive (\$20,000) to compete in the Model-T airplane field.

Meanwhile the small plane industry has reverted to peddling the familiar prewar machines to a public which has tried them out and found them wanting. In vain the twenty-five or so manufacturers in the game have hawked not only their wares but the services of 6,400 airports throughout the country, the speed advantages of flying as compared to the fastest motoring between two distant cities, the availability of the superbly marked national airways system. The private plane today seems hoodooed.

Last May a representative group of unhappy aeronautical engineers and aviation business men gathered to hold a post mortem on their hopes for the industry. They told themselves and were told that a projection of small plane sales for 1952, based on the current rate, would dribble off to some 400 machines. Had

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the world's greatest air power, which at one point during the war built and flew off 300 planes a day, thrown private flying to the junkheap?

From all the available evidence nothing could be further from the truth. At any airport, big or small, on a Sunday afternoon you will find people of all ages squirming into cockpits, peering about hangars, investigating used plane lots, criticizing with an amazing knowledge the flight procedures of local pilots, and speaking the jargon of the air with a swagger.

And there are plenty of planes and pilots to encourage flying around the nation's airports: 94,000 planes for 433,000 pilots to be exact. This compares with 11,000 planes and 22,000 pilots for ten years ago and 2,700 planes for only 1,500 pilots listed in 1927.

Furthermore there seems to be a vigorous demand for the knowledge of how to fly. Largely by means of the free instruction offered veterans under the G. I. Bill of Rights, civilian pilots—not counting operators of airliners—logged an estimated 17,000,000 hours last year as against 16,000,000 in 1947, around 9,000,000 in 1946, and something less than 2,000,000 in 1939.

II

WHAT then went wrong? Why should thousands of people take the trouble to learn how to fly and then not bother to acquire their own private planes? It takes five months of hard work—Harvard used to give credit toward a degree for it—and several hundred dollars in cash to learn a skill which must be kept in constant practice to be useful.

Grover Loening, veteran plane builder and Collier trophy winner, told the aviation conference last spring that there is nothing wrong with the small plane industry but the plane itself. And there is nothing particularly wrong with the plane, he intimated—except that it can't land in a small field, can't take off in a short distance, can't fly in bad weather, can't be flown without intensive training, can't slow down, can't go fast, costs too much to buy, costs too much to fly, and makes such an ear-splitting racket as to become a serious legal problem in many communities. Furthermore, he stated, the only thing the industry has

done to correct these ills over the past twenty-five years has been to incorporate into its designs a slight increase of airspeed.

It was a damning indictment, but still too kind, in the opinion of many pilots. He neglected to mention the rising cost of fuel and insurance, the relatively poor service at most of the nation's airports, and the innumerable minor gripes which accompany falling sales. If at first glance the private aircraft seems to possess the essential characteristics of the automobile plus three times its speed, the light plane has triple disadvantages as well. These are primarily flight restrictions, high operating costs, and high initial costs, all of which make the small plane a specialized medium with little relation to the needs of the ordinary traveler.

Look at the small planes on the market today. How do they perform, and what do they cost?

The Fords of the family are the Pipers, Luscombes, and Aeroncas, which sell for about \$3,000 new. They carry two or three passengers, cruise at about 120 miles per hour, cost \$3 to \$4 an hour to operate, fly only in good weather, and need a 2,000-foot runway on which to land.

The Buicks include the Stinson-Fairchild-Bellanca group; these ships carry up to four passengers and sell in the \$6,000 range. They fly at 140 miles per hour, cost \$6 an hour to operate, require fair weather, and use a 3,000-foot runway.

The Cadillacs are the \$10,000 Bonanza-Navion airplanes which seat four passengers, cost \$9 an hour and up to operate, cruise 20 miles an hour faster than a Stinson, and offer more comfort than the first two classes of planes.

In short, the small aircraft cannot be flown from the back lawns of a one-acre plot, and, compared to the automobile, which operates at five cents a mile or about \$2 an hour, is a pretty expensive proposition. Besides, these planes are not built or equipped for instrument or heavy-weather flying. Thousands of dollars would have to be spent on both the planes and the pilots before the law would allow them deliberately to enter soupy weather on an instrument flight clearance.

Even so, the critical question would seem to be: how do private planes compare with trains, cars, and airliners when it comes to

long distance flying? A test-tube case suggests further why private aviation is in trouble.

THE private pilot decides to fly from, say, New York to Washington, a comfortable two-hour, 200-mile trip. He is lucky: the weather to Washington is good. At Times Square he catches a bus to Teterboro, the nearest airport to town; he gets off on the highway and walks to the hangar. Forty-five minutes. He takes another half-hour fueling, checking the weather, and filing a flight plan. Finally he warms up his engine and taxis out to the runway, where he is delayed ten minutes waiting for other planes ahead of him to take off and land.

Approximately two hours later he lands at College Park airport, the closest private field to metropolitan Washington. Filing arrival data, arranging for his plane to be staked down for the night, and the forty-minute ride to the Statler Hotel use up another full hour at least. Total minimum cost: \$6 for gas and oil, \$5 for stabling the plane, \$1 for transportation to and from airports, or \$12 in all. Total minimum time: four hours. In actual practice it may take longer.

For the same trip a coach train ticket plus a New York subway fare and a Washington taxi come to \$9, and the trip takes four and a half hours. By car the trip costs \$6 in gas and oil and consumes a good eight hours. By airliner, \$16 and three-and-a-half hours.

But (time-to-spare-go-by-air!) the pilot can never depend on his schedule because he can never depend on his weather. For example, if he wants to return to New York the next day and the weather is below the contact flying minimum en route, he has either to wait indefinitely in Washington or return by train or airliner leaving the private plane in Washington eating up hangar or stake rent, which, of course, he is obliged to pay also back in Teterboro.

In all fairness it should be stated that the Washington trains are unusually fast and that small-plane utility increases with the distance flown. On a two-man trip to Atlanta, Georgia, in good weather the plane would put the car to shame in time saved, and probably would compare favorably in cost. But suppose a pilot wishes to take the longer trip, say New York to Atlanta, Atlanta to Podunk, and Podunk to Cupcake; will he fly?

The dismal postwar sales record tells the story.

III

THE manufacturers of small planes have produced two excellent rationalizations to explain their disaster. The first argument involves a little paradox: there really wasn't any disaster after all. What happened was a success in disguise, a sleeper, which the public has not yet recognized.

"That's why I am planning to continue my prewar planes for some years to come," a famous manufacturer told a press conference in 1946. "They are thoroughly tested and I know they are good." There was as much good sense as stubbornness behind his remark, for it takes two to five years for a new plane to prove itself, both mechanically and on the market. The war demonstrated this fact only too well. Many dazzling planes, which were designed and produced in perhaps eighteen months under tremendous pressure, fell by the wayside under real flying conditions. Chucking old and tried designs means both throwing away a large investment which may later pay dividends and staking capital on a very expensive unknown quantity. Many manufacturers have preferred to hold off and watch what happened to the newcomers in the field. On the whole the results have been melancholy. Among the few newcomers who were serious about their plans and well-backed, only too few came out with a marked financial success.

One was the Beechcraft Bonanza, which has capitalized on the high-class, "flying executive" field where the price of \$10,000 is a minor consideration. The Beech is a V-tailed, four-place land plane, cautiously merchandised and constructed on crack engineering designs. Another new postwar plane, the Navion, launched by North American Aviation, is still on the market, but only after a sad history of a dragging start, failures at the earlier prices of \$6,000 and \$9,000, and later sale of the design to the Ryan Aeronautical Company, which is continuing the line today with moderate success at about \$10,000.

Two new planes which promised well at the start have fizzled. The Seabee, a four-placed, single-engine amphibian made by Republic Aviation Corporation—of P-47 fame—was

meant to retail at \$4,000, an attractive feature. But the plane turned out in practice to be slow, noisy, and underpowered, and, what was worse, Republic had to double the price; sales dropped, and the company discontinued the design at considerable loss. The Johnson Rocket, another failure, had a very different appeal at the start. Designed for the returning service pilot, it was a fast single-engine, three-place plane which flew at airliner speed, faster than any other light plane, but it proved to be too "hot" (as well as too expensive) for the general private pilot.

Part of the industry's postwar trouble in design unquestionably lay in the new makers' assumption that more speed, rather than lower costs and greater utility, was needed in the new ships. To a tragic degree they ignored developments in airplane design perfected during the war—low-speed wing designs pioneered by the Germans and perfected by our own air services, cross-wheel landing-gear, new de-icing equipment, inexpensive changeable pitch propellers which spread out the effectiveness of the aircraft engine, and an entirely new theory of instrument flight. These innovations and many more, which had been thoroughly tested by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics and by the military, were hardly touched. Under the circumstances, for the manufacturers to argue that their failure in the market is really no failure, but a success yet to be revealed, is a sort of self-deception hardly likely to communicate itself to wary buyers.

THE industry's second line of defense is somewhat stronger, for it consists of an attack. The government, they say, skimmed the cream off the market when the War Assets Administration released more than 40,000 surplus planes at bargain prices. For example, brand new SNJ's, a two-seater military trainer for which the government paid originally \$30,000 apiece, sold in "new-used" condition at the WAA's price of \$1,500 cash. It was something like buying a new Cadillac for \$40. Some were offered at \$700, and later the "turkeys" in very poor shape were dumped for \$200. Similarly, surplus Piper Cubs and small Stinsons, for which the government had paid roughly \$5,000 and \$10,000 fully equipped for war, were resold for under \$100 in extreme cases, and five-seater Howards,

which had cost \$25,000, went at \$2,500. In such a market, asked the manufacturers, how could you sell new small planes for \$3,000?

The answer is that the bulk of the surplus planes bought for personal use after the war have been junked, resold, or disposed of for parts value. For, compared to the expense of an automobile, the average surplus airplane is an outrageous proposition.

The reason is that aviation fuel of the type required to feed any big power plant such as the 550-horsepower SNJ engine (enough power to drive five Fords or ten Crosleys) costs an average of 33 cents and up—usually up—per gallon. And an SNJ, properly flown by an experienced pilot at the lowest practical cruising speeds, will burn an average of 25 to 30 gallons an hour, and under some conditions 50 to 60 gallons. Add to the price of fuel the other major costs of maintenance, roughly once again the cost of the fuel per flight hour, and the price of operation hits \$20 and \$25 an hour. This sum will carry two people just about 150 miles.

Along about November 1946, the crash came. Inexperienced enthusiasts had snapped up the new planes, whether surplus or commercial jobs, about as they would have selected a new car, with an eye to price, style, color, and zip, trusting that all one needed in order to fly was a good plane. Suddenly they found themselves saddled with a giant liability. And they fell over one another on the used plane lots hunting for anybody with cash and a promise. It was the simple truth about operating costs that broke the market.

IV

ONE or two indications exist that in spite of its crash landing the industry is not a total wreck. There are, for example, the flying farmers, most of them west of the Mississippi, who have begun to use small pre-war planes for the purposes for which they were built, as a sort of flying jeep. Midwestern facilities for personal air transport are much better than in the East: level country for emergency landing areas, good flying weather, freedom from traffic problems. What's more, where surface transportation for local commuting is inadequate—the distance from the barn door to the nearest town may be fifty

miles by car—the need for a private plane is obvious, once you find you can have one. So the farmers have started to buy, and their example has been illuminating.

Nevertheless, so far only one designer has made any real attempt to attack the basic faults of the small airplane. Just outside of Washington, D. C., the Engineering and Research Corporation has developed a low-cost plane called the Ercoupe which has sold well. Its great virtue lies in its simplified controls and in a wing-design which prevents spinning or stalling. The plane has some debatable features, but its success is an indicator of the market trend. The easier the plane is to fly, the cheaper the original cost and maintenance, the better the chances for success.

THOUGH almost everyone agrees that the small airplane of 1949 shows little advance over 1929, there is technical knowledge available today to build something close to the ideal plane. Without much danger of contradiction, we can now set up the requirements for this ideal. These are the essentials:

(1) A speed range of zero to 200 miles per hour, with the ability to stop in the air, land in the plane's own length, get up enough speed to buck head winds at 18,000 feet. (The present small-plane top of 125 to 150 miles an hour is too slow; it corresponds to 35 to 45 miles an hour in a car.)

(2) Devices to allow the pilot to "see" when the visibility is down to zero. (Present means of blind flying are adequate but clumsy.)

(3) Ability to fly in bad weather safely and with reasonable comfort. (In freezing rain, for example, air ice changes the contour of the wings and destroys their lifting power; wing-heating devices are needed.)

(4) Something comparable to an automobile muffler to control noise.

(5) Foolproof safety. (The plane should stall not, neither should it spin; it must be stable and equipped for out-of-wind landings and take-offs.)

(6) Ease of operation. (Anyone qualified to drive a car should be able to learn to fly a plane.)

(7) Price in the \$3,000 class.

Can this plane be built? The experts

answer with an unqualified yes. The chief obstacles yet to be overcome are the zero-200 mile per hour wing-design and the method of simplified instrument flying. On these problems, tremendous military and civilian research has found the solutions, though some of the information about the wing-design is still secret. The first step toward getting what we want will be declassification of the research, and the next will be to get the price of the newest devices down low enough so that they can be incorporated into the \$3,000 machine.

People who are impatient to lay hands on the ideal plane are itching to see the Bollinger-Koppen craft which is promised for marketing in the near future. Lynn L. Bollinger of the Harvard Business School drew up specifications for this slow-landing plane last year, and Otto C. Koppen of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology made the design, using information drawn from military sources and the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics as well as his own ideas.

According to its architects, the new two-seater plane lands and takes off at 27 miles an hour and cruises at something over 100. It takes off in the space of a tennis court and clears a 50-foot obstacle in 300 feet; lands in 100 feet, the area of a helicopter field. A new engine muffler and propeller make it unusually quiet; it will not stall or spin. Though its cruising speed is only half that of our ideal plane, there is no doubt that the design outstrips present models in many ways. It is expected to sell in the \$3,000 range.

As for that aerial automobile which will stop in midair, fly from Washington to New York in an hour, operate within a reasonable budget: when will it be here? Grover Loening thinks it can be ready within five years. "We've got to build the plane first," he says. "The early models may cost as much as \$25,000, but mass-produced and refined, the plane itself will come down to the \$3,000 level."

There will be, of course, that little problem of what the ship will do in practice with all of the once-bitten, twice-shy duffers at the controls. But there is small doubt that, given what they want, private pilots will be swarming into the cockpits, ready to try it again.

After Hours

I HAVE a tip for Senator Hickenlooper. He'd better get over to Macy's toy department as fast as his legs can take him and talk to Mr. Daniel Tate, the chief toy buyer. Macy's is selling "atomic energy" to children. Mr. Tate told me about it in his office in the presence of a witness and the door wasn't even closed. Uranium ore is in this year's chemistry sets, and Geiger counters are being sold to boys and girls. "It's a very mild form of uranium ore," Mr. Tate assured me, and the Geiger counters are the earliest models and make what he called "a lot of sputtering." Atomic energy is billed by one manufacturer of chemistry sets as "Safe, Educational, Exciting!" But even so . . .

Mr. Tate takes this very much in his stride, and since he is not a man who is going to give away any secrets (not even Macy's secrets), he quickly changed the subject to one nearer his heart; the Formula Doll. "We think this is terrific," he said. "It drinks and it wets."

It was the dark prospect of America's children blowing themselves to bits in a series of atomic mushrooms that took me to see Mr. Tate, but I had no need to be concerned. If the AEC isn't worrying more about the children than it is about the rest of us, Macy's is. Its Bureau of Standards wouldn't even let the toy department get away with anything as dangerous as the plastic balloons that were so popular about a year ago. They contained a solvent Macy's didn't think healthy, so they passed up the whole thing and a lot of quick money too, Mr. Tate told me. No lead paint on blocks either, and no electrical toys that can short circuit; even darts at Macy's have magnets that stick them to the target. Points are to risky.

But if caution eliminates some items that make quick profits, it seems not to dampen

business as a whole. Macy's is the biggest toy store in the world, or at least Mr. Tate says that nobody has ever challenged this claim. And when I was there it was just warming up for its biggest season. Carpenters were hammering together the "world's biggest" display for electric trains, and erecting a pool for boats which would look like a yacht basin, with the skyline of New York for background. They were putting up a miniature parkway for mechanical cars to speed on, and the Erector and Lionel people were due for a display of their wares (miniature structural steel and electric trains) that would look like an amusement park with scenic railways and loop-the-loops. Mr. Tate started planning this some time ago. "On December 26th each year," he said, pointing to blueprints tacked on his office wall, "I become an architect."

Not many architects have so many people to admire their plans. On a peak day between Thanksgiving and Christmas "easily fifty thousand" men, women, and children—mainly children—or more than enough people to fill the Palmer Stadium at Princeton, trample through Macy's toy department . . . not the whole store, just the toy department. Mr. Tate employs thirty toy buyers and assistants at the rush season, but he was reluctant to say how many sales persons, or how many square feet of floor space his department requires. The department handles approximately nine thousand different toys, of which five hundred are different kinds of dolls.

To assemble this conglomeration of harmless and ingenious contrivances Mr. Tate buys from a couple of hundred American manufacturers and makes an annual trip to Europe to pick up mechanical cars in England, lead soldiers in Belgium, and dolls in Tuscany, where they are made by farmers' wives during

the off season. The dolls are made from designs that Mr. Tate sends abroad. He goes over to check on the models, to make sure the costumes are right. "It's like a Paris fashion opening," he says.

As for trends in toys, you will not be surprised to hear that the Wild West is having a boom. I was unaware that there was ever a time when the Wild West wasn't having a boom, but Mr. Tate says that television and the Hopalong Cassidy programs have had a lot to do with it. "Television," he said ominously, "has exerted a tremendous influence on the life of the child." This also accounts for the demand for puppets and marionettes, which like the West are booming. The comics also play their part, and an item called Dick Tracy's Squad Car No. 1 (\$1.98) that had been advertised a few days before I called on Mr. Tate had brought out such a crowd that he had to call in uniformed guards to keep the customers in order. "Mothers will heap curses on our heads," he said; "it has a beacon that flashes and it screams." He demonstrated. It screamed all right.

Christmas, however, has no trends. "To kids," Mr. Tate said, "it is dark green trees and red and white candy stripes." All attempts to fancy up Christmas displays, like circuses or surrealist [*sic*] shows, have failed. "We came back to Christmas several years ago," he explained. "Nobody's been able to change it." Macy's employs seven Santa Clauses, five full-time and two part-time. They are in mazes ("three are on display at a time") so that no child can undergo the traumatic experience of seeing two Santas at once.

Atomic energy sets, rocket guns, and Geiger counters, having passed Macy's Bureau of Standards, presumably are no cause for traumas. But "anything that looks like a weapon people get scared of we stay far away from," Mr. Tate said flatly. "No BB-guns, no air rifles, no cap pistols."

Hurry, Senator, it may be too late already.

Pint-Size Symphony

SYMPHONY orchestras are dropping like flies. The Detroit Symphony is folding. The Columbus symphony is folding. Even in Dallas, where money is said to run in rivulets of oil, the symphony is rumored to

be having its troubles. There are certainly those who must consider this a cultural calamity, and there is no doubt that there are many public-spirited citizens (and a few music lovers) in these communities who have worked desperately to keep the symphonies alive. Orchestras are badges of civic and social virtue that are extremely ornamental, but while it may be giving aid and comfort to the enemies of culture, whoever they are, to admit it, I'm not sure that their disappearance isn't a good thing. Perhaps, if more cities can get rid of their symphonies, they may have some music.

The large symphonies, like the large movie producers, operate on such tremendous budgets that they have fallen into the slough of playing it safe. They must have big-name conductors (big foreign names, usually) and a hundred and twenty or so musicians, and they must present programs that "the public wants" . . . a little Bach or a Purcell suite for a canapé accompanied by the rustle of satin and the muttered apologies of late-comers, a robust Beethoven symphony, medium rare, for the main course, and for dessert Debussy's "*L'Après-midi d'un faune*."* To gratify the local *avant-garde* and to give the box-holders something to shake their heads about, a bit of Hindemith or Bartok sometimes replaces "*L'Après-midi d'un faune*," or is added as a savory, but the diet is monotonously digestible.

It is not, I suspect, the Philistines who have put the symphonies out of business in three wealthy cities; it is the music lovers who finally got bored to the teeth and decided that symphonies, as they are organized and managed, are an anachronism not worth fighting for. Without their support how could the virtuous trustees hope to make ends meet? They couldn't.

But music, and the people who like to listen to it, may be better off in the long run.

I spent a morning recently at a rehearsal of a pint-size symphony in New York which is conducted by Thoms Scherman, a bald, modest young man in his early thirties. His orchestra is called "The Little Symphony" and is composed of thirty-eight musicians, many of them recently out of music school and some of them members of radio orchestras. They have been selected by Mr. Scherman with consid-

* Or substitute Falla—"Tricorn" Suite, or Sibelius—"Finlandia," or Respighi—"The Pines of Rome."

erable care, and as he told me, he is "very lucky in his first desk players." "You can't buy that kind of thing," he said; "they just like to play in this band. It's the type of stuff we do. It's unusual."

While Mr. Scherman was in the army, from which he emerged after five years as a Signal Corps captain, he decided that he would like to start an orchestra to play the quantities of music composed for what he called "small combinations." In 1947 he got an orchestra together and gave his first series of concerts in New York's Town Hall and in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The unpretentiousness of the performances, their extremely high musical quality, and the fact that his programs were not in the least hackneyed brought the orchestra immediate success.

When I arrived at the rehearsal Mr. Scherman was working with the orchestra on a piece which he told me during the rest period was a Schumann "Concert piece for four horns." It hadn't been performed for many years, he explained, "because it is tremendously difficult. But we didn't see why that should stop us. We tore it apart, the first horn player and myself, and made it simple." Mr. Scherman, who is a man of catholic tastes, is far more interested in introducing his audiences to music that they haven't had a chance to hear than he is in any particular period or kind of music. This winter's series contains one program, for example, which presents the jazz clarinetist, Artie Shaw, playing a recently discovered concerto by Stamitz (1715-57) and a concerto for clarinet by a young American composer, Norman Dello Joio, which has not been performed in New York before. On another evening he is performing, with the Westminster Choir, Handel's oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," which hasn't been heard in these parts for nearly ten years.

Mr. Scherman's Little Symphony Society commissions two works a year by contemporary composers, which is not an expensive thing to do. He asked me not to say how much he paid for the compositions this year, but you can buy a concerto for a thirty-eight piece orchestra for a lot less than you can buy a second-hand Jeep station wagon. If you wanted to get one of the big names you'd have to pay just a little more than the price of a new Jeepster.

I asked Mr. Scherman if he thought the

Little Symphony might set a pattern for other cities. "Yes," he said. "Yes, yes. There is no reason why communities of twenty thousand couldn't support a group like this. It should be a model for smaller cities." Evidently the young composers sense that this is coming, for they are, Mr. Scherman said, "mostly writing for small groups, for college and high-school orchestras . . . music that's not too difficult. They don't write big symphonies."

It may be that big symphonies, like epic poems, are a thing of another age. Audiences, at least in Dallas, Detroit, and Columbus, don't think they are worth the candle, and composers are turning their talents to small operas and ballet scores and music for semi-amateur orchestras and choruses. And if this is so, when the burden of the big symphony is lifted from a community, a little symphony may grow, one suited to local aspirations and needs and not so expensive that it has to act like a colossal movie company—trapped by its overhead into trying to make art out of what the pollsters say the public thinks it wants.

I Remember Mama

THIS may seem a ridiculous time to dig up a minor controversy that made heads shake and tongues waggle in the Art World in 1934, but there's a reason for it. If you are a stamp collector, or the parent of a boy who was then at the stamp-collecting age, or an art fancier, or even, perhaps, a mother, you may remember that the Post Office Department issued a stamp in that year with Whistler's "Mother" on it. You may also remember that it was doctored up somewhat by the P. O. Dept. in order to make it prettier. They chopped the old lady off at the knees and put a vase of flowers in the lower left-hand corner to make the composition balance. Anyway, there are those who thought it was an outrage. I did myself.

I have just found out the P. O.'s side of the story, and I think it should be on the record. Mr. Alfred Barr, at that time the Director of the Museum of Modern Art, was one of those who was outraged, and he wrote a letter, couched in the most respectful but by no means mealy-mouthed terms, to the Postmaster General. He pointed out that

Whistler's "Mother" was the most famous painting by any American artist, that it belonged to the French government and hung in the Louvre, and happened at the moment he wrote to be on exhibition in this country under the aegis of the Museum of Modern Art. He also said that Whistler had cared so greatly about the composition of this particular picture that he had named it "Arrangement in Gray and Black." He said, in effect, that it was preposterous for America to make a monkey out of its most famous masterpiece, and just to prove that it didn't have to be vandalized he enclosed a design run up by someone for the Museum to show how the picture could have been made into a stamp without violating its integrity or the principles of the Museum.

His letter brought forth a prompt reply from the Postmaster General, who had the answer at his thumb-tips. Here's what he said:

Dear Mr. Barr:

Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of May 9th, in regard to the commemorative stamp issued "In memory and in honor of the Mothers of America."

The figure of Mother appearing on the stamp was inspired by that likeness on the painting by Whistler. There was no effort on the part of the Department to detract in any way from the artistry or worth of this splendid piece of art. The design of the figure "Mother" was intended to be a composite one—in memory and in honor of all mothers.

Your suggestion for a stamp reproducing this immortal painting and the design submitted by you are appreciated, but the Department at this time does not contemplate issuance of another stamp on this theme.

Thanking you for your interest, I am

Very truly yours,

JAMES A. FARLEY
Postmaster General

This doesn't explain how it happened that the P. O. Department picked on mothers that year, or why it should honor them by making the composite American matron, who cherishes her youth, into an old woman in a white cap. But it throws a little light on the plight of stamp designers under the pressure of battling out something for the hundreds of

commemorative issues that keep the stamp collectors hopping. Watch your mail to see how many there are; watch the *Congressional Record* if you want to see how many more are proposed by Congressmen and never get printed. I tried to keep track of them for a while for my son who was collecting stamps and specializing in the United States, but we both decided it was silly. We considered designing a stamp to commemorate the first commemorative issue, but it didn't seem funny compared with what had already been commemorated.

Besides, stamps can be handsome, as an exhibition that the Museum of Modern Art is now putting on the road demonstrates. They have collected a moderate number from the very earliest ones (around 1840) to the current issues, good ones and bad ones from the design point of view. The little exhibition serves very well to show that it is no more difficult to produce a handsome stamp (like our current series of Presidents) than a howler like the composite mother. It was also pleasant to see again a Spanish stamp that was issued about the time of our "Mother," a reproduction of Goya's painting of the *Maja Desnuda*. This voluptuous nude, who according to legend was the Duchess of Alba and Goya's mistress, was considered indecent when she first appeared on letters coming to this country from Spain, and a few disgruntled souls made an effort to keep Spanish mail out of America. As a matter of fact, there were some Spaniards who were not proud of the *Maja*, notably the Alba family. There is a story that they decided that this family scandal had been bruited about long enough and they would quash it once and for all. And so they dug up the bones of the Duchess of Alba and measured them to prove that they did not correspond to the proportions in Goya's painting. They did. The bones were replaced, and nothing further has been heard from the Albas. Whether the legend is true or not, she makes a pretty stamp, all the same, and she is all there, not cut off at the knees and no vase of flowers in the lower left-hand corner to balance her more than adequate composition.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Faulkner, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Social History

Richard H. Rovere



THERE are reports that Hemingway is stirring, but William Faulkner is the only American novelist of secure reputation who has added to the main body of his work lately. *Knight's Gambit* (Random House, \$2.75) is not a novel but a collection of five short stories and a long one, a novella or novelette. Murder is a theme in all the short pieces, and there is an attempted murder in the longer one. One character turns up in all six stories: Uncle Gavin Stevens, wise and honorable, a man of more unmingled goodness than you are likely to find elsewhere in Faulkner. Uncle Gavin is the district attorney of Yoknapatawpha County, and he brings to the life of northern Mississippi a knowledge of abstract justice acquired at Harvard and Heidelberg and an appreciation of rough or poetic justice acquired through association with and love for his own "self-pariahed people."

In this new book, Faulkner does several things one would hardly have thought him capable of doing. While each of the stories is, like almost everything else he has done, a study in the relation of his people to their land and to their history, to the ways of life in which time has sealed them, each is also a detective story adhering quite closely to the conventional pattern. It is always risky to speculate on Faulkner's intentions, but in the light of the form these pieces take, it would seem that he has been exploring the possibilities of the stylized commercial mystery story to see whether the formula can be made to

serve his ends. In any case, each story poses a mystery at the outset; the mystery, in all but one of the stories, is held until the final scene, when it is dissolved by the keen-minded district attorney surrounded by admiring auditors. Indeed, one story, "Hand upon the Waters," is a trick-ending mystery and nothing else; Uncle Gavin, the public eye, is able to name the murderer by observing what no one else observed—that a skiff paddle which isn't ordinarily used has recently been pressed into service.

In all the other stories, however, Faulkner does a lot more than unravel a murder mystery, and in two of them, the title story and a story called "Monk," he seems to me to be at the height of his extraordinary and bewildering powers. The title story is a somber history of two misbegotten alliances contracted by a Jefferson girl—the first one with a rich, vulgar, out-of-state business man, who is no more reprehensible than any other business man because his business (bootlegging) happens to be illegal, and the other with a sleek bull of the Pampas, Captain Sebastian Gualdres of the Argentine cavalry, a strange type for Faulkner. It adds a whole new panel to the great Jefferson mural, and although one feels that Faulkner, having already borrowed from the detective story, is raiding soap opera when he provides his heroine with a cozy, peaceful future by marrying her off, in middle age, to Uncle Gavin, he nevertheless deepens our feeling for Yoknapatawpha life by showing us the impact on it of two alien spirits.



